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THE LIVING AGE.

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VOLUME LI.

No. 3482 April 1, 1911

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

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The Little Ghost, Etc.

THE LITTLE GHOST.

The stars began to peep;
Gone was the bitter day;
She heard the milky ewes
Bleat to their lambs astray.
Her heart cried for her lamb
Cold in the churchyard sod:
She could not think of the happy children
At play with the Lamb of God.

She heard the calling ewes
And the lambs' answer, alas!
She heard her heart's blood drip in the night
As the ewes' milk on the grass.
Her tears that burnt like fire
So bitter and slow ran down:
She could not think on the new-washed children
Playing by Mary's gown.

Oh, who is this comes in
Over her threshold-stone?
And why is the old dog wild with joy
Who all day long made moan?
This fair little radiant ghost,
Her one little son of seven,
New-scaped from the band of merry children
In the nurseries of Heaven.

He was all clad in white,
Without a speck or stain;
His curls had a ring of light
That rose and fell again.
"Now come with me, my own mother,
And you shall have great ease,
For you shall see the lost children
Gathered to Mary's knees."

Oh, lightly sprang she up,
Nor waked her sleeping man;
And hand in hand with the little ghost
Through the dark night she ran.
She is gone swift as a fawn,
As a bird homes to its nest.
She has seen them lie, the sleepy children,
Twixt Mary's arm and breast.

At morning she came back;
Her eyes were strange to see.
She will not fear the long journey
However long it be.

As she goes in and out
She sings unto herself;
For she has seen the mothers' children
And knows that it is well.

Katharine Tynan.

The Spectator.

UNTO THE HILLS.

*"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills
from whence cometh my help."
—Psalm cxxi.*

I lift mine eyes to Thy high hills, O
God,
To seek the strength they give;
The patience of their mighty lives
Can teach me how to live.

I lift mine eyes to Thy calm hills, O
God,
And passionately pray
I may go on with dauntless heart
To face the darkening day.

I lift mine eyes to Thy dark hills, O
God,
When lo! there breaks a light,
The eternal promise of Thy law:
"Fear not, day follows night."

I lift mine eyes to Thy great hills, O
God,
And through the clouds above
I clearly see Thy wondrous hand
That guides in changeless love.

H.

The Westminster Gazette.

COURAGE.

If in the past should brooding sorrow
dwell,
Look not that way;
Let not the echoes of a tolling bell
Ring in another day.
Be brave in thought—the fearless
thought shall lead
To the achievement of the fearless
deed.

Ella Fuller Matland.

DEMOCRACY IN ENGLISH FICTION. *

However we may despise fiction, there is no doubt that it often unconsciously fulfils purposes which no other form of writing, except perhaps diaries and familiar letters, can pretend to fulfil. It gives us the atmosphere of an age or a generation, and it clothes the dry bones of history with flesh and blood. We shall find, as might be expected, that just in proportion as the lower classes—we use the term in no invidious sense—rise in importance, so do works of fiction concern themselves with their doings. In the days of Homer, while the adventures and exploits of kings and chiefs were chronicled with abundance of loving and admiring detail, the common herd were almost passed over in silence.¹ So tales of chivalry, the delight of the Middle Ages, dealt mainly with the doings of noble knights and beautiful ladies. Chaucer and *Piers Plowman* reflect in their poems the change that was coming over English thought and life. The characters, largely drawn from the middle classes, who appear in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, herald a new era in English literature. But in the *Tales* themselves the serious element is chiefly supplied by the "privileged classes," while the lower orders are mainly employed to give comic relief. The old ballad of Chevy Chase puts into the mouth of perhaps its bravest warrior the characteristic words:

You be two earls, quoth Witherington,
And I a squire alone.

Even Shakespeare does not, as a rule, concern himself much with the doings of the baser sort. He has a great con-

tempt for the masses, as we may see in the opening scene of *Julius Caesar*; and, like Chaucer, he generally utilizes them to supply the comic element in his plays. But there is at least one notable exception. The finest scene in *Henry V* is without doubt the one where the king, unrecognized in the early morning twilight before the battle of Agincourt, takes part in the dialogue between "Bates, Court and Williams," three English soldiers, on the probable fortunes of the day. Here Shakespeare shows a genuine sympathy with the point of view of the common soldier, and the reality which this gives to the situation adds to the impressiveness of the magnificent soliloquy which follows:

Upon the king!

This, however, is almost a solitary instance, for the beautiful figure of "Adam" in *As You Like It*—a part which tradition tells us, and which we love to believe, was once performed by the poet himself—shows us one whose chief characteristic is that of fidelity to his superiors. It is in this character, and not merely on his own account, that he interests us.

Long indeed after Shakespeare's time the main interest of English fiction, as well as of the drama, continued to lie with the upper classes. "Every reader" (says Goldsmith in the *Vicar of Wakefield*), "however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies and Knights of the Garter." This delightful romance loses, nevertheless, none of its charm from the circumstance that it deals with the fortunes of sim-

* "The Vicar of Wakefield." By Oliver Goldsmith. (London. 1766.)

"Bleak House." By Charles Dickens. (London. 1853.)

"The Old Wives' Tales." By Arnold Bennett. (London: Chapman and Hall. 1908.)

"Thompson's Progress." By Cutcliffe

Hyne. (London: T. Nelson and Sons. 1910.)

And other Works.

¹ The delightful episodes of Eumæus and Euryclides, both in the *Odyssey*, might be quoted as exceptions; but the poet's main interest is in their relations with Odysseus.

ple and humble folk; and Fielding's novels also show that the public taste was shifting, and that "low life" had begun to have an interest of its own. "Except what Dr. Burdock does" (says Lady Blarney in the *Vicar of Wakefield*) "and our dear countess at Hanover Square there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature, not a bit of high life among them." This was written about 1735. Fielding had died in 1749, but his popularity was very high when Goldsmith wrote, and the art of Hogarth, though chiefly concerned with the vices and follies of the rich, was as broad in its sympathies as it doubtless was in its humor. It was long, however, before literature seriously occupied itself with the fortunes of the very poor. Some of the most exquisite lines of Gray's *Elegy* show a fine and real sympathy with the "rude forefathers of the hamlet," though we may venture to doubt if the shy sensitive inmate of Peterhouse would have had very much to say to one of the rustics of Stoke Pogis if he had found himself in his company. Shenstone's delightful *Schoolmistress* and Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* somewhat idealize the rustic life. Perhaps the first writer who ventured to paint the English poor as they really are was Crabbe. Such lines as the following make one wonder that he and Robert Burns could have existed in the same century and in the same kingdom:

Reuben and Rachel, though as fond as doves,
Were yet discreet and cautious in their loves;
Nor would attend to Cupid's wild commands
Till cool reflection made them join their hands.
When both were poor, they thought it argued ill
Of hasty love to make them poorer still;

Year after year, with savings long laid by,
They bought the future dwelling's full supply;
Her frugal fancy cull'd the smaller ware,
The weightier purchase asked her Reuben's care!
Together then their last year's gain, they threw,
And lo! an auction'd bed with curtains neat and new!

What if, when Rachel gave her hand, 'twas one
Embrowned by winter's ice and summer's sun?
What if in Reuben's hair the female eye
Usurping gray among the black could spy?
What if, in both, life's bloomy flush was lost,
And their full autumn felt the mellowing frost?
Yet Time, who blowed the rose of youth away,
Had left the vigorous stem without decay.*

If Crabbe was one of the most prosaic of poets, there is no doubt that his great admirer Walter Scott was one of the most poetical of prose writers; and it is remarkable that a man of his aristocratic tastes and old world proclivities should have been inimitable in his representation of humble and middle-class life. He is far more "convincing" in his portraits of David and Jeanie Deans than he is—to our mind at least—in the somewhat conventional figures of his tales of chivalry who, while placed in the twelfth century, converse in quasi-Elizabethan English. We have only to mention his great novels—the *Antiquary*, *Guy Mannering*, the *Bride of Lammermoor*, etc., to remind ourselves of scenes in which he shows a sympathy, quite unpatronizing, with the peasant, the fisherman, the gipsy, the beggar, the Liddesdale yeoman and the Highlander. One feels

* "Parish Register."

that he has lived with the people, eaten and drunk and talked with them, and all this without the slightest sacrifice of delicacy or refinement.

We cannot, especially with Mr. Barnes' delightful Dorset poems in our mind, exactly say of the English peasantry, "carent vate sacro." But we fear it must be owned that they are less susceptible of poetical handling than their northern neighbors. The English peasant of the Midlands and the South finds scarcely a place in the pages of Jane Austen. We feel little doubt that one of so kindly a nature, especially in her character of clergyman's daughter, was "good to the poor." But hardly ever in her pages is a poor man or woman sympathetically painted. The north of England fared better. Much of Wordsworth's genius was devoted to the presentation of the poetical side of humble life, and of those emotions which are shared by "the general heart of men," as illustrated in the lives of Cumbrian shepherds and other simple folk. Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*, with its vivid photographs of Manchester workmen and workwomen, may be said to have been an "epoch-making" book. And the greatest of English women writers, George Eliot, chose for the hero of her most perfect work (the exquisite tale of Silas Marner) a Derbyshire weaver; while in her other great novels, the novels in which she is most truly herself, we find a gallery—second only to Scott's, and drawn as it would seem from Lincolnshire, Derbyshire, Notts, and Warwickshire—of men and women of nearly every class, whose enthusiasm has been aroused by the great Wesleyan and Evangelical movement—that one redeeming feature, apart from the great European struggle, in the crass dullness of eighteenth century life.

So far, however, be the theme what it may be, we find the pen always in

the hands of the "privileged" or "educated" classes. Men and women write about the poor, but they are not really of them.

With the advent of Dickens the new school of modern fiction may be said to begin. Dickens was a man of the people, and wrote for the people. Born and reared in poverty, scraggly and imperfectly educated (though it is extraordinary how his brilliant ability turned to account the few opportunities he had), trained in the hard school of adversity, and in very many departments of that school, he had seen more of life before he was thirty than many men do in double or treble the time. On the publication of *Pickwick* he may be said to have "awakened and found himself famous." In every circle of society his books were read, discussed, laughed over, cried over, wondered at, and doubtless criticized. We can hardly doubt that some great social reforms were indirectly promoted by them. "Mr. Pecksniff," "Mrs. Gamp," and "Dotheboys Hall" have become part of the English language. People protested at the "vulgarity" of Dickens, but they bought and read. They might have said with truth that it was not the vulgarity as such which attracted them, but the exuberant, bubbling humor which played around it, and the wholesome, kindly and, at bottom, religious nature of the writer. No one could ever say that Dickens had a coarse mind. Even when describing the foulest and most loathsome situations, we never feel that *he* is foul or loathsome. His sympathies are always on the right side. Like Dante's Vergil, he takes us down to some hideous circles of the Inferno, but he is himself unstained by their impurities. There is something Hogarthian in the touches of human tenderness with which he relieves some of his darkest pictures—such as the faithful dog-like devotion of the woman to Bill Sikes, despite all

his selfishness and cruelty, or the element of motherly affection in the heart of Lady Dedlock. It is worth notice how, even when Dickens is caricaturing the upper classes in the person of Sir Leicester Dedlock, his sense of fairness shows itself. Sir Leicester is a true gentleman through it all; courteous in his stiff way towards "the iron-master," and beautifully chivalrous to his erring wife. As Dickens' career continues, we see his tone distinctly rising, his earnestness deepening, his views of life expanding, and his workmanship becoming more refined; while in common with his brilliant contemporaries, Thackeray and Trollope, and indeed with most of our Early Victorian novelists, his writings might be enjoyed by readers of both sexes, and practically of all ages. In *Vanity Fair*, for instance, Thackeray has to follow the career of Becky Sharp; but where a writer of a younger generation would probably have handled the episode of Lord Steyne in an offensive, if not unreadable way, Thackeray contrives to tell the story without appealing to our coarser impulses. There is a dignity and self-restraint, a culture, a wit and refinement about his methods, which, alas, seems not always to have descended to our present school of writers. How differently, for instance, would a story like that of *Ruth*, so delicately and sympathetically handled by Mrs. Gaskell, have been treated by some of the lady (?) novelists of the present day! It is indeed a painful sign of the times that many of the writers of our most regrettable works of fiction should be women. Owing to causes which cannot be discussed at present, it seems as if delicacy in treatment of moral problems always went hand in hand with reverence for sacred things. Any one who looks back to the great novelists in the latter half of the nineteenth century will feel how high their

standard was in these respects. A religious sense is never obtruded by any of the three great writers whom we have mentioned, but it would be easy to point to passages in all of them in support of this statement, such as—clerical satirist as he undoubtedly was—some really beautiful passages in Trollope's *Orley Farm* and the *Small House at Allington*, while parts of his novel of *Dr. Thorne* might with little alteration be republished as a most powerful tract in aid of the temperance cause. No thoroughly earnest and unbiased writer who views human life, its cares, its frustrated or fulfilled ambitions, its loves and its hatreds, its false displays and its true glories as they really are, can fail to become somewhat of a preacher, nor can fail to feel a deeper reverence, as life goes on, for the Being who made us and guides our destinies, and to whom we are morally accountable for our actions.

Since the days when Dickens and Thackeray flourished, what enormous new fields have been opened to the novelist! We have a whole library of books, mainly tales, about India, both of Anglo-Indian and of native life. Other writers deal with South Africa and Australia, and "the magnetic North" is not unrepresented. We have pictures of life in the "slums," in Whitechapel and Poplar, in our great manufacturing towns, and in lonely country places. The charm of Italy is not absent; Russia contributes her share; we have sketches of Jewish life, of university life, of artist life; in fact, there is hardly any field, including that of religious controversy, into which the novelist has not penetrated.

Taking the literature of fiction during the last twenty years as a whole, what shall we find its characteristics to be? One cannot deny its cleverness, in some instances its originality and freshness, its vivid power of word-

painting, its frankness, carried sometimes to the point of impropriety, and its ease, accompanied very often by bad vulgar English and slipshod grammar. It is curious how our old favorite *Punch* seems to reflect the character of the moment. Since the days of Du Maurier the women of that delightful periodical, though not without attraction, seem to have all suddenly become middle-class. We miss those elegant "society" women, for whom even Mr. Ruskin had a word of admiration.¹ The high-bred element seems gone, and with it we often miss the careful drawing and the eye for real beauty which not unfrequently made Du Maurier's backgrounds and other accessories things of delight in themselves. The vulgarity of children's illustrated books is another regrettable feature of our day.

Of *Punch* we may boast, and rightly boast, that he is very, very rarely either coarse, disgusting, or profane. Unfortunately this cannot be said of much of our modern literature. It is difficult, from the very nature of the subject, to give illustrations of these matters, but anyone who is familiar with modern English fiction must feel the regrettable influence of Zola and other French writers upon their neighbors on this side of the Channel. There seems to be an idea in the minds of many literary men and women that if you only describe commonplace things with sufficient realism you have produced an original work. We admire Mr. Arnold Bennett's brilliant abilities, and some of his productions, so much that we cannot but regret that he should ever have brought himself to publish such a book as *The Old Wives' Tale*. Much in the opening chapters is purely ugly and disgusting, such as the incident of

the girl pulling out the tooth of the draper's assistant. It is really not funny, and it dwells on things which no one has any pleasure in reading or thinking about; while the later portion of the book, the heroine's life in Paris, is full of suggestions of indelicacy and coarseness. Mr. Bennett is by no means alone in this respect. The names of some of his most distinguished contemporaries will easily suggest themselves. We are far from saying that novelists can always avoid dealing with matters of this kind, but the only way to make such subjects tolerable is to interest us very deeply in the characters in whom a moral struggle is portrayed (such a character, for instance, as that of Maggie Tulliver in *The Mill on the Floss*). But character painting is the rarest of rare arts, and is not possessed by one novelist in ten; and it certainly is conspicuous by its absence in a great deal of modern work. Given a novelist who has not a single fine character in his repertory (and apparently there are such), whose sense of humor is not over-delicate, and who has no lofty ideals to the attainment of which his personages may strive—what is left him? No doubt the passion of love, physical gratification of all kinds, the acquisition of wealth, or escape from danger. Consequently we find "love" described in the most realistic and often most offensive way; heroines who are supposed to be beautiful but who have practically "no characters at all," or at least no characteristics except that one is a blonde and looks well in blue, another a brunette and looks well in red, and who attract their lovers purely and simply by physical charm. Writers of this type, who reflect what presumably is ordinary middle-class life, depress us very much by the tameness and pettiness of their ideas. Is it because life is so dull that they are dull, or because they do not read

¹ Some of us may remember a professorial lecture of Mr. Ruskin's at Oxford when he decanted on the elegance of the head of "Mrs. Ponsoby de Tomkyne" (an enlarged copy of which was shown) when she promised Lady Midas to "throw over the Botherby Jenea, and come herself."

the inner secret of many homely lives? We are inclined to think it is the latter; that even in Camberwell or Kennington we may still, if we know how to look for them, find genuine heroes and heroines.* Most of us have heard of, perhaps have seen, the "dowser," who with a willow or hazel twig is able to divine where water is likely to be found. But it is not every man or woman who can be a "dowser." It is not everyone, not even among clever people, who possesses the divining rod of sympathy. We all see what we are, and find what we are on the lookout for. If we cast our eyes back on the last dozen novels (if modern ones) we have read, shall we not be obliged regretfully to say that in the majority of them—for of course there are exceptions to all rules, and among the exceptions we should like gratefully to specify some of the novels of Mr. Anthony Hope—we do not care in the very least what becomes of any of the characters? We are not sufficiently convinced of their existence. They never speak to us heart to heart. They may constitute, as in novels of the "sword and cloak" order, the human thread which runs through a tissue of strange adventures, or, in novels of another class, the links between a series of absurd and humorous scenes; they may become vehicles for sensation in one writer's hands, or mouthpieces for sermons or political and economic views in another; they may, under a thin veil of fiction, reproduce one man's traveling experiences, or another's historical researches; but what, we may ask, do any of these things profit, if the characters are little better than dressed-up dummies, or, if human beings at all, human only in a low, coarse, and commonplace way, or, worse than all, only the actors in a hideous murder trial?

* Mr. Pett Bidge's charming little book, "Mrs. Galer's Business," and Mr. Whiteing's "No. 6 John Street," may be mentioned in this connection.

There lies before us, as we write, a clever readable novel—*Thompson's Progress*, by Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, the history of a self-made man who begins as a poacher and ends as a prospective peer. It is a book not only entertaining but instructive; the hero is a shrewd long-headed Yorkshireman, and the story of his progress is most entertainingly and at times humorously told. He has a series of delightful dogs. He meets with one adventure after another and always "comes out top," he is not without kindness, public spirit and good nature, and his attachment to the wife whom he eventually wins is a strange compound of love and ambition. One would not describe him exactly as a "worldly" character, but he is certainly a man whose own 'cuteness and power of getting on almost stand in the way of his higher development. He would probably not have agreed with Mrs. Browning—

What's the best thing in the World?
Something out of it, I think.

We follow his career with breathless interest, but we put the book down with a sense of disappointment. Is this all, we feel inclined to say, all that this cleverness and energy leads to? And as we put down the book, we feel as if we could take up and read for the twentieth time Thackeray's death of Colonel Newcome, the man whose death was the close of a series of failures and disappointments, but whom no one can read of without loving, and whom a great writer's genius has made as real to us as a member of our own family circle.

There is a certain snobbishness about a good many modern novels, which is curiously characteristic of democracy. Dukes and duchesses, earls and countesses, Lady Bettys and Lady Gwendolens, are to be met there in profusion far greater than in real life. There are also young male scions of

the aristocracy whose name and rank it is difficult to ascertain, as they are generally spoken of as "Bob," or "Jim," or possibly as "Lord Billy" or "Lord Dickie." The duchesses are usually absurd and grotesque old women. Diamond tiaras and "ropes of pearls" are as common as daisy chains, and everyone has a motor car (probably several) and an opera box. In no class of books are funkeys and menials spoken of more contemptuously, though probably many of the readers of the work will belong to that class. It is a comfort to meet with a French maid, Pauline or Justine, as then we know pretty well where to look for the villain of the piece. If she has a slight tendency to a moustache on her upper lip, we may be quite sure of it. We feel a little regret that even so distinguished and cultivated a writer as Mrs. Humphry Ward has not been able to resist the fascination of the Peerage. But it is a comfort to think that when the party actually in power has done its worst, there will still be an Elysium left for members of that much envied and much persecuted order in the pages of contemporary fiction.

We have, however, another and more serious complaint to make against those novelists who, whether accurately or inaccurately—it is not for us to say—profess to depict the "smart set," but who do so with an eye to readers of the lower middle class; and this is the extreme irreverence and profanity which deform their pages. In this respect, we think, they surpass their French contemporaries, though they can hardly do so as regards indelicacy and immorality. But the very fact that the Bible is the most familiar book in the English language, and that its "felicities" of expression fix it easily in the memory, makes it possible for writers who have very little knowledge of other kinds of literature—in which it may be remarked by the way

that they are much inferior to the great writers of the last generation—to quote it on every occasion, and often most irreverently as well as tastelessly. This is one of the cheapest and most offensive forms of wit, and we cannot but regret to see it employed by men and women whose very familiarity with Scripture is due to the education they have received. It would be easy to give quotations from the novels of the last twenty-five years, where some of the most sacred and awful things—the Divine Name, the Passion, the Day of Judgment, and many other subjects which reverent natures would speak of only at suitable times and in lowered tone, are introduced in the midst of the most frivolous surroundings. It is possible that in some cases these sacred associations have ceased to have any meaning for the writers to whom we refer; but, even should this be the case, may we not ask them to remember that there is even now a large portion of the reading public which still feels reverence for sacred words and sacred things, and which is deeply pained when it sees them treated with flippant profanity? It seems almost unnecessary to say that, were we to judge from a large portion of modern literature, family prayers were *always* dull and unreal, the "local curate" an easy and obvious butt for raillery, and the bishop, archdeacon, or other dignified clergyman a pompous self-satisfied nonentity, that Sunday in high life was almost invariably devoted to playing bridge, and that sermons were always synonymous with boredom. There may be a residuum of truth in all this; but as in real life we sometimes do find bishops and clergy who have their Master's cause at heart, and are not seeking themselves, or are even full of the dignity and importance of their own order, while even among the laity there are still a few good men and women left whose religious earnestness makes

itself felt in every day and hour of their lives, might it not be possible to let us catch, if it were, but occasional glimpses of them?

"Young men, tell me your dreams," was the question once put by a celebrated artist to a youthful aspirant for fame. "Tell me your dreams?" is the question which might be put to the readers of modern fiction. What is the *Telos* at which all these struggling, striving multitudes are aiming? When we look at the frieze of the Parthenon, and ask ourselves whither the stream of youthful horsemen and graceful maidens is moving, we are told that it is to do a great act of homage to the tutelary goddess of their city. The purpose, as they understood it, is a noble one, and noble are the figures which carry it out. But what strikes one in the majority of our modern works of fiction is a total lack of nobility. After all, what constitutes nobility? Surely it is having a noble aim. It might be said, and very likely may have been said already, that we can judge of a man or a nation by the heaven to which they aspire. What is the heaven to which our modern fiction in the person of its heroes and heroines seems to aspire? Ten thousand a year, luxuries and display, a title and the *entrée* into "fashionable" society!

It may very truly be said that poetical justice cannot depict for us the unearthly joys which are the crown of a good man's life, and therefore the artist has to fall back on temporal rewards, and that even Job had such material blessings bestowed on him. But (as in the case of Job) the true painter of human life has to show us that these temporal blessings are not, and can never be, the real reward of fidelity to high aims, but only, at best, the tokens of it. The real reward must always be (as Sophocles showed us long ago) the purification and eleva-

tion of the man's or woman's own character, and the bringing them closer to those ultimate realities which lie behind the phenomenal world. This can be done, and has been done, by great writers of fiction. But perhaps it may be said that writers cannot all be great, and yet that they may help to beguile a dull or sorrowful hour. We admit it most readily: we have had far too much reason to be grateful to writers of fiction to think of doing otherwise. But taking his objection on its own ground, may we not truly say that there is no humor so delightful, no fun so light-hearted, as that which belongs to the pure in heart? Even the humor of Aristophanes, and still more that of Shakespeare, is not delightful *because* of its coarseness, but in *spite* of its coarseness. Take the *Midsommer Night's Dream*: it seems to have been written in a complete "abandon" of light-heartedness; and yet it is doubtless the one of Shakespeare's plays in which there is hardly a licentious word. Coarseness (at all events in modern writers) is usually a confession of weakness and of an empty exchequer, an indication of intellectual barrenness; and the same may be said of profanity. The finer the talent, the less need it has to eke out its resources by means like these. May we not say with truth that it is one of the dangers of the democracy to which we seem to be tending, that these finer perceptions will be blunted, and that our art and our literature are already beginning to show indications of the fact? No word has been more unfairly employed than the word "aesthetic." There is a false *aisthesis* of which our decadent artists may be called the apostles, and there is a true *aisthesis* of which we have happily in the past had some notable instances in our English literature; it is that delicacy of feeling, as sensitive as the antennæ of an insect, which we sometimes call good

taste, but for which it is hard to find an adequate name, which has found its abode in many an English home, and which makes the man or the woman who possesses it a gentleman or lady

The Church Quarterly Review.

in the truest sense of the word, quite irrespectively of wealth, talent, or social rank. We trust that our national fiction may never cease to depict such characters as these.

NERVOUSNESS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE MAIDEN SPEECH.

A first speech made in the House of Commons is an ordeal—now no doubt agitating the minds of many new members—not quite disassociated from torture. The knowledge of this fact, no doubt, tends in no small way to make a House of Commons audience the most gentle and courteously encouraging of all. It may safely be stated that, with few exceptions, every member suffers from some nervousness when addressing the House of Commons, and that, with few exceptions, those who do not are seldom listened to, and mostly rank as the bores of the House. For a time at least, in the earlier attempts, the effort made to conceal nervousness gives rise to those outward indications of the inward suffering which constitute an interesting study in the art of unconscious self-deception. These indications—mostly physical movements—become, when the nervousness has disappeared, and when it is toned down, in later years, the more or less graceful actions and mannerisms of the individual.

The effort made to conceal this nervousness oftentimes tends to increase it, and renders it more observable by the confusion it causes in the mind of the speakers.

The new member accustomed to the familiar circumstances of his everyday surroundings, and who may be described as he who—

With no oratorical display,

Speaks to the farmers in their own rough way—

cannot understand the diffidence, or realize the nervousness imposed upon him by the new atmosphere which surrounds him. He wonders at the loss of his accustomed ease and confidence which in the new surroundings hampers his effort. One may say that, in these early efforts, two-thirds of his mental and physical energy are absorbed in efforts to overcome and conceal his nervousness, leaving but one-third for the exposition and elucidation of his subject. A little nervousness, such as remains even to the practiced speaker, lends an air of sincerity to his later utterances, and attracts and rivets attention. Moreover, it saves one from the unforgivable sins of humptiousness and cocksureness. Cicero tells us that he never liked an orator who did not appear in some little confusion at the beginning of his speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an oration "without trembling and concern."

The efforts made to overcome and conceal this nervousness are numerous and various. The outward indications are mostly physical. In not a few cases, where men under ordinary circumstances are gentle and courteous, the sudden access of nervousness seems for the moment at least to change their very nature, and drives them into the use of violent language. A Bill affecting an industry in the constituency of a new member was introduced. The new member had been strongly urged to oppose it in every

way, and this before he had opened his lips in the House. Seeking the advice of a colleague, he asked: "What am I to do? I've not even seen the beastly Bill, and I know nothing about it." "Oh!" replied his friend, "you must speak against it, and get up now and say so and so." In a state of nervousness, excusable under the sudden emergency, he did rise. His quiet, gentle manner disappeared, his voice became raucous, and in a violent manner he described the Bill as the worst ever presented to the House—an indignity and premeditated insult to his patriotic constituents; denounced in violent terms the party and Ministry he was sent to support, and, in a violent peroration, declared "that their blood (whose not stated) would fall upon their heads." Fortunately, the Bill died a natural death at the annual slaughter of the innocents—a death attributed by his constituents to his virile opposition. His speech, needless to say, had been toned down in the report. To-day, he is a fair speaker, and no longer loses his head or his gentle manner.

To every rule there is an exception, and occasionally there appear one or two members who seem to have never suffered from these weaknesses. Mr. Labouchere, the late M.P. for Northampton, so far as one could see, had no nerves, in the sense, at least, of this article; he was always cool and collected when he spoke, and nothing seemed to disturb his ordinary equanimity. He was always a *persona grata* to the House, and his observations were interesting and amusing. But, then, he was so different from others for, in times of the wildest excitement, he seemed to attain more than his normal equanimity, and yet revel in the fray. A political intrigue delighted him beyond measure; his advice was eagerly sought, and by both sides. His sympathies were very

catholic, but with an inclination to side with the weak against the strong, and his influence was not unfelt in the appointment of Ministers and other high officials. He was very ready in meeting difficulties. At one election his opponent obtained, it is said, the presence of a bishop. "Labby," with the assistance of a costume from a theatrical costumier, obtained, or rather produced, a full-blown dean at his next meeting. The "dean" used much stronger language than the gentle bishop and so countered the effect of the higher ecclesiastical dignitary of his opponent. That "Labby," notwithstanding, did suffer from some little nervousness is more than probable, but of it there were no outer indications or signs, so he may be so far quoted as one of the rare exceptions.

Another exception was the late Mr. James Lowther, known to his intimates as "Jimmy Lowther." Like his counterpart, he, too, was a *persona grata* to the House, a sharer in the usual intrigues of party politics, and one of the experienced wise men of his party. He, too, revelled in party political intrigues. He was a great stickler for the dignity and proprieties of the House, but it may be whispered that he occasionally used the much abused art of obstruction, and when he did so, he proved himself to be a past master of that weapon. Like his counterpart, he never showed any indication of nervousness.

During many a dull debate, when tired out hanging about and waiting for a division, I relieved some of the weary hours by sitting in the House and trying to discover the particular outward indications of that physical effort which seemed to act in some sense as a safety valve for the nervousness which each speaker in turn tried to conceal.

One of the most interesting subjects of this detective research was the late

Duke of Devonshire, then sitting in the Commons as Lord Hartington. The question was, what were the outward indications, how did he provide a safety valve, and how did he conceal the common weakness? His was a difficult case; and the endeavor required much patience; but it was rewarded by success. This was in his ministerial days. When he rose to speak, he did so languidly and with such mien that the whole thing seemed to bore him intently, otherwise he seemed as calm and unruffled as if he had taken some drug which, Nephenthe-like, had deadened, for the moment, at least, all nervous reaction. He did, as a matter of fact, suffer to a considerable extent from that "trembling and concern" which affected Cicero. He was a most conscientious, careful and effective speaker, and a pillar of strength to the Government he served. When he rose to speak from one or the other side of the table which divides the existing from the ex-Ministers, he would lean one elbow on the nearest of the two iron-bound boxes which adorn the end of the table—one of the boxes clutched, gripped and hammered by a long succession of ministerial orators. After a slight hesitation and a few quiet words, the hand of the other arm would quietly steal to the tail-pocket of his coat and then emerge holding a neatly-folded white cambric pocket handkerchief. He would, without unfolding it, gently rub the corners of his mouth, and this done, the hand, still holding the handkerchief, would rest on the hip or be thrown back. The position was somewhat graceful and careless. Sitting near him, one could observe that the grip on the handkerchief gradually tightened, and that the muscles of the hand were in constant action. Occasionally he would change position, but the grip never relaxed. At the close of his speech, the hand opened, and one saw not the clean,

neatly-folded cambric, but only a soiled, greasy ball, which was quickly returned to the pocket. Here was the outward indication of his nervousness, and what acted as a safety valve. These indications and signs were, however, successfully concealed from the casual observer, and it is doubtful, therefore, whether his listeners, with few exceptions, ever realized how much he suffered from nervousness.

When he spoke, he always did so with a quiet, judicial, outward calmness. He was slow of speech, and always effective. No one was listened to with greater attention by all sides; and as a debater he was in the front rank. He was sometimes a hard hitter, but never below the belt. He was courteous and fair to his opponents, and he always measured his words to accord with his conscientious convictions. The dignity of the House and the courtesy of debate have suffered by his absence from it.

Mr. Parnell was by nature shy, reserved, and a victim to nervousness, more especially in the oratorical efforts of his earlier days. When he entered the House he was a poor speaker, and even when at his height he never more than reached the borderland of parliamentary oratorical success.

Few men suffered more from nervousness in speaking than he did, and many a time he would have broken down but for his sheer force of will power—which he possessed to an unusual degree. He spoke slowly, deliberately and carefully, always seeking the correct word with mathematical accuracy. As in the case of Lord Hartington, he appeared to the casual observer to be free from all disturbing influences. It was only by careful observation that one discovered the outward indications of his inward nervousness and suffering. Even when the House was greatly excited, as in

the case of his bout with the late Mr. Forster, on the occasion of his retirement from the Irish Chief Secretaryship, he interjected with a placid smile to an observation of Mr. Forster's, "We are both in the same ditch," with an apparent calmness that deceived everyone, and completely concealed the actual condition of his nervous tension. Sitting one night close behind him, when he rose to speak, afforded me a long-desired opportunity for close observation. After his opening sentence, he raised his hand over his head and slowly smoothed the rather long hair at the back of his head. The hand, though seemingly plastic, was, in fact, muscularly rigid, and this although the hand barely touched the hair. A vein in the back of the neck swelled out to about the diameter of a thin lead pencil, and palpitated with a rapidity that evidenced the increased beating of the heart. His apparent calmness testified to the effort he was making to conceal the inward nervousness. Then both arms would hang by his side with seeming listlessness; the fists, however, so tightly held that each knuckle was marked by a tightened skin that showed snowy-white. His will power must have been of a high order, for it never failed him till the last word was spoken. Seemingly, it carried him further, for immediately after his speech his natural manner and mien returned and he resumed his ordinary life, just as if he had not expended so much strain in his oratorical effort. Sometimes he would, after such an effort, sit with the writer for an hour or more and discuss chemical and electrical problems with an ease and close attention that seemed to negative all other occupation. By Nature he seemed destined to be a scientific expert and mechanic. Had political questions not drawn him away, one might venture to say that he would have obtained no small reputation and

success in the more placid field of scientific research.

Lord George Hamilton, consciously or unconsciously, made no covert attempt to conceal his nervousness, or to hide the particular form of safety valve employed by him. On the table which divides the two front benches in the House of Commons there is a medley of books, papers, blotting pads, paper knives, quill pens, ink pots and other accessories. When Lord George rose to speak from one or the other side of this table, he cast his artistic eye over the articles upon it, and apparently with contempt for their inartistic arrangement. As he proceeded with his speech he would, with long, nervous fingers, seize the ink pot and make it change places with the quill pens. The ink pot would move to the right and the pens to the left. Then, picking up another object as one does a ferret, he would re-position this in relation to the first-mentioned objects. Every object within easy reach underwent the same critical attention until all had formed one artistic whole. When this point was reached, a new suggestion seemed to require a new rearrangement. These efforts seemed in some occult manner to fit in with his arguments, and to assist him in his efforts to elucidate and enforce them.

If one closed one's ears so that no words were heard, he appeared to be engaged in some brilliant *legerdemain*, while assuring his audience that it was all quite simple if only one understood how to do it. In his case these outward indications seemed fully to answer the object, for his speech flowed evenly and lacked those hesitations which arise from nervousness and mar the smoothness and continuity of the mental picture he desired to transfer to others. His speeches were always emphatic and effective; he was master of his subject, a clear expounder, and consequently a successful debater. As

a debater he continued to improve, and his later speeches on Free Trade and Protection were admittedly the best he ever made. His failure to agree with the new Birmingham programme unfortunately deprived the House of his services and his party of one of its best supporters.

There are some names which can scarcely be connected with the word nervousness if considered in the light of their later days' oratory. Long years of practice, the sense of confidence which attaches to high position, and long experience tend to obliterate at least the more obtrusive indications which were prominent in early years. Such as remain appear to be and have become merely the graceful mannerisms of the individual. The late Mr. Gladstone was one of these. When he rose to speak his habit was to open his remarks by a few gracious words on the speech which he was about to follow, or some pointed remark as to the character and importance of the subject. In his earlier days this was, no doubt, to steady his nerves and "get his breath," as it is called. Then his next act was to raise his right hand over his head with the thumb bent down and gently scratch his skull. The action of smoothing the hair, scratching the head, or smoothing the brow are amongst the most frequent indications of nervousness. The third action of Mr. Gladstone was his peculiar and individual act. Throwing his arms downwards by his side he would with his fingers seize the cuffs of his coat and draw these down over his shirt cuffs so as to conceal them completely. The ordinary practice is just the converse, the desire being to expose and not conceal the white linen of the shirt cuffs. These were the invariable preludes to his speeches, and had become mere graceful peculiarities. No mannerisms, however, could lessen the marvellous charm of his words, or

detract from the force of his unrivalled ability and power of expression. With him passed away much of the dignity and oratorical power of a school of which he was the last and the greatest.

From Mr. Gladstone one naturally turns to Mr. Balfour, his protagonist. Mr. Balfour in his "Fourth party" days fought many a battle with a nervousness which somewhat hampered his efforts. In addition to nervousness he was also troubled with a sensitiveness which has not been completely removed by the healing action of time. His sensitiveness, however, tends only to a refinement of language. In his case, again, the outward indications of the nervousness of his earlier days are now merely the more or less graceful actions of the experienced orator. His high position in the House and the unquestioned acknowledgment of his leadership have given him that confidence and repose which counter-balance the inconvenience which arises from a sense of nervousness. His natural sensitiveness remains, and may be seen in the expression of his face when, as occasionally happens, some speaker is guilty of a *gaucherie*, especially if it be by a member on his own side. When he rises and before he speaks he raises his pince-nez, regards the clock fixed in front of the strangers' gallery, and seems anxious to ascertain the exact time, as if that was of vital importance. Originally that, no doubt, enabled him to get his breath. Then he seizes the lappets of his coat, one in each hand, and addresses "Mr. Speaker." This action at one time served as a kind of support—a something to hang on to. The hands are a difficulty with most speakers, and almost invariably they seek something to clutch or to rest upon. Then as he warms to his subject he will punch the palm of his left hand with his right fist, and certainly more than is neces-

sary for the point he is elucidating. These muscular counteractions to nervousness are common to all speakers. After a time, he will return to an examination of the clock, and so on till the close of his observations. Like Mr. Gladstone, he had, and has still, one individual peculiarity. His notes are usually mere headings on several separate sheets of notepaper. Most speakers carefully retain their notes, but Mr. Balfour, as each separate sheet of paper has served its purpose, tears

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the sheet in two and throws the two pieces on the floor. What an opportunity for sweet young relic hunters from New York! Mr. Balfour to-day ranks second to no other debater in the House of Commons; he is a fluent and eloquent speaker, and is at times a master of that which may be described as courteous vituperation. Even in the excitement of hot debate he does not lose in courteousness or generosity and never fails to encourage and stand by his followers.

Bernard C. Molloy.

THE WILD HEART.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

CHAPTER XIII.

For almost the first time in his life, David spent a wakeful night. Even in the misery of captivity, in the dread of pursuit, in his narrow, storm-tossed berth at sea, he had managed to snatch spells of broken slumber; but the first night spent under Miss Strickland's thatched roof was passed in feverish tossings varied only by periods of bodily inactivity which could not be called repose, for his brain was working busily the while.

Though he would not willingly have chosen to be brought into the close proximity of his victim's widow, he had, as has been seen, resolved to abide in the household on hearing of the poverty for which he considered himself in part responsible; yet now he told himself that his position was intolerable.

He had meant to be as kind and generous as was possible to his landlady and her niece, to have paid amply for his board, to have made himself helpful in their rougher labors, but to have in other respects little to do with either of them—particularly with the woman whose very presence was a reproach to him. Yet here at the outset arose this complication about his own fan-

cied likeness to Martha's husband, and her consequent liking for his company. Even the woman herself! He shuddered under the sheet, which on that warm night formed his only covering. It was hateful to find her eyes constantly fixed on his face, to know that she was watching for his words, to feel that his every look and movement had for her an extraordinary interest. As she passed him his cup that night her hand had brushed his—the hand which was red with her husband's blood.

It was not to be borne—he would try to help the creatures in some other way, but leave he must.

He was still full of this resolution when he came in for his dew-bit, though he had already faced the dewy fields—having sought to allay the fever in his veins by a plunge in the river. He found the old woman alone in the kitchen, and immediately broached the subject which was uppermost in his thoughts:—

"I didn't pay ye for the week's lodgin' yesterday as I should ha' done," said he. "Advanced payment is but fair when ye do know nothin' about a chap."

Miss Strickland, who had been kneel-

ing by the hearth, blowing up the newly-kindled fire, squatted back upon her heels and replied with as much dignity as was compatible with that lowly attitude, and with a careless wave of the bellows, that there was no particular hurry, and that it would do quite well if he settled up every Saturday. There was a hungry light, nevertheless, in her eyes, and David found some difficulty in nerving himself to proceed.

"I am afraid there'll only be the one Saturday, Miss Strickland, I find this here place is too far from Strange's. It 'ud take me half my time very near gettin' back'ards an' for'ards."

"Oh, Mr. Davidge!" exclaimed the poor old spinster, "I do call that hard. I'm sure I can't think whatever me or my niece has done that you should turn agen us all in a minute. Ye did know how far 'twas all the time—an' ye did say ye liked the walk. I'm sure we've done our best to make ye comfortable—of course 'tis but a poor place, but ye didn't ha' no fault to find yesterday."

David ran his fingers through his thick hair, still damp with the river water, and gazed down at her in perplexity. Tears were gathering in her eyes, and a tremulous motion was perceptible about her head.

"If ye'd tell us what it is as has vexed ye," she went on in a quavering voice, "I'd see as it didn't happen agen. If 'tis young Sam Strange what's annyed ye—well, there—I'd sooner he went nor you. 'Tis but a boy, an' I reckon his father 'ud be fetchin' of en home afore long anyways. But folks 'ull think so bad o' you vampin' off the very minute you've come, so to speak. An' I were feelin' so set up about my two lodgers, an' a-tellin' everybody that we'd got a bit o' luck at last—I'm sure I don't know whatever the neighbors 'ull think. 'Twill reg'lar give the house a bad name."

"Luck!" exclaimed a voice behind them, "no luck ever comes our way, Aunt Jane—don't look for it."

Martha had come in with a pail of water and stood in the sunlight from the doorway, her face set like that of a Medusa in the midst of serpentine tangles of hair. No comb had as yet been passed through those fiery tresses, in all probability no water had as yet touched that pale face—Martha was far from emulating the trim cleanliness of Tamsine, who seemed to carry about with her an atmosphere of freshness, yet as she stood thus, arrayed in clinging folds of rusty black, her unkempt head fiercely polsed, face and figure were alike invested with a certain tragic beauty. David, however, averted his eyes with a recurrence of that inward shudder: to him the woman's whole personality was repulsive.

"True, true—I'm sure ye did never say a truer word," murmured Miss Strickland, shaking her head, while a tear dropped down on the recently whitened hearthstone. "Everythin' do seem to go wrong wi' us. First your father an' mother dyin' an' leavin' of ye on my hands, and then arter the struggle I did have to bring ye up an' ye did seem to be gettin' on i' service, ye must take up wi' Richard West an' get married."

"That can't be reckoned a misfortune," said Martha, advancing into the room and setting down her pail. "We had a lot o' expense to start with, of course, settin' up in a new house—but if poor Dick had lived he'd have been a good help to you, Aunt Jane—he'd never have let you want."

"No, he'd never ha' let me want," agreed the other. "'Ees, I do know that; but there, all your furniture what ye did lay out so much money on sold for whatever it 'ud fetch—next to nothin' I mid say, an' you thrown back on my hands."

"I help you all I can," put in Martha sullenly. "I bring you more than I take from you, anyway."

"Oh, I'm not sayin' anythin' agen you, my dear, I'm only p'intin' out how things do seem to go wrong wi' us all roads. Here's Mr. Davidge talkin' o' leavin' us, an' him only jist come. I was reck'nin' up last night as we mid manage to make a livin' at last."

Martha's eyes met David's with a look of reproach which he could scarcely have withstood even if the older woman's appeal had not already pierced him to the heart.

"There, let's say nothin' more about it," he cried hastily. "I'll make shift to get up a bit earlier—or maybe you'd let me take my breakfast up-along with me—then I wouldn't have to come back an' forth so often. If you give me my coffee in a little can I d' 'low Mrs. Cornick 'ud heat it up for me."

"Well, I dare say I could do that," rejoined Miss Strickland somewhat grudgingly. Once the immediate pressure of anxiety was removed, her normal condition of mind returned.

"Of course it'll mean a lot o' work gettin' the coffee ready an' that so early i' the mornin', but I mustn't expect to be considered, such a poor, down-trodden mortal as I be."

"I'll get the coffee ready for myself, if that's all," said David cheerfully. "A sailor's a handy man, ye know. Now then, where's the saucepan? That's the coffee, isn't it, in the little canister?—I can smell en from here."

"There'll be no milk to be had for another half hour," said Jane, who had been following his movements with a narrow and suspicious gaze.

"No need to bother about milk," rejoined her lodger; "a bit o' sugar is all I want—here it is—brown sugar, that's the stuff! Now then, I'll boil 'em up together, ye see, an' the grounds do sink to the bottom—'twill pour off so

clear as anythin'—Can I have this little can?"

"Well, it's the milk can," rejoined his landlady plaintively, "but ye can have it for to-day."

"All right; I'll get one for myself to-morrow."

Meanwhile, Martha, having made the tea, of which most village householders partake on first rising, and which has no connection with the breakfast proper, poured out a cup of it for David, and cut and buttered a slice of bread.

"There's a little drain of milk left in this jug," she remarked in a lifeless voice. "He can have it, can't he, aunt?"

"No, keep it for yourself, Miss Strickland," said David, jerking away his cup. It was noticeable that neither he nor Martha addressed each other.

"Now, can I do any little odd jobs for ye before I go?" he presently inquired of the elder woman. "Do ye want another pail o' water?"

"Well, it mid come in handy—but if you're in a hurry, Mr. Davidge, my niece can fetch it."

"No, I'll do it," said he.

"I'll pour this out into the tub, then," said Martha, without looking at him. Having emptied the pail into a large, flat tub, she handed it to the young man, who immediately went out with it.

The well was situated at the back of the cottage, and was somewhat difficult of access, owing to the fact that two old apple trees which grew on either side had extended their gnarled boughs in such a manner as almost to meet across it. It apparently had not occurred to Miss Strickland that by a little judicious pruning this inconvenience could be obliterated, or perhaps she imagined that the lopping of the wood would entail a corresponding shrinkage of the crop.

David, who had mastered the intri-

cacies of the situation on the previous night, now screwed himself adroitly between the branches and doubled himself in the requisite manner over the winch. The sun struck down through the interlacing boughs on his brown neck, and the crisp hair which was beginning to curl again, a few drops of river moisture beading it still here and there.

As he backed away with his pail from beneath the apple trees, and regained an upright position, he saw that Martha was watching him from the other side of the leafy screen, the pale oval of her face showing through the green tracery with a delicate effect, which was, however, somewhat marred by the undue brilliancy of lips and hair. David gave a little start of annoyed surprise, and spoke roughly.

"Did your husband often fill a pail for 'ee at thik well?"

"No," said Martha shortly.

"Then I don't see what need ye have to be spyin' arter me," he returned, in the same rough, almost fierce tone.

A wave of color swept over her face, but she paused a moment before replying; then she said in a low voice:

"I came out to ask you something."

"An' what's that?" rejoined he, stopping short so suddenly that the water splashed out of his brimming pail.

"Is it on my account that you thought of givin' up lodgins here?"

"Well, I'll tell ye plain," said David. "I don't like bein' followed about, an' I don't like bein' watched. If I'm to bide here, I must come an' go free."

He broke off for a moment, but resumed with redoubled vehemence. "A man midn't always fancy bein' told he reminds folks o' a dead man."

Martha moved out of his way so as to let him pass, but returned no answer.

She was standing on the same spot when David emerged from the house,

having deposited his pail indoors, and she could hear his quick, light tread pass down the little path and lose itself amid the windings of the lane. Presently she followed, walking noiselessly, so as to avoid attracting the attention either of her aunt or of David himself. Slipping through the gate, she crossed the road, ascending the lane a little way, until she caught sight of the man's retreating figure.

How foolish she had been last night! The new lodger was taller and slighter than Dick, his figure was better balanced and more closely knit, his step, with its elasticity, bore as much relation to her husband's as the swinging gait of a thoroughbred does to that of an ordinary roadster.

"Yes," she said, half aloud, "'Twas a foolish fancy. He isn't like Dick—he's like no man I've ever seen before."

CHAPTER XIV.

In spite of the very strong hint which David had given to Martha, she continued to watch his movements, to hang upon his words, and to perform sundry small, unwished-for services on his behalf. He was no coxcomb, and indeed had little knowledge of the ways of woman, but he could not altogether blind himself to these portents. Far from being flattered by them, the dislike which he had originally felt for Martha deepened to something almost amounting to abhorrence, and he was obliged to use the utmost constraint in order to prevent this from becoming apparent. But a strong sense of the injury which he had done her caused him to make strenuous efforts to avoid wounding her, and moreover prevented his seeking a lodging elsewhere. He had not spoken to Tamsine of his secret misgivings, some instinctive feeling of chivalrousness to both women prompting this reticence. Indeed, he forgot all cares and anxieties when he and she met in the enchanted dell;

for the fairy-tale order of things continued—Shepherd Davidge served his mistress faithfully during the working hours, and David Chant wooed his sweetheart at sunset.

One evening, having returned from this blissful hour, he was working in Miss Strickland's little garden in accordance with a request from her. Presently Martha, issuing from the house, began to water the flowers in the border beneath the windows. He feigned at first not to observe her presence, but by-and-by discovered that she was standing close to him. As he stooped over the row of cabbages he was planting he noticed that her dress was a colored one, moreover, that her shoes were neat and carefully polished, and the thought flashed across him that her aspect had changed for the better during the last few days, and that she had left off many of her slatternly habits. He continued, however, to plant out his cabbages without speaking, and then she came a step nearer.

"Catch," she said, tossing something towards him. He was obliged to look up and extend his hand, receiving a half-blown rose, of the cabbage order, and extraordinarily sweet.

"Ah," he said, as indifferently as he could, "'twas a pity to have picked that. I was noticin' it comin' into bloom."

"It would have been too big," she said, "if I hadn't gathered it now. You can have it—I picked it for you."

"What should a man want wi' flowers?" asked David, moving towards her on his knees, and tenderling back the rose to her. "Best take it indoor an' put it in water."

"A man wears a flower sometimes in his coat, doesn't he?" rejoined she, looking curiously down at him, "particularly if it is given to him by a woman."

"Maybe so," rejoined he gruffly; "I know nothin' about such things."

As she did not take the rose, he laid it down on the path beside her, and returning to his cabbages, dibbled one in with an infinity of care.

Martha laughed softly.

"Why, how old are you, Mr. Davidge?"

"Twenty-six, I think," he rejoined without raising his head.

"Twenty-six at least, I should say," returned she, and David felt with irritation that her eyes were appraising his stooping form. "And do you mean to tell me that you know nothing about women—that you've never had anything to do with them?"

David slowly rose, brushed off the soil from the knees of his trousers, and came to her; he had taken a sudden resolution.

"No, I don't mean to tell 'ee that, Mrs. West," he said deliberately; "there's been one woman what I've had to do with, an' what I've loved, but only one. I've never fancied nor looked at, nor given a thought to any other—nor ever will."

He saw a kind of wave of pallor overspread the face which had already seemed pale, and he noted how her clasped hands tightened their grip of each other.

"Have you know this woman a long time?" she asked in a husky voice.

"Yes, three or four years."

"And never thought of anybody else! Why, they say a sailor has a wife in every port." Here Martha uttered a harsh laugh. "And didn't you even have a bit of fun with a girl like the rest when you went ashore? I can scarce believe that tale, Mr. Davidge."

"Ye may believe it, then," he retorted. "I had the thought o' my own girl ever an' always before me—I didn't want no others. I won't say but what I had many a bit o' fun of different kinds," he went on. "Yes, I got into scrapes now an' agen, like other lads, but I've always left the women alone."

"And you'll stick to her all your days, I suppose?" said Martha, after a pause, with a sneer.

"Please God, I will," said David firmly. "You can understand how the thought of her has kept me straight," he went on, and now his voice was very gentle; "you do know better than most what 'tis to love an' be faithful, you've a-been faithful if ever a woman was—so you an' me can understand each other."

Martha uttered a low cry, and David, raising his eyes, which had been looking on the ground during his last speech, saw that her face was con-

The Times.

(To be continued.)

A HOLIDAY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR H. MORTIMER DURAND,
G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

XII.

BULUWAYO.

Rhodesia is not, strictly speaking, in "South Africa"; but the two are so closely connected that a visit to South Africa, however short, would not be complete without a view of the southern part at least of the country which Rhodes saved for the Empire.

It is pleasant to pass from the bare plains of the Transvaal and the long backs of the treeless downs, beautiful as they are in their own way, to the forest country—the "Bosch Veldt"—through which the train runs for hundreds of miles on the way to Buluwayo. The timber is not fine,—not like English timber,—nor is the forest thick; but the grassy glades, with their clumps of yellow mimosa and other trees, are very restful to the eye, and there are many wild-flowers. The solitude of it all, and the feeling that even in the modern railway carriage one is surrounded by real nature, bring peace to one's soul.

vulsed with anger and pain; but before he could speak she had turned and rushed into the house, treading on the rose as she went. He looked after her remorsefully, unable to explain even to himself the sudden impulse which had prompted his recent appeal. He had hoped perhaps to lead back the widow's thoughts into their habitual channel, and to express his faith in, and admiration of, her fidelity. He could scarcely tell now what had been his motive, but the result had been disastrous; he had evidently turned the dagger in Martha's wound.

Here and there, at long distances apart, one comes upon little wayside stations, a shanty or two of the eternal corrugated iron, with perhaps a few native huts of branches and thatch. The rest is unbroken forest, which looks, and is, ideal game country, though the larger game has mostly disappeared before the inroads of hunters.

Nearly forty-eight hours of travel from the noise and rush of the Rand gold-mines brings one to Buluwayo, the former capital of the ill-fated chief Lo Bengula, now a flourishing English town of four or five thousand inhabitants.

Although it was midsummer when I arrived, the weather was cool, almost cold, with much rain at times, and a high wind; and the country round looked rather desolate. As far as the eye could see, on all sides stretched the undulating forest; there were no salient features in the landscape, and the impression was one of sameness and monotony.

This impression wears off after a time—particularly if the sun comes out and touches the little fluffy balls of the yellow mimosa. Then the near forest turns into a sheet of gold, as bright as a stretch of Cornish gorse; and farther away the gold merges into green, and the green fades away into the blue depths of the distant atmosphere.

Only seventeen years ago Lo Bengula was at the height of his power; and Buluwayo, the "Place of Slaughter," was the centre of his dominion. It is not easy to say how far his rule extended; but in a country about as large as Great Britain there was no one who dared oppose him. His Matabele warriors—kinsmen of the Zulus who fought us so fiercely at Isandula and Rorke's Drift—were regarded by the neighboring tribes and by themselves as invincible. Many thousands of them were gathered about his "kraal" at Buluwayo. One is shown still the low umbrella-shaped tree under which the king sat dispensing his wild justice while the great forest-birds wheeled overhead. It stands now in the grounds of our English "Government House," and Lo Bengula lies in some hidden forest grave which his tribesmen will not make known to his conquerors; but he was strong in those days, only seventeen years ago.

Then, in an unhappy hour for him, he let loose his warriors upon the tribes which had come under the influence of the white man; and the white man rose in sudden wrath and decided that his power must be broken. It is a pitiful story altogether, like so many of the stories of the savage and the white man; and one cannot help sympathizing to some extent with the savage. It is generally an evil day for the uncivilized nations, or at least for their rulers, when the white pioneer first comes into their country; and one cannot wonder that some of them should cling to the only safe

policy—that of absolute exclusion.

Still Lo Bengula was a savage; and though one may feel sorry for the fall of a ruler who had his good points, it is undeniable that the establishment of white influence in such a country puts an end to many horrors—to oppression and torment of every kind inflicted upon great numbers of men; perhaps to frequent and widespread massacres depopulating whole districts. The native rule is picturesque; and the character of the savage has many fine qualities, which seem to disappear when he comes into contact with civilization. It is much to be doubted whether the black man who is to be met to-day riding across the veldt on a bicycle, with an old pot hat on his head, to work in the mines, is the equal of the black man who used to fling himself, assegai in hand, upon the lines of our breechloaders. One thinks with regret of the tall regiments of Cetewayo and Lo Bengula wiped off the face of the earth, and their proud traditions gone for ever. But certainly they were kept up at an awful cost of blood and suffering. No doubt one should put sentiment aside, and be glad that the sons of those magnificent fighting men will read good school-books, and talk bad English, and spend their lives peacefully grubbing out gold and diamonds, "the two great enemies of mankind," or tilling the fields of the white man.

You will see them in the white man's hotel at Buluwayo now, doing the rough work, while the tables in the modern dining-room are served by Indian waiters from Natal, who look upon them with scorn as an inferior race.

The Indians have some reason to think highly of themselves, for the white employer in Buluwayo evidently thinks highly of them. It would astonish the Madrassi "boy" in his own country to be told that his kinsmen

here were drawing pay at the rate of six or seven pounds a-month, with board and lodging found, or a great deal more if they cook the curries which they have made a standing dish all over South Africa. These are not good, by the way. It passes the wit of man to make a good curry out of India.

There are some fine buildings upon the wide roads of Buluwayo, the signs of a time when it was believed that a second Rand was to be found among the forests of Rhodesia. There are some good, and expensive, shops; and a public library; and one of the largest drill halls in the world for the Volunteers.

Sitting in the "bird cage" veranda of the comfortable club, looking out through the blossoms of the Bougainvillea at the statue of Cecil Rhodes, who stands at the cross-ways in his sack coat with his hands joined behind him, while the southerly breeze makes the Union Jack on the hotel fly out against the clear blue sky, it is difficult to persuade oneself that only seventeen years ago Jameson and Forbes marched into the place with their little colonial army.

It is a wonderful story, the story of that short campaign. Few finer things have been done by Englishmen. Think of it—seven hundred men marching straight on the capital of a famous chief, master of many thousands of well-trained and hitherto unbeaten warriors: sustaining and repelling two fierce attacks; finally driving him away into the forest, with the relics of his shattered regiments about him, shattered but still outnumbering them by ten to one. And then the "Wilson Patrol," thirty-five in all, many of them English public school boys, young still but hardened by some years of colonial life, led by the Scotchman Alan Wilson, riding into the midst of the enemy, with the night coming on, to take the king

in his own camp. They failed, and one of the best of South African writers has told us, in the words of the Matabele, how they fought their last fight—how, "when only five or six of the thirty-five were left, they took off their hats, and under fire from all sides sang something as the English do, standing up, and then went on fighting. And how at last only one man was left, one man bigger than the rest, who wore a broad-brimmed hat; while beside him a wounded comrade reached up to hand him cartridges, until he too went down, and the big man fought alone."

Now those days are gone. Alan Wilson and his men lie together on the lonely hillside by the grave of Cecil Rhodes, and in place of the Matabele kraals an English town has grown into being.

Now you can drive out through the mimosa jungle to a pretty racecourse and polo-ground, or watch good tennis played on excellent courts of pounded ant-hills, or attend a ball where scores of Englishwomen are enjoying themselves, all the more perhaps because there are men enough in Rhodesia to go round,—men who are not too lazy and selfish to dance.

The second Rand has not been found, but the gold output of Rhodesia is very considerable; and the numberless remains of ancient workings which have been discovered in various parts of the country show clearly that whether or not Rhodesia was, as some think, the Ophir of King Solomon's days, it has produced in the past great quantities of the precious metal. But this is a story which has been told by many.

One of the small private mines which are turning out gold now is an interesting thing to visit. Riding through the mimosa forest in search of it, a man is as likely as not to lose his way, for there is no road, and the track is faint. But one finds the mine

at last—a small engine, which you could almost cover with a sheet, working a rough crushing-machine; an Englishman in shirt and corduroy trousers supervising a dozen natives, who are digging out pieces from a little ribbon of white ore, which runs along the side of a shallow gravel-pit. Among the bushes all round are a few more pits, dug to test the continued existence of the little white ribbon; and two or three huts of branches and thatch for the workers to sleep in. The Englishman is cheery and hopeful. He volunteers the information that the initial expense of the whole thing was about a thousand pounds, and that he thinks, if all goes right, he will soon be making five hundred pounds a-month out of the venture. But of course, he says, that depends upon many things: upon the reef in the gravel remaining as rich in gold as it is now; upon his having enough money in hand to tide over any blank weeks, when the run of gold ore stops; and so on, and so on. The monthly bill for labor, coal, and other things is heavy—£100 to £150 a-month—and many promising mines break down that way. Also, it is almost impossible to get any white help. The natives are good enough, but they are a bit lazy when they are not being looked after; and you cannot get a decent white man to help you for love or money. The lowest wage here for a white miner is forty pounds a-month, and when you get him ten to one he drinks, or if he does not drink he does nothing. "The last one I had never did a hand's turn. He would not even put a drop of oil in the engine—said it was Kafir's work. He just sat on that log and smoked, and sometimes kicked a nigger. I could not stand him, so after three months I gave him the sack. Then he asked for a character, and when I refused he asked for a drink." It is the old trouble which one meets all over South Africa, the

cry of "Kafir's work," the curse of the country.

Still our friend in the corduroys was very cheery and hopeful. He had been at gold-mining for a good many years and "had his ups and downs," but he had made a little capital now and thought he was going to do well. "It is just that," he said, "you want something for the rainy days."

May he prosper! Many companies doing the same thing on a larger scale have failed, I am told. So have many private workers. But many of the latter get along fairly well, and some become rich.

I felt very much inclined to offer myself for the place—on a month's probation—and try to help him through. It would have been a novel experience; and a month in camp in the mimosa jungle ought to have been pleasant enough. But I had other engagements, and was obliged to refrain.

XIII.

CHRISTMAS AT THE VICTORIA FALLS.

When Bryce visited South Africa and Rhodesia fifteen years ago, he was prevented from seeing the Victoria Falls because this would have meant a three weeks' march from Buluwayo. Now the train covers the distance in twenty-four hours or less. The railway line to the Zambesi lies through one almost unbroken stretch of forest, and about half-way, as the sun was setting, I saw in a grassy open patch to the left a palm-tree which warned me that we were getting near tropical country. All about were many wild-flowers, especially a five-petalled flower of true scarlet color about the size of a buttercup, which is very common in Rhodesia. No one could tell me what it was called. Early in the morning, a cool bright delicious morning, the train drew up at the little open station near the falls.

Among the trees, close to the sta-

tion, was a low red-roofed hotel of corrugated iron, with wooden verandas, which looked northwards towards the river. Not that the falls themselves could be seen. Immediately in front of my veranda was a newly laid tennis-court. A water-wagtail with white collar and little black shirt-front was running about over the moist earth of it. All round were trees and flowering-shrubs, and a few bananas, their broad smooth leaves wet and glistening with recent rain. Just beyond the tennis-court was a narrow line of railway, and two or three feet beyond that the edge of a very deep ravine running down to the hidden river. As it was midsummer, everything was green. The forest stretched away on all sides as far as one could see, not flat, but undulating, the green waves passing into distant blue. To the right, not far away, two lines of rocky cliff broke the forest. To the front and left there rose, between and over the trees, several hundred feet into the fresh blue sky, shifting columns and masses of white vapor, like the smoke of some great fire. They were always changing in height and form, as clouds change on a windy day; and through them one could get occasional glimpses of a calm reach of river above the cataract. A dull, ceaseless roar, like the sound of a heavy sea, came from under them. It was distant, and through it one could hear the cooling of doves and the calls of other birds—one very like the Indian "coppersmith"—tonk, tonk, tonk.

Walking down after breakfast towards the river, I passed through a quiet wood full of wild-flowers, all new to me, pink and yellow and blue. On the moist paths were beautiful little beetles, like scraps of scarlet velvet. A troop of baboons sat and watched, or cantered slowly away through the trees.

A few minutes' walk brings one to a

white single arch railway bridge over the river just below the falls. This is as little disfiguring as one could expect a railway bridge to be,—iron, of course, for the height is too great to allow of a stone bridge. It is said to be over four hundred feet, though it looks less. But the bridge is not ugly, as such things go, and the line on both sides is hidden by the forest. From the bridge one has a fine view of the gorge and part of the fall itself, which is so close that with a northerly wind the spray comes down in a steady soft rain upon the roadway.

Passing over the bridge and turning to the left, one finds beautiful paths through the wood which lead to the eastern end of the falls. Standing there by the water's edge above the falls, one sees the mile-broad river sweeping slowly down, through islands covered with reeds and tropical jungle, to the rocks at the verge of the drop. These split the river into innumerable streams, which pour suddenly over the verge, falling at first solid and green and heavy, then quivering into vells of white foam, and mingling hundreds of feet below with the great white cloud which seethes eternally over the bottom of the chasm. From it rise swirls of vapor which fly up swiftly into the sky overhead.

At one spot near the end of the chasm there is a narrow break in the cliff opposite the falls; and through this break, across which one can throw a stone, the river rushes southward.

As I stood on the rocks by the water's edge a storm came rolling down from the north, along the line of the river. The sun was blotted out by leaden masses of cloud, and soon they were cloven by perpendicular streaks of lightning. Over the ceaseless roar of the water the thunder boomed out at intervals. The rain came down at first in heavy drops like bullets, then in a fierce tropical shower.

When it was over I recrossed the bridge and walked along the top of the cliff opposite the falls. This is the "Rain Forest," where the spray cloud from the chasm eddies continually above one's head, drenching the grass and the palms and other trees. It is a very wet walk, through the luxuriant dripping forest, but indescribably beautiful.

The most striking feature of the falls is that the country to the south of them is practically at the same level as the country to the north. The river does not fall over a ledge and pour away down a mountain side. It seems to drop into an abyss which swallows it up, for the narrow cañon by which it escapes is of great depth and almost hidden in the forest, nothing but the upper cliffs showing here and there.

Another day was spent in seeing the western end of the falls, where the "Devil's cataract," a mighty mass of water, pours round the corner of the chasm; and on the river above, among the islands, from which David Livingstone, greatly wondering, first saw the falls. In the deep pools over which one's canoe is paddled the hippopotamus still has his home, and one may lie at ease in the warm sunlight waiting for the broad snouts to come up, or "watch the gray alligator slide into the still bayou."

Christmas morning broke with heavy tropical rain, which sounded loud on the iron roof, almost drowning the distant roar of the river. Over the forest the sky was a dull gray. The smoke from the falls formed one continuous wall behind the trees,—a wall a thousand feet high. Against it some birds like swifts were wheeling.

The empty hotel dining-room was decorated with palm branches and Union Jacks. Some of these were incorrect, of course. That is our English way. But it was pleasant to see the flag, even so.

Soon after breakfast the rain stopped. The sky was as gray as ever, but looked more broken, as if it might clear later. The wagtail with the black shirt-front came and sat on the drenched tennis-net, and sang as I never heard a wagtail sing before. Then the train for North Rhodesia glided gently along the farther side of the tennis-court,—an engine and tender, one passenger wagon, quite empty, and a corrugated iron goods van, apparently empty too. It looked like a toy as it gave a soft little whistle and disappeared into the forest on the left.

By noon the sky was more promising, so we ventured out, two of us, with the intention of paddling up the river a few miles to Livingstone. We had not gone a hundred yards through the wood when the bottom seemed to fall out of the sky, and a sheet of water came down, turning the paths into streams, and carrying the little red velvet beetles off their indignant legs. But it was apparently a mistake, and stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

Then we walked on along the edge of the rain forest, through a perpetual Cornish "skew," which wetted everything within a quarter of a mile of the falls. We went to the edge of the cliff in two or three places and watched the Devil's cascade rushing headlong over its rocks into the seething caldron below, the bottom of which was invisible for rising "smoke." Driven away at last by the wet, we turned the corner of the falls and embarked on the smooth river above. It was a beautiful sight, as our canoe threaded the islands with their rich tropical foliage,—reeds and trees growing very thick and overhanging the water. Tall palms towered up over all—one kind feathery, like the date-palm of southern Persia, its long streamers waving in the breeze; the other bold and stiff, like the common palm of Bengal. There were

no crocodiles or hippopotami to be seen, the sun not being hot enough perhaps to make basking a pleasure. One saw no life but bird life—a heron sailing slowly overhead, a black and white kingfisher quivering in the air, a few swallows skimming the reed-fringed pools, a gray diver hanging himself out to dry on a dead tree.

In less than an hour's paddling we came to the bottom of a fine straight reach on which the sporting community of Livingstone have their boat-races, and the world's sculling championship has lately been contested between an Englishman and a New Zealander. Fifty years ago it was in the heart of darkest Africa. Here we landed at the little solitary boat-house. Close by it in the forest was another wooden house raised on piles and surrounded by green wire-netting to keep out mosquitoes and fever. Some unfortunate servant of the Chartered Company had once had to live there, but the fever had been too strong for him.

A narrow tramway has been carried down from Livingstone, four or five miles, to the river; and we found on the bank a trolley with some black "boys," who ran us up through the sandy jungle. Amid the clumps of palm and mimosa and other trees grew quantities of wild-flowers,—pink lilies, and the scarlet flower of Rhodesia, and many more.

As we neared Livingstone we came upon a corrugated iron railway station, and some sheds of the same invaluable material. What South Africa and Rhodesia would do without it one cannot imagine. Livingstone itself is a pretty little place, like an Indian "mofussil" station,—palms and poinsettia and heavy warm rain. It is the headquarters of North-Western Rhodesia, and has something like two hundred white people; with a club, and a hotel, and a police mess, and many

brick houses, and a newspaper, "The Livingstone Mail," published by the local chemist, which is the only Rhodesian paper north of the Zambesi. The Administrator's house is a fine bungalow, with broad veranda and a garden full of mixed English and African flowers. The petunia, of course, which has the constitution of a crow, does as well here as on the dry plateau of Central Asia. It always seemed to me a rather uninteresting flower, but it will apparently thrive anywhere, and it makes fine patches of color.

The police corps here consists of natives from other parts of Africa, with English officers. These and all the white men whom I saw in Rhodesia seemed cheery and capable, like the good men who are making the Empire all over the world. There is nothing on earth like England; and yet getting away from England, from the warping unfairness of party, from the uneventful luxurious English life, seems to develop a type of Englishman which is very refreshing to meet. He may not have the Balliol manner, or much regard for Mrs. Grundy, but he has done things, and the stamp of it is on him.

We had some tea in the broad veranda of "Government House," and then went to the golf-course, a pleasant nine-hole sandy course, with some rough grass and rolled-earth putting-greens. You cannot get turf in Africa, but you can have a good game without it.

While I was in Livingstone the weekly train came in from the north. It is the great excitement of the week, and the natives streamed down to the station in scores, running hard, to see it pass. Two freshly captured giraffes had just been brought in, but they did not seem to arouse any interest. Then we went down to the river again.

By the time we got there it was near

sunset—a fine evening, with some showers in the distance. To the south the smoke of the falls rose far into the sky, and little rosy clouds were detaching themselves from it, one by one, and sailing over to the west, like the “snow banners” which float away from the white shoulder of Kinchinjunga over the Tibetan plains. As we dropped down the river the sunset faded about us, and a flock of white birds flew past us down-stream, their reflections in the water below them.

We were hardly safe under shelter again when a tremendous thunder-storm broke over the forest—vivid lightning and a deluge of rain. One could not hear the sound of the falls.

So ended my Christmas Day.

One is often asked by South Africans how the Victoria Falls compare with Niagara. To my mind the Victoria Falls are far the more beautiful. It is true that the volume of water at Niagara is greater. The broad rushing river above the cataract, and the fierce speed of the heaped-up narrows below, impress one with a sense of tremendous power. But “man marks the earth with ruin.” Some of the surroundings of Niagara are distressing to the eye. The tame, cultivated country, the electric-power works, the crowded hotels, the artificial gardens, the glaring advertisements, all combine to spoil one of nature’s grandest works. In Africa there is nothing of the kind. The work of nature is left almost untouched. There is a railway bridge, but it is from most points invisible, and it is nowhere a great disfigurement. The unbroken forest stretches away on all sides just as God made it. You may wander for hours about the falls and never see a human being or a trace of man’s handiwork. Then the body of water, though not so great as at Niagara, is still immense; the height of the fall is more than twice as great; and the way in which the river is split up

by wooded islands and rocks adds much to the beauty of the picture. So does the contrast between the calm broad reach above and the sudden plunge and thunder of the chasm. So do the far-rising columns of smoke. Perhaps at some time long ago Niagara may have been as beautiful as the falls of the Zambesi. To my mind it is certainly not so now.

As I sat smoking in the veranda that Christmas night, thinking over all that I had seen of natural wonders in my life, by sea and mountain and desert, it seemed to me that only once before had I felt so deeply awed and touched by the mingled grandeur and beauty of God’s works. Twenty years ago, after the Tibetan War, I had been sent to negotiate a treaty with the Chinese; and the place where I was to meet them was near the Tibetan frontier, just below the watershed of the Himalayas. On the last day of my journey, the 24th of December, I had to ride up the mountain-side, some thousands of feet, by a road through dense bamboo jungle. As we rode, in heavy rain and mist, the air grew colder and more rarefied, and our pace slower, with constant rests to breathe our animals. All at once the gray dripping mist above us seemed to turn to a dull blue; and as I was wondering what it meant, we came out suddenly into a patch of dazzling sunlight. We rode on a few yards, up a bare rocky hillside, in alternate sunshine and drifting cloud, and then found ourselves in the open near the summit of an isolated peak which the cloud did not reach. Pulling up, we sat in our saddles and looked about us, and I can never forget the sight that met our eyes. Around us, as far as we could see, cutting us off from the world of men, lay a vast canopy of white cloud. Near our feet it was moving slowly, stirred by faint eddies of air. Farther away it looked still and solid, as if one could ride over it. But breaking up

through the cloud—alone—and towering into the deep blue sky, rose the gigantic mass of Kinchinjunga, sixteen thousand feet of rock and snow and ice-field glittering in the midday sun.

The two scenes were very different, but the remembrance of my Christmas on the Zambesi always brings back to be now that earlier Christmas on the borders of Tibet. And those two memories are among my most treasured possessions.

XIV.

THE GRAVE OF OCEIL RHODES.

For one who never knew him in life, it is not easy to form a clear conception of the character of Cecil Rhodes. One hears in South Africa some hard things said about him, and, on the other hand, one hears him spoken of with almost unbounded enthusiasm. During the later part of his life, after the Jameson raid, he was for a time regarded by the Dutch population as their greatest enemy, and it is said that the desire to capture him had much to do with the obstinate persistence of the Boers in the siege of Kimberley. Some of them have not forgiven him yet. Nor is it only the Dutch who speak evil of him. Conan Doyle in his history of the war criticizes Rhodes severely, and Conan Doyle only says what many others say. But whatever his faults may have been, there can be no doubt that he was a man of vast thought and powerful will, who loved the country of his adoption, and always had before his eyes the ideal of a great united South Africa. Nor can there be a doubt that while he was in one sense an African—der of the Afrianders, with the deepest goodwill for the Dutch, he was intensely loyal to England, and regarded the interests of South Africa as bound up with those of the Empire. We may surely be content to forget his reputed shortcomings, and to remember

him only as a great and patriotic Englishman, whose aims were as high as his courage.

Rhodes was fond of getting away at times from the stress and worry of his daily life to the solitude of the forest, which seemed to soothe and refresh him as nothing else could do. He felt the need of solitude to think out his big thoughts; and it is in the forest, on the summit of a rocky hill, which he chose out during his lifetime, that he now lies at rest.

It is easy for any one visiting Bulawayo to see his grave, which has become one of the places of pilgrimage in South Africa. The journey to the heart of the Matabele country can now be made in a motorcar. The road is not, though much trouble has been taken with it, what would be regarded as a good motoring road in England; but in spite of some rough bits, and occasional divergences into the bush, the drive is pleasant enough. Passing slowly through a stretch of mimosa forest, golden in the morning sun, and leaving behind one or two farmhouses of corrugated iron, one arrives after an hour or so at a wayside bungalow used as a hotel. It stands above a valley where Rhodes carried out one of his innumerable projects—throwing a dam across between two hillsides to make a lake, from which a large farm is now irrigated. A few miles farther on, after passing at long intervals two or three small clusters of native huts, one comes to some fine craggy hills overgrown with forest—the Matoppos. At the end of a gorge in these hills the road ceases, and one has to go the rest of the way on foot. We got out of our car willingly enough, and began the ascent to the grave. It is an easy walk, first along the grassy valley among the rocks, and then up a stone slope to the top of the hill.

At the top there is an irregular plat-

form of rock, one end of it lower than the other. At the lower end is a fine monument erected over the graves of Alan Wilson and the men who fell with him. Their memory deserves every honor their countrymen can bestow; but it might have been better, unless Rhodes himself wished them to lie near him, to give the monument a site of its own. Standing where it does, it seems in some measure to strike a false note, to divert the mind from its main object, the grave of the man who chose that lonely hill as his resting-place. Perhaps the desire was to let Rhodes have about him some of his comrades, the men who died to carry out his orders and win Rhodesia for the Empire; but however that may be, it would, I think, have been more in keeping with the spirit of the place to let Rhodes lie there by himself, alone in death with the hills and the forests, as he loved to be in his life. And their death was so noble that it should surely be treated as a thing apart, a memory to which men might give themselves up altogether, undisturbed by a different train of thought.

The top of the hill is bare, with some weather-worn boulders at the higher end. Among these is the plain rock-

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hewn tomb, with a flat slab bearing the inscription—

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF
OECIL JOHN RHODES.

On the surrounding rock are small patches of sulphur-colored lichen. As we stood by the grave some white butterflies fluttered past us down wind, and a lizard ran in little jerks, a few inches at a time, slowly over the stone. There was no other life in sight.

The "World's View," as it is called, cannot be compared with many mountain views elsewhere; but it is fine—a far-stretching wilderness of hills intermingled with forest, their rocky summits carved by the hand of time into a great variety of forms. Many of the rocks are rounded, but some have taken the shape of turrets and battlements, or are balanced one upon another. Here and there one saw a little smooth green patch, showing where cultivation had been; and there was one deserted kraal, a mile or more away, a little thatched hut surrounded by a rough fence of cut branches.

Perhaps Lo Bengula, conquered and betrayed, lies in some hill cave not far from his great enemy; but the Matoppo keep his secret well.

(To be continued.)

THE PLACE OF MUSIC IN MODERN LIFE.

I.

There are periods in the world's age when the great things that run through our human history like continuous threads have to be reconsidered; when our thought about them has to be re-adjusted to the new ideas and conditions at which we have arrived in our journey. No one who contemplates calmly the civilized world to-day can pretend that ours is a moment of deep

spiritual or artistic growth. The present time is essentially one in which the things of the spirit—that is to say the arts and the philosophies—after a time of great and rapid development, have to come to rest, and when material things are developing so rapidly as to absorb almost the whole of the world's time. This is a time of spiritual and artistic maturity; after a period of growth and struggle there has

come a pause, in which these spiritual affairs of ours detach themselves from the great onward-rushing tide of movement which we call progress and are floating, as it were, in still water, away from the main current, away from the great pathway of the world's progress; out of sympathy with it perhaps, but most certainly detached from it. In every day there comes, after the glory of the dawn and freshness of the early morning, after the fire has faded from the skies and the dews have dried from the fields of promise, a time of stagnation and flatness, when the air seems to hang heavily, and the life and vitality to have departed from the day. In every human life there is a similar moment; and after emergence from the dreamy realms of childhood, after the promises and the enthusiasms and fires of youth have been a little dulled and chilled by contact with the crude realities of life, a flatness and weariness and sense of disillusionment come like a cloud over our existence, and the material asserts itself over the spiritual. And so with that longer day and greater and more complex life in which we image the history of an age or a civilization; so with the component currents of human effort of which that life is made up; so, at some time or other, with discovery, with invention, with religion, with art; these things all have their time of accomplishment and their time of pause. And so, among other arts, with the art of music—a thing founded on phenomena which are as old as the human race, but which in the form that we know it now is the youngest of the family of arts, one whose development through the last few centuries has been increasingly rapid, whose birth lies within the span of recorded human history, and whose maturity we witness to-day.

Think, then, of music to-day as a mature, fully evolved art, of the tech-

nique of which we would appear to know practically everything there is to be known; and think of modern life as the existence of men and women in this world to-day, and the special circumstances that make that existence different from the lives of men and women of an earlier age. In what way is the life we live more suitable for the cultivation of music, in what way is it less suitable than the life of the last two centuries, in which music came to its rapid and splendid maturity? These I think are questions worth considering.

Unfortunately, the moment one begins to talk about modern life one is almost bound to begin to talk in platitudes; there are some things so obvious, and yet so true, that they can only be expressed in a commonplace. We do live in an age of hurry. We do live in a world where rapidity is often counted higher than thoroughness, and where the conditions of life demand a smattering of information on many subjects, rather than a depth of knowledge on any one. We do live in a civilization where things like telegraphy, railroads, telephones, mechanical substitutions for labor, and so on, have enormously complicated the life of every human being in our country, and where in the hurry and clamor and chaotic activities of the struggle, we seem to drift farther and farther away from that quieter, younger age that was the golden age of the fine arts, where there was sunshine and silence and room for the soul of man to grow, and space for it to soar on its wings of poetry and music.

It may seem absurd to suggest that music is an anachronism here, and that, where other things are developing and changing and growing so rapidly, it alone is to be condemned to a state of stagnation. You may say, surely music, which is such a living art, and so closely bound up with the

senses and emotions of mankind, can express the particular spirit of every age; surely it too can move with the times, and readjust itself to a new age and new conditions? I know that that view is held by many; but it would be dishonest of me not to make it quite clear that it is not my view. I do not believe that music can "move with the times" in the common sense of that expression; I do not believe that music can be used as a happy or suitable expression for the fluctuations of the cotton market, for the spirit of wireless telegraphy or valveless motor-engines, or for our emotions about murder trials and rubber shares. Music is no time-server. It is, and has always been, an expression of the inner soul of man, the most subtle form of expression known to us, but an expression always of those great fundamental emotions that are common, not to one country or to one time, but to the soul of man in all times and places.

Then, you say, why should it be any less at home in our modern life than in the life of the generations before us? The answer is to be found in those very conditions of modern life that give it its distracting, hurrying, and unrestful character. Music, I have said, is primarily an expression of the soul; an escape, if you like, for the imagination; a means where we may be independent of our immediate conditions, and escape beyond them into a world of poetry and phantasy. And the need for that escape is found in a simple and quiet life rather than in a complex and hurrying life—or to put it in an extreme way, the need for this imaginative escape exists more in a dull life than in an interesting life. If all our activities of thought and imagination are fully occupied by the things around us, we shall not need to use our imagination to escape into a more interesting world; in short, material things are so many, so varied, and so engrossing,

that we do not feel the need of things of the spirit.

II.

Let me try to make this rather obscure point plainer by picturing the typical lives of two men. The one man lives, in an age other than this, in a little country town far removed from any great metropolitan activities. He is not rich, but his means are, and have always been, sufficient for his wants, and he lives in a dignified simplicity, into which it is hardly ever necessary for the thought of money to enter. He has some regular occupation connected with the life of the people immediately around him, but he has leisure for reading and cultivating himself, time to be a student of any subject that interests him. The mountains that tower above the little town, the river that wanders through the meadows beyond, the road that comes down through the valley and goes on into the unknown world, these all supply him with material for interest, speculation, and wonder. The mountains though visible are inaccessible to him, and their peaks remain unspoiled by familiarity; the river that has shone and rippled through his childhood is a living though speechless companion of his daily life; the road is for him a connecting link in the chain that binds him to other worlds and other lives, coming from one unknown and going on to another. His human interests lie in the people and the lives immediately round about him; there is no such thing as a newspaper, and letters are rare, things brought by the hand of some chance traveller, eagerly passed from hand to hand, read, re-read, and discussed until their minutest interest is threadbare. His excitements and distractions are all on this minute scale, and are savored and enjoyed to their fullest extent, however small and narrow they may be. In

such a life imagine the place of music—how enlarging to the horizon, how deepening to the cultivation of that quiet soul living that quiet life! How lovingly would not such a man study its secrets, how gladly would he not give that labor that sweetens all acquirement, how deeply would he not pore over the works of the masters until he became imbued with their spirit! Real growth, real artistic cultivation, real musical perception, would soon be the mark of such a man, and to him and his friends, living such a life in such a place, music would be a great door opened into the world of the spirit, at once employing and satisfying the imagination.

And now take another man. He lives in a great city crowded with commerce, where labor struggles against labor for a bare living, and riches are piled on riches; where the air is darkened with smoke, and from dawn till night the streets are filled with clamor and movement and hurry. This man too has his occupation, but it is an occupation that is never finished; he dare not pause or rest for fear some one should step in and take his place; whatever means he has are not enough, for about him on every side are people with more money, with greater means, through whose example the standard of life goes steadily up. He opens his daily paper every morning, and immediately, as in a mirror, the whole world lies open before him; he sees the explorer at work amid the ice-packs of the North; the life of a hundred famous or notorious people is spread before him in minute detail; he reads the thoughts of his fellow men half a world away; he hears the strife of parliaments, witnesses the rise and fall of kings, and sees the mine of revolution fired, and republics founded on the ashes of dynasties. His imagination, in short, is more than occupied. The swift trains can carry him within an

hour or two to the outer world in a dozen different directions; from that outer world men and women come, daily mingling with and confusing his own existence; time and distance are both annihilated, and the doings of the whole world brought visibly and audibly before him. Again I say, what room is there in such a life for imagination? What place is there for music, or more truly, what time is there for music?

For no one can cultivate music without giving time and trouble to it. As there is no royal road to learning of any kind, so there are no short cuts to musical cultivation. The advertisements of gramophone-makers and the sellers of mechanical piano-players tell us that the years spent in musical study are no longer necessary, that all the charm, all the wonder, and all the cultivation of music are open to any one, however ignorant, at the cost of a few shillings and a succession of monthly payments. There never was a greater lie uttered. The ignoramus may put the roll of a Beethoven sonata on his piano-player, turn the necessary cranks and adjust the necessary levers, and succeed in producing—what? At the best an amazingly clever and life-like caricature of a musical performance—at the worst a hideous travesty and debasement of the noblest artistic creations of mankind. Depend upon it, it is by labor and study, and by them alone, that we attain to any real achievement or high artistic enjoyment; and this mechanical substitution, this effort to get results without any expenditure of time or trouble on the process, is to me one of the most pathetic and futile things which our time has brought forth. Let us deal with these mechanical inventions once and for all, and then dismiss them from our thoughts. Let us admit all their marvellousness and their possibility, in the hands of an artistic manipulator, for

illusion and deception. The more mechanically perfect they seem to be, the more hateful they should be to us, and the more strenuously we should set our faces against any tolerance of them or traffic with them. For music from beginning to end, from its inception in the brain or impulse in the heart, to its utterance by voice or instrument, is a thing of human feeling, human touch, human effort. If we use purely mechanical means of locomotion and movement we soon lose the use of our arms and legs; and so in music the cultivation of artificial and mechanical processes will merely mean the neglect and atrophy of our natural powers; in a word, cultivation of mechanical means of musical performance must surely mean the ultimate loss of power to invent music, loss of power to produce it and loss of power to enjoy it.

III.

Music is cultivated in three great departments—there is the music of the church—the music of the concert-room and theatre—and the music of the home. The first of these is allied to a departing thing, and will depart with it; the other two belong to our everyday life, and reflect its characteristics. What is it in the music of the theatre and concert-room that most flourishes to-day? I am the first to admit the enormous strides that public taste has made in orchestral music in the last ten or fifteen years. Orchestral music has become what it never was before, really popular among musical amateurs; and London, which for some time lagged behind the North in its appreciation and support of orchestral music, has now probably more orchestral performances, attended by more people, than any other city in the world. This is largely due to the development of the modern art of conducting and the consequent improvement in orchestral

playing, and again the consequent unlocking of a whole treasure-house of sound to the general public. But it still remains a fact that orchestral music does not “pay” in the large sense of the word, and if one wants a rough test for what is popular, not with amateurs predisposed to be interested, but with the public at large, one had better apply the money test. There are no fortunes to be made in running orchestras or giving orchestral concerts. Neither will any one seriously contend that grand opera is popular in England. It is of no use to say that it ought to be, that it would be under such and such conditions; the fact for our immediate consideration is that it is not—that is to say, that people will not pay to hear operas in sufficient numbers to make it financially worth any one’s while to produce them. The heroic struggles of the Carl Rosa Company have proved it in the past. The equally heroic efforts of the Moody Manners Company are proving it in the present; and though Mr. Thomas Beecham is doing admirable work with his opera season in London and is getting any amount of appreciation and support, we must not forget that there is a well from which the general public is believed to draw health, and from which Mr. Beecham is believed to draw wealth. In short, the fact that Mr. Beecham is very generously and patriotically spending his money on the production of operas, does not alter the fact that opera is not closely enough in touch with modern life in England to be economically possible. What then is popular? We have one thing that really does flourish in England as it flourishes nowhere else, and that is so-called musical comedy. Serious musicians are too apt to despise these productions, but they have survived the criticism of the learned and the denunciation of musical enthusiasts, myself included, and they have proved that they do be-

long in a very real way to the life of our time. I remember in my own early days as a musical critic, when I must admit these musical comedies had not reached the high standard they have reached since, involving my newspapers in more than one libel action by Mr. George Edwardes, on account of my denunciation of his productions on artistic grounds; but I should be less than honest if I did not now admit that time and development have proved me wrong; that there was a germ of real life in these things, and that it has lived and developed into a mode of expression peculiarly English. For we must remember that the great characteristic of English music in its best days was always its gaiety; it was never melancholy, never romantic, never savage or barbaric; it was always gay, gay with the gaiety of the English country-side, of village songs and games, and romping dances in the meadows, and the bucolic hilarity of the tavern. Well, much of that has gone from us. The gaiety of the country-side, the games and village dances have vanished; but still, when the thread of English music reasserts itself, it is found, though wonderfully transformed, to be still uttering its gay message. What is it we have always most needed in England, with our heavy climate and gray cloudy skies, with our sternness and dulness and dignity? A little laughter surely. It has always been the thing missing from our composition, and the thing with which the divine art has tried to supply us. Now to-day we are all a little jaded, a little tired, a little worried; though we cannot repair to the meadow-side, or join in the happy ridiculous games of former generations, we go to the theatre and laugh at the ridiculous situations invented for us there, and in the music that accompanies them we have found something that evidently answers to some need in

us, so that the airs that are born there are whistled and sung in the country-side, and, as much as any music can, become part of our national life. I say not a word in criticism of this music, whether it is good or bad; that is beside my point here. It is a part of our life, and it is one of the supreme expressions of music in our modern life. But we may admit that, without over-rating its importance, or without denying the enormous share that the dresses, the scenery, and the personalities of the people taking part in these performances, have in spreading the popularity of the music.

This frivolous expression of music is at one end of the scale; but at the opposite end there is another way in which it enters very considerably into our modern life, and that is the economic way. Music has been pressed into the great service of wage-earning to such an extent that its practice as an art threatens often to be obliterated by its practice as a trade or profession. There are many institutions in this country which exist almost solely for equipping those who join them to be teachers of music—the success or failure of which is judged on almost purely economic grounds. Now the teaching of music is not a thing for which every musician is fitted, and because a student is a successful performer, it by no means follows that he or she will be a successful teacher. And here I think we touch upon a very real weakness of some of these institutions. Those who join them in order to learn a trade, whose parents invest so much money with the idea that in a few years they will be able to earn so much more, do not, in many cases, pursue their studies with any very real deep devotion to the subject, but too often with a view merely to acquire the necessary smattering that will enable them to earn fees by giving lessons. The teachers

of music are thus divided very sharply into two classes. There is the genuine artist who works and studies hard, seeking always to perfect himself in his particular branch of music; a singer or a player perhaps, who finds himself unable to live on the engagements that he can get as a performer. There is no help for such a one, except in teaching; not the teaching of geniuses, but of any one who will come—often far removed from genius. There is no sadder thing in the world than to see some really artistic spirit gradually crushed and wearied by the drudgery of teaching, and its bright wings, that aspired to mount to the sun, soiled with the dust of the earth in the struggle for an actual living. To those genuinely artistic spirits, thoroughly sound musicians perhaps, but without the superlativeness of voice or technique which alone to-day commands a wide hearing, the modern world is no friendly place, and modern life is no easy condition. Such people necessarily live completely out of harmony with the world about them. Their ambition is the attainment of perfection, and perfection is a luxury which they are neither allowed to attain themselves, nor assist others to the attainment of. If they have a brilliant pupil, he or she soon passes into other hands; the dull ones require results of some kind in the shortest possible time, and with the least possible expenditure of money; to be taught how to get through a song or piano-forte piece, in a way that will secure the admiration of their uncritical friends, is all they want. And in the deadly struggle for life, the artist is again and again forced down into the prosecution of this melancholy business, until too often his faith in himself, and even in his art, is lost, and he becomes a mere drudge in the economic service. In such a life it can hardly be said that music is in harmony with modern conditions.

IV.

I could multiply instances of this kind to any extent, and in a way rather depressing to those who love and study music for itself; but they would only tend to strengthen and support my theory, that all attempts to change the character of music with the changed character of our age; all attempts to force it from what it is into something that it is not and cannot be; all efforts to turn an artistic and spiritual thing into an economic and commercial thing; in a word, all efforts to make music move with the times, are bound to end in failure. What place then has music in our modern life? I believe that it has a very real place and use with us to-day. And the great use of music in modern life, it seems to me, may be expressed in a paradox. Its use in modern life is as a means of escape from modern life. Its value to us lies, not in its likeness to the conditions around us, but in its difference from them; not in its correspondence with our everyday life, but in its contrast to it. It is a life-belt which will preserve those who carry it from altogether sinking in the welter of sordid material conditions about them; it is a fiery chariot that will catch us up out of cares and struggles here, and bear us to a world of serene and exalted things; that may carry us from turmoil into peace, and from earth to heaven. Poetry and music, as Hector Berlioz said, are the two wings of the soul; and as it has in all times been regarded as a means of rising beyond the limitations of material conditions into the free world of the spirit, so, more truly to-day than ever, it may still be regarded. And to those who have chosen music as the main work and study of their lives, and who are not infrequently confronted with these very questions of its apparent incompatibility with the general run of the world's thought and interest to-day, I

cannot help feeling that it will be a great strength, a great consolation, and a great encouragement, if they will think of music in this way, as having nothing whatever to do with the material interests and affairs of mankind, but as belonging to another world, another dimension, another element. How often at sea is one not awed and confounded, if one's eye is raised no higher than the horizon, by the tumult and desolation of the waters, the busy, tiresome, laborious activities of the ship, the grinding and commotion, the throbbing and pulsing, the humming of winds, and roar and crashing of waves. Yet raise your eyes above the salt wilderness of water, above the laboring ship, above the swinging mast-heads, and there, visibly above you, is a world of peace, unbroken and eternal, where stars are shining quietly, and whither the tumults of the sea do not reach. And those of us with the cultivation and perception to appreciate great music have always close at hand just such another world, another element in which our spirits may refresh themselves. There never was a time when we more needed such an escape; there never was a time when material things were so pressing; when the clamor and tumult of the world was so outrageous; when the things of life itself were so deafening as to dull our ears to all the finer sounds. We need music more than ever in the world to-day, and the mission of those who cultivate it is a higher and more sacred mission than ever it was. It is no longer for the mere adornment and elegance of life that they labor, but for spiritual life itself; it is not to give the musical spirit more balmy airs to breathe, but for its very breath they are fighting.

It goes without saying that there are certain kinds of music that appeal to us more easily to-day than other kinds. It is always easy to listen to Wagner

or Chopin, because there is in all their music a trace of that emotional fever that is never far below the surface of our modern life; but it is often hard to get into the necessary frame of mind to be able to enjoy the music of Beethoven or Mozart. We must all have been aware of experiencing this difficulty of going into a concert-room, and looking forward to hearing a favorite symphony, and finding when it came to be played that it had nothing to say to us, that we were not in the mood for it, that we were listening to its notes without really hearing it. All very serious music requires an atmosphere, a *stim-mung* to be established, before it can really come to life, and this atmosphere is one which it is increasingly hard to establish, in proportion as it becomes farther and farther removed from the atmosphere in which we live our lives. All chamber music needs it; for example, how often is one really in the mood to appreciate or even enjoy a Beethoven quartette? Such things have really no part with our everyday life; they belong to a region of things which we must deliberately enter into if we are to appreciate or enjoy them, and that region is very far from the region which we inhabit during the greater part of our waking lives. In a simpler age it lay near at hand, and from the daily life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was but a step into that world, now so spiritually removed from us. Between the life of London to-day, with its high pressure, its domination by money, its fierce battles, the endless struggle for life that is going on in it, the endless grim effort to keep a foothold at all amid its jostling crowds, the tremendous hurrying tide and torrent of activity that roars for ever in our ears—ah! between that and the quiet little world of candle-light in a home in some German country town, two hundred years ago, what a contrast! Could we but open

the windows of our mental vision and see the little family group surrounding the open scores and steeping themselves in the joy and understanding of deep and true music, what peace and refreshment might we not find!

Well, it is to some extent possible for us to do it still; that world lies still within our reach, although the journey to it becomes longer and longer every day. It is very hard for the individual to reach it alone. The atmosphere that I have spoken of may be, and is, still established where a number of people, who really care for music, gather together and work at it. Such things as quartette-parties and singing-societies, even though the standard of performance which they attain may not be a very high one, are invaluable aids to the cultivation of music in our life to-day. One of the strongest and healthiest branches of English music is to be found in the brass bands of the towns and villages of England. And why? Just because they involve the association of people, the meeting together with the one purpose of working at and studying music, and consequently, that temporary escape from ordinary life, which I have emphasized as being the most valuable thing that music can give us to-day.

And I would strongly urge, as the sum of what I have been trying to say

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about the place of music in modern life, that the thing to be striven for, and worked for to-day, is the cultivation of a musical atmosphere. It is less important to-day that we should produce new music, than that we should cultivate an atmosphere in which music that has already been produced can be heard and enjoyed. That really is the thing that is in danger to-day. There is no danger that we shall lose our technical accomplishments, for there never was an age when technique was in such a high state of perfection as it is to-day. Be sure that we shall never lack performers, never lack producers of music. What we may come to lack is listeners—not because the world shall have grown weary of music, or will come to need it any the less, but because in the crowded material conditions of modern life the atmosphere in which people can listen at all may become less and less easy of attainment. And the establishment of that atmosphere, whenever and wherever it is possible, is the best service that we can render music to-day; that we may preserve it, not as part of our modern life, but as a part of that greater life which is not ancient or modern, but universal and eternal, into which our spirits may escape in hours of heaviness or oppression here.

Filson Young.

CHARLIE OVER THE WATER.

BY JANE H. FINDLATER.

V.

The train for Cypress Creek came up at last.

"We will soon be reaching now, mother," Hector said, feeling that their troubles were nearly over, as he helped her once more into the car. It was filled with a motley company, and our travellers retreated to their seats and watched their fellow-passengers in sur-

prise. A lot of foreign emigrants filled some of the seats, and another group were playing cards.

"What will they be doing with the bits of pictures?" the Widow whispered to her grandson.

"These'll be playing-cards, mother," he said, having learned as much as that (and a little more) on board ship. He would have liked, indeed, to join the

game; but his grandmother's horrified exclamation put an end to that. She had never seen a card in her life, and knew of them only as some mysterious evil.

"Eh, Hector, and on the Lord's Day!" she sighed. Her Sabbatarian views were getting many a shock just now. Hector then began to look out at the window. They were crossing the Mississippi, and the rushing, tawny flood of the great river filled him with delight. They came after that into a strange region, where the train seemed to run through shallow lakes; water was round and round them, with great cypress-trees rising out of the swamps. Then the swamps seemed to dry up again, and they went through forests. There were clearings here, and white men's houses, easily distinguishable from the deplorable negro cabins.

It was about two o'clock now, and the fervid heat of the afternoon sun strack in through the windows of the car. Would the journey never end? Even Hector's interest began to flag; and as for the Widow, she felt as if she were in a bad dream—a dream of endless clanking noise and dust and heat, and wild strange faces all round her.

She leant back and closed her eyes, and her mind travelled across the weary leagues that lay now between her and home. As clear as day she saw the cottage, its brown thatched roof dripping in the rain, the blue peat-smoke curling up from the chimney. . . . With a quick movement she felt in her pocket for the key—the blessed key—and clutched it fast: it seemed to her a charm, a pledge, something to hold on to when everything round her was unreal. Then in her utter weariness she dozed again, and another hour was got through. Three o'clock—they had lost all sense of time, and had no watch to set them right. The train stopped once or twice, and people got out and

came in. Each time Hector started up, asking if this was Cypress Creek, and always was told "Not yet." They might have been travelling on into Eternity—far, far beyond the limits of Time. . . . Hector, too, fell asleep, and was wakened by a tap on his shoulder and the voice of the negro porter speaking thrilling words:

"Now, then, sah! Cypress Creek—step lively."

Hector dragged himself up out of the abyss of sleep, and essayed to waken his grandmother, who had again been wrapped in slumber. She woke with a start.

"Och, Hector, I was after dreaming of a cruel long journey I was taking!" she cried. She sat up, blinking her tired eyes. Could it be she found herself in her own chair at home? Alas! there were only the horrible strange faces round her, some of them laughing at what she had said, and Hector calling to her to be quick and get out of the train, for they had reached Cypress Creek at last!

They seemed to have arrived at the very world's end—just a cluster of wooden houses set down on the edge of the forest; the railway track running through this pretence at a village, and two or three negroes and whites loitering about to look at the train.

With some difficulty the Widow was hoisted out of the car. She found herself standing on the solid ground once more, but dazed with fatigue and blinded by the blaze of the afternoon sun as it struck across her dim old eyes. Groping, with her hands held out before her as she went, she stumbled forward. A tall man was coming towards her.

"Eh, mother, it's yourself!" he cried, with that quite indescribable note of the exile's voice in his cry. She ran forward—yes, ran, as if those old limbs had suddenly become young again—and fell into his outstretched arms.

"Och, och, it's Charlie—it's Charlie!"

In a moment she had forgotten everything—the unutterable strangeness of her surroundings, the weary sea and land that she had crossed: she had got to Charlie at last, her dim eyes had seen him again, her dull ears heard his voice.

People at the window of the car looked out and smiled at the meeting—at the funny-looking old woman in her tartan shawl holding on to the big man; but some of them had tears in their eyes, too—for with most of them partings had been commoner than such meetings.

During the first few days of their stay at Cypress Creek Hector lived in hourly expectation that his fraud about the letter would be discovered. But whether it was that his grandmother had got so confused by all she had gone through that she forgot about the letter, or whatever it was, nothing happened, and very soon Hector began to forget the matter himself. The new life that opened round him now appeared wonderfully vivid and interesting. For here at "MacLean's Place," as the neighbors called Charlie's clearing, there was work enough and to spare, and Hector rejoiced in this. Work—the men of the Old World didn't know the meaning of the word! In comparison with what the settlers here got through in a day, the labors of men at home seemed like the scratchings of mice.

Nature was being conquered and held by the throat, as it were, all the time; the land had been slowly and painfully reclaimed from the forest inch by inch; the great trees felled, with reckless waste of timber, and then their roots dug and torn out of the soil to make room for crops. All round about the clearing Hector watched the same sort of thing going on. Men toiled like cattle to win this rich land for themselves

and their children. An incessant war it was, splendid and triumphant, where man was always the victor in the end, and Nature, at last subdued, obediently yielded up her fruits into the hands of her conqueror.

To join in the battle—what more would any man ask? Hector wondered. His spirit kindled to the work. It was new and exciting, often dangerous, always difficult! but work for men. He looked back with a blessed sense of escape at the little stony croft on the island where he had worked so long. What child's play it had been! No adventures, no risks—above all, no prizes to win: just picking away at the barren soil, reaping the thin little crops, and scraping the ground once more, over and over again. And now he had escaped from it all. He thought contemptuously of the long idleness of the crofter's winter, and laughed with glee to have said good-bye to it for ever. You may be sure that a lad with Hector's views was fully appreciated by his uncle. It was not easy to get "help" enough for all the work; the negroes were lazy and difficult to manage, and white labor was scarce. No wonder, then, that Hector found himself in great request. He toiled late and early, getting burnt almost black by the sun, growing taller and stronger, and enjoying himself mightily.

There was a curious, not altogether desirable, population round Cypress Creek. All nations and peoples and tongues were there, and among these, too, a large sprinkling of the descendants of the convicts who had been sent out to the plantations in old days. These you could distinguish from the other settlers by their very air; there seemed to be a streak of untameable wildness somewhere in them—it sparkled in their hard defiant eyes, and lurked at the corners of their thin lips. A strange composite society it was al-

together; in truth a change of mental atmosphere from the few decent-crofter families of Balneish!

Hector's relative had lived long enough in America to have thoroughly absorbed one of its cardinal doctrines—that everyone must look for himself. So beyond a word or two of warning now and again, Hector was left to take his own way.

The Widow in the meantime was having some new experiences too, as you may imagine. The first weeks of her stay had been a sort of confused yet happy dream. She had reached her son; she had finished her terrible journey. But then things began to wear another complexion. The heat became overpowering—there was no escape from it day or night; and sometimes in her simple way the old woman would "put up a prayer" that coolness might come. The thunderstorms terrified her when they burst above the little house with a strange crackling sound, and the very earth shook. Then, when evening came, there was sometimes a breath of fresher air, and Charlie would take her to sit out by the door. Away in the distance they could still see the lightning playing, like great swords thrust down out of heaven into the forest, and the Widow was scared by it. In the swamps the frogs kept up a constant chanting that she could not get accustomed to, and, worst of all, an occasional rattlesnake would appear.

"Och, it's the Evil One himself—I will have read it in the Good Book!" she cried, almost beside herself with terror. Mosquitoes, too—who could be doing with the like of them? And nothing would ever reconcile her to the negroes. So what with one thing and another life did not appear in its liveliest colors.

But these outside disagreeables would have mattered not at all if everything had gone smoothly indoors.

Alas! before many weeks had passed, difficulties began to crop up between the Widow and her daughter-in-law. Mrs. Charlie MacLean proved to have "a temper," and along with it a fiercely jealous nature. She could not see her husband's devotion to his mother without resenting it; and when the Widow also won the affections of little Donald it was more than she could bear. Like all jealous people, she tried to conceal her jealousy, and showed it in undeserved outbursts of anger about nothing. But she took good care never to lose her temper in this way before Charlie; it was always when he was out that these horrible scenes occurred. Then the old woman would cower before her, and take refuge in silence, always hoping that things would mend with time. Of course, instead of mending, they got worse and worse. The Widow began to wear a bullied, almost frightened, expression, and Charlie asked her often if she felt quite well. "It will be the heat," she always told him, anxious that he should suspect nothing. Then they would return to that unending converse they held together about the Island—that converse which so provoked and angered Charlie's wife. Why, she asked, why in all the world should her husband be wanting to know all the foolish things he was forever asking his mother about? He seemed to wish to know about every stone on the road, every bush on the hillside; and as for the questions he asked they were purely childish: Had the big boulder on the roadside still got the blasting-hole in it?—he remembered how he (and poor Andrew that's dead and gone) used to play at filling up the hole with mud on wet days; and was there a gate now where the path from the shieling joined the road to Balneish? What sort of gate was it? And was it true the byre needed new thatch? Did old John Matheson do

the thatching yet?—he must be getting up in years. . . .

So their talk ran; and Charlie's wife listened with very ill-concealed irritation. He could apparently never hear enough of the Island, and every evening when he came in from work would sit down beside his mother to hear more. It was just extraordinary the silly questions he found to ask. These hours of talk became the only happiness of the Widow's life—for them she lived through the long, hot, weary days, bearing with her daughter's ill-temper. One night (but the wife was out then) she drew from her pocket the clumsy old key of the cottage door, and showed it to Charlie.

He held it reverently in his big work-marred hands for a long time, turning it round and round; then he gave it back to his mother without a word, but he drew his hand across his eye as he did so, and the Widow gave a great sob. How well that no one was there to behold their folly!

It was getting on to the month of August, when one day Hector came in very full of excitement, for something had happened. He had been at Cypress Creek, and there at the saloon had met some horse-traders from Mexico. These gentlemen, with their fringed leather gloves, slouched hats and sashes, had completely captivated Hector's imagination—how could it possibly have been otherwise? They had allowed him to mount into their high Mexican saddles, and had even complimented him on his lately acquired accomplishment of sticking on to a horse. Finally, they had proposed that he should return with them to Mexico for a couple of months to try how he liked their style of life. Hector was wildly anxious to go; his answer was to be given next day. But here Charlie was as adamant. Nothing would make him approve of this scheme. The horse-traders from Mex-

ico were, as he expressed it, "too tough altogether" for a lad like Hector to go with—he must stay where he was.

The verdict put Hector into something perilously like a bad temper. He would scarcely speak all the evening, and finally marched off to bed in silence.

"The lad's disappointed," Charlie said, with a smile.

"Och, Charlie, he's but young, for all he's so tall and strong," said the Widow indulgently; "I'm thinking you were liking your own way yourself once."

"To be sure I was, mother, and Hector's a fine lad; I'd have given him his way if I could," said Charlie. Then he forgot all about the boy, and returned to his eternal talk of home.

The next morning, however, Hector did not appear at breakfast.

"He will be sleeping, I'm thinking," said the Widow, always anxious to defend her grandson.

Charlie's wife rose impatiently, and went to rouse the boy, grumbling as she went. But in a minute she returned, holding a bit of paper in her hand.

"Here's for you, grannie," she said, thrusting the paper at the Widow.

"I cannot be seeing it, Charlie," she said; and Charlie took it from her and read out:

I have gone off to Mexico, because I wish to see more of the world. I will be coming back in two months' time. Do not be anxious for me, mother; I will be getting on all right.

Your dutiful grandson,

Hector.

"Dutiful grandson, indeed!" Mrs. Charlie cried, and even Charlie was roused to indignation by this defiance of his authority. Only the Widow tried to soften down Hector's transgression, and pled with her son to remember the boy's youth and spirit.

But Charlie in stern haste set off there and then in the mule-cart in pursuit of Hector; only to find on inquiry at Cypress Creek that the horse-traders had made a mysterious departure in the small hours of the morning.

It was impossible to catch them up. Hector must be left to look after himself.

August and September went slowly past, October began, and still Hector did not return. He sent a letter once to the Widow, telling that he was well and happy; that was all. Many an anxious thought she had for him during these weary months, you may be sure.

But at last one morning Hector walked into the house, without a word of warning, as coolly as possible, and quite as if he expected to be made welcome there.

His aunt, however, greeted him but coldly.

"It's you, is it, Hector? You might have sent word that you were coming; but you weren't over-civil when you left, so perhaps we couldn't look for it now," she said.

"Where's mother?" Hector asked, ignoring her words.

Mrs. Charlie put down the dish she was drying on to the table before she replied: "She's in bed: I don't know what's the matter with her, I'm sure."

Hector strode across the kitchen and ran up the little wooden stair that led to his grandmother's room. Opening the door he stood for a moment on the threshold and looked in.

The Widow was propped up in bed and lay with her eyes shut. There was an expression of humble weariness on her old face that was infinitely touching. "I am so tired," it seemed to say; "but I must just wait; there is nothing I can do."

Everything round her was clean and comfortable—far more comfortable

than the old box-bed at home—but still . . .

Hector stepped across the floor softly, thinking she was asleep. In a moment her eyes opened at the sound of his footstep.

"It'll be yourself, Charlie?" she asked, for her eyes were getting dimmer than ever.

"No, mother, it's Hector," he answered.

She gave her old cry of delight: "Och, Hector, and you're back safe and sound! Wherever have you been all this long time, my laddie?"

"Just seeing the world," said Hector. "And what's the matter with you, mother? Is it sick you are?"

"I'm not knowing; I'm thinking it's the end coming," she said.

Hector had a sudden flash of intuition at that moment and a stab of conscience. He sat down on the edge of the bed and took her wrinkled hand in his, that was so young and strong.

"Tell me, mother, are you not liking to be here?" he asked in a whisper. She held on hard to his hand, and the long pent-up misery of all these months found speech at last.

"I'm wanting home, Hector; I'm wanting home to die—I couldn't be resting in the strange earth here. . . . Och, och, that I ever left Balneish!" she moaned.

"But then you'd not have been seeing Uncle Charlie again," Hector said, with another stab at the heart. "And would you like to be leaving him now—him that's so good to you, mother?"

The Widow pulled Hector's face down towards her that she might speak low into his ear.

"It's Charlie's wife that's wanting to be rid of me, Hector; she'll be saying things to me every day. She will have said it was a mistake that ever we came—they were never wanting us; but, och, dear me! she'll not be troubled long with me now." The old woman

sobbed aloud as she gave this melancholy testimony to the hardness of human nature. Hector sat still, holding the old hand firmly in his. A terrible moment it was to him—the harvest-time of the only lie he had ever told.

"I'm to tell you something, mother," he said at last. "It was me made up the message from Uncle Charlie in the letter—he never sent it; I was wearying of the Island, and couldn't get away."

Then, in a perfect agony of self-reproach, poor Hector knelt down by the side of the bed and prayed the Widow's forgiveness for what he had done. He had never thought it would make her unhappy, he had only thought she would like to see Charlie—and now she was miserable, and it was all his fault! In a moment a thousand fond excuses had leapt to her tongue. Forgive him? She would never be thinking about it again! But Hector would listen to none of all this. One road

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lay before him, and only one; it would be a bitter road, but he determined there and then to tread it.

"I'm to take you home, mother," he said.

She caught at his hand and peered into his face, trying to read there whether this blessed suggestion could be true.

"You'll be joking, Hector," she said sadly. But Hector shook his head.

"I'm to take you home whenever you rise from the bed," he said doggedly.

"Eh! and what will Charlie be saying?" she asked. "I'll never be telling him about the wife."

They were indeed on the horns of dilemma—how to make Charlie, the best of sons, understand why his mother wished to leave him in her age and frailty.

"I'm thinking you should tell him this, mother," Hector said at last, "that you're wanting to die at home." A moment later he added reflectively, "It's him that'll understand that."

(To be concluded.)

SHEPHERDLESS SHEEP.

On Sunday evening, the lights of Oxford Street sent a red glare upwards, while from Marble Arch irregular yellow eyes, slung in darkness, led through the shadowed Park. Rain dripped from leafless trees, and the backs of tilted chairs; lamplight flickered upon the curved fronts of other chairs, erect and glimmering, like rows of fleshless ghosts. Lights from Oxford Street flared reddish to the sky; by Marble Arch, they took a tinge of green and wavered on the faces of a great crowd, which, though always moving, never seemed to move away. Restless, yet apathetic, stirred with difficulty to applause or protest, thus, week by week and year by year, the shepherdless sheep of London gather round Marble

Arch, where Church-Army man pits his voice against Freethinker and Humanitarian Deist, while Socialist and Anti-vivisectionist rage from adjacent groups. . . .

Beyond, in the Park, shadows lay black; wind stirred through leafless boughs, and furtive figures glided to and fro; sound of traffic from Edgware Road swept across with a faint, unmeaning hum. Soon eager faces, staring eyes, were raised above the blackness of the crowd, as one by one the shepherds came, chose their vantage-ground, and sought to gather in their flocks. Back to the railings they stood—flare of the gas shone on open mouths and glistening eyes, on thin hands gesticulating above a sea of

black. Among the first to draw a crowd was a lecturer on "War—do you want it?" He leashed his red banner more firmly to its stand, mounted a wooden platform, thrust hands in pockets, and cleared his throat.

"Just five minutes' chat," said he—mildly agreeable—"before my friend Mr. Barnes arrives. Now then, I want to hear what you think about the German scare. . . . Eh, what's that? Oh, bad cough? Take care of it these damp nights, sir! Now, now—this German scare. . . ."

Two or three men detached themselves from the crowd, and strolled towards a Humanitarian Deist, whose voice boomed across the darkness; at that, the lecturer on "War against War" darted his head forward with a curious snake-like movement, and struck the audience for a moment to something less of apathy. He flung his arms wide; light gleamed on his jagged teeth and wide-open eyes.

"War?" he yelled, "the curse of God upon us! an unending curse! Bred in our bone, deep in our blood—a primal instinct, you say? Primal insanity! For shame, brute beasts that you are! to hanker after war still, in this twentieth century . . . War! with its nameless horrors, its fields running red with blood of fathers, husbands, lovers. . . . War—that turns the land into a butcher's shambles, with Christian souls for victims. . . . Ah, you beasts!" he spat at the crowd, who stared back listlessly, since enthusiasm is by rights confined to the shepherds at Marble Arch; the sheep will have none of it.

Pasty-faced and vehement, beneath his crimson banner, the Humanitarian Deist strove to cry down his neighbor; there flanked him a Freethinker, with goat-like beard, and hair dangling over a grimy collar. His bowler hat was pushed far back; with lean yellow hands he flung the doctrines of Chris-

tianity away into the blackness of the Park.

"Me friends!" he cried, and showed his teeth, "I tike up me Sunday piper, and I see a case of a young man—earning good wages, mind you, not bitter 'ungry as some of us are—who 'as stolen ten pounds from his master. 'Oo is that young man? A Freethinker, an', therefore, a lorst soul, as some 'Christians would say? No, me friends, that young man is a member of the Y.M.C.A. 'Ow's that? Y.M.C.A.! What's Christianity done for that young man? Made 'im a thief! A thief!" he repeated, with extraordinary ferocity. His eyes glittered to right and left; he clenched and unclenched his hands, squeezing them as though Christianity, in some corporeal form, were within.

"He who died for us!" came in thin, appealing tones from the darkness.

"Christianity," shouted the Freethinker, "made that young man a thief!"

Like a faint breath of wind remonstrance passed through the crowd; one or two listeners moved uneasily. Like a breath of wind the remonstrance came, like a breath it passed; the Freethinker cleared his throat, and proceeded to deal straitly with the Established Church—no one applauded, no one demurred. At last, almost voiceless, and deathly white, he staggered from the platform; there sprang to take his place a pasty-faced boy, whose subject was the wickedness of the clergy.

Under a plane tree, ten yards away, gathered a knot of whispering men, shepherded by the Christian Evidence Society. "Evidence!" murmured the leader, drawing his soft hat further over his eyes, "that's what you want—that's what I want. Now, here. . . ."

He rustled among green pamphlets, and lowered his voice still more; round him, heads gathered closely, while.

from a high stand near by, an eager voice rang out—clear, challenging.

"People run down the Catholic faith because they don't understand it! Everything that goes wrong, in England or abroad, is put down to us Catholics. It's desperately unfair. Portugal, now—I've just come from Portugal—let me tell you the truth about that business. . . ."

His tall hat was pushed back, his black eyes were afire; leaning forward, breathing hard, he flung out both arms above the crowd, clenching and unclenching his fingers, as though, by sheer effort, he could chain those listless minds.

"We've been despised!" he shouted, "but we're coming to our own! . . ."

No one gainsaid him, no one assented.

Near by, under a green and red banner, enlivened by the portrait of a singularly attenuated cat, horrors lay thick.

"Your little dog!" cried the Antivivisectionist, "the one that strayed away. . . . what became of it? Better not ask—better not wonder! If you had seen what I've seen—animals strapped down, with eyes pleading and gentle through all their agony. . . . The screams—ah, God! the screams—the quivering, tortured bodies! . . ."

A girl elbowed her way out of the crowd; a man began to whistle. The speaker's quick eyes were on them both; he passed his tongue over his lips, and wiped his gleaming forehead.

"Ah! you don't like even to hear of such things, but they go on in this city every day . . . every day. . . ." He proceeded to arraign members of the medical profession, even as his neighbor, the Freethinker, arraigned the "cloth," while, close by, a gentleman of exquisite neatness spoke indolently upon Unity. His linen was spotless, his tie well chosen, neatly matched in color by an amethyst pin; one noted, also, leaning against the

railings, his umbrella, tightly furled, in appearance almost a walking-stick.

"Let us live in peace," drawled the neat gentleman, "union is strength. . . ." He put up a tentative hand—was that amethyst pin in place? . . .

Six yards away, scarlet tie and tweed suit marked the Socialist; orange tie and baggy Norfolk, a National Democrat. Bare-headed, with faces that shone beneath the flaming lights, they leaned forward, gesticulating.

"Slaves! Slaves from birth to death—that's what you are, each one of you! . . ." The Socialist's scarlet tie was crooked; shirt and collar owned to an estrangement.

Thus, one section of the Marble Arch orators—revolutionists, insurgents against the powers that be in Church and State, they aired their views unchecked, while lights from Oxford Street flared reddish to the sky, and wind moaned across the blackness of Hyde Park. There remained another section—orthodox—Missioners and Church-Army men, wrestling ceaselessly among these heretics for the souls of London heathen. Valiantly they struggled, and never acknowledged a defeat! pale-faced men, black-uniformed, with eager, wistful eyes. At intervals, during their ministrations, a sheet was fixed between two poles, and on it a hymn flamed out, black letters vivid on white background. Women's voices rose quaveringly:—

Were the whole realm of nature mine,

That were an offering far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all!

A shade less apathetic, perhaps, the crowd gathering round these black-uniformed apostles—some subtle influence pervaded it, over which the Cockney preacher had no control, nor demure women who sang from sad-colored books; perhaps there was a tonic in the lines of those old hymns.

A broad-shouldered man stood on the

outsirts of this Church-Army throng; his light overcoat, falling open, showed dress clothes. He stared past the hymn sheet, past the leader's twitching face—away to the depths of the Park, until the singing ended, and the leader sprang to the platform, flinging out ardent hands above the waiting crowd.

"Ah, my dear brethren, we sing these words so often—do we realize their meaning?"—his eager words tripped over one another—"do we realize that Jesus Christ is waiting, yearning . . . waiting for you—and you—and you!"

The man in evening dress moved away; the eyes of the preacher followed him, curiously intuitive. He raised his voice.

"One more verse, brothers and sisters! One more!" The roller was jerked; another hymn flared out upon the white sheet. Again they sang; the man in evening dress moved back, and, listening, stared across the shadowed Park.

**Stand up—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Cross.**

trembled the thin voices, while, close by, boomed a man high on a red baize platform. "Christianity—it's played out, obsolete! Show me a Christian to-day, and you show me a man who either can't, or won't, or dare not think . . ."

**Whene'er you meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of Battles,
And put the foe to rout. . . .**

The tremulous voices died away; the leader sprang to the platform, and his eyes sought the man behind the crowd.

"If there is any soul here to-night," he said beseechingly, "weary of sin, an' sick of unbelief, let 'im come—let 'im come to Jesus! Jesus won't turn 'im away, however black those sins may be; Jesus won't point the finger of scorn . . ."

He stared beyond the ring of faces, yearning in his eyes—a fisher of men, indeed, but with over-coarse a line, for the man in evening dress turned up his coat collar, threaded his way through the crowd, and disappeared over the grass; from beneath a leafless plane tree a woman's figure rose to join him. They were lost in the shades of the Park. . . .

On the path, not far from the Church-Army preacher, one man turned and spoke to another.

"Queer study, Marble Arch," said he, "and this"—waving towards the hymn sheet, "is the queerest part of it all. You know, these religious fellows will last out all the rest—another hundred years, and they'll still be singing the same old hymns, whatever else has gone to the wall. And people will still be listening to them—that's more. Queer, ain't it? Goo'night." He sauntered away, waiting for no answer.

One other orator, a slight, black-bearded man, almost Spanish in swarthiness, had chosen his stand apart from Freethinker and Missioner both; he leaned against railings that shone silvery with raindrops—a couple of shop-boys, who perched alongside and eyed him quizzically, his sole audience.

"Ah, my friends," said he, in a curiously sing-song voice, "it's not the love o' money, and not the love o' love, that brings a man peace at the last. I've been rich an' thought wealth was all I needed—for a year. That went. An' then, I reckoned to reach Heaven wi' love of a woman. That went. . . . That went, too. . . . -An' hell came after. My dear souls, 'tis black darkness for us, now an' always, without the love o' Christ. There's nothing else will lead us home-along." He raised his face to the flare of the gas, and it was lit by strange emotion.

"Ah, don't we all want to be home-along? One an' all of us wants that.

On nights like these,"—he said, and stared beyond the red lights of Oxford Street—"I can feel the breeze blowin' up Helford river, an' the hedges all wet, an' smelling sweet. . . . We all want to be home-along, whether 'tis north or south. An' if we feel so about an earthly home, my friends. . . ." His voice had grown loud, ringing, and yet was sing-song still. A spectre detached itself from the neighboring crowd, and crept towards the silvered railings, hovering there, drawn as surely by the West-country intonation as by chains of steel. Exile faced the exile; this spectre, lean and evil, stared wistfully through darkness at the man from "down-along." Irresolute, it hovered for awhile, then shuffled away between the trees, while the Cornishman preached on to that scanty, giggling audience as unconcerned as he might have preached in his own white-washed chapel on a barren moor some three hundred miles away.

Thus and thus—the shepherds. What of these sheep that gather each Sunday night, year in, year out, on the open space near Marble Arch? Force of habit, curiosity, an hour or so to while away—thus or thus they come. A Frenchman, sauntering near Marble Arch, summed up this—our national debating society, safety valve, call it what you will—with a shrug of his shoulders.

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"Ah," said he, "they are like jelly—these Londoners of yours—they cannot even laugh well! Invertebrate! No one can rouse them—Catholic, Free-thinker, Socialist, it is all one. If the good God Himself came to Marble Arch. . . ." He raised eloquent shoulders once more.

But is it, after all, so easy to classify the crowd at Marble Arch? Are these restless spirits, coming phantom-like out of the dusk, to be lost in shadow again, made after one pattern only? Are not some moved, perhaps, by touch of the Wanderlust, yearning for a dim ideal? Dreary stragglers on the outskirts of Truth—seeking what they know not, not knowing even that they seek—backwards and forwards they wander, and on their white faces the gas-light flares, intensifying each weak or evil line.

Shepherdless sheep, they wander, listlessly seeking some new thing, listlessly rejecting it when found; yet, perhaps, if some day a high priest worthy of the name should come to Marble Arch, he might touch them to undreamed-of heights. . . .

Meanwhile, the lights from Oxford Street flared reddish to the sky, while Hyde Park lay black beneath the gathering night. Booming of the voices died down; one by one the shepherds moved away, and the sheep as well were scattered.

Essex Smith.

RUSSIA AND CHINA.

Russia is minded to ease her position in China, which the Portsmouth Treaty has rendered irksome. Before the Manchurian campaign China was as pliant as gold wire and as impressionable as wax in the hands of the Tsar's Ministers. Railway concessions, political treaties, territorial grants, commercial privileges, could all

be had for the asking. Russia's wishes were complied with almost before they were uttered. To-day this is changed. Japan's will is now taken into careful consideration by the Chinese, while Russia is not merely cold-shouldered but snubbed. That is the story told by her diplomatists. Treaties are interpreted in the sense least

favorable to Russia, the self-denying ordinance of Portsmouth whereby she renounced all privileges in Manchuria is being constantly appealed to by the wily followers of Confucius, and the great Slav nation feels not only slighted but injured in trade and commerce, and set back in the race for political influence.

For three years the relations of the two Governments have been strained thus painfully. And the period of tension might have lasted indefinitely. So long as the Mikado was a likely antagonist of the Tsar China was warmed by both of them, and had no grounds for complaint. But the Russo-Japanese Treaty wrought an end to that advantageous state of things. Japan is now hand in glove with the Tsardom, and Russia's hands are free. The United States, whose Government came forward somewhat rashly more than once as China's inspirer and backer, only to retreat again, has since discovered that Sunday-school maxims and bluff are poor weapons for attack or defence in that part of the globe. And now China and Russia are face to face, the one with a fierce scowl, and the other with the smile that is childlike and bland. From the banks of the Neva issued the first invitation to the dance of friendship. But China's reply was chilling: "No more of that, Ivan!" The Russian Government grumbled a little and put forth fresh efforts, but they blossomed out in flowery compliments barren of fruit. And now Russia is making ready to drive where she failed to draw.

Russia's list of grievances is long. It includes acts and dispositions, intentions and motives, treaties violated and treaties misinterpreted. But it is not a set of complaints which can be adequately dealt with by an edict to a Governor or the dismissal of a Viceroy. Adequacy in this matter involves a thorough overhauling of all the treaties

that regulate the intercourse of the two peoples, and the conclusion of a new one which shall do away with the friction of late years by uprooting its causes. The relations of Russia and China would then be placed on a basis worthy of two neighbors whose Empires are coterminous for a vast distance, and whose interests are not only not mutually incompatible, but are in many cases identical. Russia's frontiers with China are not always satisfactorily delimited. Nothing could be better from the standpoint of peace than to have some natural feature of the landscape serving as a frontier, such as a river, a mountain, or a desert. In a word, the scheme of Russia's future dealings with China, supremely different from those of any other two countries, ought to be fixed in a diplomatic framework, preservative of the best fruits of their secular friendship, which was interrupted by the Manchurian campaign. Russia, therefore, is anxious to negotiate with China, but with the China of the late Empress, with the China of the Bogdykhan, who is owner of the land and master of the people.

China's standpoint, on the other hand, has undergone a change. Outwardly, indeed, things and persons seem as they were. The diplomatists of Peking are still the sophists, the temporizers, the slippery bargain-drivers they always were. They ask blandly wherein they have sinned, and when the Russian Minister at Peking points out that, contrary to express stipulations, they have penalized the sale of tea by Russian merchants in certain parts of the Empire, the Chinamen appeal to another treaty clause from which, to their thinking, they derive that right. When Russia relies upon her commercial privileges in Manchuria the solemn Celestial pleads her express renunciation of all privileges in that province which is recorded in the

Treaty of Portsmouth. The resulting situation may be described as a dead-set.

In the year 1871 Russia occupied the Ill district of China, and ten years later restored it to the Emperor of China. At the same time a treaty was signed by plenipotentiaries of the two Powers at St. Petersburg, which dealt with the Russo-Chinese frontiers, the appointment of Russian Consuls to various parts of the Celestial Empire, the conditions on which trade might be carried on along the Russo-Chinese land borders, the navigation of the frontier rivers, and other matters. This treaty, at first concluded for ten years, was to remain in force unless denounced by one of the two contracting parties at the close of each decennial period. It expires again in August this year. For a time each side discharged its obligations, and all went well. Since the Russian disaster in Manchuria, we are told, the terms of this treaty have been systematically disregarded by the Chinese, to the detriment of Russia, and to diplomatic representations on the subject not the slightest heed is paid.

The Russian Press now holds that the observance of that treaty which is thus methodically violated by the Chinese was indissolubly bound up with the evacuation of the Ill district by Russia in a way which bodes ill for the peace of the Far East. And the *Novoye Vremya* writes: "Once China ceases to acknowledge its validity, Russia ought to restore the status which obtained before the treaty was signed and occupy Kuldja anew. Judging by the declarations of the semi-official organ of the Government, the Russian Government is at last resolved, in defence of Russian rights, to pass from empty words to acts. Whether this be good or bad, the fact remains that we have no other issue."¹

¹ "Novoye Vremya," 16th February, 1911.

Over against these allegations, which the Chinese deny, they set others which they maintain are of a far graver character. They affirm that Russia has herself flagrantly violated the most important diplomatic agreement that was ever yet concluded between the two Empires—the treaty of 1896. They further say that the Government of the United States is in possession of all the facts relating to this aspect of the dispute, and that China is willing and ready to publish the secret documents relating to it, and also to submit the entire question to an international tribunal, as is now the wont of the Powers of Europe and Asia. This seems a case of arbitration if ever there was one: an accusation on one side of a breach of treaty obligations against the other side, which retorts by traversing the statement and alleging a worse breach of treaty obligations on the other. Far more serious differences have of late years been compromised by Great Britain and France, France and Russia, Russia and Japan. And one hopes that China and Russia will settle their dispute in a similar peaceful way.

It may, however, be surmised and Russia doubtless entertains no illusions on this score, that the negotiations will be carried on by the Eastern plenipotentiaries in a spirit different from that to which the Russians have been accustomed since the eighties of last century. Nor would it be fair to attribute this change to the issue of the Manchurian campaign and to the altered opinion which China holds of her powerful neighbor. It has most of its roots in the rapid growth of China's self-consciousness. Her international political development has been as sudden as that of Turkey, whose transformed psyche we all profess to understand.

The position of the Tsar's Government is briefly this: The treaty of

1881, which is still in full force, empowers Russians to import tea from Hankow to Mongolia duty free, and sell it there; but the Chinese officials, ignoring this right, levy duty invariably. Again, it is open to the Tsar's Government, in virtue of the same treaty, to appoint Consuls to Kobdo, Khami and Guchen, but the Chinese Foreign Office has obstinately backed out of the stipulation, and the intention of the Russian Foreign Office to send Consuls to these towns has been persistently thwarted. Lastly, there are mixed courts in China, where the native Amban and the Russian Consul must sit together to adjudge cases brought for trial; but the native Ambans systematically absent themselves, so that the tribunal cannot sit. In Giren hundreds of lawsuits of great importance to Russian merchants have been shelved for years, to the grievous detriment of trade and commerce. During two years the St. Petersburg Foreign Office has been sending friendly representations on these subjects to Peking and receiving the stereotyped reply that Russia's demands would be forthwith complied with, the Chinese Government being animated by feelings of cordial friendship for its puissant neighbor. Nothing more. Meanwhile the local authorities, whose manners frequently merge into insolence, continued their illegal practices, pleading stringent instructions received from the Chinese Foreign Office. Thus for two years Russian subjects have been methodically bereft of rights which are not—cannot be—questioned; but now the Imperial Government is minded to enforce those rights, keeping the goal steadily in view and paying scant heed to the route leading to it. The note of the 16th February, in the estimation of the Imperial Government, is not an ultimatum either in form or substance. It is but a keen diplomatic summing up

of three years' vain endeavors to induce China to discharge duties of such nature that no nation can shirk them without displaying unfriendliness to the other nation and implying contempt for laws and customs of all civilized nations. A formal ultimatum must have contained a term before the expiry of which the demands should be complied with. The Russian note, which fixes no date, is but a fair presentation of Russia's grievances and a frank reminder that unless they are speedily redressed Russia will herself employ efficacious means to redress them.

If this reminder also be disregarded the Russian Government will present a formal ultimatum, in which a term will be assigned, after the expiry of which diplomatic notes will be succeeded by overt acts emanating from a State department very different from the Foreign Office. In all probability the Government will allow about three weeks for the significance of the message to sink into the mind of diplomatic China. If within that period Russia be allowed to exercise all and sundry rights conferred upon her by the treaty of 1881 all will be well. But there must be no temporizing, no minimizing. Illegal duties on imports must be abolished unmistakably in act as well as on paper. The *exequatur* for Russian Consuls to the cities named in the note must be issued, so that the Consuls may set out for their posts without delay, and lawsuits awaiting hearing before mixed tribunals must be taken in hand and tried. Restitution of all other curtailed rights must also be made in a similar trenchant style. Should the Chinese Government either shrink from thus giving satisfaction to Russia or have recourse to mere make-believe, the Tsar's Government will change its tactics. What course will then be pursued? I have good grounds for stating that in this

case the War Office would rig out a formidable military expedition and despatch it to the Ili district, which is situate east of Semiretchensk, and occupy that part of Chinese territory until the Pekin Government gives way. No serious resistance on the part of China is anticipated, but in any case the Russian War Office would see the matter through to a successful issue. What would happen after that would depend largely upon circumstances that cannot as yet be focussed. That is the present state of things, without exaggeration or extenuation of any of its essential elements.

The matter, however, possesses another aspect worth considering. The rights, to enforce which Russia is resolved to proceed to these lengths are short-lived, having but six months still to run. That is why I assigned as motive for present action the wounded sense of national dignity rather than value of material interests involved. The treaty of 1881 may, and probably will, be denounced by China. The Russian Government is quite prepared for the denunciation of the treaty if China be dissatisfied with it, and is ready at any time to enter into negotiations with the Pekin Foreign Office with the object of concluding a new treaty. On this subject any proposals coming from China, whatever their nature, will receive immediate, careful and friendly attention. Moreover, Russia hugs no illusions, clings to no prejudices, insists on no special privi-

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leges. She will approach the matter with a perfectly open mind, and discuss the schemes, if China have formulated any, in a friendly spirit, mindful of the necessity of establishing truly amicable relations between two great peoples whose common frontiers extend over such enormous distance. If Chinese statesmen be actuated by like aims, the representatives of the two States will soon find a broad, solid basis for a satisfactory, stable settlement of their differences and good neighborly intercourse. Russia covets no territory belonging to the Chinese Empire, desires no undue influence in Pekin; she is only anxious, but also resolved, to exercise her recognized rights. It is absolutely safe to affirm that, if the worst comes to the worst and a military expedition be despatched to the Ili district, Russia would even then abstain from annexing Chinese territory and confine herself to the attainment of the unique object she set herself. I am likewise enabled to declare categorically that the Russian authorities do not share the view recently set forth by many Press organs that the violation of the rights conferred by the treaty of 1881 is deemed to be tantamount not only to the abrogation of the treaty, but also to the restitution of the *status quo ante*, including the occupation of Kuldja. Russia's treaty rights do not stand in a causal nexus with the evacuation of Kuldja, and the St. Petersburg Foreign Office never fancied they did.

E. J. Dillon.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

II.—“A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.”

The scene is a drawing-room (in which the men are allowed to smoke—or a smoking-room in which the women are allowed to draw—it doesn't much matter) in the house of somebody or other in the

country. George Turnbull and his old College friend, Henry Peterson, are confiding in each other, as old friends will, over their whiskies and cigars. It is about three o'clock in the afternoon.

George (*dreamily, helping himself to a stiff soda*). Henry, do you remember that evening at Christ Church College, five years ago, when we opened our hearts to each other . . .

Henry (*lighting a cigar and hiding it in a fern-pot*). That moonlight evening on the Backs, George, when I had failed in my Matriculation examination?

George. Yes; and we promised that when either of us fell in love the other should be the first to hear of it? (*Rising solemnly.*) Henry, the moment has come. (*With shining eyes.*) I am in love.

Henry (*jumping up and grasping him by both hands*). George! My dear old George! (*In a voice broken with emotion*) Bless you, George!

[*He pats him thoughtfully on the back three times, nods his head twice, gives him a final grip of the hand, and returns to his chair.*]

George (*more moved by this than he cares to show*). Thank you, Henry. (*Hoarsely.*) You're a good fellow.

Henry (*airily, with a typically British desire to conceal his emotion*). Who is the lucky little lady?

George (*taking out a picture postcard of the British Museum and kissing it passionately*). Isobel Barley!

[*If Henry is not careful he will probably give a start of surprise here, with the idea of suggesting to the audience that he (1) knows something about the lady's past, or (2) is in love with her himself. He is, however, thinking of a different play. We shall come to that one in a week or two.*]

Henry (*in a slightly dashing manner*). Little Isobel? Lucky dog!

George. I wish I could think so. (*Sighs.*) But I have yet to approach her, and she may be another's. (*Fiercely*) Heavens, Henry, if she should be another's!

Enter Isobel.

Isobel (*brightly*). So I've run you to

earth at last. Now what have you got to say for yourselves?

Henry (*like a man*). By Jove! (*looking at his watch*)—I had no idea—is it really—poor old Joe—waiting—

[*Dashes out tactfully in a state of incoherence.*]

George (*rising and leading Isobel to the front of the stage*). Miss Barley, now that we are alone I have something I want to say to you.

Isobel (*looking at her watch*). Well, you must be quick. Because I'm engaged—

[*George drops her hand and staggers away from her.*]

Isobel. Why, what's the matter?

George (*to the audience, in a voice expressing the very depths of emotion*). Engaged! She is engaged! I am too late!

[*He sinks into a chair and covers his face with his hands.*]

Isobel (*surprised*). Mr. Turnbull! What has happened?

George (*scaving her away with one hand*). Go! Leave me! I can bear this best alone. (*Exit Isobel.*) Merciful heavens, she is plighted to another!

Enter Henry.

Henry (*eagerly*). Well, old man?

George (*raising a face white with misery—that is to say, if he has remembered to put the French chalk in the palms of his hands*). Henry, I am too late! She is another's!

Henry (*in surprise*). Whose?

George (*with dignity*). I did not ask her. It is nothing to me. Good-bye, Henry. Be kind to her.

Henry. Why, where are you going?

George (*firmly*). To the Rocky Mountains. I shall shoot some bears. Grizzly ones. It may be that thus I shall forget my grief.

Henry (*after a pause*). Perhaps you are right, George. What shall I tell—Her?

George. Tell her—nothing. But should anything (*feeling casually in his pockets*) happen to me—if (*going over*

them again quickly) I do not come back, then (searching them all, including the waistcoat ones, in desperate haste), give her—give her—give her (triumphantly bringing his handkerchief out of the last pocket) this, and say that my last thought was of her. Good-bye, my old friend. Good-bye.

[Exit to Rocky Mountains.

Enter Isobel.

Isobel. Why, where's Mr. Turnbull?

Henry (sadly). He's gone.

Isobel. Gone? Where?

Henry. To the Rocky Mountains. To shoot bears. (Feeling that some further explanation is needed.) Grizzly ones, you know.

Isobel. But he was here a moment ago.

Henry. Yes, he's only just gone.

Isobel. Why didn't he say good-bye? (Eagerly.) But perhaps he left a message for me? (Henry shakes his head.) Nothing? (Henry bows silently and leaves the room.) Oh! (She gives a cry and throws herself on the sofa.) And I loved him! George, George, why didn't you speak?

[Enter George hurriedly. He is fully dressed for a shooting expedition in the Rocky Mountains and carries a rifle under his arm.

George (to the audience). I have just come back for my pocket-handkerchief. I must have dropped it in here somewhere.

where. (He begins to search for it, and in the ordinary course of things comes upon Isobel on the sofa. He puts his rifle down carefully on a table, with the muzzle pointing at the prompter rather than at the audience, and staggers back.) Merciful heavens! Isobel! Dead! (He falls on his knees beside the sofa.) My love, speak to me!

Isobel (softly). George!

George. She is alive! Isobel!

Isobel. Don't go, George!

George. My dear, I love you! But when I heard that you were another's, honor compelled me—

Isobel (sitting up quickly). What do you mean by another's?

George. You said you were engaged!

Isobel (suddenly realizing how the dreadful misunderstanding arose which nearly wrecked two lives). But I only meant I was engaged to play tennis with Lady Carbrook!

George. What a fool I have been! (He hurries on before the audience can assent.) Then, Isobel, you will be mine?

Isobel. Yes, George. And you won't go and shoot nasty bears, will you, dear? Not even grizzly ones?

George (taking her in his arms). Never, darling. That was only (turning to the audience with an air of one who is making his best point) A Slight Misunderstanding.

Curtain.

A. A. M.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER II.—ON THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

BY OWEN SEAMAN.

1. From which of his poems (not itself a drama) may we gather that Browning fancied himself a playwright?
2. How does one of the poet's unnamed characters propose to treat his runaway wife if they should meet in Paradise? Quote the actual words.
3. You and I and Galileo—what defect common to us all is noted by Browning?
4. "For they do all, dear women young and old,
Upon the heads of them bear—notably
This badge of soul and body in repose."

What was the badge? and in what country worn?

5. Which two of Browning's characters had the best whole day's holiday?

6. "All's gules again." On whose arms? and how was the color restored?

7. What is Browning's so-called rhyme for Lucifer?

8. "Here is the lover in the smart disguise."

What was the scene of this observation?

9. (a) To whom did Browning give the title "sun-treader"?

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(b) Who took her name from the flower of the wild pomegranate?

10. (a) Quote the passage in which Browning laughs at Byron's grammar.

(b) In which other of his long poems does he ridicule Byron's address to Ocean in "Childe Harold"?

11. Who described Elys' head as being "sharp and perfect like a pear"? Who quoted, and to whom, the song in which these words occur?

12. Who was it that found, in the spectacle of "Charles's Wain" at midnight, a sign that he must get his hair cut at once?

THE OLD ROADS OF THE BLACK DEATH.

There is no reason for exaggerated alarm that even such an appalling contagion as the plague now raging in Northern China will not yield to the united effort of modern science and the intelligent policy of modern government and society. The immense measures of military exclusion alone represent an application of the principle of co-operation impossible in the days when the Golden Horde dominated the puny Tsars of Russia, or when the Persian Monarchy was still a danger to the Roman Empire and when the Prophet of Mecca had not yet been born for the glory of Islam. Whole armies of Russians, Chinese, and Japanese surround the infected area; and we fear that the iron order given to all those soldiers, in the case of suspected sufferers approaching too persistently the "cordon sanitaire," is "Do not hesitate to shoot." But when a single rat or marmot can bring death to a great city, when a bale of goods can carry pestilence for thousands of miles, when international communications are more frequent and facile than ever before in the history of the world, there is no country of civilization or barbarism which can afford

to be indifferent to the duty of precaution. Besides, the rat plague, which is the same thing as the human plague, is already in the heart of England. In subterranean drains and burrows there is going on every hour of the day, here in tranquil England, the frenzied rush of thousands and hundreds of thousands of the rodents, maddened by the tortures of the disease, flying desperately from county to county before the horrible death which pursues them. They have already infected English men and women and children who have died. Their human victims are happily only counted by units; but if the pneumonic plague which wiped out a family at Freston were to happen in a crowded, alien ghetto in the East End of London, could we be secure from a renewal of the scenes of antiquity and the Middle Ages?

The old roads of the Black Death are still open to the coming of the same invasion. The track which led from Northern China to Connemara in the century of the *Mors Atrociissima* still extends before the same most atrocious death. And the ravages of the pestilence in Manchuria to-day are described

by doctors and correspondents in language of horror and sorrow practically identical with the words of the Franciscan annalists, John Clyn and Thady Dowling, writing, in the year 1348, the description of the Black Death in their *Annalium Hibernice Chronicon*: "That pestilence depopulated whole villages and towns, castles and market-places, so that scarcely an inhabitant remained. The contagion worked so mightily that whosoever touched a sick man or a corpse was at once infected and died. The penitent and the father-confessor were buried together. The terror of death drove men away from love of neighbor and from the burying of the dead. Man and wife, children and servants went the same road—the way of the Death." Few Irishmen realize that something far worse than "the tyranny of England" again and again laid in ruin the industry, and annihilated the population, through wide regions of their verdant and smiling land. The thousands of miles between Kharbin and Kilkenny, where the Franciscan annalists described what they saw in 1348, still happily intervene between Manchuria and Ireland; but it is the same Black Death which is at Kharbin to-day; and modern science has to grapple with the fact that communications are easier, even if science is immeasurably wiser, than six hundred years ago.

Besides, the plague came again and again to Europe since the awful visitation of the fourteenth century. Under the Merry Monarch it broke out in London, and again slew its tens of thousands above the forgotten plague pit of Smithfield, where fifty thousand Englishmen and Englishwomen had been buried together in the year of the Black Death, three hundred and twenty years before. What a reflection that even to-day, deep under the foundations of that busy quarter of modern London, pickaxe and spade might still

stir the mouldering bones of some of those slaughtered myriads who died like flies, as the miserable coolies are dying in the Manchurian cities to-day! And fifteen years before the Great Plague of London in 1665 the pestilence had raged in Ireland, completing the destruction wrought by the Cromwellian armies, and not sparing the Cromwellian victors as well. When General Ireton, Cromwell's own son-in-law, hanged the Catholic Bishop of Emly, Dr. Albert O'Brien, after the capture of Limerick by the merciless Nonconformists, it was said that the murdered bishop, before mounting the gallows, had turned and summoned the Lord General Ireton to the judgment of God. And lo! the iron soldier sickened of the plague and went to the judgment of God! But the deaths of the Cromwellians were few and far between, when compared with the destruction which fell upon the Irishry in that horrible time. "Eight months together has the plague raged in Galway," wrote the Most Reverend Provost Patrick Lynch to Monsignor Massari, the Secretary of Propaganda at Rome, on May 1, 1650, "and the city has become a wilderness. Three thousand are the corpses, and all the living population have fled." Of all the priests of Galway, "*solum remanserunt mecum duo collegæ*." Of the state of Dublin the Secretary of Propaganda heard still more awful news. "In Dublin have thirty thousand died of the pest." And then the pest came to England, carried back perhaps in the baggage of the ruthless Ironsides who had wielded the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

The road of the plague always seems to have been the same road, and ever the scourge marched from the Far East to the westernmost West. Its apparitions also seem invariably to have been connected with great movements and disturbances among nations and peoples, wanderings of races, and the dis-

placements and transportations of persons and commodities which arise in the course of extensive commerce and what is called the development of international relations. Nature seems to dislike those arbitrary interferences with the slow deposits of centuries which are effected by great conquerors and by great merchants and mercantile communities. When the plague came first to Europe in the days of the Ancient World it came out of the Levant, that *sentina gentium*, and it broke out in the harbor of Athens. That was 429 years before Christ. The mercantile fleets of the Athenian Empire concentrated the products of the known and unknown East along the wharves of the Piræus, and the eastern plague landed along with other commodities. A thousand years was to pass before the bubonic plague was to come to Europe on a vast and awful scale, after the migrations of the barbarians had thrown up from their depths all the settled races of the world, after Goths and Visigoths, and Vandals and Huns had crossed all borders of the Roman civilization, when Justinian and Theodora were reigning on the imperial throne at Constantinople. The Huns, especially those savage Mongolians who drew the recruits for their hordes from the Siberia and Manchuria of to-day, were exactly suited to bring the endemic plague of their ancestral steppes into Asia Minor and across the Balkans and the Alps. From 530 to 580 it wasted the Græco-Roman Empire. In Constantinople the deaths were a thousand a day. Through the subsequent century it attacked simultaneously or in succession every country between Mount Ararat and the mountains of Kerry and Donegal. No century, indeed, was henceforth to be free from the awful visitor from the Far East. The armies of the Crusaders were at once to provoke and to suffer some of its most devastating excesses. The

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gathering of the armies from Europe to rescue the Holy Sepulchre and the gathering of the countless hosts of Asia to keep the banners of Islam above the towers of Jerusalem, all suited exactly the propagation of the dread evil which festered and spread amid the pollutions of crowds and the promiscuity of international and inter-continental encampments. The crowning horror of the Black Death of the fourteenth century had been preceded by fresh revolutions of Asia, under whose Chiefs of Tartary whose dread sultans were Tamerlane and his predecessors; and the fresh virus of the Mongolian and Manchurian wastes was poured with overwhelming venom into the veins of helpless Europe. Thirty millions of Christians perished in Europe. Still vaster multitudes of heathen and infidel races were destroyed in Asia and Africa. The economic changes alone which were caused by that wholesale annihilation of labor and industry, wealth and civilization, have hardly ceased altogether to mould the course of history to the present day. Our ancestors in those appalling years had the additional terror that no man knew what caused the death which, black and bloody, smote millions by a breath. The assembled Faculty of Paris solemnly stated, after profound consultations, that a poisonous vapor had been distilled in the Indian Ocean under the baleful conjunction of Jupiter and Mars dominated by the red orb of Saturn in a House of Hate! Perhaps we are not really much nearer to the originating cause of it all, when we have located the bacillus of the rat flea and the bacillus of the marmots of Manchuria. A breath of contagion can kill in the name of the scientific bacillus as surely as under the red House of the Astrological Conjunction which expressed the sapience of the Faculty of Paris in the fourteenth century.

THE PREPARATION FOR HOME RULE.

In the course of the debate on the Home Rule amendment to the Address, the Prime Minister turned a question from Lord Hugh Cecil, as to the means by which the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament would be maintained, with the genially evasive answer, "*Solvitur ambulando*." The answer, lightly given by way of parrying the thrusts of an acute persistent Parliamentary heckler, might none the less serve as a motto for much that is habitual in English statesmanship. We generally do solve questions in that way. Lord Hugh wittily suggested a neat translation. It means, he thinks, "walking through the division lobbies." A statesman solves most of his difficulties, under the conditions of the modern party system, by relying on the legs of his followers. Somehow, they always do the necessary walking. A more exact translation would, perhaps, be "muddling through." It is the tendency of party leaders absorbed in the tactical needs of a situation which changes with a fascinating variety from day to day and week to week, to leave the coming problem to adjust itself. It is down for next session in the programme, as a speech may be down in the statesman's diary for next month. When next session arrives, the Bill will be drafted pretty much as when next month comes the speech will be prepared. In the hurry and bustle of party warfare a statesman takes his problems as they come. The solutions are necessarily a little empirical. They are the work of men who are forced to live for the day, and they are apt to show the limitations of such hasty workmanship.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the more obvious of the problems which lie on the surface of Home Rule. There is the issue raised by Lord Hugh

Cecil. In what form will the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament be asserted? Will there still be an Irish Secretary, who will advise the Crown to give or refuse its assent to the Bills passed by an Irish Parliament, and answer for his advice to the Parliament at Westminster? That is the procedure in the case of Colonies, and while, in the early years of Irish autonomy, it might be used effectively on grave occasions, all the analogies and the practice of our Empire suggest that it would in time become an effete and obsolete check. Yet it is the common wish of both parties to the settlement that the check, however it may operate, should be a reality. Nothing would go so far to reconcile the more reasonable section of the Protestant minority to their position as the knowledge that there existed a vigilant Court of Appeal before which they might bring for review any legislation which, in their opinion, menaced their liberties. The risk of intolerance is not, to our thinking, a real one. A race which chose as its national leaders two Protestants in succession, Butt and Parnell, cannot fairly be accused of exclusive sympathies. The immense influence which the parish priest exerted in the past, mainly for good, is no longer so absolute as it was. He owed it, in great part, to the fact that he was usually the one man in the district who had education enough to enable him to stand against the landlord. Education today is more widely diffused, and the landlord has been bought out. But though clericalism may not be an enemy, the fear of clericalism is a danger which must be met. Mr. Redmond has himself recognized that it is by establishing the reality of the Imperial Parliament's supremacy that confidence can best be given to the minority. The

form in which this supremacy shall be asserted depends on the attitude which is ultimately adopted towards the question of federalism. It is difficult to imagine any satisfactory adjustment of the thorny question of the inclusion of the Irish members in the Parliament at Westminster which does not involve an adjustment of the functions of the House of Commons to suit the case, not merely of Ireland, but of the other three nationalities for which it stands.

These questions are central; they will not be "solved by walking." We may be sure that they have engaged, and will still engage, the attention of a Cabinet which for two years of conference and conflict will have been busied continually with the larger constitutional issues. Yet, vital though these are, it is questionable whether the success of Home Rule ultimately turns upon them. There is another problem, on which hangs the whole internal future of an Irish State. From the plantations to the famine, and from the famine to land purchase, it is finance and economics which have been the real basis of the Irish question. It is a sentimental illusion which treats the religious difficulty as the fountain of Irish trouble. A Catholic in the darker centuries of the island's history was a man forbidden to hold land, and restrained from the exercise of his brains in a profession. The consequences of a poverty which this persecution imposed, from motives which partook more of greed than of fanaticism, have made the Irish question as it is to-day. It has been complicated in its financial aspects as much by our recent efforts to make amends as by our earlier oppressions. There is for the foundation of the whole difficulty that fundamental injustice of over-taxation which a Royal Commission established with an approach to unanimity. There is the further complication of land purchase, which based an Irish re-

form upon British credit. There is the more recent complication of old age pensions, which has given to a race, in which the aged poor form a larger proportion than they do among ourselves, while the standard of living is lower, a benefit out of all proportion to any contribution which Ireland makes to the new revenues from the super-tax and unearned increment. It is on the whole re-adjustment between Imperial and local burdens that the future of the Irish State may turn. Crippled in finance, it would encounter, when it came to grapple with all its concrete problems of internal development, nothing but that disillusion which fosters unrest.

Here, clearly, is a problem that must be solved, not by walking but by counting. In this single financial issue lies work which must somehow be overtaken by careful study before a workable Home Rule Bill can be framed. The question moreover, is not without its bearings on the problem of Ulster. Is it really a narrow but idealistic fanaticism which underlies the fear of Home Rule? Is it merely prejudice, and the memory of a long ascendancy, that stand in the way of appeasement? Does this competent, hard-headed race, with Protestant England and Scotland behind it, seriously dread the risk of intolerant legislation? There are men who know Ulster, who entertain a shrewd suspicion that here also the root of the difficulty is economic. It is conceivable that what wealthy Ulster really fears is not intolerant legislation, or partial administration, but "predatory" taxation. Agrarian Ireland will want resources for its own development. The division of races is in some part a division of interests. The Protestant industrialist is pitted against the Catholic farmer. It is just conceivable that, in the adjustment of burdens, the agrarian majority might be tempted to deal brusquely with the industrial minority. There

are clearly arguments which could with some force be urged in favor of the plan which the still-born scheme of devolution propounded. It is essential that an Irish Parliament should be free to deal with its own expenditure, to economize here, and develop there. It may be less essential in the first instance that it should wield the power of taxation. As a purely temporary measure, and for a fixed term of years, there might be wisdom in an arrangement which would hand over to the Irish Exchequer a fixed sum from Imperial taxation to meet its local needs. As a permanent arrangement such a

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proposal would certainly and properly be rejected by Irish sentiment. But it has advantages which might commend it as a method of helping us through the difficult early years before the two main constituents of the Irish people have got to understand and work with each other. The year that lies between us and the production of a Home Rule Bill might well be spent in the study of such questions by a small expert Committee. We cannot afford to muddle our way into Home Rule. Three Bills have failed. The next must show a maturity and a finality which none of its predecessors could boast.

PREVENTIVE DETENTION.

In 1908 Parliament passed an Act known as the Prevention of Crime Act. It was introduced by Lord Gladstone, who was then Home Secretary, and it is only now that we are learning exactly what it meant. Last week the Home Office issued a draft of rules which clothe the bones and breathe life into the vague principles. It may be thought a strange thing that an Act should be passed of which the meaning is not interpreted till two years later; and so it is. The transaction is significant of our times, in which functionaries rule our life more strictly and more widely than ever before. Perhaps in this case it could not be helped; we should not like to be captious in a matter in which the aims of the Home Office are perfectly sound. As the rules are only tentative, however, it is necessary that they should be carefully examined, and that their effect should be corrected if necessary, by the only form of control which is ultimately effectual—public opinion. The purpose of preventive detention is, or should be, to protect the community

from being preyed upon; to remove out of the way men who have proved themselves to be a public danger or an intolerable public nuisance. But the community must not be protected at the cost of cruelty to the criminal. It is not easy to strike the balance and be fair to both sides. The new rules, which are to come into force on May-day, are an attempt to strike that balance, but, as we shall see, they refer to only one of two large criminal classes, both of which are legitimate objects of preventive detention.

The problem of the habitual criminal is the greatest of all problems in modern crime. The ferocious and desperate character who used to attack warders and prison officials whenever they came near him is almost extinct and to that extent there is an improvement in the character of British crime. But the habitual criminal, who now represents the worst kind of crime with which we have to deal, goes on. In prison he may be, and generally is, quite well behaved. He gets his good-conduct marks and gives little or no

trouble; the governor of the prison is worried with comparatively few complaints. Yet—this is the awkward fact—no sooner is the convict out of prison than he repeats his offence. The writer remembers being present at a service in the chapel of one of our largest convict prisons. "What did you think of it?" asked the Governor afterwards. "The best-behaved congregation and the most devout service I ever saw," answered the writer. "Yes, I know," said the Governor, "but these men have all been here before, and the worst of it is they will all be here again." These men are the problem. The State should not be put to continual expense and trouble on their account and yet we shall all be agreed that the thought of indefinite imprisonment on the ordinary lines is horrible. The mind shrinks from it. The punishment would be greater than the sin.

What is this preventive detention of which we have heard so much lately, but which no man has yet experienced? And exactly to what class of habitual offenders is it to apply? Preventive detention can follow only upon a sentence of at least three years' penal servitude. That we knew two years ago. But there are over two hundred convicts already in prison who are sentenced to preventive detention at the end of their term of ordinary penal servitude, and we now know for the first time to what they have to look forward. Frankly, we had hoped it would be possible to provide for some sort of not disagreeable detention which would be regarded not in the usual sense as imprisonment but (if we may draw such a distinction) as a condition of "not being let out again." In saying this we do not lean at all to the sentimental view. The sentence of penal servitude should be adequate to the crime, and the idea of punishment would be exhausted with its termination. After that the criminal

would be only kept out of harm's way. That is our ideal. We recognize the enormous difficulties of it, and we notice that the Home Secretary has felt unable to try to reach it. During the last two years there has evidently been vast confusion as to what preventive detention meant—as to how the blank cheque of 1908 was to be filled in. Consider, for example, the familiar figure of the gentle shepherd of Dartmoor, who seems to be a very agreeable person to meet but whose hands are never under control when he comes into the neighborhood of a church money-box. When he was sentenced to three years' penal servitude plus ten years of detention, most of us thought of him, perhaps, as destined merely to be kept out of harm's way—in the condition, as we have put it, of not being let out. But Mr. Churchill had another interpretation of the Act in his mind, and consequently took the shepherd away from prison altogether and "placed" him on a farm, with the result we all know. We come now to Mr. Churchill's definition of preventive detention:—

"It should be clearly understood," says the draft, "that no modification of the conditions which prevail in convict prisons can alter the essential fact that preventive detention is a form of imprisonment. Several hundred criminals of the most skilful and determined class will have to be confined for considerable periods within prison walls, and to be controlled by a staff which cannot be made very numerous without undue expense. During their detention they must always be either within locked cells or under close supervision; discipline must be firmly maintained, and hard work enforced. If there were neglect or relaxation in the supervision and discipline, it would inevitably lead to escape, or mutiny, or vice. . . . It appears a matter of much importance that this should be clearly understood and that the idea should not grow up that preventive de-

tention affords a pleasant and easy asylum for persons whose moral weakness or defective education has rendered them merely a nuisance to Society."

In other words, preventive detention is to be in a real sense servitude. But perhaps this preliminary description makes the conditions appear rather sterner than they really are to be. The draft goes on to describe the class of criminals who are to be subject to preventive detention. The habitual criminal who is an "habitual" through mental defect, or some imperfect faculty of moral resistance, is not to be subject to the new rules at all. They are reserved for the treatment of criminals who are a "danger" rather than a "nuisance" to society—men who commit crime deliberately while they are in possession of a sound mind in a sound body. These men are defined as "professionals." Stress is laid, in fact, upon the criminologist's distinction between habituels and professionals. Lord Gladstone used the general word "habituals," and, though Mr. Churchill quotes Lord Gladstone's speeches to show that he really meant "professionals," we cannot help feeling that the speeches of 1908 might have been interpreted differently if Mr. Churchill had felt differently. The police have evidently been acting for two years in the dark, and Mr. Churchill now admits that new instructions are necessary if the Act is to have any uniform value throughout the kingdom. No one is to be proposed to the Public Prosecutor (from whom ultimately the sanction must come) for preventive detention, unless he is thirty years old, has already undergone penal servitude, and is charged anew with a substantial and serious offence. In fine, under this exceptional means of protecting society, though the professional criminal's punishment will not increase in rigor, it will undoubtedly

The Spectator.

be more severe in the sense that it will be much longer.

Prisoners undergoing preventive detention will be divided into three grades—ordinary, special, and disciplinary:—

After every six months passed in the ordinary grade with exemplary conduct, a prisoner who has shown zeal and industry in the work assigned to him may be awarded a certificate of industry and conduct. Four of these certificates will entitle him to promotion to the special grade. With each certificate a prisoner will receive a good-conduct stripe carrying privileges or a small money payment.

If a prisoner misbehaves he may be thrust down into the disciplinary grade. Prisoners will receive gratuities for the trade at which they work, and may spend their money on small luxuries at a canteen, or may send it to their families, or may save it. Those who have got three certificates may have a garden allotment, and may sell the produce for the use of the prison at market rates. Prisoners in the ordinary and special grades will be allowed to talk at meals and in the evenings, and have "additional relaxations of a literary and social character" according to the number of their certificates.

The whole scheme leaves untouched the criminal who is most of all a charge upon one's pity—the person without a moral sense, who is not insane enough for Broadmoor, but who preys upon Society the moment he is released from prison. According to Mr. Churchill's interpretation of the Act of 1908, the Dartmoor shepherd should never have been sentenced to preventive detention. Is it impossible to segregate men like him without inflicting on them the hardships of preventive detention, as it is now defined? One would suppose them to be manageable, and therefore the objection that a large staff would be required would not hold good.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Dr. William Burnett Wright's "The Heart of the Master" is a fresh, reverent and suggestive study of the events of Passion Week, which would attract the attention of thoughtful readers at any time, but is especially timely when the Christian world is approaching the annual observance of that most sacred season. Dr. Wright's visits to Palestine have made him familiar with the scenes through which the Saviour of men moved to the culmination of His sacrifice, and this enables him to impart a vivid local coloring to his narrative. But more important than this is his penetrating spiritual insight which gives a new meaning to little-regarded details, and puts a new interpretation upon certain incidents—such as the entry into Jerusalem and the last cry of Jesus from the cross which, to a superficial view, are full of difficulty. Houghton Mifflin Company.

To tell the story of English history from the Roman conquest to the accession of King George V. and the federation of the South African colonies, within the limits of less than three hundred pages of moderate size is the by no means easy task which Henry W. Elson essays in his "A Guide to English History" but his courage in undertaking the task is not more surprising than his success in it. He has a clear style and an unusual sense of proportion, and, writing for young readers,—for it is to the "Guide Series" for young readers that this is the latest addition—he contrives in each period to seize upon the salient points and the most striking and significant incidents. The boy or girl who reads this book with even moderate attention will obtain from it a clear idea of

the general course of the development of the English people, for which later reading may supply an indefinite amount of detail. Sixteen maps and illustrations add to the value and attractiveness of the book. The Baker & Taylor Company.

One addition more to the lengthening list of novels with a socio-economic purpose is "The Lever," in which William Dana Orcutt, author of "The Spell," imagines the career of an enormous trust, "the most gigantic piece of promotion engineering the world has seen," founded upon an altruistic basis, under the leadership of a man who combines with marvellous practical ability the optimism of an idealist. The machinations of lesser rivals against the "Consolidated Companies," the effect of attempted legislation upon it, and the attitude toward it of a certain President of the United States who holds to "a discrimination between good and bad trusts" are realistically described, and the chapters leading up to the climax are exceptionally interesting. Mr. Orcutt's women are not so successful as his men, and the wife and daughter of his great promoter, though they add variety to his pages, do not really live. But Robert Gorham himself is a striking figure, and his story points in an effective way a lesson in which the public of to-day feels the keenest possible interest. Harper & Brothers.

To fully appreciate the importance and the personnel of the new literary movement in Germany, the influence of which is being felt more and more in this country, one will find a valuable aid in reading Percival Pollard's volume, "Masks and Minstrels of New

Germany," just issued by John W. Luce and Company. Here will be found an intimate first hand view of Herman Bahr whose play, "The Concert," is a noteworthy New York success; Ernest Von Wolzogen, who is now visiting America as the guest of German literary societies and our leading universities; Baroness Von Wolzogen, who has given fashionable entertainments in New York this winter; Schmitzler, the author of "The Green Cockatoo," "The Episode," and "The Farewell Supper"; Oscar Straus, composer of "The Chocolate Soldier" and "The Waltz Dream," who has written songs for the "Green Germans" as they are called; Victor Hollander, who composed the "Swing Song"; Wedekind, who wrote "The Awakening of Spring," and other plays in which he enacts a leading role; and Von Hoffmannsthal, the librettist of Richard Strauss' "Salome," "Elektra," and "Rosencavalier," the latter of which was produced in Dresden, January 25th of this year.

Dickens-lovers, in this Dickens year, of all years, will assuredly welcome Mr. G. K. Chesterton's delightful "Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It is true that all of these twenty-four papers, with the exception of the general Introduction which precedes the essays devoted to particular books, have appeared before as introductions to the separate volumes of Charles Dickens's writings, in "Everyman's" edition. But by no means all Dickens lovers possess that particular edition of his writings; and it would be hard upon them if they were forced to find shelf-room for another edition of Dickens in order to obtain access to Mr. Chesterton's characteristic essays. They are spared this necessity by the grouping of the papers in the present volume, with the general introduction

prefixed. To say clever and startling things comes as easily to Mr. Chesterton as breathing; yet, with all his humor and his whimsicalness he can be serious when he chooses. Through these essays, besides the illuminating and sympathetic comment upon particular books and characters, there runs a deep appreciation of the motives which prompted the great novelist, and the significance of the work which he did. The book may well find its place beside any set of Dickens's writings in any library; for no reader of Dickens can fail to enjoy it. Eight portraits of Dickens, at different periods between 1840 and 1868, illustrate it.

In "How Leslie Loved," Anne Warner describes the experiences of a coquettish young American widow, bewildered in the choice of her second husband by an embarrassment of riches. They include a week-end at an English priory with acrostics for entertainment; a "real English Christmas" in a chilly inn with a party of casual acquaintances — "thoroughly American and thoroughly hospitable," as the hostess is fond of saying — whose chief solicitude is for the well-being of their dog, the Earl of Arran, but from whose impertinence she only escapes by a make-believe betrothal to another of their guests; a series of visits to a fortune-teller in Hammer-smith; a stay in a "real schloss," where a wedding impends and one chimney after another is being opened as the Graf in learns the increasing number of her inevitable guests; a few days at an impossible pension; and a happy ending in Berlin. The story is sprightly and entertaining, and almost wholly free from such passages in broad farce as spoiled "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" for the fastidious among Miss Warner's admirers; and it will beguile a dull hour very pleasantly. Little, Brown & Co.

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {
VOLUME LI.

No. 3483 April 8, 1911

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

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GHOSTS OF PAPER.

Should you go down Ludgate Hill,
 As I'm sure you sometimes will,
 When the dark comes soft and new,
 Smudged and smooth and powder-blue,
 And the lights on either hand
 Run away to reach the Strand;
 And the winter rains that stream
 Make the pavements glance and gleam;
 There you'll see the wet roofs rise
 Packed against the lamp-lit skies,
 And at once you shall look down
 Into an enchanted town.
 Jewelled Fleet Street, golden gay,
 Sloughs the drab of work-a-day,
 Conjuring before you then
 All her ghosts of ink and pen,
 Striking from her magic mint
 Places you have loved in print,
 From the fairy towns and streets
 Raised by Djinn and fierce Afreet,
 To the columned brass that shone
 On the gates of Babylon;
 You shall wander, mazed, amid
 Pylon, palm, and pyramid;
 You shall see, where taxis throng,
 River lamps of old Hong Kong;
 See the ramparts standing tall
 Of the wondrous Tartar Wall;
 See, despite the rain and wind,
 Marble towns of rosy Ind,
 And the domes and palaces
 Crowning Tripolis and Fez;
 While, where buses churn and splash,
 There's the ripple of a sash,
 Silken maid and paper fan
 And the peach-bloom of Japan;
 But, the finest thing of all,
 You shall ride a charger tall
 Into huddled towns that haunt
 Picture-books of old Romaunt,
 Where go squire and knight and saint,
 Heavy limed in golden paint;
 You shall ride above the crowd
 On a courser pacing proud,
 In fit panoply and meet
 Through be-cobbled square and street,
 Where with bays and gestures bland
 Little brown-faced angels stand!

These are some of things you'll view
 When the night is blurred and blue,
 If you look down Ludgate Hill,
 As I'm sure you often will!

Punch.

THE SECRET OF THE ROAD.

Which way does the road go?
 Up and down
 From the valley to the hill's crown,
 Athwart the woods that lie behind
 Like a silver ribbon blown by the wind
 And through the green
 Where geese are seen,
 And past the gray mill with its peeping
 panes,
 And the long honeysuckled lanes;
 And down, and on, and up the spinney's
 rise
 Till it creeps into the skies.

If I should start, and walk the livelong
 day,
 Watching wonderingly all the way,
 Till all familiar things had travelled
 by—
 And the stars had fall'n into the sky—
 I should not find that which the wind
 finds at his will:
 The secret of the road—it stretches far-
 ther, farther still.

Agnes Grozier Robertson.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE MOTHER-LAND.

Since God to folks of six or seven
 Gave strength, with which no king
 may strive.
 Since half the sweetness under heaven
 He gave to people under five.

We little knew what we were giving,
 Methinks, when we gave play for
 strife
 And for the land where we are living
 The country where we played at
 Life.

O'er wooden trees and toy-church
 steeple
 Burns faintly each man's morning
 star,
 O Mother-land whose laughing people
 The dearest of all people are!

To Death some fragment of thy stories
 The beggar brings, and to thy song,
 Behind the dying Emperor's glories,
 His old tin soldiers tramp along.

Henry de Vere Stacpoole.

THE CANADIAN-AMERICAN RECIPROCITY AGREEMENT.

BY SIR ALFRED MOND, BART., M. P.

The surprise with which the Tariff Reformers now seem to be overwhelmed at the news of the Reciprocity Agreement, is one more result of their persistent misunderstanding of Canadian fiscal history, Canadian development, and the spirit that inspires the Canadian people. They have from the first been led astray by their besetting delusion that it would be possible for them in one way or another to "nobble" Canadian products and trade for Great Britain to the exclusion of other countries. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the originator of the idea, furnished himself one of the first and most striking examples of the ludicrous misapprehension of Canadian views in the celebrated schedule of prohibited industries proposed in his speech at Glasgow on October 6, 1903. As the version of that speech subsequently published in book form gives a revised and inaccurate report of what Mr. Chamberlain said, it may be well to quote the exact words used by him on that occasion:

After all, there are many things which you do not now make, many things for which we have a great capacity of production. Leave them to us as you have left them hitherto. Do not increase your tariff walls against us, pull them down where they are unnecessary to the success of this policy to which you are committed. Let us in exchange with you have your productions in all these numberless industries which have not yet been erected.

This proposal by Mr. Chamberlain, who was always disposed to regard the arrangement with the Colonies as a bargain, was evidently in his mind at a still earlier date. Speaking in London on June 9, 1896, he referred to the suggestion that while the Colonies

"should be left absolutely free to impose what protective duties they please both upon Foreign countries and upon British commerce, they should be required to make a small discrimination in favor of British trade, in return for which we are expected to change our whole system and impose duties on food and raw material." On this suggestion he made the following outspoken comment:

Well, I express again my own opinion when I say that there is not the slightest chance that in any reasonable time this country, or the Parliament of this country, would adopt so one-sided an agreement. The foreign trade of this country is so large, and the foreign trade of the Colonies is comparatively so small, that a small preference given to us upon that foreign trade by the Colonies would make so trifling a difference—would be so small a benefit to the total volume of our trade—that I do not believe the working classes of this country would consent to make a revolutionary change for what they would think to be an infinitesimal gain.

While on the subject of Mr. Chamberlain's love for a bargain, it may be well to point out that that statesman threw away, without any return, one of the best objects of barter in an arrangement with the Colonies which any British statesman could desire. He bestowed upon the Dominion, without any equivalent to this country, the enormous advantage granted to it by the Amendment of the Trustees Act, putting Canadian government and municipal securities on the same basis as our own, and thereby enabling the smallest Canadian municipality to raise money on better terms than certain great Powers, such as Germany, Russia and Japan, by giving them ac-

cess to the cheapest money market in the world. That, in reality, was a preference given gratis to Canada at the cost of diminishing the value of British "gilt-edged" securities, and it was of far greater importance to the Canadians than the proposed two-shilling duty on wheat could ever possibly be. If at the time we had had a statesman of really wide vision and foresight, that great advantage accorded to Canada might have been utilized for securing a far more favorable tariff for our goods from the Canadians than they have ever had under the existing preference arrangement, while it would furthermore have been an important step towards eventual Free Trade between Great Britain and her most important Colony.

One of the peculiar difficulties of following the Neo-protectionist arguments on preference, as on their other proposals, is the the changes which those arguments have undergone from the commencement of the Tariff Reform propaganda.

It has suited the Tariff Reform propagandists in this country constantly to represent the Canadians as clamoring for the adoption of their preference scheme, while they further tried to secure its acceptance in this country by vague threats of impending disaster to Great Britain and the Empire, alternately of a political and a commercial character. As a matter of fact, that clamor has existed only in their own imaginations.

A reference to some of the statements of Colonial Ministers on this subject will dispose of the idea that any pressure of the kind referred to has been brought upon the Mother Country. The attitude of Canada was very clearly expressed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in 1897, and by Mr. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, at the second Colonial Conference in 1902. Sir Wilfrid Laurier said:

If England were willing to give us a preference over other nations, taking our goods on exceptionally favorable terms, I would not object. . . . It would be a great boon. But for how long would it last? Would it be an advantage in the long run? That is what men who think beyond the passing moment have to ask themselves. Suppose England did such a thing and abandoned her Free Trade record, she would inevitably curtail the purchasing power of her people. And do you not think we should suffer from that—we who alone have natural resources enough to feed your millions from our fertile lands? I have too great a belief in English common sense to believe they will do any such thing. What we have done in the way of Tariff Preference to England we have done out of gratitude to England, and not because we want her to enter upon the path of Protection.

The Canadian attitude is still more clearly expressed in the statement by Mr. Fielding in 1902:

We do not profess that we want to introduce British goods to displace goods made by the manufacturers of Canada. That is a point upon which we must speak with great frankness. Whether or not it was a wise policy for Canada to foster her manufactures by high duties is a point hardly worth discussing now; we must deal with things as we find them. We had very high duties under the former tariff. The present Government have reduced those duties very materially, especially in the case of British goods. Many things of British manufacture paid 40 per cent., 50 per cent., or 60 per cent., but we have reduced these now down to 23 per cent. from Great Britain, and we think that in those cases we have gone about as far as we can without sacrificing our own manufacturers. The interests are very large: the interests of the capital invested, the labor and the banking interest, and the many other interests which cluster round a great industry. Therefore, if we are asked to reduce our duties and bring in British goods and displace Canadian

manufactures, we must frankly say that it is not possible for us to do so. But we say that it is quite possible to give an advantage to British goods in some cases by raising the tariff.

The most rudimentary acquaintance with the history of this discussion in Canada, shows clearly that the Canadian manufacturers who have welcomed the advocacy of Protection in England as a means of strengthening in the Dominion that Protection from which they themselves profit, never have had any intention, so far as it lay in their power, to allow British manufacturers to compete on anything like equal terms with their own products. The nature of the gift offered to Great Britain by these manufacturers, the so-called Imperialists of the Dominion, is clearly shown by their attitude towards preference to England during the inquiry carried on by the Tariff Commission in different Canadian provinces in 1906.

This attitude is aptly symbolized by the action of a protectionist firm of cotton manufacturers at Valleyfield, the industrial Venice of Canada, who, after running up the Union Jack over their mill, immediately proceeded to submit to the Commission a demand for increased duties in the cotton schedules with the object of reducing the imports from Lancashire. In the evidence given by manufacturers before the Commission, the British Preference was frequently attacked, the witnesses speaking of London and Liverpool as "foreign" and of Englishmen who came to Canada in search of orders as "foreigners." Yet many of those "Canadians" who thus proclaimed their newly acquired nationality hailed from the very districts whose imports they wished to exclude from Canada. Mr. Porritt, in his *Sixty Years of Protection in Canada*, points out that the Canadian quarrymen who were endeavoring to exclude Aberdeen gran-

ite, were themselves chiefly Scots from Aberdeen. One of them confessed to Mr. Porritt that he expected the people at home would think they were "darned mean."

Mr. Porritt says, "It is difficult to recall a single session of the Commission in industrial Canada in which the preference (to Great Britain) was not attacked by the manufacturers." On the other hand, the farmers constantly and enthusiastically defended preference—they, together with the importers of textiles in Montreal and Toronto, being urgent in their pleas for the repeal of the Tariff Act amendment of 1904 which curtailed it. "The farmers commended the preference because it afforded some relief from the tariff and because it served as a tie to the Mother Country. They realized that as a result of the good feeling towards Canada, Great Britain gave a sentimental preference to Canadian products, and that they had already a market in England for all their produce."

Of course, in the resolutions passed by Canadian manufacturers at public meetings and intended for British readers, their real intention to "protect" themselves effectively from British competition is not so plainly expressed, although it is sufficiently obvious. Thus, for instance, in a resolution of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the "substantial preference to the Mother Country" is made subject to the condition that "the minimum tariff must afford adequate protection to all Canadian producers." The Ottawa Board of Trade in November 1903 also insisted upon such a form of Protection as would "reasonably safeguard such industries and business interests as have been developed under the existing tariff conditions."

A great deal of the difficulty of British trade with Canada, as with the Protectionist Colonies generally, consists in the tariffs secured by the Colo-

nial manufacturers against English goods, which in Canada in particular heavily burden the woollen and cotton industries. On the other hand, the only real hope of relief from this burden lies in the general lowering of the tariff walls, in response to the protests of the consuming masses. Those flag-waving colonial patriots seem to think that they have done something very generous when they give this country a preference over her foreign competitors, while the duty to which her goods are still subject is sufficient, practically to exclude or greatly hamper them in favor of the protected colonial article.

Speaking in Parliament at Ottawa on February 9, 1911, Mr. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, thus characterized this type of Colonial Imperialist: "Unable to deal with the question (of reciprocity) on its merits, many opponents are beating the big drum of Imperialism and thereby insulting the intelligence of the Canadian people."

As to the alleged damage done to Imperial interests by the manner in which the Liberals are said to have held the Colonies at arm's length, and rejected offers by the latter of which nobody had ever heard, the best answer is to be found in the statements of responsible Canadian Ministers, including Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and in the resolutions of the farmers of Canada, who have been the most consistent and effective supporters of preference to England, and the only class directly interested in the Tariff Reformers' proposal. The Hon. W. S. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, telegraphing on February 7, 1911, to the High Commissioner for Canada, not only disposed of the fears that the Reciprocity Agreement might seriously affect imports from Great Britain and that discrimination would be made in favor of the United States and against this country, but expressly stated that

Canada's right to deal with the British preference as she pleases remains untouched by the agreement. The adoption of the agreement will probably lead to some further revision of the Canadian tariff, in which the Canadian Parliament will be entirely free to fix the British preferential tariff at any rates that may be deemed proper.

The determination of the Canadian farmers as expressed in the resolutions laid by them before Sir Wilfrid Laurier on December 16, 1910, is equally clear. They state that they

also favor the principle of the British preferential tariff, and urge an immediate lowering of the duties on all British goods to one-half the rates charged under the general tariff schedule, whatever that may be; and that any trade advantages given the United States in reciprocal trade relations be extended to Great Britain.

They likewise advocate

such further gradual reduction of the remaining preferential tariff as will ensure the establishment of complete Free Trade between Canada and the Motherland within ten years;

and add

that the farmers of this country are willing to face direct taxation in such form as may be advisable to make up the revenue required under new tariff conditions.

That the Canadian Government is inspired by precisely the same desire is evident from the statement made by Mr. Fielding, the Finance Minister, in the Canadian House of Commons on January 26, 1911, in the course of which he said:

Of course, as a general principle, whether Great Britain is to be interested or not, any duty that may be lowered to any foreign country, according to our well-established policy, would be at the same time lowered to Great Britain, and a clause will be inserted in the resolutions which I shall have the honor to propose providing that where in any case the duties are

lowered the benefit shall be extended to Great Britain. As a matter of fact, they are only lower on a few items of food-stuffs than the preferential rate, and they are articles which Great Britain does not send us at all. Notwithstanding, I think that if this arrangement be confirmed, it would probably lead to some readjustment of our tariff here and there, in order that we may maintain, as we fully intend to do, the principle of the British preference, and that the concessions under the tariff now existing may be maintained under the condition of affairs when the arrangement is made. . . . The preference is a great and important question. We have dealt with it in the past, we shall deal with it again. I do not want to import into this discussion anything of party color, but I ask my hon. friend if he does not think that the British preference may safely be trusted in the hands of the men who created it?

If any further proof were needed that the "one-sided bargain" proposed by Mr. Chamberlain is not necessary for the maintenance of Canadian loyalty, it would be found in the indignant protests of representative Canadians against the Tariff Reform thesis that their loyalty could only be secured by the payment of a price.

As a matter of fact, it is evident to all those who have followed the development of the Tariff Reform propaganda in this country that their proposals have always been too vague for any business man to base practical calculations upon them. That vagueness and inaccuracy still continue, as may be seen by the statement of the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons on February 6, which in its reference to thirty years during which Canada vainly offered preference to Great Britain, and his suggestion that reciprocity with the United States is a new departure, furnishes an interesting illustration of the "persistent sloppiness" rightly attributed by Mr. Asquith to the whole propaganda.

In Canada the movement in favor of reciprocity with the United States goes back to the beginning of the nineteenth century. It assumed an exceptionally vigorous character in 1846 on the adoption of Free Trade by this country and the concurrent grant of greater fiscal freedom to the British North American provinces, complaints being made that Peel had not on that occasion secured from the United States the free admission of Canadian products. The reciprocity which was then demanded was eventually secured by the Elgin-Marcy Treaty, which remained in force from 1854 to 1866, when it was brought to a close by the United States. The renunciation of that Treaty, which had greatly stimulated the trade of both countries, was deeply resented in Canada, yet so great was the desire of the Canadian people to restore a similar agreement with the States that both Conservative and Liberal Administrations sent Commissioners to Washington to promote it in 1892 and 1898-99, numerous other attempts being made with the same object both before and after those dates, while for many years the offer of reciprocity retained its place upon the Canadian Statute Book. Indeed, absolute Free Trade both in manufactures and natural products was advocated in the Liberal campaign carried on in 1888 by Sir Richard Cartwright, and it was the reciprocity plank, formally adopted in 1893, which won the election for the Liberals in 1896. It was only the persistent refusal of Washington to consider the suggestion and the decision in 1896 to raise a tariff wall against the Dominion that forced the Canadians into the independent development of their own resources and the search for trans-oceanic markets east and west.

It should hardly be necessary to recall that preference was introduced by the Laurier Ministry in 1897 in redemption of the Free Trade pledges made

by them in the preceding campaign in which they defeated the Conservatives. Those Canadian Conservatives who now, in opposition, are such strong advocates of preferential arrangements with the Mother Country gave no preference whatever to Great Britain from 1887 to 1896, during which period they were in power, any more than the British Conservative Tariff Reform party took any practical steps during their long term of office to grant to Canada the preference which they advocate. Speaking at Lethbridge on August 31 last, Sir Wilfrid Laurier taunted his Conservative opponents with their opposition to reciprocity on the ground that it might endanger the British preference. He recalled that it was the Conservatives who had always opposed that preference, and that on its introduction in April 1897, Sir Charles Tupper, the leader of their party, declared it was going to destroy Canadian manufactures.

They repeated that for one or two years, and then they had to abandon the cry because the manufactures were not destroyed. The tall chimneys did not topple over, but became stronger, and there were more of them. They had another cry, which was that it was not patriotic to give the preference to the trade of the Mother Country unless the Mother Country was prepared to give us the preference in her own markets also. . . . Why did we give it? First of all, because it suited us to do so.

Here it may be recalled that at an earlier date, between 1879 and 1887, strong protests were made from time to time in this country against the protective policy of Canada against England—among the most noteworthy being that by John Bright at Birmingham in 1885 and those in both Houses of Parliament in 1887.

The subject of a probable reciprocity arrangement was, of course, keenly discussed in the Dominion as well as

in the United States last autumn. It was both advocated and opposed on many different grounds. In Canada, some of the most weighty opinions I heard expressed, while approving of it in principle, merely expressed doubt as to the possibility of ever arriving at anything like a fair bargain with the American negotiators. In fact, it was more a question of terms than of principle that gave rise to doubts on the part of some Canadians as to the wisdom of entering into any negotiations at all. This is not surprising in view of the repeated rebuffs which proposals for reciprocity on the part of the Canadians had formerly met with at Washington.

As usual in protectionist countries, all those sections in both countries who benefit by the tariffs at the expense of the rest of the community are very local. The depressing experience of the Canadians in the past thus led to a kind of blindly fatalistic conviction that it would be impossible ever to find a body of public opinion strong enough to overcome the resistance of the interested advocates of the *status quo*. Even the Canadian friends of reciprocity were very doubtful whether the negotiations would lead to any practical results. But this time the hands of Sir Wilfrid Laurier were undoubtedly much strengthened by the revelation of the force of Free Trade feeling in the growing West of Canada, a force which he had himself had an opportunity of gauging during his tour through those provinces last year, and which found a visible and impressive symbol in the large and important deputation of farmers that came to Ottawa on December 16 to lay their views before the Government.

On the other hand, the swing of the pendulum in a democratic direction at last year's election in the United States—a swing due in the main to a passionate revolt of the American people

against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, a revolt so universal that it took by surprise even the cleverest electioneers and had to be witnessed on the spot to be thoroughly realized—forced the hands of the Republican Executive. It made obvious to the Republican leaders that they must swim with the tide or be prepared to see their party submerged at the Presidential Election in 1912. The significant fact that not only President Taft but Colonel Roosevelt supports the ratification of the Reciprocity Agreement, and that some of the oldest "standpat" high-tariffers among the Republican chiefs have taken the same course, is the best indication of what popular feeling in the United States is believed to be by those who have made it the business of their lives to keep their finger on the public pulse.

This combination makes it practically certain that the Reciprocity Agreement will be ratified in both countries and that little heed will now be paid to those representatives of sectional interests who were formerly all-powerful at Ottawa and Washington. It is not to be expected that when once this breach has been made in the tariff wall it will ever be rebuilt, or even that the barrier will be allowed to remain intact in other directions. Already the farmers' organizations in America are beginning to demand reductions in the tariff on manufactured articles as compensation for the fact that they are themselves to be exposed to the free competition of their Canadian rivals in their own business.

Let us consider for a moment the character of the Reciprocity Agreement which the United States has now been driven to accept by the combined effect of the popular revolt against high prices and the growing needs of her own manufacturers for fresh supplies of cheap raw material. The new arrangement, which does not take the

formal shape of a treaty, but is to come into effect by concurrent legislation at Ottawa and Washington, comprises a comparatively large schedule concerned chiefly with food products of all kinds that are made reciprocally free in both countries. This free list comprises:

Live animals and poultry, corn and fodder, fresh vegetables and fruits, dairy produce, oils, seeds, fish, salt, mineral waters, half-finished timber in various forms, plaster rock, mica, feldspar, asbestos, &c., glycerine, talc, sulphate of soda, carbon electrodes, rolled iron or steel sheets, and plates, steel wire, galvanized iron, &c., type-casting and type-setting machines, barbed fencing wire, &c., coke, wood-pulp and paper.

The second schedule establishes identical rates of duty for a considerable number of semi-manufactured food products: fresh meats, bacon and ham, wheat and other flours, oatmeal, barley malt, pearl barley, &c.; macaroni, biscuits, candied peel, fruits and confectionery of all kinds, pickles and syrups, mineral waters in bottles, essential oils, &c.; a long list of agricultural implements, stone, roofing-slate, asbestos, printing ink, cutlery, clocks and watches, &c.; printer's cases, canoes and small boats, feathers, surgical dressings, plate-glass, motor vehicles, machines for the manufacture of wood-pulp, musical-instrument cases, &c.

Special rates of duty are granted for other articles specified in two further schedules, C and D, including aluminum, laths, sawed boards, iron ore, coal, cement, trees, condensed milk, biscuits, canned fruits, &c.

A little consideration of the foregoing categories will show that the concessions granted by Canada to the United States will interfere very little with British imports. During the debate on the Address Mr. Sydney Buxton pointed out that out of the total British trade with Canada of £20,000,000 only about £800,000 is affected by

the Reciprocity Agreement, so far as preference is concerned. Of that amount £477,000 worth of British goods still retain a Preference of 10 to 12 per cent., thus leaving a balance of no more than £318,000, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., of British imports to Canada, the duties on which will in future be identical with those on American goods. At the same time the reciprocity agreement will afford great relief to the Canadian no less than the American masses, and considerably increase their capacity for the purchase of manufactured articles, which cannot fail to benefit British trade with Canada.

Many of the arguments that have been used in the Press and in the recent discussion in the House of Commons as to the effects of the proposed reciprocity arrangement, if ratified, more especially those dealing with the question of transportation and political results, simply ignore existing conditions. A great deal has been made of the statement, for instance, that the traffic flowing now from west to east will hereafter flow from north to south, and that this must seriously damage the great transportation lines of Canada as well as our own commercial interests. The best practical answer to this allegation is the fact that great railway men in Canada and the powerful interests which they represent do not share this apprehension. The way in which the enormous traffic now passing from Canada to the United States and *vice versa* has been ignored, as well as the large transit trade of Canadian corn through American ports in the winter months, reveals a woeful lack of study of the subject. It seems to be entirely forgotten that even under existing conditions the total trade between the United States and Canada considerably exceeds that between Canada and the Mother Country. While in the year ending March 31, 1909, the total trade of Canada

with the United States was \$285,265,717, or, say, £59,000,000, that with Great Britain was only \$204,302,113, or £42,000,000. A further noteworthy circumstance is that while the total imports of Canada from the United States were \$192,861,360, or more than double the amount of Canadian exports taken by the United States, which amounted to \$92,604,356, the British imports to Canada were but little over half the amount of the exports from Canada to Great Britain, that is to say, \$70,556,738 worth of imports as against \$133,745,375 worth of exports. In 1908, 19,768,000 bushels of Canadian wheat were shipped in transit through the following American ports: Baltimore, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Portland, while 506,105 barrels of Canadian flour were forwarded through the same ports in the same year.

As a matter of fact, both in Canada and the United States there is naturally a flow from west to east of agricultural products, while water transportation is open from the heads of the lakes down to the seaports on the east coast. The wheat areas of both countries have to a large extent the same outlet at the head of Lake Superior. On the other hand, there is a large traffic north and south, not merely in manufactured goods but in such heavy articles as coal, coke, lumber, &c. No one who has visited the two countries and realized what a purely artificial and arbitrary line of division the customs tariffs have raised between two peoples who have so much in common in life and thought, will be surprised to find that at a favorable political juncture like the present, old jealousies are being put aside, sectional, selfish interests are being overridden, and common sense is having its way after a lapse of many years. That the industrial population of Maine and Massachusetts should be precluded from

the use of the agricultural produce of Quebec, so suitable for the cultivation of fruit and vegetables; that the wheat-growers of Alberta and Saskatchewan should be cut off from the American central market, with its growing industrial population; that two countries whose coal deposits are placed by Nature in the case of Canada at the extremities, and in that of the United States mainly in the centre of a line of frontier extending for about three thousand miles,—is a condition of things which could not in reason be expected to continue, and which no amount of artificial straight-waistcoating on the part of our Tariff Reformers could have maintained in the long run.

If the idea that an extension of trade between Canada and the United States must draw the Dominion into the political orbit of its great neighbor were well founded, this process would already be manifest, as no force in this world could permanently prevent the growth of trade between these two populations. Indeed, there has never been, nor is there now, any political foundation for this hypothesis. The Canadian people are a very distinct political entity, and the sense of Canada's nationhood is what most impresses any visitor to that country. Whatever may have been the fears or hopes of those who years ago looked forward to Canada ultimately entering the Federation of the United States, I do not think that any statesman in either country would to-day, in spite of Mr. Champ Clark's misunderstood joke, seriously consider that eventuality as one worth discussing.

A number of prominent Canadians, some of them supporters of the Tariff Reform standpoint in this controversy, have effectively helped to dispose of the idea that Great Britain is likely to suffer seriously either from an economic or political standpoint in conse-

quence of the Reciprocity Agreement. According to the *Daily Mail* correspondent at Ottawa, in a telegram dated February 7, 1911, several Conservative newspapers in Canada considered that the Agreement was not only a good thing for the Dominion, but would do no harm to the Empire. Sir Donald Mann, Vice-President of the Canadian Northern Railway, goes as far as to say that the arrangement will benefit English trade, while Sir W. Mackenzie, president of that railway, repudiates the idea that the Agreement will throw Canada politically into the arms of the United States. He does not think that it will have any political effect whatever, and asserts that there will be no tendency under it to weaken the ties between the Dominion and the Mother Country. Sir W. Mackenzie does not believe that a large proportion of the Canadian wheat crop will be diverted to the south. The Americans, he says, now produce all the wheat they require, and if they import wheat from Canada, they will themselves have all the more to export.

It is not necessary to conclude, as many here do, that the increase of American trade means a diminution of British trade with Canada. In fact, the figures for the five years 1905-1909 show that the trade of this country and the United States with Canada has increased concurrently within that period. In a great number of products England cannot possibly compete with the United States in the Canadian market, as is evident when it is remembered that to a large extent Canada's imports from the United States consists of commodities such as agricultural produce, including breadstuffs, sugar, and raw tobacco; animal, fishery, and forest products; and minerals comprising coal, oils, and ores. In the matter of manufactures, the fact that the habits and conditions of

life of the Canadians are so similar to those of the States gives a great advantage to American manufacturers. The latter are already making articles for their own immense market which are equally suitable for Canadian requirements. The English manufacturer, on the other hand, is in a very different position, as, in order fully to meet the Canadian demand, he would have to establish special departments, new designs, models and patterns adapted to the local conditions of what is for him, up to the present, a relatively small market. When in Canada I heard many complaints of a certain want of adaptability on the part of British manufacturers to the requirements of their Canadian customers, and of an unwillingness either to study or to comply with local requirements, with the result that many merchants who preferred English goods owing to their superior workmanship were unable to sell them. Another advantage enjoyed by the American manufacturer is proximity to his customer, which enables both to enter more easily into direct personal relations.

To compensate for these natural disadvantages, English manufacturers will have to devote more money and thought to the establishment in Canada of stocks, warehouses, and other facilities with the object of enabling their customers readily to obtain supplies of spare parts and all those little details that mean so much in the conduct of industrial enterprises, and in the smooth working of their daily routine. Our firms would also need to organize a more energetic propaganda for British goods in the Dominion, and to take into account the necessity of relieving themselves as far as circumstances permit of the handicap imposed by the difference in currency and weights in Canada. They should accommodate themselves to Canadian requirements in those respects, and base

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their calculations on the dollar currency and on the short ton of 2000 lb., which is universally adopted on the North-American continent. There can be no doubt that a certain revision of the methods of British manufacturers in these respects would do much to increase the sale of English goods, the solidity and high quality of which are fully appreciated by the Canadians, who would be glad to do business with our firms in preference to any other if a greater attention to their requirements made it possible for them. There is a huge business awaiting our manufacturers in the Dominion, a vast country with unlimited resources, and a rapidly growing market, in which closer attention and greater energy will do far more to foster their trade than tariff crutches, with their paralyzing influence on enterprise.

Although it may be a long time before a state of absolute Free Trade comes into existence between the two great kindred States of North America, it is now quite clear that there the apostles of high protection have had their day. How far this swing of the pendulum may lead in the immediate future to a further demolition of tariff walls it is difficult to forecast. The moral effect, however, of the practical proof in both countries that the free exchange of products leads to greater prosperity and not to mutual destruction, cannot, if properly emphasized, be lost upon the intelligent democracies of the two most progressive States of the American Continent. All those who hold that an increase in the world's trade, the reduction of artificial barriers, and the most economic use of the varied potentialities of the earth are a gain for humanity must rejoice to think that a great step in the direction of universal Free Trade has been taken in the conclusion of the Reciprocity Agreement between Canada and the United States.

THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

The tercentenary of the publication of the Authorized Version of the Bible is an occasion that calls for grateful commemoration. Not only has the Authorized Version a rightful claim to be regarded as the first great English classic—not only, as Hallam admits, is it “the perfection of our English language” but its influence on the religious and social life of successive generations of English-speaking peoples at home, in the colonies, and in America can hardly be exaggerated. It is the purpose of the present paper to trace the history of this great Version and to consider its beneficent influence on the life and language of the English people.

It is a curious fact, as has been pointed out that the origin of this Version should have been of an incidental, almost an accidental, character. The Hampton Court Conference, it will be remembered, was held soon after the accession of James I. to consider “things pretended to be amiss in the Church.” On the second day of the Conference—Monday, January 16, 1604—Dr. Reynolds, the Puritan leader, the learned President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, suggested: “May your Majesty be pleased that the Bible be new translated, such as are extant not answering the original,” and he instanced two or three particulars. The Bishop of London broke in with the remark that “if every man’s humor be followed there would be no end of translating”; but the suggestion commended itself to the King. “I wish,” he said “some special pains were taken for an uniform translation, which should be done by the best-learned in both Universities, then reviewed by the Bishops, presented to the Privy Council, lastly ratified by Royal authority, to be read in the whole

Church, and no other.” He further added that no marginal notes should be added thereto, for, he said, “in the Geneva translation some notes are partial, untrue, seditious, and savoring of traitorous conceits.” The practical outcome of this debate was the appointment in 1607 of a body of revisers, some forty-seven in number, which was divided into six companies, of which two were to sit at Cambridge, two at Oxford, and two at Westminster. Many of the revisers are otherwise unknown to fame, but the company included the saintly Dean Andrewes, afterwards Bishop of Winchester; Dean Overall, the author of the latter portion of the Church Catechism; Dr. Reynolds, in some sense “the father of the Version”; Dr. Saravia, the friend of Hooker; Dr. Abbott, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; Dr. Barlow, the historian of the Hampton Court Conference; Dr. Miles Smith, who wrote “the learned and religious preface to the translation”; and Mr. Bedwell, of Cambridge, the tutor of the famous Oriental scholar, Pococke. But few details as to the exact order of procedure have come down to us, and never perhaps, as Dr. Scrivener says, has a great enterprise of a like nature been carried out with less knowledge handed down to posterity of the laborers, their method, and manner of working. We learn, however, that the work of revision occupied two years and nine months, and some time in 1611, “after long expectation and great desire,” says Fuller, the new Version was published. Here again it is curious that we do not know the exact date of publication. There were, it appears, two distinct issues of the work in 1611, but the precise date of neither is known, and it has even been

a matter of much dispute as to which was the earlier. The number of slightly variant copies still extant seems to show that the original publication cannot have been made very late in the year; and beyond that, writes Dr. Kenyon of the British Museum in a letter, it is not possible to go. It may be, as some have suggested, that the record of the publication was destroyed in the Great Fire.

Among the rules laid down for the guidance of the revisers was the following: "The ordinary Bible read in the Church, commonly called the Bishops' Bible, to be followed and as little altered as the truth of the Original will permit. . . . These translations to be used when they agree better with the text than the Bishops' Bible: Tindale's, Matthews', Coverdale's, Whitchurch's [*i.e.* the Great Bible], Geneva." And that they strictly followed their instructions is clear. In their Preface, now unfortunately often omitted in modern copies of the Authorized Version, while the fulsome dedication to King James is retained, the revisers say: "Truly, good Christian reader we never thought, from the beginning, that we should need to make a new translation, nor yet to make of a bad one a good one . . . but to make a good one better or out of many good ones one principal good one, not justly to be excepted against—that hath been our endeavor, that our mark." And it is to this principle that the Authorized Version owes its unrivalled merits. It was the very aim of the revisers to appropriate the chief excellences of each former version with which they were acquainted. It has thus come to pass, as Trench says, that our Version, "like a costly mosaic," besides having its own felicities, is the inheritor of the successes in language of all the translations which went before. Indeed, so anxious were the revisers to profit by existing translations

that they did not decline to use the Rheimish Version, and from that source we get the felicitous phrase, "the ministry of reconciliation," and the happy rendering, "a profane person," in the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

But though King James's translators made good use of the various English Versions which during the preceding eighty-five years had followed that of Tyndale in 1526, yet Tyndale's translation remains the foundation of our Authorized Version. Indeed, every English Version that had since appeared was a mere revision or correction of Tyndale's Bible. "It is agreed on all hands," writes Professor Cook in the "Cambridge History of English Literature," "that the English of the Authorized Version is, in essentials, that of Tyndale's. Minor modifications were made by translators and revisers for the next eighty years or so; but, broadly speaking the Authorized Version is Tyndale's." In connection with this point the singularly beautiful passage in Froude's "History of England" must be quoted

Of the translation itself (he writes), though since that time it has been many times revised and altered, we may say that it is substantially the Bible with which we are all familiar. The peculiar genius—if such a word may be permitted—which breathes through it, the mingled tenderness and majesty, the Saxon simplicity—the preternatural grandeur—unequalled, unapproached, in the attempted improvements of modern scholars—all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man—William Tyndale. Lying, while engaged in that great office, under the shadow of death, the sword above his head and ready at any moment to fall, he worked, under circumstances alone perhaps truly worthy of the task which was laid upon him—his spirit, as it were, divorced from the world, moved in a purer element than common air.

In what sense King James's Bible came to be called the Authorized Version has been much disputed, for, though the words "Appointed to be read in Churches" appeared upon the title-page, yet there is no evidence to show that the Version was ever publicly sanctioned by Convocation or by Parliament, or by Privy Council, or by the King. It appears, however, that the new Version speedily superseded the Bishops' Bible (which was not again reprinted) as the official version of the Scriptures in public worship, although the Geneva Bible continued for some time longer to be "the familiar volume of the fireside and the closet." At length by virtue of its own inherent superiority, it gained a general currency, and from the middle of the seventeenth century the Authorized Version has remained "the undisputed Bible" of the English people. And that it deserved the place to which by its own merits it attained is nowhere better recognized than in the Preface to the Revised Version of the New Testament, published in 1881. The revisers, who included such men as Lightfoot, Westcott, Hort, Ellicott, Scrivener, Tregelles, and Vaughan, there say: "We have had to study this great Version (the A. V.) carefully and minutely, line by line; and the longer we have been engaged upon it the more we have learned to admire its simplicity, its dignity, its power, its happy turns of expression, its general accuracy, and, we must not forget to add, the music of its cadences and the felicities of its rhythm." Similar testimony to the marvellous beauty of the language has been borne by many distinguished writers. Archbishop Trenchard and no one is more qualified to speak on this aspect of the Authorized Version than the author of "The Study of Words"—declares that the language is "nearly as perfect as possible." All the words used, he says, are of "the

noblest stamp, alike removed from vulgarity and pedantry; they are neither too familiar, nor, on the other side, not familiar enough; they never crawl on the ground, as little are they stilted and far-fetched." In like manner the Roman Catholic Faber, in a passage of high eloquence thus speaks of the Authorized Version:

It lives on the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert scarcely knows how he can forego. . . . The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. It is the representative of a man's best moments; all that there is about him of soft and gentle and pure and penitent and good speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing which doubt never dimmed and controversy never soiled; and in the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.

The influence of the Bible on the religious and social life of the people, and on the English language can scarcely be overestimated. Its popularity, as John Richard Green has pointed out, had been growing fast from the day when the copies of the Great Bible had been set up in St. Paul's Cathedral. Even then we are told:

many well-disposed people used much to resort to the hearing thereof, especially when they could get any that had an audible voice to read to them. . . . One John Porter used sometimes to be occupied in that godly exercise, to the edifying of himself as well as others. This Porter was a fresh young man and of a big stature, and great multitudes would resort thither to hear him, because he could read well and had an audible voice.

As time went on the repeated revisions of the Bible had helped to make men more familiar with the text. The

Bible became at length a national possession. "No other book has so penetrated and permeated the hearts and speech of the English race as has the Bible. What Homer was to the Greeks and the Koran to the Arabs, that, or something not unlike it," says Professor Cook, "the Bible has become to the English." Its influence is alike supreme on the literature, on the social life, and on the religious instincts of the English people.

It is generally allowed by all competent authorities that the Authorized Version of the Bible is the first great English classic. With the exception of a few forgotten tracts of Wyclif, all the prose literature of England, wrote John Richard Green, has grown up since Tyndale's translation of the Scriptures (the foundation of the Authorized Version) was made. "So far as the nation at large was concerned, no history, no romance, hardly any poetry save the little-known verse of Chaucer existed in the English tongue when the Bible was ordered to be set up in churches." And considered simply as a "literary monument" it will be allowed that "the English version of the Bible remains the noblest example of the English tongue." "The English of the Authorized Version," says Dr. Kenyon, "is the finest specimen of our prose literature at a time when English prose wore its stateliest and most majestic form." Lord Macaulay, in his Essay on John Dryden, bears similar testimony. He speaks of "that stupendous work, the English Bible, a book which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power." And that the English Version, especially of the New Testament, which bears in particular the impress of the genius of Tyndale, is a greater literary work than the original

Greek will again be generally allowed. Lord Tennyson, we are told in his biography, would sometimes insist on this point. Some parts of the New Testament, he would say, are finer in English than in Greek, especially in the Apocalypse; and he would instance the passage, "And again they said Alleluia: and her smoke rose up for ever and ever." Magnificent conception, he would say—darkness and fire rolling together, for ever and ever! Or he would quote with boundless admiration the opening passage of the tenth chapter, "And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire." Mr. Lionel Tollemache tells us that one day Benjamin Jowett praised to him the Authorized Version of the New Testament, which he regarded as sometimes, especially in the Apocalypse, superior to the Greek original. By way of illustration Jowett repeated the text, "And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." As he quoted these magnificent words, says Mr. Tollemache, "his voice betrayed more of saintly emotion than I ever observed in it before or since."

The influence of the Authorized Version upon subsequent English literature has been considerable. This influence is seen in diction, of which perhaps Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" affords the most remarkable example, in quotations, in incidental allusions, and in the numberless scriptural phrases which have passed into colloquial language. When Spenser and Shakespeare quote the Bible it is not, of course, the Version of 1611, and the same is true of most of Bacon's allusions, and of many of John Milton's.

Still, as we have seen, the Authorized Version is simply the result of a succession of revisions, of which Tynedale's incomparable translation forms the basis. Hence, as regards the literary importance of the Bible, these supreme writers need not be excluded from its influence. And that Shakespeare was intimately acquainted with the Bible has been abundantly demonstrated. Spenser, we are told, carefully studied the prophetic writings before he wrote the "Faerie Queen." In twenty-four of his essays alone Bacon has more than seventy allusions to the Bible. Milton's stately and organ-sounding prose, as well as his immortal poems, are impregnated with the phraseology of the English Bible. So, too, with other great writers. The works of Addison, the "Seasons" of James Thomson, the "Night Thoughts" of Edward Young, the poems of Alexander Pope, abound in Scriptural allusions, and that, as Dean Farrar once said, in their most beautiful and impressive passages. When the poor poet, William Collins, had withdrawn from study, he travelled about, Dr. Johnson tells us, with no other book than an English Testament such as children carry to school. When his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, the poet said, "I have but one book, but that book is the best."

Considerable, however, as has been the influence of the Authorized Version on English literature, its effect has been not less conspicuous on social life and education. It has shown itself in a thousand ways. And in none perhaps more strikingly than in the ordinary speech of the people. The language of the seventeenth century is colored by the phraseology of the Authorized Version. When Oliver Cromwell beheld the rising sun dissolving the morning mists that hung over the

hills of Dunbar, he exclaimed, "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered!" The characters in Bunyan's numerous works all talk in Bible language. We perhaps hardly realize how widely scriptural expressions have become incorporated in modern phraseology. Professor Cook has gathered a number together, from which the following, by way of illustration, may be selected: "highways and hedges," "clear as crystal," "still small voice," "hip and thigh," "lick the dust," "broken reed," "sweat of his brow," "root of all evil," "the fat of the land," "dark sayings," "a soft answer," "moth and rust," "weighed in the balance and found wanting." Or, turning to another aspect of Bible influence, what a potent force the Authorized Version has been in the matter of education! It will be remembered that Ruskin attributed any merit his writings possessed to the fact of his early training in Bible literature. "All that I have taught of Art," he says, "everything that I have written, whatever greatness there has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has simply been due to the fact that, when I was a child, my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart." Daniel Webster the great American orator, bears similar testimony: "If there be anything in my style or thoughts to be commended," he says, "the credit is due to my kind parents in instilling into my mind an early love of the Scripture." The same influence, we are told, played an equally important part in the early education of Walt Whitman and of Abraham Lincoln. For the Bible, as J. A. Froude reminds us in his sketch of John Bunyan in the "English Men of Letters" series, "is a literature in itself—the rarest and the richest in all departments of thought or imagination which exists." Regarded simply

as a means of education, what more glowing testimony to the value of the Bible would it be possible to obtain than the following passage by Professor Huxley in the "Contemporary Review" for December 1870:

Consider (he says) the great historical fact that for three centuries this book has been woven into the life of all that is best and noblest in English history; that it has become the national epic of Britain, and is familiar to noble and simple from John o' Groat's House to Land's End, as Dante and Tasso were once to the Italians; that it is written in the noblest and purest English, and abounds in exquisite beauties of a merely literary form; and, finally, that it forbids the veriest hind who never left his village to be ignorant of the existence of other countries and other civilizations, and of a great past, stretching back to the furthest limits of the oldest nations of the world.

By the study of what other book (he adds) could children be so much humanized, and made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between two eternities, and earns the blessings or the curses of all times, according to its efforts to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work?

But great as has been the value of the Authorized Version from a literary and social standpoint, and as a means of education, its religious significance has been far greater. For three centuries it has been the Bible of the English race, irrespective of sect or party, of Church or community. "The Bible," said Chillingworth—and the words are inscribed on his monument in Salisbury Cathedral—"the Bible is the religion of Protestants." It has been the Bible alike of Anglican and Nonconformist, of Presbyterian and Episcopalian, of High Churchman and Evangelical. Men of such different

ideals as George Fox and George Herbert and John Wesley have been at one in their reverence for its sacred page. The Puritan, the Sacerdotalist, and the Latitudinarian have all recognized its Divine authority. "Men of saintly lives like Bishop Morley and Thomas Ken, men of science like Newton and Clerk-Maxwell, men of action like Havelock and Gordon, philanthropists like Wilberforce and Shaftesbury, Churchmen of every school—Simeon, Pusey, Arnold, Maurice, Liddon, Lightfoot—have humbly, diligently, prayerfully, steeped themselves in the writings of the Bible. They found there," says the Bishop of Winchester, "what no other book could supply." When Peabody was an old man—it is the late Dean Farrar who, in one of his addresses, tells the story—he was sitting one day in his office near the Royal Exchange, and, for some reason, a boy brought into the room a copy of the New Testament. Peabody looked up from his ledger. "Ah! my lad," he said, "you carry that book very easily now, but when you are as old as I am, you will find it will be the only thing that can support and carry you." It may be remembered that, when his son went as a colonist to Australia, Charles Dickens placed in his trunk a copy of the Bible, and afterwards wrote to him:

I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reason and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child, because it is the best book that ever was or will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be faithful and truthful to duty can possibly be guided.

In a not dissimilar strain Sir Walter Scott wrote in one of his Bibles the following lines:

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries,
Happiest he of human race
To whom God has given grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To point to Heaven, and learn the way;
And better had he ne'er been born
Who reads to doubt, or reads to scorn.

When the great novelist lay dying, he said to his son-in-law, "Bring me the Book." "What book?" asked Lockhart. "Need you ask?" replied Sir Walter; "there is but one." In the same spirit the saintly Silurian poet, Henry Vaughan thus addresses the sacred volume:

Living, thou wert my soul's sure ease,
And dying mak'st me go in peace;
Thy next effects no tongue can tell;
Farewell, O book of God, farewell!

Not less deeply has the Bible appealed to the heart of the poor. Huxley has spoken of it as "the Magna Charta of the poor and the oppressed." Probably no lines in "The Cottar's Saturday Night," as it has been said, have so much endeared Scotland's national poet to his countrymen as the picture of the family, "the cherfu' supper done," gathering around the "priest-like father," who, "his bonnet rev'rently laid aside," opens "the big ha'-Bible" and "reads the sacred page." But the power and interest of these verses is entirely due to the peculiar and unrivalled place held by the Bible in the hearts of the British people. Its message of encouragement and hope appeals to their feelings. There have been thousands who have found comfort and inspiration, amid the difficulties of life, because like Cowper's pious cottager, they

Just know, and know no more, their
Bible true.

"In the poorest cottage," said Thomas Carlyle, "is one Book, wherein the spirit of man has found light and nourishment, and an interpreting response

to whatever is deepest in him." "In this Book," says the aged grandmother, in Tennyson's poem—"In this Book, little Annie, the message is one of peace."

It is the tercentenary of the publication of this volume that we are this year celebrating. This year will also witness the august ceremony of the Coronation of the King, part of which bears eloquent testimony to the supreme position the Bible holds in the conscience of the English people. When the Sovereign is crowned in the great Abbey of Westminster a copy of the Bible is laid upon the Holy Table, and from thence is taken by the Archbishop and placed in the hands of the newly crowned King with these solemn words:

Our gracious Sovereign! We present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that the world affords. Here is wisdom; this is the royal law; these are the lively oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that keep the words of this Book; that keep and do the things contained in it. For these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation; and so happy for evermore, through faith which is in Christ Jesus; to whom be glory for ever. Amen.

And the Book has not lost its ancient power. Its influence is as great to-day as when, three hundred and fifty years ago, Queen Elizabeth entered London for her Coronation, and the Corporation, as the best gift they could offer her, presented her in Cheapside with a copy of the English Bible. She kissed it, "thanking the City for their goodly gift," and saying she "would diligently read therein." There are still, in the language of Milton, "no songs to be compared with the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the Prophets, and no politics equal to those the Scriptures can teach us."

Indeed, if the Reformation was, as it has been well said, the re-discovering of the Bible, the same is true, in an even wider and deeper sense, of modern scholarship and criticism. The Bible speaks to us to-day in a clearer and more unfaltering voice than it spoke to our forefathers.

We no longer need to read the Bible (as the eloquent Bishop of Ripon has well said) with the blinds of our intelligence half drawn down. We no longer open the pages of the Prophets with the feeling that we are to force ourselves, as once seemed necessary, into a mental attitude, which was a strange mixture of anxious devoutness and a pained sense of a lack of completeness . . . while our intellectual honesty compelled us to feel that we did not really understand when we had read.

For centuries (writes the learned Bishop of Winchester) the Prophets have been ignored as mysterious oracles.

The Cornhill Magazine.

cles, honored and valued merely for the precious texts and sayings which sparkled like rare and brilliant gems upon the dim, obscure surface of an unexplored literature. Modern scholarship has laid bare their intimate relation to the political and social problems of the day. . . . There has been no more helpful, no more stimulating exegetical work done by modern critical scholars than the treatment of the Prophets by Driver, George Adam Smith, Kirkpatrick, and Ottley.

The words of King James's revisers, in 1611, have gained force in the course of centuries: "If we be ignorant, the Scriptures will instruct us; if out of the way, they will bring us home; if out of order, they will reform us; if in heaviness, comfort us; if dull, quicken us; if cold, inflame us. *Tolle, lege; Tolle lege.*"

John Vaughan.

THE WILD HEART.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

CHAPTER XV.

When Saturday evening came David asked Tamsine suddenly if they were to carry out the plan originally proposed, and if he should either walk with her to church or carry her books home for her at the conclusion of the service.

"Not this Sunday, I think," said Tamsine hesitatingly. "I don't like to start walkin' with you reg'lar till father an' mother knows somethin' about it. There, 'tisn't a thing one can very well write about—but I'm expectin' father to come over next week to see Sam. Sam don't take no notice o' his letters, so father says he'll just come an' fetch him. He's got the promise of a trap from a neighbor. I'd ha' sent Cornick to fetch him, but I

don't want to seem to drive Sam too hard."

"All right," said David. "I'll wait a bit."

In his heart he was not ill-pleased. If his public courtship of Tamsine were to begin too soon what would Martha think of his protestations of fidelity? He could not allow Tamsine to be identified with the object of his affections without entirely betraying his dangerous secret.

"But I'd like ye to go to church, ye know, David," resumed the girl, in her soft voice; "you an' me can worship together, though we midn't kneel side by side."

"Miss Strange in her pew up at top," said David, smiling, "an' me down near the porch? Nay, Tamsine;

"I'll wait till us can be together."

Tamsine looked at him wistfully, but the timidity of which she was sometimes conscious when in David's presence forbade her uttering the protest on her lips.

Mrs. Cornick was not a very great churchgoer; she generally confined herself to the donning of a Sabbath gown a trifle less rusty in complexion than the every-day one, an apron of immaculate whiteness, and the perusal of a battered copy of "Enquire Within About Everything," with a most sanctimonious expression of countenance. Now and then she "stepped down" to see her daughter Annie, but rarely, for Mrs. Cornick abhorred any unnecessary exertion, and preferred to visit her former home on a week-day, when Tim could give her "a lift" in the cart.

Tamsine was the more astonished when on the following Sunday afternoon she beheld her housekeeper arrayed in bonnet and shawl and prayer-book in hand.

"Goin' to church, Mrs. Cornick?"

"'Ees, my dear, I be just goin' to step down-along. 'Tis a beautiful afternoon, an' I d' 'low the walk 'ull do me good. I do always like to visit my place o' worship when I can," said Mrs. Cornick with a sigh, as though her absences from church on other occasions were absolutely unavoidable.

Tamsine stood in the doorway watching the unwieldy figure roll across the yard, its trailing skirts gathering a fringe of chaff, small twigs, and other extraneous objects as it proceeded. By-and-by even the limp feather on the top of the battered bonnet had disappeared from view, and the girl found herself alone. She, too, strolled across the yard, stood a moment hesitating at the gate, and then slowly climbed the shoulder of the down in obedience to some restless impulse. A lark was singing in the cloudless sky; down in her own yard

the fowls were lazily clucking, while a young calf bleated occasionally from an inner shed. Looking back at the homestead, she could see the smoke from her kitchen chimney ascending perpendicularly, for there was not the slightest breath of air stirring; Carlo lay curled up on the doorstep. Everything was still, and at rest, except something in her own heart—a formless anxiety, a longing, a foreboding. There was something in David which she could not understand, something untameable, unfathomable. Sometimes, when seated at her feet, looking up at her with adoring eyes, she would see the expression of those eyes change, and a wild look come into them, such a look as may be observed in the eyes of a bird when about to take wing. Tender and considerate as his manner always was with her, having in it, indeed, at times an element of reverence, she felt that something in him eluded her. To-day, for instance, why had he not granted her request—why had he withheld from her the satisfaction of knowing that, though they knelt apart, their hearts worshipped in common? What was he doing now?

She was standing amid a clump of furze, the distinctive perfume of the blossoms filling her nostrils, her own figure, in its pink dress, emerging flower-like from the dark irregular growth, when faint sounds fell upon her ear. Low piping notes, which were produced by no bird, as she well knew, but which closely imitated the whistle of a blackbird; she recognized David's familiar signal. She turned quickly, but could descry no one; yet presently the call came again, and was repeated, now, as it seemed, in one place and now in another; she was beginning to ask herself whether the piping of a real bird had not played her imagination this trick, when from a clump of gorse but twenty yards away David's laughing face protruded itself,

and in another moment he stood by her side.

"Didn't I puzzle ye nicely?" he asked. "Ye couldn't for the life of ye guess where I was, could ye?"

"Were you in the bush all the time?" asked she, with some displeasure.

"No, not all the time. When you was lookin' for me in one direction, I did slip across behind your back. 'Ees, out here if I did want to hide myself, I d' 'low 'twould be easy enough."

"I wish ye wouldn't say such things," she rejoined in a troubled voice; "they mid come true some day. What were ye doin' up here—watchin' out for me?"

"Partly," said he; then with a mischievous smile he produced something from his pocket which he put into her hand; a noose of fine wire working with a slip knot.

"What is it?" she asked.

"'Tis a gin," he rejoined—"a snare for takin' rabbits an' such like."

"Oh, David, an' what are ye goin' to do with it?"

"Put it in my pocket to sarve me some other time," he replied. "I've set two or three more in likely places," he added. "I'm in hopes o' catchin' a leveret for that poor old body, Miss Strickland. There, she do never taste a bit o' meat from one week's end to another."

"How can you be so wicked, David?" cried Tamsine, in a shocked voice. "Poachin's bad enough at any time, but to go poachin' on a Sunday of all days!"

"There's not so many people about on Sundays," he returned; "an' ye'll never make me think 'tis wicked, my maid, to catch the little wild things that are swarmin' up here on the downs, when there's folks in want of a meal."

Tamsine, recovering somewhat from the first shock of the discovery, now gazed at him earnestly:—

"You'll break my heart if you do take up wi' bad ways, David," she said. "'Tisn't right, whatever ye may say—if 'twas right there wouldn't be laws again' it; an' 'tis worse to do wrong of a Sunday." Her voice trembled, and there were tears in her eyes.

David laughed again, but very kindly.

"Ye be a good maid—just about!" he said. "Well, for your sake I'll go an' pick up those snares—but it do seem a pity. There, there was one place just over yonder, t'other side of the copse, where I could see bits o' fur a-stickin' to the furze, an' the moss underneath was actually warm. A hare must ha' been layin' there a few minutes afore I did come up. 'Twould ha' made a fine supper for old Jane Strickland."

"But whatever could she think if you was to bring it home?" cried Tamsine quickly. "David, can't ye see 'twould ha' got ye into trouble if ye had done it? I can't think how ye can run such risks when ye're in such danger as it is."

"She mid ha' thought I ketched it up here on your farm," returned he indifferently. "I mid put a gin or two down t'other side o' the hedge an' satisfy ye that way. I suppose Miss Strange 'ull give me leave to catch a rabbit or two on her land?"

"No, no!" cried the girl desperately. "Leave the game alone if ye love me, David. I don't want ye to be seen wi' gins or guns or anything o' the kind—I don't want ye to think o' them—they're dangerous every way. Oh, David, can't ye make yourself happy wi'out such things?"

He gazed at her thoughtfully, and then slowly drew from his pocket five or six nooses such as the one he had already shown her, and a twist of wire similar to that of which they had been made.

"There," he said; "take 'em an'

throw 'em in the fire while I go an' get the others."

"Oh, thank ye, David!" murmured Tamsine, so fervently that he smiled again.

"Ye be the simplest maid that ever walked this earth," he said, "an' the best. Ye shall have your way."

Before the wire had been consumed in the very heart of Tamsine's glowing Sunday fire, David stood by her side on the hearth, having dropped the four nooses which he had previously set on the downs likewise into the red cavern.

"Do ye know," he said, "there was a rabbit in one of 'em? Yes, caught as nice as could be. When I did feel it jumpin' under my hand I tell ye it did cost me summat to let it go again—but I did—along o' you."

"Well, I thank you for that," rejoined she, "an' I'm sure I'm glad the poor little thing got off. I can't imagine what pleasure it could be to anybody to kill a poor little innocent beast what never did nobody any harm."

"There isn't much pleasure in killin' of 'em when they're caught that way in gins," agreed David. "The only pleasure there is layin' the snare so cunning' they're not like to see it—but nearly anybody could do that. No, I'll agree there's more fun when the bird or beast has a chance for its life. Wi' a good dog now—when you see the hare or the rabbit doublin' an' twistin' in an' out, back an' forth—an' maybe gettin' off in the end—or to shoot a bird what's flyin' full tilt—yes, that's worth doin'—anythin's worth doin' that's hard to do."

The peculiar look had returned to his eyes again; he flung up his arms, curving his forefinger as though pulling an imaginary trigger.

"David!" cried Tamsine. Then in an instant he turned to her, his face full of remorseful tenderness.

"There; 'twas but a fancy, an' 'tis

gone. My poachin' days are over, maidle. Ye'll drive away the memory o' them jist as you've drove away everythin' else that was bad from my heart. Now, sit ye down an' let's do a bit o' coortin' here by the fireside—that's to be *our* fireside one o' these days. 'Tis church-time, an' nobody 'ull come next or nigh us for an hour or more."

"I wish you'd gone to church once to-day," said Tamsine impulsively; then, after a pause she added shyly, "Shall I read ye a chapter, David?"

"If ye like," said he.

She got out the great Bible with its worn leather cover, the title-page of which bore sundry family chronicles, the last record being that of her aunt's death set down in Uncle Cosh's sprawling writing.

"The next 'ull be our weddin'," said David.

"No, I can't put it down there," answered Tamsine, flushing. "I wouldn't dare write your real name, an' 'twould be wrong to put down a false one."

David gazed at her reflectively, but made no remark, and Tamsine somewhat hurriedly opened the book.

"What shall I read?" she added.

As he continued to contemplate her without speaking, she repeated her question, and then he roused himself and took the book from her.

"Let's see—about Jacob and Rachel maybe—I like that. A man in those days was much the same as a man now. So soon as he did catch sight of her, ye see, he lost his heart to her."

"Ye shouldn't say such things," cried Tamsine, deeply scandalized. "'Twas God directed him."

"Well, an' isn't there a sayin' about marriages bein' made in heaven? But we won't have that if ye don't like it."

He turned over the pages musingly, reading a line or two aloud here and there:—"Rachel was beautiful and well-

favoured, and Jacob loved Rachel; and said, I will serve thee seven years for Rachel thy younger daughter. That's nice, too."

"It's all good," said Tamsine.

She was sitting watching him with a face reverently composed and hands folded in her lap.

David continued to turn over the well-thumbed pages.

"No, let's have this," he cried suddenly:—"Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes within thy locks"—read me that," he said.

Tamsine took the book from him and obediently read the fourth chapter of the Song of Solomon. Her voice was very soft and low and if she occasionally paused to have a good look at an unusual word, she did not stumble or mispronounce as another girl of her class might have done.

David sat a few paces away from her, his chin sunk in his hands, his eyes fixed on her face.

When she had concluded he straightened himself and smiled.

"Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely," he repeated; "that's true, anyhow."

Tamsine looked up, startled.

"David—you weren't thinkin' o' me all the time?"

"Who else?" rejoined he. "It moid all ha' been wrote about you."

Tamsine's religious education had been of the simplest order, and it is doubtful if she had ever heard of the symbolic meaning of the words which she had been reading; but she was nevertheless shocked at David's attitude of mind. She put away the Bible in silence and with a flushed face, and he said with a quick change of tone:

"You're a bit put out to hear me talk like that."

"No," returned she doubtfully, "but it doesn't seem to be quite right.

The Bible's a holy book, an' when I do read it to ye it did ought to make ye think o' holy things—not what I look like or how my voice sounds."

"You be a holy thing to me," said David.

He took his cap, and paused a moment by her side.

"I'm goin' now," he said. "'Tis gettin' on for milkin' time, an' 'twouldn't do for Pike an' Cornick to find me here. I'll go an' lie out there on the downs in the lewth o' that clump o' gorse where you were standin' jist now—I'll lie there an' think o' you, an' you can sit down to your little organ an' think o' me while ye be playin'. If ye do leave the windows open I'll hear ye now an' again. I d' 'low 'tis as good a way o' spendin' Sunday as any other."

He paused a moment longer, then kissed her gently and was gone.

Tamsine, still puzzled but strangely moved, opened the little harmonium and went through all her simple repertoire. Sometimes she sang the hymns, sometimes she contented herself with playing the tune, endeavoring to fix her attention the while on the words which remained unuttered. Nevertheless, in spite of herself, her imagination conjured up the image of David—David lying prone on the sunny sward, gazing upwards at the blue heavens and thinking of her.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mrs. Cornick's entrance roused Tamsine with a start. That good woman, throwing herself into a chair, loosed the strings of her bonnet and mopped her heated brow; then, fixing her eyes on the girl she remarked with a portentous air:—

"I've a-heerd summat down to Chudbury—summat a bit queer—jist about!"

"What?" asked Tamsine, with a gasp and a paling face. Supposing that

her secret had been discovered. She gazed at Mrs. Cornick with a guilty expression.

"Do you know nothin' about it? There, I could scarce believe my daughter Annie when she did first tell I. Thinks I, I'll go an' see for myself. Ye mid think 'twere somethin' unus'al as took me to Chudbury such a martial hot day, an' me so troubled wi' my breath. But 'twas for your sake I done it."

"But what is it?" repeated Tamsine, now intensely puzzled, though the opening words of Mrs. Cornick's speech had relieved her apprehensions on her own score.

The other continued to polish her face with a pocket-handkerchief still folded in its original square, and to rock herself a little in her chair, partly as a tribute to the heat of the day, and partly to the gravity of the situation.

"Says I to Annie, 'Tis my dooty,' I did say, 'to find out if there's truth in this report. I wouldn't like to go an' worrit poor Tamsine Strange wi' jist a bit o' ord'nary gossip'—folks do talk so much hereabouts about nothink—but if there's truth in it,' says I, 'the girl ought to know, for I'm afeerd she'll hold herself to blame.'"

"I wish you'd speak out, Mrs. Cornick," cried Tamsine, exasperated.

"Well, my dear, I be a-speakin' out so plain as I can. There, I do assure ye, when I did see the pair o' them a-walkin, down the path in front o' me so bold as brass, an' a-singin' out o' the same book an' all, I did say to myself, 'Tis a reg'lar Jezzybel'—an' her a good six or seven year older nor him, mind ye."

"You're talkin' o' Sam, I suppose," cried Tamsine, aghast—"but who—who's the woman?"

"Why, who but the Widow West—an' her husband murdered an' all. A body 'ud think she'd know better nor take up wi' a whipper-snapper of a lad,

wi'out so much as a hair on his face—that's to say," added Mrs. Cornick, correcting herself, "wi' not more nor a few dozen, an' them not worth shavin'. I should never have believed it, if I hadn't seed it wi' my very own eyes. There she was, dressed out in a flowered musling—her what did never wear nothin' but black since Keeper West was killed, as was but becomin'—an' all her red hair done up fashionable, an' a white hat same as a maid mid have. An' there was Measter Sam wi' a girt stiff shirt collar tryin' his best to look like a man."

"Sam coortin' Mrs. West!" ejaculated Tamsine, still incredulously.

"Ah, my dear, they've been at it some days, what's more," rejoined Mrs. Cornick. "There, Mrs. Frizzle mentioned to me the other day, when I went down to buy a packet o' starch, that Mrs. West had left off her deep. 'Tis all colors now, Mrs. Cornick,' says she. 'She've a-hunted out the frocks what she did wear when her an' keeper was first married, an' they d' say she be gettin' a new musling in Branston for Sundays.' 'Never,' says I. 'Ees,' says she; 'that's what comes o' havin' two young men lodgin' i' the house,' says she. Well, I thought no more on it at the time, reck'ning that she were a-settin' o' her cap at Davidge—that had ha' been suitable enough—but to think o' its being Sam! It do seem downright unnait'ral."

"'Tis only a bit o' nonsense," said Tamsine quickly. Mrs. Cornick's last words had made her wince, and she had turned her back hurriedly, busy-ing herself in mending the fire, though it needed no such ministrations.

Mrs. Cornick turned over the handkerchief, refreshing herself with another polish with the reverse side of the folded slab.

"Well, I mid ha' thought 'twas nonsense if it wasn't for the 'ooman's goin's on, but to see her dressing her-

self out like that, an' handin' her books to the lad to carry, an' smiling at en! Annie says to me, says she, 'Mother,' she says, 'I shouldn't wonder a bit if Mrs. West an' Sam Strange wasn't sittin' hand i' hand durin' the sermon!'"

Having paused to allow the full effect of this dark surmise to penetrate into Tamsine's mind, the matron inquired what was going to be done about it.

"My father's comin' over next Sunday," returned Tamsine distantly; though the tidings perturbed her very much, she resented Mrs. Cornick having purveyed them. "He'll see about it."

Mrs. Cornick shook her head. "'Tis nat'r'al enough for ye to feel ann'ed, my dear. 'Twas on your account your brother did come here, wasn't it? An' I'm sure I do feel pure sorry he did fall out wi' ye along o' not beln' able to agree wi' my son—but ye did choose for the best when it did come to makin' a ch'ice. 'Ees, 'twas a pity the lad did leave his father's roof."

Tamsine dropped the poker with a clatter and turned round—

"You seem to think it's my fault," she was beginning angrily, when the other cut her short with a protest.

"No, my dear, I never said no such thing. I'm only wishful to advise ye for the best. Ye see, I did always say as Sam couldn't choose a more respectable lodgin' nor Miss Strickland's—an' I do feel sorry to think 'twas on Tim's account he did leave this house; an' if your father don't come till Sunday, as like as not Sam an' Mrs. West 'ull ha' made it up to get married—an' then there'll be no forcin' him to change his mind. An' of course 'tisn't what your family 'ud wish, I shouldn't think, an' it 'ud be a pity for a boy-chap same as him to go an' tie hisself up to a 'ooman so much older—an' he'd have her old aunt to keep, too. They midn't always be able to find lodgers, an'

Miss Strickland be pretty nigh past her work as 'tis—an' o' course wi' a young fam'ly comin' there wouldn't be no rooms to let by-an'-by."

Mrs. Cornick had rambled on, still polishing her face at intervals, the necessity for this operation arising as much from stress of mind as from heat, and gazing at Tamsine with eyes full of honest perplexity. "I d' 'low Mr. Strange couldn't get over before next Sunday, could he?" she inquired in conclusion.

"Father can't get away," rejoined Tamsine, much troubled; "he can't leave his work. Mother mid come, but 'twouldn't be much use. She told me when Sam did come here as she hoped I'd be able to manage him better nor she could. Sam was gettin' above himself before he left home."

"There'd be no use in tryin' to persuade your brother to come back here, would there?" asked the old woman. Then, as Tamsine shook her head, "Well, why not get Mrs. West to come an' bide for a week an' help wi' the sewin', same as she did do a few year back."

"Get Mrs. West to come here!" faltered Tamsine aghast. "Oh, I couldn't," she added quickly—"I couldn't have her here."

"Well, I can't think whatever you've got agen the widow West," said Mrs. Cornick indignantly. "I don't say 'tis so very well done of her to carry on wi' your brother—but there, 'tis but a young 'ooman, an' I suppose 'tisn't nat'r'al to expect a young 'ooman to go on frettin' for ever. She've suffered enough i' her life, that's one thing."

The girl's face changed: it was true the widow West had suffered, and now that Tamsine's own lot was bound up in David's, she felt in a manner responsible for his fault. Yet it was this fault which made the idea of Martha's company intolerable to her.

"You could get them new curtains

made up," continued Mrs. Cornick persuasively; "an' the sheets do want turnin' terrible bad."

"I don't think she'd agree," said Tamsine unwillingly.

"There'd be no harm i' tryin'," said Mrs. Cornick doggedly. "I do seem to feel my conscience troubled about it. If I'd a-let ye stop his goin' to Miss Strickland's 'twouldn't ha' happened. I do feel sorry, too, to think of his fallin' out wi' Tim. I can't but think 'twould be the savin' o' your brother to get her up here—I don't fancy he'd care about comin' here to look arter her, an' if the widow was out o' his way, he m'd very well cool down afore his father do come an' be more like to hear reason. He has but jist taken up wi' the 'ooman, an' lads o' his age do pop in an' out o' love so quick as rabbits in an out o' their burrows."

Tamsine squeezed her hands together and bit her lip in the intensity of her thought. No proposition could have been more distasteful to her; yet if Mrs. Cornick's conscience was troubled on Sam's account, how much greater was her responsibility?

"I don't think she'd come now," she said slowly, for the second time.

"Well, I think 'tis your dooty to ax her," said Mrs. Cornick firmly.

"Very well," agreed the girl, with a sigh.

On the following day, when David was rubbing down the horse before going home to dinner, Tamsine came out to him in the stable.

Shepherd Cornick was attending to the wants of the pigs at no very great distance, and she therefore tuned her voice to a cautious pitch, and moreover addressed him by his fictitious name.

"Davidge, I want ye to give this note to Mrs. West from me—ye be goin' back for dinner, bain't ye?"

He took the note and turned it over, with an air of surprised annoyance;

then, after assuring himself with a hasty glance that Cornick's attention was entirely engaged by the pigs, he asked in a low voice—

"What are ye writing to her for?"

"I want her to come up here for a few days to do some sewin'. 'Tis on account o' Sam—there, 'tis too long a tale to tell now, but I want to get her out of his way for a bit. I've written to tell father he must come on Sunday."

"You're goin' to have that woman in the house wi' ye!" exclaimed he with a vehemence all the more impressive because he had perforce to speak in a low voice. "Don't do that—I can't bear the thought on it."

"'Twill be but for a few days," rejoined Tamsine with a troubled look. "I don't want Sam to get into mischief—and 'twas on my account he did come away from home."

"Well she do seem to be fair turnin' his head," said David reluctantly. "I can't make the woman out at all. I don't like ye to have nothin' to do wi' her."

"Hush, shepherd's comin' back now," murmured she. "I'll have as little to do wi' her as I can, ye may be sure."

Cornick, making a circuit so as to approach the stable-door, now peered suspiciously in—

"Haven't ye finished wi' that harse yet?" he asked sarcastically. "He isn't goin' to win a race for 'ee, ye know, so I don't see what ye want wi' polishing so long at his coat."

"I was speaking to Davidge," said Tamsine, emerging with very pink cheeks, but assuming a lofty air. "Don't forget to give that note, Davidge," she called back over her shoulder, "and bring me the answer."

Cornick looked after her till she had entered the house, and then turned to David, who was putting on his coat, and whose expression was still one of perturbation.

"Carryin' notes, be ye?" inquired he, eyeing David sharply.

"Yes," rejoined the young man.

"I d' 'low you do think Red Beard has got no right to come interfering wi' Black Beard," the shepherd went on, somewhat sheepishly.

David gave a short laugh, and his face cleared.

"'All's fair in love or war,' as I did once tell ye," he rejoined. "Next time Miss Strange has a word to say to ye while you're sarvin' pigs, or some little job o' that kind, I'll come and put in my oar."

He began to walk away, followed by the shepherd.

"An' so ye be carryin' notes for her, be ye?" repeated the latter presently.

"Yes, a note to Mrs. West."

"Ah! axing her to come here for a bit and help wi' the sewin', isn't it?"

"Well, I didn't look inside," returned David, as he opened the gate.

"No, of course ye didn't look inside, but she mid ha' mentioned it. 'Tis along o' young Sam as she do want to get the widow West up here out o' the way."

"Ye seem to know a lot about it," remarked David, beginning to quicken his pace; the shepherd, however, kept up with him.

"Ah, it was my mother's notion, d'ye see?" he observed; "they do say down to Chudbury as Mrs. West an' Sam'l Strange be keepin' company. But of course you do know all about that, livin' in the same house."

"I'm not much in the house," returned David shortly.

Cornick, though still appearing to ruminate, accelerated his shambling strides so as to keep in step with his companion.

"Not much in the house? And ye be never at the 'Cup o' Genuine,' What in the world do ye do wi' yourself of an evenin', Davidge?"

"Oh, sometimes one thing and some-

times another. I do go for a walk now and again, or I do work a bit in Miss Strickland's garden."

"Then ye must ha' seen the coortin' goin' on," said Cornick knowingly.

"Well, I turn off here," returned David, desperately. "'Tis a bit shorter for me."

The shepherd stood still and watched him as he swung over the slope between the gorse bushes, turning to pursue his own path at length with a puzzled look.

"Black Beard isn't so very well pleased wi' Red Beard cuttin' shart his bit o' talk wi' Tamsine," he said to himself; "and the maid did look put out too. But I d' 'low no man is called upon to stand by and see another chap stealin' a march on him. It'll not be so easy, neither, for them to get chat-tin' together if Mrs. West do come. I think for once my mother have been uncommon clever."

Martha and her aunt were already seated at table when David entered, having halted in the yard to perform his ablutions at the pump. The younger woman rose in order to set before him his own share of the meal—a kind of stew, David's plate containing meat as well as potatoes and vegetables. As he took it from her with one hand he produced the note from his pocket with the other, and pushed it across the table as she was about to reseate herself.

"What's this?" asked Martha, turning it over in surprise.

"It's from Miss Strange," rejoined David. "She said I was to bring the answer back."

Martha flushed a little as she read the note, and then smiled to herself.

"She wants me to go and stop there for a few days to do some sewing," she informed Miss Strickland.

"I'm sure I don't know however you're to do that," returned that worthy woman. "'Tis terribly uncon-

siderate. I wonder at Miss Strange thinkin' you could leave I alone with two lodgers to do for, an' such poor health as I have. Besides," she added, drawing herself up, "'twouldn't be becomin', I don't think, for a single female to bide alone i' the house wi' two men."

David preserved an impenetrable gravity, but Martha laughed rather unkindly.

"I think that would be all right, Aunt Jane," she said, "but I don't know that I much care about going. I know very well why she wants me up there," she added significantly. "I'm not going to give in to her."

"I wouldn't, if I was you," said David, with incautious warmth. Martha turned to him instantly, a flash in her eyes, and he immediately saw his mistake.

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I don't see why you need go there if you don't fancy it," he returned lamely; "and it 'ud be a bit hard to leave all the work of this house to Miss Strickland."

"I'd be earning money for her, though," said she still eyeing him, "and it 'ud be a nice change."

"I do think it is onconsiderate," walled Aunt Jane. "The few shillin's you'd earn 'ud not make up to me for the loss o' my health, Martha. You do know so well as me, as I've a-been falterin' terrible to-year, and if I'm to be expected to keep everythin' goin' inside the house an' out, an' up an' down, my constitootion 'ull never stand it."

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Pushing back her chair from the table, the poor old lady began to cry.

"I really wouldn't leave her, Mrs. West," said David earnestly. "You are all she's got—and it 'ud be easy enough to find somebody else to do the sewin' up to Strange's."

Martha shot a penetrating glance at him, and then turned to Miss Strickland.

"Now don't be foolish, Aunt Jane," she said in a decided tone; "it's only for a week, and now I've come to think it over I feel it's best for me to go. It's easy seen why Miss Strange is in such a hurry to have me up there—it's just to get me out of her brother's way; and if I don't agree she'll be sure to think it's because I don't want to leave him. 'Tis just a trap she's set for me."

"Well, you know Martha, my dear, I do think 'tis foolish of ye to take up wi' a boy like Sam Strange," returned Miss Strickland, wiping her eyes. "I'm sure I can't think what's come over ye—you what would never so much as look at a man—a real man what would ha' made ye a good husband—since poor Dick was took. Now to let folks get gossipin' about you and thik little whipper-snapper!"

"They may gossip as much as they please," retorted Martha scornfully. "Let them mind their own business and I'll mind mine. You may tell Miss Strange I think it's very kind of her to have thought of me," she added, turning to David and uttering the words with a bitter smile, "and that I will come—to-morrow morning."

(To be continued.)

THE GIRL GRADUATE IN FICTION.

As fiction is to a certain extent the mirror of modern life, and especially of its more salient features, the inroad of the girl graduate was inevitable. The heroine of the old-fashioned novel had only two conditions to fulfil: she had to be beautiful and she was doomed to suffer. She was for the most part the innocent and pathetic plaything of forces, which were sometimes cruel and sometimes kind, but over which it never occurred to any one that she could exercise any sort of control. Modern fiction, like modern life has changed all that, and the heroine of to-day takes an active share in the making or marring of her fortunes. At first her efforts were very tentative; gradually she developed a will of her own with regard to dress, entertainments, and even the choice of a husband. It took a very independent young woman to leave the beaten track altogether, prefer books to balls, and years of study to the opportunities of an early marriage. From the point of view of the novelist this character has possibilities not to be despised, and the girl graduate became a heroine of romance, both during her college career and in the more difficult school of life.

The residential colleges contain, as we know, several hundred young women who are living through what the majority afterwards describe as the three happiest years of their life. Stirring years in which the first sweets of liberty are tasted, eventful years when everything depends, or seems to depend, on their own efforts and energies. Here then is a fair field for the story-teller. We should expect as many good stories as there are types of college girl, and there are many types. We all know the athletic girl, who appears at first sight to be rather a nice

boy, but on closer inspection turns out a thoughtful girl, and can even, when occasion demands, prove herself a woman. Then there is the enthusiast who sums up in her single self the entire progress of woman since the Flood. This student is always on her mettle—pathetically eager to show what can be achieved by her sex and college. Another type is the competent young woman, full of aggressive common-sense, and with critical faculty well developed. And there is the general run with its mixture of grave and gay, earnest and sportive, careless and pains-taking, rich and poor, pretty and plain, and every other set of antitheses which the reader may like to imagine. With all this material, and the hundred and one chances and changes of college life, we should expect tales which would leave no father safe from the importunities of Mabel or Edith, who have read Miss X's novel and wish to be sent to Girton forthwith.

But the stories are frankly disappointing; we have not seen one of even passing interest, or met a single heroine worth remembering. The writers have taken a good deal of trouble with their local color, they have faithfully and minutely described interiors and exteriors, buildings, gardens, and even college gateways. We read of the arrival of five separate Newnham freshers, with almost identical descriptions of their first impressions and disillusion. We have five descriptions of the Newnham student's room, with a fire laid but not lit, the bed so arranged as to simulate a sofa, and the general bareness which brings tears to the unfortunate fresher's eyes. We know exactly after the first description how a girl from along the corridor will presently call and offer consolation in the form

of tea or cocoa, together with much good advice and patronizing information.

But while the writers are at great pains to describe the college dining-hall, they have almost entirely missed the spirit of the place. With the exception of two novels, which do indeed place a somewhat severe strain on the imagination, the stories are quite probable, though not in the least characteristic. The exceptions, which need hardly be taken seriously, are the productions of that amazing writer who goes by the name of Alan St. Aubyn. This poor lady would seem to have some private grief to avenge, some deep and painful wound, whose pangs she can only assuage by the periodical pouring of vitriol over her defenceless characters. She is not in any way hampered in her narratives by the ordinary limits of probability; in the *Master of St Benedict's* for instance, the heroine repairs quite naturally to her lover's rooms at Trinity there to nurse him through an attack of delirium tremens. The young women who figure in these novels are without exception mean and vulgar-minded—all their actions are dictated by the lowest possible motives. The writer loses no opportunity of dealing blows, straight or crooked, of heaping insults, direct or implied, at the unfortunate college which she describes. But it is only fair to add that she is probably not intentionally quite so damaging as would appear. For her heroine in the *Ordeal of Sara* is by far the most odious character in the book, and yet the writer loves Sara, who is quite unlike a Newnham student, real or imaginary.

But it is doubtful if the women's colleges have much more reason to be grateful to the friends who laud them with obvious exaggeration, or damn them with tepid praise. *A Sweet Girl Graduate*, by L. T. Meade is above all things well-meaning; the young women

are drawn with much sympathy, and the nice ones among them make up in amiability for what they lack in verisimilitude. There are no lights and shades—all are either very nice or very nasty, and they resemble real students much as Alan St. Aubyn's young Greek gods, with their inevitable delirium tremens, resemble live undergraduates. We have something more akin to the genuine article in *In Statu Pupillari*, a novel recently published anonymously and hailed in various quarters as an excellent description of life in a woman's college. This story occupies an intermediate place between the hostile and the sympathetic variety of treatment. It argues no malice—only a rather mean little desire to depict the weaknesses of the women students. The writer knows all about it—her local color is good, and the college gossip sounds to the uninitiated, quite probable. There is a description of a cocoa party with a conversation (no doubt intended to reveal to the world exactly how women students talk) in which the girls discourse on love, and speculate as to how many among them cherish a secret passion for their coaches. In reality they would have been discussing the hockey team if they felt happy, or the Tripos if they felt sad, or they would have been chaffing each other all round with the latest college joke. But the reader probably prefers love to such puerilities, and so the writer humors him. The students are not convincing, and one misses throughout that generosity and public spirit, which are real and characteristic features of college life. It is of course not impossible that Miss Watson might "sob herself to sleep because her triumph had been so utterly swallowed up in Miss Wriothesley's." She might also "writhe in her little narrow bed, cursing her fate and crying 'Oh! God, why did you make me ugly?'" But it is much more likely if

she were a real college girl, that she would help to chair Miss Wriothesley round the college, and shout herself hoarse in her applause. And certainly, the pathos of her looks would not keep her awake on the night after the Tripos lists had placed her among the coveted First Classes.

The author of *A Newnham Friendship* has succeeded better in rendering something of the spirit of the place, but she has unfortunately fallen into the snare of over-description. She knows her subject and loves it—loves it so well indeed that she cannot bear to part with any of it, and loses herself in an endless multiplicity of detail. No little incident, no girlish conversation is too trivial to be recorded. She is for ever putting her favorites through their paces for our benefit, and gushing over them until we grow weary of their surpassing beauty and their evidently indescribable charm.

And one and all these writers are convinced that a strong admixture of love interest is essential to the success of their tale. So that some young men who are clearly intended to be very manly, athletes and brilliant scholars, *cela va sans dire*, are generally introduced to complete the picture. And this adds the last touch of incongruity to the description. For whatever our heroines may be, whether potential mothers of families or high-school mistresses in the making, they are at any rate quite unromantically occupied during these three years of college life. Books and games, not love and marriage, are the order of the day. And books and games are quite wholesome ingredients for the daily life of youth, but very poor material for fiction. There are, of course, always possibilities among coaches, and we have it on trustworthy evidence that even undergraduates may be possessed of irresistible charm. But these are side issues; from the point of view of romance the

ground is not fertile, and the ploughing, whether undertaken in malice or good faith yields but a sorry crop.

The writer who takes the after-career of the graduate for his theme has a wider and more fruitful field. The college story ought to provide healthy and interesting reading for the *jeune fille*, the other offers possibilities for the treatment of problems of a wider and deeper interest. We should expect to find among modern novels the tragedy of some woman who had preferred books to love, and found books barren in the end. We should be prepared to sympathize with the woman whose intellectual interests were engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the dictates of her heart. Something of this problem, indeed, we meet in *A Girton Girl*, by Mrs. Edwardes, one of the earliest novels that claimed to deal with the subject. But the "girl" does not live up to her title, for she never reaches Girton at all. She had counted without the fatal charm of the hero, whose first kiss solves the problem for her, and reveals her "a very woman after all."

One of the earliest products of the Higher Education to be met in fiction is Angela Messenger, the charming heroine of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. Angela is introduced to us strolling by the river with her friend, to whom she is confiding her views on life in general and her own future in particular. The friend is no doubt intended to represent the typical student. For her the world has no interest. Mathematics and the welfare of the Higher Education of women jointly hold exclusive possession of her soul. She yearns to wrest not only academic honors, but the very buildings of the men's most ancient foundations from the rival sex. For the rest, she is pale, spectacled and unbending, and admirably adapted to serve as a foil to the charming heroine. There is no

denying that Angela is a very nice young woman, but we have an uncomfortable suspicion that it is against great odds and in spite of her college training that her maker allows her to keep her charm. She herself sums up Newnham and its limitations with scant courtesy, and pours contempt on the studies with which her college career had been chiefly occupied. Indeed, we suspect that her maker's sole object in sending her to Newnham was to enable her to pursue the study of Political Economy, in order that she might denounce it afterwards with full effect. For Angela is his chosen instrument for the annihilation of the "dismal science," and it was necessary, therefore, that she should have had special training in its specious fallacies. Such training, in the days when the London School of Economics and the provincial Universities were still unborn, could only be obtained in Cambridge. So Angela, we conclude with regret, cannot be claimed as anything more than an accidental product of the Higher Education.

Miss Cayley, a later product, is, we venture to believe, no longer purely accidental. Her author does not treat her with anything like the seriousness which Sir Walter Besant devotes to his heroine; but then Lois Cayley was created not to point a moral, but merely to adorn a tale. She is a surprisingly efficient young woman, whose briskness, courage and resource almost take our breath away. As she adds to these qualities good looks, honesty and every sort of virtue, the college which produced her has every reason to be grateful to Mr. Grant Allen. Still we fear that even Lois Cayley was not intended to represent a type, or at best only an exceptional one. Like Angela Messenger she has a friend, a pale spectacled friend, devoted to the teaching of the higher mathematics, who is presumably intended to typify the Gir-

ton student. Lois, we may suppose, represents the product of college training working on very favorable, original material. True, she has all the vigor and independence of spirit of the college girl. But she looks with some contempt on the avocations of her colleagues, and nothing could be further from her thoughts than any wish to put her education to the traditional use. We have no reason, therefore, to suppose that the writer intended to give more than a modicum of credit to Girton for Miss Cayley's successful career.

The boldest and at the same time, the most sympathetic sketch of a college graduate is Mr. Bernard Shaw's Vivie Warren. "She is an attractive specimen of the sensible, able, highly educated young middle-class Englishwoman." As she was Third Wrangler in her year, we feel that the Mathematical Tripos is avenged, and the reputation of Newnham redeemed. Vivie Warren sums up in her own personality the entire spirit of the higher education on its material side. She represents much more besides, and there are tendencies in her for which her parentage is obviously responsible. She is keen, clever and capable, straightforward and direct to bluntness, endowed with a quantity of good sense and a quality of penetration which are truly alarming. She is plucky, alert and honest, absolutely selfish and a materialist to the finger tips. In this last respect she typifies not the higher education so much as the modern spirit. She hates holidays, this candid young person; she cares nothing for beauty and romance; art and music she has tried and would not go through the experience again for anything that could be offered to her. What she likes is working and getting paid for it. "I must work," she tells us, "and I must make more money than I spend," the "must" re-

ferring purely to a necessity of her mind. This characteristic she inherits from her mother, but she is an honest woman while the mother is a blackguard, she deals in nothing more harmful than figures and calculations while her mother trafficked in human lives. Very characteristic is the young woman's determination to choose her own way of life at any cost. For love she naturally finds no time in her busy scheme of existence, and the question of work versus marriage does not present for her even the rudiments of a problem. She expresses herself unambiguously on this point—"Now once for all mother, you want a daughter and Frank wants a wife. I don't want a mother and I don't want a husband." But in fairness to Vivie it must be remembered that she was prepared to stand by her mother staunchly enough while she thought that it was only on account of a regrettable and perhaps regretted past that Pharisees pointed the finger of scorn. It was only when she discovered that the past had its continuation in the present, that the wealth which she was invited to share was being produced by the foulest methods conceivable, that she decided to rupture relations and launched the unfilial ultimatum which we have quoted. Vivie's fortitude throughout the very nasty experiences which she undergoes commands our admiration, and we hope that in her independence and the coveted office in Chancery Lane, she may find something to compensate for the bitter taste which the revelations of those summer days must have left

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with her. She has made good her claim to the title of *Vierge forte*, and she stands almost alone in English fiction in that character.

It is curious that with all the material at our disposal we have not as yet treated the problem on a large scale and in a serious manner. It is even more curious that this should have been done in a country where the material hardly existed and the problem was barely foreshadowed. In *Frédérique*, and *Lola, Les Vierges Fortes*, the author had to imagine a set of circumstances foreign to his national experience, and was obliged even to invent a college in which his heroines might graduate. To be trained in public spirit, to learn the meaning of freedom and the uses of economic independence he sent them to England. With Monsieur Prévost's treatment of the problem, and with his conclusions we are not here concerned, but there is no doubt that he depicted the character of his heroines—their weakness as well as their strength, their defects as well as their qualities, the spirit which animated and the ideals which inspired them, with extraordinary penetration and remarkable sympathy. And yet in this country, where all the conditions are favorable, where freedom requires no apology and the serious treatment of any question can always command a hearing—in this country where women's colleges have existed for more than forty years, the *vierge forte* who is the natural development of the strongest type of girl graduate, is still waiting for her exponent.

H. Reinherz.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF CHESS.

Lost in the dim distances of the long-forgotten past, the history of the origin of chess—the most ancient of all games, beloved alike by king and peasant—has formed the theme of many learned writers.

Historical research on this subject has been carried out by savants of all ages and nationalities, both Western and Eastern; but in spite of the most strenuous endeavor, up to the present moment, the exact manner in which this game came into existence is buried in complete oblivion. Nor is it likely that successive ages will be any more successful in elucidating this problem than present or past generations. This is all the more remarkable considering the world-wide ubiquity of the game. Chess, with the very slightest alteration in its form, is known throughout the length and breadth of the world—civilized or uncivilized.

The balance of evidence tends to show that chess is Indian in origin. The ordinary Hindustani word in use for chess is "shatrang," which in reality is a Persian word but which is in colloquial use throughout India. The word "chess" is a mere corruption of "shatrang." But "shatrang" itself is derived from a still more ancient Sanscrit word—"chatauranga."

We are thus led to the belief that, although the chess of mediæval and modern Europe was undoubtedly derived from Arabic or Persian sources, yet India was the real cradle in which the game was nurtured. The words "check" and "mate," mere phonetic equivalents of the Persian words "Shah"—a king, and "mat"—he is dead—the king is dead—are conclusive proof of the Persian origin of the game so far as its introduction into Western countries is concerned.

Interesting, however, as the philology of chess may be, the history of the game itself, and of the different pieces of which it is composed, is of still greater interest, for its own intrinsic value as well as for the study of contemporary constitutional and military history which is thus afforded.

Up to about the ninth century of the Christian era by far the largest part of the population of India adhered to the Buddhist religion. The recent event of the finding of the crystal casket, containing certain bones of Gautama the Buddha, in the Peshawur district, incidentally emphasizes this fact; an event of considerable historical importance, which may have been passed unnoticed, except by those in close touch with the most recent archaeological discoveries in India.

The ancient Buddhist faith positively forbade the shedding of blood; and, indeed, predicted a far severer punishment in the world to come to the soldier than to the murderer. The ancient Pundits reasoned that a murderer, generally, would only slay under the impulse of the moment or under some sudden provocation; but that the soldier went out to battle with the fixed intention of slaying: he killed in cold blood—and was guilty of the greater crime in consequence.

But at the same time, the cravings of human nature for strife—that bump of pugnacity which is marked to a greater or less extent on the cranium of every member of the human race—was not overlooked; and of all the theories which have been advanced as to the origin of chess, for it must be remembered that the exact origin is quite unknown, the most plausible appears to be that the ancient Buddhist priests invented the game of chess, so that the natural fighting instinct of

mankind might find an outlet without transgressing the Buddhistic commandment, which prohibited fighting.

In the light of the early history of India, which, in the main, is one long procession of invasion, rapine and murder, this theory may seem fantastic; but it must be remembered that the Buddhist priests were wont to shut themselves off completely from the world in some secluded spot in their endeavors to follow the rigid teachings of their founder; and it is by no means impossible that, finding the fundamental fighting instinct of humanity was an almost insuperable barrier to their inner strivings, these priests attempted a solution of the problem by the invention of the game of chess.

In attempting to unravel the history of chess it is a most unfortunate fact that the climate of India is an unfavorable one for the preservation of ancient manuscripts. Old manuscripts seldom lasted more than four hundred years. For this reason copies had to be made in order that the ancient writings might be preserved.

Two grave sources of error are thus opened out—inaccurate copying in the various transcriptions, and interpolation by the scribe; the latter personage was often no doubt himself a young Pundit, who would be naturally wishful to put forward his own views. These reasons, in themselves, are sufficient to account for the obscurity of the origin of the game; and for these same reasons it is highly probable that this origin always will remain hidden, even from the most learned and energetic worker of any subsequent generation.

It might be mentioned in passing that the Hindustani and Sanscrit word "chaturanga" is used to mean "chess" in the most ancient MSS. extant. This is an additional fact going to show the probable Indian origin of the game.

So far as it is possible to rely on

ancient MSS. the game has always been played with sixteen pieces; and although the movements and even the names of the different pieces have varied considerably in the course of the last ten centuries—particularly about the fifteenth century—yet in its main essentials the game as now played is the same as it was in the days of long ago.

It is very doubtful whether the original chess was a four-handed game, played with dice, as some have supposed. The essence of the game clearly points to a military origin, where chance would be eliminated and where the natural sequence of events, the result of worldly experience, would produce two rather than four battling hosts. Apart from this, the confusion which would result from four independent sets of chessmen playing on the same chess-board would be almost inextricable, while the evidence furnished by the names of the pieces points to the same conclusion. The fact that the movements of the pieces in the earliest days of chess were not the same as they are now would not alter this conclusion. Throughout all time these moves have not greatly varied.

The chess-board is most certainly the same, though it was not until the sixteenth century or thereabouts that the surface was chequered black and white.

The king, the most important piece on the board, round whom the whole game centres, was said to be subject to capture; but under these conditions the method of conducting the game is not quite clear, because in modern chess the capture of the king terminates the game. Possibly all pieces and pawns had to be captured before the game was finally won. At this early period the king could make three moves at a time in any direction, and in addition could make a knight's move in order to

avoid capture. He was, indeed, the most powerful piece on the board, for at the same period of history the queen, or rather the piece which corresponded to the present queen, could only move one square at a time in a diagonal direction. Castling is, comparatively speaking, a modern innovation, and serves perhaps to exemplify trickiness in war. It replaced the king's knight's move.

The history of chess appears to have followed the constitutional history of India with some exactitude as regards the development and powers of the various pieces. The word "queen," it should be remembered, is somewhat of a misnomer; the original word was "firz," or "farz," which means a "councillor" or "generalissimo" of the male sex.

In many Indian States—Nepaul is a good example at the present moment—the real power lies in the hands of the Prime Minister, who is also, in the particular instance cited, the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces. It might seem possible that as the real power slowly slipped from the hands of the ruling monarch himself, and became vested gradually in the Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief—a position which, curiously enough, is hereditary in some cases—the game of chess was altered to meet these altered circumstances. Thus the king, stripped of most of his offensive power, still remains the most important person, whose capture terminates the game; but in his fighting capacity he no longer exists on the board, the whole of his powers being handed over to his chief adviser.

The reason why the "firz" should have developed into a female in modern chess is an interesting study in comparative history. Certain it is that in no country in the world do women occupy such an inferior position in every-day life as in India. They are child-bearers and nothing else. It

is impossible to think that this change can have been Indian in origin. The most feasible explanation, and the one which will bear the closest examination, is the following: The word "firz," or "farz," became corrupted as the game spread westwards, and became *firzia*, or "*farzia*." Various similar forms are to be found in mediæval MSS. The game of draughts is also very old; perhaps the Greek *παισσι* are the direct lineal ancestors of the present game. The game of draughts was well known in Europe, particularly in France, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and in its method of play did not differ materially from the game as at present played.

The French word for a draught is a "dame." In common English, however, "draughtsman" and not "draughtswoman" is the word in general use. In draughts, when a "dame" reaches the eighth square, she becomes a queen or king. In exactly the same way when a pawn in chess reaches the opponent's side of the board, it becomes a "farz," or "farzia." The femininity of the most powerful piece on the board can be accounted for by the close resemblance of the two games in this particular. Indeed, old MSS. are extant in which the words "*regina*" and "*ferzia*" are used indiscriminately, meaning a "queen." This fact practically confirms the curious confusion of origin. It may be that the intellectual coterie of some bygone age intended a delicate compliment to a great militant queen by the alteration to the sex of the king's chief adviser in the great military game of chess. Some indeed might say that, at the present day, such a compliment would not be out of place—due, however, to the ephemeral glory of those Amazons, the Suffragettes. Some authorities have it that the queen derived her great power from a similar analogy to the game of draughts.

But the history of the other pieces, except, perhaps, the knights, is not so clear. The two knights are obviously the horsemen of the contending hosts. Horses are to be found all over the East. But the meaning of the "two hops and a jump" move by which these mounted warriors career over the board is obscure. It may be conjectured that, after the castle and the bishop had been assigned their moves (in the early days these two pieces could only move two steps at a time either straight up and down the board or diagonally across it), which have been of the same type throughout all the successive centuries, some different move had to be found for these horsemen. As a result the fertile brain of the inventor conceived the strange move which is a stumbling-block to so many beginners. The fact that in the earliest days neither queen, bishop, nor castle could sweep the board in the same manner as they do at present must not be forgotten in the search for the origin of the quaint knight's move.

The pawn is the common foot-soldier; as first arranged, a pawn could only make one move at a time, straight forward, even for his first move. The reason for the double step which a pawn can make at will when moving from off his own square is probably to be found in the fact that the game was thus opened up more quickly. The word "pawn" is identical with the common Hindustani "peon," or private policeman.

The bishop is a most interesting piece. The Arabic word which represents a "bishop" is "Alfil"—otherwise Aleph-hind, the Indian ox. But the Arabic alphabet lacks the letter "p." As a consequence the Persian word "pil"—an elephant, became "Alfil," or "fil" as it is sometimes written in Arabic.

Elephants are to be found all over India, and undoubtedly formed a part

of the fighting line in battle, as Carthaginian history clearly indicates. Also elephants do take the place of bishops in some Indian sets of chessmen, and the writer has himself played with such a set.

Oxen have never, probably, found a place in the line of battle, though they would be common enough in the commissariat department of the armies of old. If the Hindustani word "Aleph-hind" is to be accepted as only meaning an "ox," a difficulty arises as to the Indian origin of the piece as well as of the game itself. The word may have meant any large beast, and possibly bore a special significance when used in connection with the game of chess. The elephant origin certainly appears the most probable. Bishops could only make two steps at a time along their diagonals, but, like the knight, could jump over the intervening piece. The curious result followed that two opposing bishops of like color moving on the same diagonal could never attack one another.

It was not until the sixteenth century that such revolutionary changes in the movements of the king, queen, bishop, and, in fact, of all the pieces, except the knight, were adopted, as exemplified in the present condition of the game.

The bishops may be of French origin. In the early days the fighting bishops, crusaders and other fighting religious devotees, formed one of the most important elements in any army, and doubtless were incorporated in the game of war, when elephants were no longer used in battle; and possibly as a compliment to the fighting prowess of the ancient religious fighting orders.

The rook or castle is a very doubtful quantity. The earliest parchments refer to this piece as a "rukhs," a Persian word meaning a "knight commander"—a superior kind of person to the ordinary knight—but as the balance of probability indicates an Indian

origin for both the game itself and the men, this derivation should be received with some caution.

If ancient history can be taken as a criterion—which certainly appears a justifiable course—the rook might have degenerated from the war chariot. This deduction is strengthened by the writer's experience in Rangoon, related below. Chariots were quite usual as weapons of warfare in all countries of the world, and although they died out before the power of Rome reached its zenith, yet Italy, Greece and Asia Minor would not be such favorable countries for the use of a vehicle of this description in warfare as the flat plains of India. A very long period is thus left—much longer than in the case of all the other pieces—for the action of confusing influences to baffle the efforts of subsequent inquiries in their historical research. One of the most ancient Sanscrit manuscripts alludes to the four great divisions of a fighting army as horse, foot, elephants and chariots; and, additionally, the Sanscrit word for a chariot is "ratha." Thus the four great elements in chess—knights, pawns, bishops and castles—would correspond to these four ancient types. Possibly "ratha" and "rukh" are allied.

The move of the castle, which has been the same throughout all history, points to the same conclusion. Ancient chariots had no traces; the horses were only attached to the central pole. As a consequence there must have been a great deal of difficulty in wheeling them, especially in the mad excitement of battle, when the animals would be more difficult to control. May it not be that the straightforward motion of the chariot is reflected in the direct motion of the castle of the present day in its solid swoop up and down or across the board?

Perhaps the modern castellated form is also derived from the French, a

change rendered desirable to suit the altered conditions of warfare. It is a pity, however, that in the military game of chess, where every piece possesses both an offensive and defensive power, due to the particular moves assigned to each, a stationary object, such as a castle, should have formed the image upon which to model the original "rulik" or the still earlier chariot. An explanation may be found in the confusion which would arise should both rook and knight be represented as horsemen on the same board. It would be difficult to differentiate one from the other; but if this were the case, it is a still greater pity that the chariot form did not re-appear in substitute so as to preserve the ancient origin of the game.

Some authorities have it that the rook or castle of to-day is the elephant of the chaturanga of long ago; and that the castellated form is due to the howdah, adorning the elephant's back, the elephant itself having disappeared. Against this, however, the etymology of the word rook must be set, which is undoubtedly the equivalent of the Sanscrit Ratha = chariot.

A short time ago the writer had a curious experience in one of the by-streets of Rangoon, which, so far as it went, confirmed the "chariot" theory of the castle. Quite by chance he stopped before a native shop and, to his surprise, saw a dozen men—all natives, but of every nationality—seated round a chess-board. Out of curiosity he stepped within, and was promptly made most welcome—an unusual experience after the bazaars of India. He sat down and watched the game in progress for a few minutes, but it was the chessmen themselves which attracted his attention particularly.

Made of ivory and teak, these old men were battered and broken almost beyond belief, but the original form could still be distinguished in spite of great

disfigurement. The bishops were quite obviously elephants; but the knights, king and queen had nothing remarkable about them. It was the castles which struck the eye at once. They appeared like a small three-sided box with sloping sides, mounted on stands of a much later date than the "box" structure itself. The fourth side, of the box was non-existent altogether; but the chariot form was suggested by this appearance.

So battered and broken were they that it was not possible to be positive.

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tively sure, and in such circumstances no close examination of the pieces could be made.

Most unfortunately no further opportunity presented itself to examine this ancient set of men, which was a matter of great regret to the writer.

The aeroplane and machine gun of the future may, some time, replace the bishop and rook of to-day; but the past history of this most delightful of all games, is, it is to be feared, lost in the mists of time.

O. Paul Monckton.

CHARLIE OVER THE WATER.

BY JAMES H. FINDLATER.

VI.

You would have thought that nothing could have put strength enough into the Widow's poor old limbs to rise from her sick-bed and start off once again on the "terrible long road" for home. Yet with the hope of home came the strength to try to reach it.

In vain Charlie protested against the proposed journey, using every argument he knew to make his mother stay with him. She would only make one reply: "I'm wanting home, Charlie; I cannot be staying, I wouldn't be resting in the strange earth." It seemed natural enough to Charlie, after all—too well he understood her feeling, though he tried to argue it down. A little desolate graveyard stood on a bit of rising ground half-way to Cypress Creek. Wooden crosses marked the graves in this stoneless land for a few years' time; then they fell to pieces and were never replaced. Many a time had Charlie shuddered as he passed the place, fearing some day to be laid in that alien earth, under the blinding sun, in a forgotten grave. The Celtic strain of ineradicable superstition was strong within him; like his mother, he

feared he could not rest there—that his uneasy ghost would somehow have to recross the ocean to "walk" forever round the dear home of his childhood. "I won't be hindering you, mother," he said at last. "Maybe you're right."

Charlie's wife was palpably delighted to be getting rid of her mother-in-law, though in her husband's presence she begged her to make a longer stay. But the Widow was all impatience to be off. She seemed filled with a feverish strength, and declared herself quite ready to start whenever Hector was willing to do so.

It was with a heavy heart that the poor lad saw that there was no escape from the path of renunciation, and realized what it meant for him.

In a fortnight's time, or thereabouts, he would be back again on the Island, with only the croft to work, the cow to herd, and with the long idle winter opening out before him with its dismaying vista of emptiness. All one night Hector lay awake in an agony of despair. At one moment he thought of begging Charlie to take his mother home, and let him stay to work the

place in his absence. But he quickly realized that a travelling companion was not all that the Widow needed; she could never be left alone in her old age with no one to work the croft or look after her, and Charlie could not stay with her always. Then another possible loophole of escape suggested itself: would there be enough of money to take them home again? The fifty pounds had dwindled down amazingly. But this hope was quickly extinguished.

"I'll be paying for anything extra, Hector," Charlie said. "And, mind, you must take her home comfortably—she's not fit for much now."

Hector felt ashamed to feel his own disappointment at these words. Every day that their departure was put off the Widow became more impatient; she was like a child clamoring for something.

"When will you be starting, Hector?" she would say each morning; and always there would be some unthought-of preparation to be made. . . .

Charlie, of course, proposed to write to the mythical Mrs. MacDonald who had so unaccountably failed to meet them on their arrival in New York; but Hector, with a bright blush that was inexplicable to his relation, said they would prefer to be met there this time by Mrs. Koster: he would write himself about it, he added.

This caused a week's delay; then a note, written on pink paper, arrived to Hector one morning. It seemed to please him mightily, though he only said in an off-hand manner that Mrs. Koster would be kind enough to put them up for a few nights before they sailed.

This matter being arranged, there remained no other pretext for delay, so the 17th October was settled for the homeward start. On the last evening Hector left the Widow sitting with Charlie, and went out alone into the

warm autumn night. He sauntered along the fields to the edge of the clearing and sat on the fence to rest. The frogs were chanting in the swamps with their curious solemn note, and away across the clearing in one of the negro cabins someone thrummed on a little stringed instrument. Then the soft negro voices began to sing in chorus. Hector knew by this time the pensive old words that they were singing; but to-night they seemed to bear another meaning to him:

Swing low, swing low, sweet char-i-ot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

He rose impatiently and walked away; but the plaintive chorus of the hymn carried far in the quiet night—he could not escape from it. The negroes were singing it over and over again:

Comin' for to carry me home.

Charlie came as far as Memphis with them, and there bade them good-bye. He tried hard not to let it be a sad farewell, because, said he, perhaps he might be coming across the water himself next year. What would his mother say to that?

They kept holding on to this hope all the way to Memphis, speaking of it as almost a settled thing, even planning how the Widow was to drive down to Balneish in the Mathesons' cart to meet him on that blessed day when he should return to the Island. But when the moment for parting came, Hope dwindled down into a mere phantom; and Separation and Distance, Age and Death, took on shapes of horrible actuality. Would they ever really meet again face to face? It seemed unlikely; she so old, he so bound to his new home by a hundred ties.

When the bitter moment had come and gone—when she had looked her last at Charlie and given him her blessing—the Widow, to Hector's sur-

prise, seemed wonderfully sustained by something. He discovered a few minutes later what it was. "Charlie will never have heard from me, Hector, that the wife did not make me welcome," she said proudly as she wiped her eyes.

As you may have seen a tired horse suddenly mend its pace when turned in the direction of home, so the Widow scarcely noted now the leagues of land and sea that had still to be gone over, for was not every hour bringing her nearer home?

She fared better on this journey than on her first, for had not Charlie insisted that she should travel in a sleeping-car like any lady? So the long night was passed in slumber, and the next day though wearisome was comfortable; and then, lo, they were in New York again, being greeted by Mrs. Koster and Cassie! It was Hector, however, who managed everything ~~this time~~; or rather, an altogether different Hector from the one who had arrived in New York six months before. The change did not escape Mrs. Koster's eye.

"My! ain't he smartened up?" she said admiringly. "Well, I'll say this for the States, if there's one thing they can do it's to make men look alive."

Cassie, too, was watching her Highland Nobleman with ill-concealed admiration; noting his added inches, as well as his added alertness of speech and manner, and his look of being able to take care of himself. But, with all this Hector could not be said to be looking happy; he was very silent, and scarcely brightened up even under the sunshine of Cassie's smiles.

"I know what it is," Mrs. Koster told her husband, when their guests were disposed of for the night; "I know what it is—he don't want to go home, poor lad, that's what it is; and no wonder either—just stepping into his grave before the time, I call it."

Koster agreed with her most heartily: "A real smart man we'd make of him here; pity he can't stay this side."

But Hector, with the dignity and reserve which characterizes the Highland nature, asked no pity from anyone. Whenever the Kosters tried to find out what he felt about going home he shut up like a trap.

"I'm hoping to come back some day," was all they got him to admit. Neither would he delay their sailing any longer than could possibly be helped.

"Mother's wishing to get home," he said. "It's not for me to put it off."

In vain Cassie tried her most seductive wiles: Hector would not be beguiled. Only on the night before they were to sail for Scotland he found an opportunity to beg Cassie to write to him.

"The winter's terrible long on the Island," burst from his reluctant lips. "~~terrible long and dull.~~"

"Oh, I'll send you a picture post-card now and again," Cassie said gaily; "and if you could just kindly send me the same, it would be nice—I'd add them to my collection."

"I'll remember," Hector assured her.

The sea was like a mill-pond all the way across. Even the Widow could not feel uncomfortable, and used to walk daily up and down the decks on her grandson's arm, while every day her face looked happier and her step grew stronger. Her talk was all of home.

"Och, Hector! how will we be finding the cow? I'm thinking she'll be glad to be back to the old byre! And will the hens be knowing me again? I wonder is Chuckie, that had the broken leg, still going? She was a fine bird"—and so on and so on. Hector then told her that by Mrs. Koster's suggestion he meant to take her to see

an eye-doctor in Glasgow. "It's not blind she is, it's only spectacles she's needing," Mrs. Koster had said. The Widow would not believe this; she had tried on John Matheson's spectacles two years past, and didn't they just make the sight worse? Oh no! it was the old eyes were gone these ten years and more. However, it made an excellent subject of conversation, and Hector was glad to have it. He had some difficulty in persuading his grandmother to consent to the extra day's delay it would entail; she was counting the hours now till they could reach the Island—if she could have entered on such a calculation she would have counted the minutes also.

So the ocean was crossed again; the low green shores of Ireland came in sight, and home was nearly reached at last. The Widow wept with joy as the ship came into the dock.

"Is it true, Hector, or is it dreaming I am?" she cried.

But Uncle Neil's hearty greeting had nothing dream-like about it certainly:

"So yer back already to auld Scotland! Ye've no' made a long stay. Welcome hame to ye baith—there's nae place like hame, the song says!"

Alas! Hector could have cursed the song for its falsity to his own case; but he tried to affect good-humor and to join in the jocularities of his relative—he was not going to be a kill-joy, and above everything he refused to be pitted.

All the next day he went about cheerfully, and no one guessed at the fox that was gnawing his vitals.

The Widow, with many protestations, was taken to the eye-doctor in the afternoon. Hector stood beside her as the spectacles were one by one placed upon her nose. Each time she would shake her head and groan, and exclaim that it was blind she was, what was the gentleman troubling with her for? But all at once she gave a

cry of joy and held out her hands to her grandson.

"Och, Hector, I'm seeing you as clear as the day!" she cried. "And you're grown to be a man altogether!" It was a wonderful moment indeed, and Hector laughed with pleasure to see her gazing round and round the room in the sudden possession of her sight again. This miracle of healing came as a boon to Hector, for the Widow was so full of her recovered vision all the evening that she could think and talk of nothing else, and her garrulity made his silence less noticed. Next morning they were to start again for the Island, and Hector was as impatient now as his grandmother—on the sound principle that if one has a disagreeable thing to do the sooner it is done the better.

"Yer a wee thing glum, Hector," Uncle Neil said jocosely. "Ye've maybe left yer hairt in Ameriky."

"Maybe," Hector retorted laconically, with no answering smile.

A day and a night—and the next day as evening fell the steamer came in to the quay at Balneish.

They were almost the only passengers, for the tourist season was over. The little quay was empty, except for a cart and a man with it. In the dusk a light or two twinkled in the windows at Balneish. Everything was very still.

"There's John Matheson, mother, with the cart!" Hector cried; "he will have come for you and the box."

The Widow gazed through the grand new spectacles at the well-known outlines of the Island, pointing out each house and naming its owner—if the light had not failed she could have named each horse and cow, I believe. Hector sprang down the gangway and held out his hand to help her across it; a moment more and she stood again on the dear shores of home

—shaken with excitement, and worn with the fatigues of her long journeying, but oh, at home once more!

The kindly dusk hid her tears—her foolish tears of joy—as the cart rumbled along the stony road to the croft . . . and John Matheson in the meantime was pouring out microscopic bits of so-called news to Hector—all that had happened at Balneish in the six months since they had left the Island: Rob MacLeod's cow had choked on a turnip in the summer; and Hamish MacLeod, he was bad with the asthma, but his daughter Jessie, she that's in Glasgow, was after sending him a bottle to take—oh, it was grand stuff, and helped him at times. There had been good crops; yes, just fairish good of the hay; there was a boat got washed away from the pier in September, and John Farquharson's horse had gone lame in the right knee. . . . Hector listened and responded to it all, feeling exactly as if he had wakened from a dream of extraordinary vividness. Was it true that they had ever crossed the sea and seen Charlie? . . . All manner of funny scenes crowded into his memory, and here was Matheson droning away about a horse with a lame leg, and a cow that had choked on a turnip!

The cart stopped: they had reached the path up to the cottage. It was dark now, and Hector had to help the Widow up the rough bit of ground—she stumbled and would have fallen if his arm had not held her up.

"Och, Hector! it's old and useless I am," she said.

In spite of the fact that the door-key had been all this time in the Widow's pocket, the Mathesons had effected an entrance to the cottage somehow, and sorted it up for the return of its own-

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ers. A big peat-fire burned on the hearth, and a table stood spread by the fire. All this they saw through the window, and then, producing the key, they solemnly turned it in the rusty lock and stepped across the threshold. ("God forgive me," Hector thought; "I was never meaning her to come back!")

Surely that moment of home-coming compensated the Widow for many a weary hour. She sank down on the old, hard, uncomfortable wooden chair in the chimney-corner, and gazed hungrily round and round the little room as if she could never have enough of it.

Hector, with one tremendous effort, pushed away his thoughts of the past and turned his energies to the present.

"I'll not be taking you across the water again, mother, I'm thinking," he said with a laugh, as he lifted the big black kettle on to the fire to boil. He drew the table up beside his grandmother's chair and laid away her shawl for her as gently as a daughter might have done it.

No voice was there to whisper comfort to Hector at that moment: he had never heard of Carlyle or his Gospel; but none the less he arrived in some obscure way at the same conclusion as that stern old philosopher, "*Here or nowhere was his America*" for the present.

Charlie came across the water next year and saw his mother again as he had promised to do, and some two years later the Widow went on another journey, from which she never came back—crossed an uncharted sea and landed on the shores of a New World. Then Hector, wiser grown, sighed as he said farewell to the shieling for ever and turned his face towards the future.

THE END.

THE SILENT ONES.

In Western Africa life is short, events move extraordinarily quickly, and the years are very full. Fifteen years back takes one to prehistoric times. In those days a trading company held sway over a great block of the country. Its *raison d'être* was of course the earning of dividends; but besides capital it possessed also a charter, and in virtue of this charter it administered, after a fashion, such of the natives as were peaceable, and fought the truculent ones. For the purposes of this latter operation the company maintained a little army of blacks, recruited locally. The men were armed with rifles, and were trained and led by European military officers whom the company hired and exported to West Africa. The force was an excellent one, and did excellent work. It was kept busy, now here, now there, up and down the country, but most of its business was provided by the various secret societies with which West African politics are undermined.

Of these secret societies that of "The Silent Ones" is perhaps, in virtue of its membership and aims, the most formidable. The "Society of the Leopard" runs it close. As present we are concerned with the "Society of The Silent Ones." It probably numbers its adherents by millions. Periodically large parties of these go on the war-path, in obedience, apparently, to orders received—whence, from whom, it is impossible to say. These excursions are very horrible affairs—towns and villages are looted and burned, people are murdered, and in many cases their bodies are devoured by the assassins. Blood-stained, smoking ruins and wasted farms mark the path of "The Silent Ones." They always move at night, entire secrecy shrouds their intentions, and they never speak.

Hence their name. The terror they exercise over other natives is indescribable. News that "The Silent Ones" are out is sufficient to depopulate a whole countryside. Men, women, and children abandon home and farm, and rush terror-stricken, mad with fear, to hide in the friendly bush. Up-country trading stations are usually fortified and the traders armed, and to them the wretched fugitives will come for protection. As a rule "The Silent Ones" fight shy of such places, but there have been cases wherein the trader and his people were massacred, the store looted, and the whole place reduced to ashes.

To-day the society is not what it was. In more than one bloody encounter its members learned the price exacted by the white man from them that go a-murdering and pillaging. Here also, as elsewhere, the road has proved itself a great factor working for peace and order. The country is being rapidly opened up, new roads are being cut, old ones are being extended daily, and the reign of "The Silent Ones" is passing to its close.

Fifteen years ago it was at its zenith. In a district which the society only occasionally ravaged there established itself a mission-station. The *personnel* of the Mission consisted of two French Fathers. One, Moulain, was a man of middle age, an Alsatian many years in West Africa, who spoke fluently several of the native languages. Father Ridout, his colleague, was a young man newly arrived in the country, and quite without experience. The house they lived in was close alongside a big native town, whence there ran a trade road forty miles down to the great river. On the far side of the river stood a large settlement gar-

risoned by a considerable portion of the company's army."

The Fathers had a fine farm, and were satisfied that their presence and efforts were appreciated by their neighbors the townspeople, with whom their relations were most friendly. One afternoon the chief of the town presented himself at the Mission. The man was all gone to pieces. He gasped out that news of the coming of "The Silent Ones" had just reached him. He said they came because the town had welcomed and entertained the white man. Normally an intelligent, reasonable fellow, terror had turned the chief into a gibbering, drivelling incompetent. He was too frightened even to run away. He prayed the Fathers to leave at once. There might yet be time, he said, for them to reach the settlement. For his own part, perhaps, if "The Silent Ones" found the white men gone they would content themselves with looting and destroying the Mission, plus a fine from the town. The prospect was not a bright one, but if the Fathers remained, then would murder be the portion of all infallibly. And the poor miserable wretch grovelled and sobbed in his agony of fear.

Father Moulain comforted him as well as he could, but sympathy did the man no good at all, and the Father took a different line. "More than a year I have lived in your town," he said, "and you do not know me. You think I fear. Did I fear when I came first to you? You were not then my friend, remember. And your people would not help me at all; they threatened me and tried to drive me away from the town. Afterwards it was different. But at the beginning, you know how close I was to death at your hands. And now to-day you come to tell me to leave my house and run away from a lot of bushmen whom I have never seen." [In West Africa the term

"bushman" is the most insulting that can be applied to any native. In several of the languages it seems to be synonymous with "ape."] "My friend, you mistake me. It is not my habit to run away. I shall stop here. And you, go back to your house. 'The Silent Ones' shall not harm you, nor your people neither." And the fiery little Padre turned and went back into the Mission.

Men turn in early in the tropics, and the Fathers had been asleep some hours when, about midnight, a "boy" rushed into Moulain's room screaming. Evidently the chief had been well informed. "The Silent Ones" had arrived. The "boy" cowered in the corner, groaning and gibbering, quite beside himself. Moulain slipped into his long white cassock, and went out into the moonlight. A wonderful spectacle met his eyes. Between the mission-station and the town wall was a large clear space, many acres in extent. This was filled with a great army of men sitting down. One can read small print by the light of a full moon, and the little thick-set Alsatian could see that the naked savages before him were armed, and that many of them were daubed over with a white pigment. Not a sound arose from the vast assembly. Perfectly still, utterly silent, infinitely sinister, "The Silent Ones" sat, many thousands of them. And the little lonely white man, black-bearded, white cassocked, standing before them in the cool, mellow radiance, felt he could understand something of the awe they might inspire in meaner-fibred men. A white man, a Frenchman, in his own indomitable soul there was nothing of fear, and he advanced coolly towards his visitors. Arrived within a few yards of the front rank he stopped, and in their own language courteously saluted them. No man answered him. He continued—

"It is the custom here, when my friends come to see me, that they send beforehand to tell me. Then I prepare food for them, that they may rest and eat after their journey. You did not send to me and nothing has been prepared, but I have told my 'boys,' and soon they will bring some food for the great ones amongst you." No response from "The Silent Ones." The Padre went on—

"It is not the custom for honest men to come unannounced, with arms, in the middle of the night, to see their friend. But you, no doubt, have good reason. What is it?" And he paused, vainly, for reply.

"Then, since you won't tell me, I'll tell you. You are murderers. You are cowards. Like the hyæna you skulk in the shadows by day. You fly before a child with a stick in the sunlight. You are no men. In all of you there is not so much pluck as in one small dog. You call together a great band, and secretly by night you crawl about in the bush till the devil gives you courage to fall upon a sleeping man. Pah! I spit upon you." And he spat.

"You have come to murder me. I am but one, unarmed. You are many, and in your hands I see spears and knives and axes. It is night, and your father the devil has given you all the courage you can hold, apes that you are. Come then and kill me. You bushmen!" And he spat again.

With a gesture of contempt, "You fear to touch me," he said. "Why? See, I have no stick! You curs! I called you hyænas. I flattered you! You are mice!"

And the small missionary told them off in this strain for other ten minutes. He was of an eloquence, this Moulain! His address finished, he paused for some moments. Still from "The Silent Ones" there came no sign nor sound.

"Stand up!" he thundered. They started to their feet. "There is the road back to the bush. Follow it!" No man moved.

"Follow it!" he roared, with imperious gesture in the direction. And the mass, moving native fashion, in single file, slunk off. The Padre watched the last of them depart, and went back to the Mission, where, after a search, he discovered Father Ridout hiding under his bed. He addressed him shortly, and went himself back again to bed.

Late in the following afternoon, dusty, hot, tired beyond expression, there arrived Captain Jervis with a small column sent up in all haste from the settlement. The soldiers expected to find the place in ruins, and Jervis thought himself the victim of a false alarm when the Fathers came running out of the Mission to greet him. They escorted him and the three white officers with him to the veranda, gave to each a chair and a long cool drink, and then Father Ridout withdrew. Moulain narrated the events of the previous day, "and," he ended, "when you see Father Ridout please take no notice of him. Do not speak to him. For one week he is a 'boy,' he will take his meals with the 'boys,' and he is forbidden to speak to me or to any white man during that time."

"Come, come, now," said Jervis. "That's very hard on the little man. Certainly it wasn't very brave to go and hide under the bed, but he's very young, he's fresh to the country, and we have it on the best authority that it's not given to many men to be plucky at 2 A.M. And he isn't a soldier anyway."

"I beg your pardon," said Moulain very gravely. "He is a soldier, much more even than you are."

There resulted from the episode four several things. First, the power and prestige of "The Silent Ones" were

for ever destroyed in that neighborhood, and they went raiding there never again. Second, Jervis and his officers subscribed together and bought for Father Moulain the very latest pattern revolver, with hundreds and hundreds of cartridges. Third, the governing body of the company at home, who had the reputation of being very nearly the meanest upon earth, stirred by Jervis's report, bought a very handsome gold watch, paid for a most eloquent inscription that completely covered the back of it, and sent it out

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with orders to the greatest of their servants that he was to make a special journey for the purpose and present it to the Father with all possible ceremony. Fourth, and last, Father Moulain is to-day the head of a large and flourishing Mission at the scene of his encounter with "The Silent Ones." He says that there are only three useless things on the Mission—viz., himself, the revolver, and the watch, which took a dislike to West Africa soon after reaching him and has never worked from that day to this.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

III.—"AT DEAD OF NIGHT."

The stage is in semi-darkness as Dick Trayle throws open the window from outside, puts his knee on the sill, and falls carefully into the drawing-room of Beeste Hall. He is dressed in a knickerbocker suit with arrows on it (such as can always be borrowed from a friend), and, to judge from the noises which he emits, is not in the best of training. The lights go on suddenly; and he should seize this moment to stagger to the door and turn on the switch. This done he sinks into the nearest chair and closes his eyes.

If he has been dancing very late the night before he may drop into a peaceful sleep; in which case the play ends here. Otherwise, no sooner are his eyes closed than he opens them with a sudden start and looks round in terror.

Dick (striking the keynote at once). No, no! Let me out—I am innocent! (He gives a gasp of relief as he realizes the situation.) Free! It is true, then! I have escaped! I dreamed that I was back in prison again! (He shudders and helps himself to a large whisky-and-soda, which he swallows at a gulp.) That's better! Now I feel a new man—the

man I was three years ago. Three years! It has been a lifetime! (Pathetically to the audience.) Where is Millie-cent now?

[He falls into a reverie, from which he is suddenly awakened by a noise outside. He starts, and then creeps rapidly to the switch, arriving there at the moment when the lights go out. Thence he goes swiftly behind the window curtain. The lights go up again as Jasper Beeste comes in with a revolver in one hand and a bull's-eye lantern of apparently enormous candle power in the other.

Jasper (in immaculate evening dress). I thought I heard a noise, so I slipped on some old things hurriedly and came down. (Fingering his perfectly-tied tie.) But there seems to be nobody here. (Turns round suddenly to the window.) Ha, who's there? Hands up, blow you—(He ought to swear rather badly here, really)—hands up, or I fire!

[The stage is suddenly plunged into darkness, there is the noise of a struggle, and the lights go on to reveal Jasper by the door covering Dick with his revolver.

Jasper. Let's have a little light on

you. (*Brutally.*) Now then, my man, what have you got to say for yourself? Ha! An escaped convict, eh?

Dick (to himself in amazement). Jasper Beeste!

Jasper. So you know my name?

Dick (in the tones of a man whose whole life has been blighted by the machinations of a false friend). Yes, Jasper Beeste, I know your name. For two years I have said it to myself every night, when I prayed Heaven that I should meet you again.

Jasper. Again? (*Uneasily.*) We have met before?

Dick (slowly). We have met before, Jasper Beeste. Since then I have lived a lifetime of misery. You may well fail to recognize me.

[*Enter Millicent Wilsdon—in a dressing-gown, with her hair over her shoulders, if the county will stand it.*

Millicent (to Jasper). I couldn't sleep—I heard a noise—I—(*suddenly seeing the other*) Dick! (*She trembles.*)

Dick. Millicent! (*He trembles too.*)

Jasper. Trayle! (*So does he.*)

Dick (bitterly). You shrink from me, Millicent. (*With strong common sense*) What is an escaped convict to the beautiful Miss Wilsdon?

Millicent. Dick—I—you—when you were sentenced—

Dick. When I was sentenced—the evidence was black against me, I admit—I wrote and released you from your engagement. You are married now?

Millicent (throwing herself on a sofa). Oh, Dick!

Jasper (recovering himself). Enough of this. Miss Wilsdon is going to marry me to-morrow.

Dick. To marry you! (*He strides over to the sofa and pulls Millicent to her feet.*) Millicent, look me in the eyes! Do you love him? (*She turns away.*) Say "Yes" and I will go back quietly to my prison. (*She raises her eyes to his.*) Ha! I thought so! You

don't love him. Now then I can speak.

Jasper (advancing threateningly). Yes, to your friends the warders. Millicent, ring the bell.

Dick (wresting the revolver from his grasp). Ha, would you? Now stand over there and listen to me. (*He arranges his audience, Millicent on a sofa on the right, Jasper, biting his finger nails, on the left.*) Three years ago Lady Wilsdon's diamond necklace was stolen. My flat was searched and the necklace was found in my hatbox. Although I protested my innocence I was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to ten years penal servitude, followed by fifteen years police supervision.

Millicent (raising herself on the sofa). Dick, you were innocent—I know it. (*She flops back again.*)

Dick. I was. But how could I prove it? I went to prison. For a year black despair gnawed at my heart. And then something happened. The prisoner in the cell next to mine tried to communicate with me by means of taps. We soon arranged a system and held conversations together. One day he told me of a robbery in which he and another man had been engaged—the robbery of a diamond necklace.

Jasper (jauntily). Well?

Dick (sternly). A diamond necklace, Jasper Beeste, which the other man hid in the hatbox of another man in order that he might woo the other man's fiancée! (*Millicent shrieks.*)

Jasper (blusteringly). Bah!

Dick (quietly). The man in the cell next to mine wants to meet this gentleman again. It seems that he has some old scores to pay off.

Jasper (sneeringly). And where is he?

Dick. Ah, where is he? (*He goes to the window and gives a low whistle. A Stranger in knickerbockers jumps in and advances with a crab-like movement.*) Good! here you are. Allow me to present you to Mr. Jasper Beeste.

Jasper (in horror). Two-toed Thomas! I am undone!

Two-toed Thomas (after a series of unintelligible snarls). Say the word, guv'nor, and I'll kill him. *(He prowls round Jasper thoughtfully.)*

Dick (sternly). Stand back! Now, Jasper Beeste, what have you to say?

Jasper (hysterically). I confess. I will sign anything. I will go to prison. Only keep that man off me.

Dick (going up to a bureau and writing aloud at incredible speed). "I, Jasper Beeste, of Beeste Hall, do hereby declare that I stole Lady Wilsdon's diamond necklace and hid it in the hat-box of Richard Trayle; and I further declare that the said Richard Trayle is innocent of any complicity in the affair." *(Advancing with the paper and a fountain pen.)* Sign, please.

[Jasper signs. At this moment two warders burst into the room.

Punch.

First Warder. There they are!

[He seizes Dick. Two-toed Thomas leaps from the window, pursued by the second Warder. Millicent picks up the confession and advances dramatically.]

Millicent. Do not touch that man! Read this!

[She hands him the confession with an air of superb pride.]

First Warder (reading). Jasper Beeste! *(Slipping a pair of handcuffs on Jasper.)* You come along with me, my man. We've had our suspicions of you for some time. *(To Millicent, with a nod at Dick)* You'll look after that gentleman, miss?

Millicent. Of course! Why, he's engaged to me. Aren't you Dick?

Dick. This time, Millicent, for ever!

Curtain.

A. A. M.

THE FUTURE OF ANGLO-AMERICAN ARBITRATION.

Sir Edward Grey's reputation as a dispassionate and reserved statesman enhances the influence of the cordial response which he has made to the suggestions of President Taft for an unreserved treaty of arbitration between the United States and this country. Mr. Taft's personal declarations in favor of this course, repeated upon at least two public occasions, carried, of course, no Governmental weight, and, indeed, were taken at the time as little more than pious aspirations. Sir Edward Grey's favorable attitude has raised them at a single move on to the plane of practical politics. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that his declaration initiates a new stage in the history of international relations. For it is the first full and warm acceptance, on the part of a European Foreign Minister of the idea of substitut-

ing a judicial settlement for the arbitration of arms in the graver issues between two nations. Many of those who in this country and America give the kindest welcome to the idea do not appear adequately to appraise its intrinsic and particular importance. Such a treaty, if it can be brought about, would, in their opinion, be more valuable as an example than as an achievement. For to ordinary citizens the notion of actual hostilities between this country and America has come to appear so monstrous that it has been difficult to realize that any provocation could bring it to pass. Now this view implies not only a short memory, but a rather dangerous misreading of national psychology. The fact that only sixteen years ago the two nations were brought very suddenly to the very brink of war by the message of Pres-

ident Cleveland on the Venezuela question, ought to suffice to remind us of the enormous value of an agreement which should secure the automatic "adjudication of International Arbitration Courts in every issue which cannot be settled by negotiation, no matter what it involves, whether honor, territory, or money." It is true that the relations between the two countries since that time have shown a marked increase of friendliness, and that the present time is peculiarly opportune for setting those relations upon a permanent basis of peace and law. But these movements of popular feeling are very fluctuating, and it would be a thousand pities not to utilize the genuine current of goodwill which prevails now in both peoples to give stability and firm co-operation to the future policy of the two great Anglo-Saxon States. For the opportuneness does not merely consist in the friendly sentiments which exist upon both sides of the Atlantic. The United States, within the last few years, has openly and rapidly abandoned her formal policy of seclusion, and has stepped out boldly to take her part in world politics. The territorial acquisitions which have accompanied this change are, perhaps, not the most important aspect of this new policy. The enlarged commercial career which, on attaining her present stage of industrial development, she was bound to enter, the approaching completion of the Panama Canal, and, we must add, the adoption of a naval policy which places her among the greatest Powers, combine to bring the United States into the full flood of international politics. As the territory, trade and financial exploitation of the Pacific come to play the larger part they must play in the international affairs of European Powers, the United States must more and more be drawn into the race. Her present and, we believe, her permanent desires

and interests make for peace. Her favorite spokesmen and advisers eagerly urge that she should enter her new career in the definite character of a peacemaker. But it would be foolish to disguise the risk that the nobler and more enduring tendency may be crossed and thwarted by one of those gusts of passion which sweep the ship of State out of its pre-ordained course, and bear it into perilous seas. One of the ablest recent analysts of American life observes that "in the attitude of the American towards foreign affairs, the love of peace and the delight in war combine to make a contrast which has rarely been seen."

If America is to be a real power for peace in the world, she cannot exercise that function by merely adding one more to the great armed Powers, scheming and struggling for trade and dominion. She can only do so by taking just that sort of initiative which President Taft desires. She can do so better than any other first-rate Power, precisely because she has hitherto stood aloof from "entangling alliances." It is natural and right that in her early tentative endeavor after this policy she should first approach Great Britain; for the common bonds of blood, language and institutions make this the line of least resistance and of most reliable co-operation. It has hitherto been impossible for representative statesmen in European nations to achieve the faith in ideas and the confidence in pacific tendencies requisite for the great step which America and England can take together for the cause of civilization. We do not forget that Mr. Taft has made no formal proposal, and that Sir Edward Grey accepted none. But though some organs of our Press speak in disparaging tones of the surrender of "sovereignty" involved in general arbitration, there can, we hold, be little doubt that a

formal offer authorized by the United States Government, would be welcomed by a Government of either party in this country, and would win the enthusiastic assent of our Parliament and people. We believe that not only statesmen like Mr. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. Root, but the sentiment of the great mass of the American people, would rally to the support of the proposal should it be formally set upon the platform.

But in considering its practicability, it would be wrong to forget that such a scheme must pass the severe test imposed by the Constitution of the United States in the case of Treaties—the obligation to obtain a vote of two-thirds of the members of the Senate. That body has often shown itself obdurate to the demands of popular opinion and of plain national interest, and fourteen years ago it wrecked a Treaty covering nearly the same objects as

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those now in contemplation. Strange as it may appear, the realization of this beneficent idea in the near future probably depends more upon the accomplishment of Irish Home Rule than upon any other conditions. For the hostility of Irish politicians in America has persisted for generations as a fruitful cause of embitterment in the relations of Great Britain and the United States, and the failure of the first Anglo-American Treaty was specially the work of Mr. Davitt. The open sore of Irish discontent once healed, the natural sympathy between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations will, in the United States, generate a compelling force of public opinion, which even the Senate would not dare defy, in favor of unrestricted arbitration and of that further co-operation in the great task of world-peace to which Sir Edward Grey looks forward as the outcome of an Anglo-American agreement.

HOUSE OF LORDS REFORM.

BY LORD ROBERT CECIL.

The Unionist party, or at least a section of it, appear to be losing their heads. Scarcely a day passes without some fresh and startling proposal for the "reform" of the House of Lords being given to the world. Many of us thought that the original Rosebery-Lansdowne proposals went quite far enough. Not a few looked with grave misgiving on the attempt to graft the elective principle on the old constitution of the Great Council. Such attempts necessarily open the door to even more drastic proposals, and already some of the younger members of the Unionist party are clamoring for a completely elective Second Chamber. To me such a proposal seems insane. At the very moment when, by the admission of everybody, except a few bureaucrats, the House of Commons

is ceasing to represent the people, it is proposed to make the will of the people prevail by turning the other House into a second House of Commons. Lord Balfour of Burleigh declared on Thursday that he would be a bold man who would say that during the last twenty-five years our representative system had been growing in success. Let no one think this statement is the extravagance of an unregenerate Tory. Mr. Belloc has lately published a book on the Party System to prove that we are governed by a group of wirepullers. Mr. Sherwell, the highly respected Radical member for Huddersfield, says that "our Parliamentary system is rapidly developing into a real, if undesigned, absolutism." Mr. Philip Snowden, the Socialist, is even more outspoken. On 6 July 1907, just

after the Campbell-Bannerman Resolutions, he wrote: "That the House of Commons represents the will of the people and is engaged in trying to carry out the people's wishes, is one of those constitutional myths like the veto of the Crown and the liberty of the subject, we all pretend to cherish but know to be unreal. We have not a democratic Constitution. The people do not rule. The House of Commons does not represent the will of the people. The Government is an autocracy restrained, just like the Tsar of Russia, by considerations of self-preservation and self-interest. It is the knowledge of these facts which makes this agitation against the House of Lords almost contemptible." Personally, I subscribe to Mr. Snowden's opinion without reserve. The House of Commons is in some ways less representative of the people's wishes than it was before the Reform Bill of 1832, and far less than it was in the middle of the nineteenth century. And the reason is not far to seek. The more numerous the body of electors the more certainly do they fall under the control of the wirepuller. In a constituency of a few hundreds the personality of a candidate counts for much. Multiply the voters a hundredfold and he becomes a mere emblem. The choice of the emblem nowadays rests usually with a little group of self-elected wirepullers and they naturally prefer one who will do as they tell him. Hence the fetish of "loyalty to the party," which simply means that members of Parliament are not now expected to act on their opinion of what public advantage requires. Still less are they to regard the wishes of their constituents. Their sole duty is unquestioning obedience to the behests of the clique which governs the party, Liberal, Tory, Labor, or Nationalist, to which they may happen to belong.

The truth is the House of Commons

is breaking down. No patriot, certainly no Conservative, can view its present condition without profound concern. Mr. Snowden, in the article already quoted says: "It would be an instructive lesson to the electors, who have imagined that they were voting for a man to represent their will in Parliament, if they could see that member coming in from the Terrace or the smoke-room at the ringing of the division bell, and, at the entrance to the lobbies, being pointed by the party Whip into the particular lobby he must go to register his vote for a motion about which, in nine cases out of ten, he has not the remotest idea. He has not heard a word of the discussion; he does not even know what the question under discussion is; he votes as 'a supporter of his party,' and if he understood the question and had opinions upon it, it would make no difference. He is there to support his party; to follow his leaders; to do as he is told. This is expressing 'the will of the people'." All this is literally true. Yet, even so, it is not the whole truth. Not only are the decisions of the House of Commons mere echoes of the decrees of the Cabinet, but even its debates are becoming increasingly lifeless and unreal. With the exception of two or three men, everyone knows what a speaker will say before he opens his mouth. He is not allowed to think for himself. He is forced to follow the beaten track. What wonder that his audience is usually reduced to those who intend to follow him in the discussion, and that the rest of the House reads, writes, smokes, or gossips in some other chamber of the building until a division puts a temporary stop to this parody of Parliamentary discussion.

Such is the condition to which the tyranny of the caucus and the Cabinet has reduced the most famous legislative Assembly in the world. And

It is now seriously proposed to submit the House of Lords to a similar process. The House of Lords may have many faults, but at least the peers take their duties seriously. Their debates are dignified and well-informed. No peers speak who have not something to say. On important occasions the benches are well filled during the debate, and those peers only vote who have heard and weighed the arguments used. Frequently members of the Upper House vote against their party, and if any Whip were to attempt to direct a peer into a lobby different from that selected by himself he would probably be sent to the Clock Tower! Its chief defect—and it is a serious one—is that it is overwhelmingly Unionist in opinion. Let that be corrected by all means, but let it be done with as little disturbance as possible of its composition and corporate character. To my thinking, the most satisfactory reform of the House of Lords would be for it to revert to its original constitution, when it consisted of those distinguished persons whom the Sovereign chose to summon as his advisers during their lives. Doubtless, now that the kingly power has passed from the monarch to the democracy, the sum-

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mons must be issued on the recommendation of the party leaders, who are the nominees of the democracy. In the first instance, to obtain an impartial body, the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition should each nominate one-half of the new Second Chamber. Afterwards vacancies should be filled on the recommendation of the Prime Minister of the day. But the personnel of the new House and the old one should differ as little as might be consistent with genuine impartiality. Unless reform produces an even balance of parties, the reformed Second Chamber will remain obnoxious to the one serious criticism directed against its present constitution. Granted impartiality, the less change made in the present House the better. In any case, do not let us create a second House of Commons. To that course there are many other objections besides those mentioned here. For myself, and in this matter I am convinced that my views are shared by an immense body of the true Conservative opinion in the country, almost any solution would be better than one which extended to the Second Chamber the baleful despotism of the caucus.

THE DEBT TO DICKENS.

The scheme for selling Dickens stamps, to be placed by all honorable debtors in their copies of Dickens's works, avoids numerous moral difficulties and gives every promise of fulfilling the pious task of bringing comfort to Dickens's descendants. It is therefore an almost perfect scheme, and should be forwarded by everyone who has a single volume of Dickens in his possession. It seems to us, indeed, that this is one of the very few memorials to Dickens which would be

permissible. Lord Rosebery, speaking of the Dickens stamps at the Mansion House last week, said that we were all getting a little weary of memorials. His remarks remind us of the similar words used by Bowen: "We erect memorials to nobody, and we elaborately celebrate the centenary of nothing." We are not opposed so strongly as some people, we must confess, to the erection of statues (provided that they be good statues); for a statue of an interesting or noble man in his birth-

place, or in the place chiefly associated with his work, is a challenge to the least curious mind, and makes the earth seem to speak its history. But statues of Dickens, even if they seemed for other reasons to be a desirable part of a memorial to him, are ruled out. He himself said that he wished for no memorial of that kind. It may be said that we should use our discretion in obeying the modest self-depreciations of a genius. Discretion to set Dickens's wishes aside was employed when he was buried in Westminster Abbey. He had said that he would be buried quietly, and that the world should not know the time or place. Statues seem a trivial contradiction of his wishes after that, perhaps. But the family of Dickens are the High Court of judgment in this matter, and they have always deprecated statues. And, after all, while Dickens's works remain, all memorials must appear trivial, if not impertinent. The works are the only true monument. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*

The Dickens stamp, however, avoids all these difficulties. The scheme proposes to discharge, as Lord Rosebery well said, "a debt which is long overdue." What ought to have been one of the greatest literary properties in history was not of great pecuniary worth to the creator of it and has been of little to his descendants. The details—or rather the estimates—of this literary property are worth thinking over. It is reckoned that there are 25,000,000 sets of Dickens's works in existence. Dickens is supposed to have died worth between £70,000 and £80,000, and of this sum about £50,000 came from his public readings. No one could possibly dispute Lord Rosebery's comment: "Now, I think we shall all feel that that is a very inadequate return as compared with modern returns—with the modern return,

for example, of a successful play—to this great genius, for what he did for us. . . . He has left twenty descendants—three children and seventeen grandchildren—who are by no means placed in this world as the descendants of Dickens ought to be. It is not through their own fault. They make no claim and no complaint, but it does seem a debt of honor, from this nation at any rate, to them and to ourselves that we should not let this family of our great genius suffer under any kind of want." When Dickens wrote there was no copyright in the United States. He derived not a penny of profit from all the multitude of his readers in America. Lord Rosebery was certainly well guided in saying that in America, where the readers of Dickens from first to last must be more numerous even than in this country, there would be an enthusiastic readiness to pay off "the debt which is long overdue." The bitterness which Americans felt towards Dickens after the publication of "Martin Chuzzlewit" is dead. It died in Dickens's lifetime. Even the most resolute resentment must have yielded to the generous acknowledgment of American qualities which Dickens wrote as a preface for the later editions of "Martin Chuzzlewit." But it would require a heavy subscription indeed to overtake the arrears of rent for the Elysian fields which Dickens put at the disposal of the world. Surely there is no more precarious property than literary property, none which brings such uncertain profits or which brings them for so short a time. As Mr. Birrell has said, however long a copyright may last it does not help the author who has sold it outright. Authors do not speculate on their books being read many years after their death.

What is the character of the peculiar debt we owe to Dickens? Everyone

will put it differently, and so much the better, provided that we all recognize that the debt is a vast sum. Lord Rosebery picked out only one point among many, but it is perhaps the most important. He said that Dickens taught us how to laugh. Dickens came into a world that was not distinguished by its faculty for laughter. "Am I not right in saying," exclaims Lord Rosebery, "that a laugh, a real laugh, at any literary product, except of course a comedy on the stage, any laugh over a book that you are reading, is almost the rarest luxury which you can enjoy? . . . Anyone who feels depressed, who feels unhappy, who feels physically unwell, has only got to take down his 'Pickwick' and read a few pages, possibly that he knows by heart already, and he will find himself indulging in that innocent and healthy exhilaration of which I spoke."

Dickens, indeed, makes an appeal to our generation different from that of which those who read him in monthly parts were conscious. They laughed, no doubt, but they wept with a more consuming ardor—at all events, with a simple emotion of which we of to-day are scarcely capable. The crowds which struggled to get early copies of the new part wet from the press were moved to profound and lasting gloom by the death of Little Nell or Paul Dombey. They could hardly wait in their impatience to know how the plot developed and whether, let us say, Martin Chuzzlewit married Mary. To-day we are comparatively indifferent to these things: we recognize that the plots are no plots, or at least do not matter. They all depended on how many more monthly parts the publishers wanted, or whether Dickens already did or did not see his way to a new novel. "Oliver Twist" begins to end, so to speak, over and over again,

and takes new life and goes off again at a glorious tangent. "Edwin Drood" almost alone has proportion and form because Dickens sketched out his plot and sat down to write it, knowing exactly in advance how and when he meant to end it. We perceive to-day also that nearly every character of Dickens is a static thing: it does not grow with the plot, nor does the plot depend upon the state of soul—or the resultant action—of anybody in the book. You might lift Pecksniff out of "Martin Chuzzlewit" and put him into "Nicholas Nickleby" and he would figure there just as adequately and no less delightfully. The same thing might be said of almost any character in any of Dickens's works. But the lover of Dickens, every man who is not a fool in fact, is not affected by these things. He forgets that the chronology of "Martin Chuzzlewit" will not bear examination, and that Jonas cannot have committed the murder when he is said to have committed it. It is nothing to him that the Yorkshire schools have long since been reformed, and that the diabolical system of nursing of which Mrs. Gamp was the archetype no longer exists. He passes quickly over the sentimentality as mere alluvial deposit in which the gold is always to be found. And the gold is not only plentiful but always near the surface—eloquence, laughter, geniality and whimsicality, in a profusion which always seems new. Except perhaps tobacco, for those who feel about it as Kingsley did, there is no solace in the world like Dickens. We begin to laugh as we think of the innumerable passages which vie in our mind for the position of favorite. You can pay half a guinea for a stall in a theatre and be bored to death. You can buy two hundred thousand words of Dickens for sixpence and pass into a land of delight of which the vision

does not fade so long as you read. It is for the purpose of balancing that absurd discrepancy, to take only
The Spectator.

one illustration, that we are all invited to put Dickens stamps in our books.

AN IMPERIALIST IN ARCADY.

The February number of the "National Review" contained an illuminating article by an Imperialist lady, in which she describes her experiences as a political speaker in a Fenland constituency during the recent election. The article casts a vivid light on what we may call the Primrose League view of the country poor. The writer hurries down from town to Fenland, literally on the eve of the poll, deserting a symphony concert and upsetting "the W.'s dinner party" by her departure. As the train steams out of King's Cross, she opens a despatch box, and begins to compose her speeches. She "selects her ammunition from an arsenal of pamphlets with which she is provided," but sighs to think that "her fate is usually an audience on whom the measured eloquence of statesmen is wasted, and who are not in the least impressed by extracts from Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone, proving that those eminent Liberals were staunch supporters of principles which their degenerate successors are disowning." Yes, that is it—the stolidity of the agricultural poor. It is really useless to talk to them. Beneath those impassive masks one feels their minds are quite made up. They will not listen to the voice of the charmer, charm she never so wisely. Not even copious extracts from those eminent Militarists and Tariff Reformers, Richard Cobden and John Bright, can shake their bigoted adhesion to the prejudices which are ruining the country. These brainless, and, it is to be feared, too often befuddled people, rashly entrusted with the weapon of a vote, will listen to all the lady has to say, and

then go away and vote against Tariff Reform. So the village Baptist hears the Rector quote St. Basil and St. Ambrose, and next Sunday takes his dour and customary drive to chapel.

We like the lady politician's account of her arrival at her inn, "The Blue Boar." Of this hostelry she very truly observes that it is "genuine Dickens." In one Fenland town, by the way, there is a perfectly delightful inn. A monastic quiet still broods over the whole town. The place has preserved an atmosphere of almost incredible remoteness. So out of the world is it, that, on Sunday afternoons, the young men do not ride off on bicycles, but, dressed in their Sunday best, hang over the strange old stone bridge. This is no mere passage over water, but some religious station of the monks. On it still stands a sacred Figure, in way-worn, woe-struck, weather-beaten majesty. The "National Review" writer speaks of the "lovely old Queen Anne candlesticks" at the "Blue Boar." So we longed to carry off, from the inn we speak of, an old glass beer jug, engraved two hundred years ago with the dove carrying in her bill a spray of hops plucked off. This, we had fondly imagined, was a fancy of our own. "The 'Blue Boar' is the headquarters of our side," our speaker writes, "but a little further down," she adds unkindly, "there is a Temperance Hotel, much patronized by the others." We hasten to assure her that some of the most impenitent of those "others" know and love the "Blue Boar." What scenes of the past do such old inns evoke, with Toby-jug-like figures gossiping on eighteenth-

century bowling-greens in long-gone summer evenings!

But such themes must not allure us from our village politicians. Our lady speaker wisely decides to have some cold chicken in the coffee-room before beginning her evening's work. At 6.30 the motor arrives, and, in getting in, she discovers she has a companion "who had been in the constituency for some days." Let us transcribe some of the remarks of this worthy, verbatim et literatim.

"These agricultural laborers are something crool. No brains, no eddication—but there! We spend millions a year on eddication, but what do we turn out? They can read and write, but they can't think." (From this point on, these last words occur like a refrain through the rest of the article.) "London is a crool disappointment. I can't understand it at all. Never could understand a working man being a Liberal. . . . As for Socialism, its ridiklous. Flying in the face of nature." This fiery apostle appears to have broken away from his hereditary political creed. "I've been a shoemaker myself, and my father and brothers—all Radicals. Shoemakers and tailors are usually Radicals, and mostly Athelsts." Could the Primrose League contempt for shoemakers and tailors and the base mechanic rabble-babble of places like Birmingham and Leicester and Northampton be more concisely expressed?

The account of the journey's end is hardly encouraging. The motor-car is received with "loud booling" in the village. "The schoolroom is nearly empty, save for a few young girls, and a few old ladies in the front seats." These old ladies are, no doubt, the true remnant. "The chair is a rugged-faced old farmer, eighty years old and stone deaf." The booling youths take their stand at the back of the room. Fresh contingents of men keep coming in at

the door, where they stand three deep, pipe in mouth, hands in pocket, cap on head, staring at the lady speaker. Alas! for the manners of Arcady. "The local chairman of committee prefers a request. The Radicals have put a notice all over the village that, if Mr. Brown gets in, bread and butter will be heavily taxed. Will I deal with this? It is a request with which every speaker on our side is familiar!" Yes indeed. In Arcady it is the one subject we want to hear about. For the woes of Irish landlords we have no tears to spend.

The whole article is so lifelike and so instructive that the reader will pardon a few more quotations. They hardly need one word of comment. The writer next gives the candid expression of her feeling about the rustic audience she has come from London to address:

I wonder whether other speakers have the same feeling of utter incompetence that comes over me when I stand up and face such an audience as this. The blank, bucolic faces, the wreaths of smoke rising up from heavy lips, the expressionless eyes all turned upon me, the thick boots ready to shuffle on the floor. . . . What is one to talk about? Can they understand these questions of high politics, these grave constitutional issues? They can read and write, but they cannot think.

No, but they can feel. Their fathers were reasoned with in the Greek portico of the hungry 'forties (to borrow a phrase of George Meredith's), and they themselves know what it is to be cold and wet and hungry. At the best of times it is still hard work to get enough to eat for themselves and their children. No sophistry will make them take a single step towards making it harder. Meanwhile, they will listen—they rather like listening to a good speaker on any side or subject. After half-an-hour our lady "sits down amid very kindly applause."

They are the despair of the propertied and titled gentry who wish to tax their food, and who cannot do it without their consent. The chairman of her next meeting gave the lady his "impressions of the neighborhood." From internal evidence, we should say that he was a retired military man. He spoke once, and twice also we have heard the same. We have heard it from colonels and farmers and squires and parsons' wives. He said:—

The only things they care about are their stomachs and their pockets. No use talking to them about the Empire, and as for Home Rule, they don't know what it means. They've never seen a ship—most of 'em, and don't care a brass farthing for the Navy, or anything that really matters. Ireland? No, they take no interest in it at all.

This witness is true. To the people, their pockets and their stomachs are the things that really matter. How can it be otherwise? To us also it seems that for the people to have decent houses to live in and food enough to eat are the things that really matter. When these are attained, by all means let them see ships and learn something of the people of other countries, and their solidarity with them.

But our lady speaker is not discouraged. If they are apathetic, it is because they are ignorant, and, for her part, she "will talk Empire and Navy, God and our Country wherever she may go." In this list of nouns, note the position accorded to the third. A fervent lady Tariff Reformer lately remarked to a friend of the present writer: "We're not doing it for ourselves—it's for the Almighty." God and Tariff Reform! We are reminded of some lines of Don Juan:—

The Nation.

God and the Empress! Oh! ye Powers Eternal, such names mingled.

We quote once more:—

It's a bit of romance, this election. Tom Brown was born at X., of poor parents. In Australia he has made his pile, and he comes back—an Imperialist, of course—with one great ambition, to represent his native place at Westminster. A splendid candidate, everyone says—if he cannot get in, no one could.

No, under these conditions no one can. The fact stated above, of course, appeals strongly to popular sentiment and local patriotism. "Home again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London," but you must not try to tax our food.

Will this Fenland desert ever blossom as the rose of Tariff Reform, will it become a Primrose wood in spring, a Botticelli Primavera with its dancing nymphs? Our writer is doubtfully hopeful—she suggests Empire maps and flags.

Twenty meetings, aye, or two hundred, will not send an Imperialist back to Westminster as member for X., if the men who are to elect him are brought up in schools where there is neither an Empire map nor a British flag. . . . Forty meetings, or four hundred, will not really help to bring enlightenment to an electorate, of which the majority are taught to read and write but not to think.

If this were done, they might, perhaps, be got to prefer maps and flags and stones to bread. The article ends sadly:—

Tom Browne has not got the wish of his heart yet, and X. is represented at Westminster by a Radical wrecker.

PLURAL VOTING IN BELGIUM.

Plural voting at the present time is, as we know, anathema to the Radical doctrinaire. He even finds it difficult to discuss calmly, for "one man one vote" apparently represents to him the irreducible minimum of political integrity. That gerrymandering piece of legislation—the threatened new Liberal Reform Bill—will sweep away every trace of the accursed thing; or so its promoters intend. They clearly hold that when once plural voting is abolished, and, presumably, adult suffrage established, then, and only then, government by the counting of heads will bring all things to prosperity and perfection.

Now there exists a corrective to these crude views in the working model of the necessary modifications entailed by appreciation of the doubtful blessing of such rule. The stormy period during which Belgium remodelled her Constitution and established her limited monarchy and representative government was productive of a compromise between these two incompatibles, as Liberals consider them—plural voting and universal suffrage—which though intricate, is instructive. It exposes some Radical fallacies to which we are here accustomed, and this may be one reason why invincible ignorance of plural voting under Belgian conditions appears to flourish and abound in that party.

Belgium, in short, is a country in possession of *le suffrage universel plural*. There every male citizen over the age of twenty-five years possesses one vote in virtue of his age and birth qualification. In passing, we note that the higher limit of the constitutional coming of age might be advantageous in our own country. The Belgian citizen may however still more increase his voting powers without a corresponding

increase of his substance. By the famous Article 47 of the Constitution, Belgium allows three additional qualifications to confer the privilege of plural voting in a kingdom enjoying none the less the democratic blessing of universal suffrage, and since 1899 of proportional representation as well. Again, to our Radical doctrinaire these anomalies must be distressing, although we have cause to perceive that proportional representation is no longer to him a pleasing prospect. It is even to be feared that the oracle of other Liberal days—John Stuart Mill—would find his support thereof dismissed with a smile at his Utopian simplicity, since it is now doubtful whether proportional representation would advantage his party. The electoral system of Belgium, however, is influenced towards the bestowal of plural votes by considerations additional to those of property. Fatherhood is, under her Constitution, one ground of admission to a second franchise; the *pères conscrits* of the commonwealth come to their own in a practical acknowledgment. Every man of thirty-five years of age, married or a widower, and having children, may claim his plural vote provided that he also pays a minimum of five francs a year in income-tax. "I have been ever of opinion," said the immortal Vicar, "that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population." Belgium unquestionably approves the sentiment. The plural voter there has however other opportunities also. Possessing a diploma of the schools of learning or endowed with professional qualifications indicative of a trained intelligence, he has two more votes at his disposal. Finally, one small sop to the Cerberus of property

exists under this scheme. It is true that the incorrigible, or unfortunate, bachelor may qualify for the vote additional as well as may the father of a family; but it is enacted that he in the last resort must be the richer man of the two. Belgium insists that he must have something at stake in the prosperity of the country other than the fact of bare existence in possible defiance of every eugenic consideration. On the score of property, real estate to the value of two thousand francs or an income of one hundred francs derived from the State securities of the country, satisfies her moderate demand. Under these conditions of plural voting the universal suffrage by which both Chamber of Deputies and Senate (with the exception of twenty-six members) are elected, is in Belgium accordingly exercised.

What, we may ask, is the fundamental principle of this form of plural voting? It appears to be a sound and, where universal suffrage or any approach thereto is adopted, an evidently necessary safeguard. As a rough rule the defence of the property qualification for additional votes or for any vote, will be that the virtue and intelligence of the possessors are promoted by such favoring circumstances. Property furnishes forth few inmates of our prisons, and bestows advantages of education, surroundings and associates which should increase the capacity of sound judgment. Whether in administration itself or in the selection of a governing body, knowledge, integrity, and sound judgment are the indispensable factors which no skilful accommodation of competing interests—this accommodation being the creeping paralysis of good government to which democratic rule is peculiarly susceptible—can replace. But the measures of a wide enfranchisement have swept away the virtually exclusive claim of property; and their concomi-

itants of State-aided, State-directed education and a cheap Press have promoted a specious knowledge and shallow judgment which spell a far-reaching change of conditions. The political knowledge which is influential at an election crisis is the average of the knowledge of an ill-educated electorate, and the judgment of affairs which such an electorate accepts is as a rule mainly an *ex parte* advocacy. And therefore to increase the elective power of the man of wider range and outlook than is within the purview of the man in the street is a counterbalance to the real danger of that little knowledge which its possessor believes to be omniscience. We have of course accepted this principle in the Universities' franchise, and it is significant that this franchise is one which the party in power is most anxious to destroy. But it is doubtful if the principle is sufficiently widely applied. Belgium's addition of a professional qualification is in the right direction. It cannot be too much emphasized that whereas integrity, by the dispensation of Providence, may come by nature, knowledge and sound judgment of affairs which such an election, emphatically do not develop without labor and effort, and rarely without some favor of circumstance. The professional qualification involves, too, considerable contact with life and actual conditions. Belgium's other qualification for the plural vote—that of fatherhood—is characteristic of a healthy tendency, on the increase in modern life, to acknowledge the human factor in the State. Such a tendency is as remote from the despot's position that humanity is negligible as it is from the conception of the citizen as a mere party pawn.

This system of plural voting then, these additional qualifications for the exercise of the suffrage, are Belgium's contributions to the solving of that problem of representative government

which, whether recognized or not, is the Sphinx's riddle of the modern State. Unless, indeed it can be solved, free institutions are in as grave danger from the tyranny of the un-instructed and exploited many as ever they were threatened with by absolute monarchy or oligarchical rule. And that problem is a double one. Even with the omission of the criminal and the insane from the position of electors, it remains a patent fact that the choice

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of administrations and of policies does not lie within the capacity of judgment of all the citizens. The final decision falls too much to the *sic volo* of the "wobbler." On the other hand, to leave any class unrepresented is to invite oppression and neglect of the interests of that class. To combine the safety of all with the wisdom of the few is no light problem, but it is one which cannot be safely neglected,

E. S. H.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

William Jennings Bryan's "The Fruit of the Tree," a striking address which won general appreciation when delivered at the World's Missionary Conference at Edinburgh last June, has been published in a convenient booklet by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

Henry Holt & Co. are just having to send to press for the fourteenth time Berthold Auerbach's masterpiece, "The Villa on the Rhine," which they first issued over forty years ago. They will signalize this new printing by issuing the book, which has appeared, during all that time, in two volumes, for the first time in one.

The increasing interest in amateur photography ensures a welcome for Adolphe Abrahams's little treatise on "The Photography of Moving Objects and Hand-Camera Work for Advanced Workers"—the more so because it is the fruit of long practical experience and is illustrated with numerous specimens of the results of this fascinating department of the photographer's art. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The painful ambiguity which sometimes arises from the names assumed by contemporary fiction-writers is clev-

erly hit off by Punch in this paragraph about "The Greatest Little Lion":

"So glad you've come. You're just in time to meet Evelyn Starker. Just dropped in quite informally, you know. No ceremony or anything of that sort."

"Very glad to meet her," I murmured.

"Her! My good man, you don't mean to say you haven't heard of Evelyn Starker? You've read his books, anyway. He wrote 'Fallacy or Phantasy' and 'The Duke's Diogenes' and—and lots of others. Come on in. You'll find him awfully affable and nice—considering what he is."

It is the desperado of the story rather than the real hero who gives his name to Caroline Lockhart's tale "Me-Smith" and it is a desperado of large and varied gifts in his particular line, but without a single redeeming quality unless mere brute courage is to be so reckoned. The story is one of the wild and lawless west; and there figure in it Indians and half-breeds, cowboys and ranchmen, a guileless and high-minded "school-marm," a diligent and unsophisticated scientist, and a brave young deputy sheriff, who is the real hero. There is no lack of incident; from the first chapter to the last the story goes at a gallop; and it is still proceeding at a rapid pace when "Me-

Smith" meets his tragic and well-deserved end. Four or five spirited illustrations interpret the situations and characters. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Fedor Dostoleffsky's masterpiece, "Crime and Punishment," is published in Everyman's Library, with an introduction by Laurence Irving. Diffuse as the author's style is, and numerous as are the digressions which hinder the movement of the plot, there is no escaping the intense realism of the story. And there is good reason for this, for the horrors which the author depicts in this and his other novels he had himself witnessed or experienced. He had himself stood upon the scaffold, with his hands bound, in momentary expectation of the execution of a death sentence; he had spent years in Siberia; and he had passed through the horrors of epilepsy, and lived a life of keenest deprivation. Yet, with it all, he did not lose hold upon spiritual realities. This is a marvelous book, and it is a satisfaction to have it accessible in so convenient a form. E. P. Dutton & Co.

In "Half a Hundred Hero Tales," edited by Francis Storr, and published by Henry Holt & Co., we have some delightful retellings of the old classical stories,—of Ulysses and Æneas and Theseus and Hector and Hercules and Hero and Pygmalion and the rest—all of them told just as stories, without any attempt at didacticism, and with no pretence of following or translating ancient texts. Ten of the stories are borrowed from Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales" and one from Thomas Bulfinch; the other thirty-nine are original and represent the work of half a dozen different authors, cooperating with the editor, who himself contributes six to the collection. Some of the stories follow more closely than others the earlier forms, while some have

a decidedly light and modern touch; but all are cleverly told and all will appeal to the youthful imagination. There are eight full-page illustrations by Franck C. Papé.

In Carolyn Wells's new detective story, "The Gold Bag," the Fleming Stone who solved the mystery of "The Clue" reappears, but the hero is an admiring subordinate of his, a young man whose friendly human impulses threaten to interfere with his professional activities. Needless to say, there is a charming heroine, on whom falls the first suspicion for the murder of her rich uncle, found dead in his library chair the morning after he has threatened to disinherit her. The tale is brightly told; there is some good character sketching; the various clues—the yellow-rose petals, the transfer slip, the extra edition of the New York paper, and the gold bag itself—are all of the latest fashion; and the dénouement is an agreeable combination of expected and unexpected. But why did not Mrs. Egerton Purvis's card come to light sooner? J. B. Lippincott Co.

Readers who enjoyed "Pa Flickinger's Folks" will welcome a new story, "Opal," by Bessie R. Hoover, in which is realistically portrayed the romance of Pa Flickinger's youngest daughter, a high-school graduate, whose mother's ambition would have her study for her "stiffcut" and become a teacher, but for whom a stalwart farmer's son—the proud owner of a buggy with red wheels—has different plans. The scene is laid in the suburbs of a western city; the characters are all working-people, whose manners and talk are rough and uncouth almost to the point of burlesque. To many the dialect will seem forbidding and the humor forced. But there is an undeniable quality of wholesomeness and right

feeling, which holds the reader in spite of his prejudices, and the Flickingers fitting out Opal for the picnic or William Panner writing to Butch to stick by his job may linger in the memory when more conventional characters are forgotten. Harper & Bros.

Harold Begbie's "Souls in Action" (George H. Doran Company) is a book similar in scope and purpose to his "Twice-Born Men," which attracted wide attention a year ago and was the subject of a striking symposium which *The Living Age* of February 5 and February 19, 1910, reprinted from the *London Nation*. But there is this difference. The earlier book was a series of studies of religious conversion as witnessed among London slum-dwellers, in connection with the work of the Salvation Army; and most of the subjects were men. But in the present studies of "Christianity militant" the subjects, most of whom are women, are of a higher social class, saleswomen, governesses, etc., and the elevating agency among them is the West London Mission. But there is as much moral and spiritual tragedy in the second book as in the first, and the evidence of the present-day power of the gospel of Christ in transforming character and inspiring the most despairing with a new hope is hardly less convincing in the later book than in the earlier. Mr. Begbie studies these phenomena of religious experience with genuine sympathy and from first-hand information. The stories of the conquest of dipsomania through religious faith are especially noteworthy. Such narratives as "The Vision of a Lost Soul," "Betrayed," "Out of the Depths" and "A Girl and Her Lover,"—simply and directly told as they are,—are extremely touching, and the "Tale of a

Treaty Port," although different, is hardly less moving. Altogether, if one is in quest of present-day "evidences of Christianity" he will find both books full of them. To avoid confusion, it should be stated that the English title of the earlier book is "Broken Earthenware" and that of the later "In the Hands of the Potter."

There is an interval between babyhood and the school age when the small child is often a perplexing problem: how to employ his restless energies, or in the common phrase "how to keep him out of mischief" is a question which has perplexed many a mother. A hopeful solution to the problem is offered in Mr. V. M. Hillyer's "The Kindergarten at Home." The book, which is the work of an experienced teacher, is precisely what it purports to be, a guide to simple kindergarten instruction which any mother, who is unable to send her child to a kindergarten, may use herself for the diversion of the small mind and the training of the little hands. Altogether, here are more than a hundred lessons so arranged that each leads naturally to the next, in which a multitude of "gifts" and "occupations" are taught, all with the simplest material and at a minimum of trouble and expense. Most of the lessons are illustrated with simple drawings which make the use of the materials clear; and in addition to the regular daily lessons there are special lessons and designs suited to special days,—Christmas, Thanksgiving day, St. Valentine's day, Washington's birthday, etc. In homes where there are children between the ages of three and six, this book will be a boon alike to the children and those who have the care of them. The Baker & Taylor Company.

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LI.

No. 3484 April 15, 1911

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

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LAZARUS.

["Remember that thou in thy lifetime receivest thy good things and likewise Lazarus evil things."]

Still he lingers, where wealth and fashion
Meet together to dine or play,

Lingers, a matter of vague compassion,
Out in the darkness across the way;
Out beyond the warmth and the glitter,
And the light where luxury's laughter rings,

Lazarus waits, where the wind is bitter,

Receiving his evil things.

Still you find him, when, breathless,
burning
Summer flames upon square and street,

When the fortunate ones of the earth
are turning
Their thoughts to meadows and meadowsweet;

For far away from the wide green valley,
And the bramble patch where the whitethroat sings,

Lazarus sweats in his crowded alley,
Receiving his evil things.

And all the time from a thousand rostrums
Wise men preach upon him and his woes,

Each with his bundle of noisy rostrums
Torn to tatters 'twixt ayes and noses;
Sage and Socialist, gush and glamour,
Yet little relief their wisdom brings,
For there's nothing for him out of all the clamor,
Nothing but evil things.

Royal Commissions, creeds, convictions,
Learnedly argue and write and speak,

But the happy issue of his afflictions
Lazarus waits for it week by week.

Still he seeks it to-day, to-morrow,
In purposeless pavement wanderings,
Or dreams it, a huddled heap of sorrow,
Receiving his evil things.

And some will tell you of Evolution
With social science thereto: and some
Look forth to the parable's retribution,
When the lot is changed in the life to come,

To the trumpet sound and the great awaking,

To One with healing upon His wings
In the house of the many mansions making

An end of the evil things.

In the name of Knowledge the race grows healthier,

In the name of Freedom the world grows great,

And men are wiser, and men are wealthier,

But—Lazarus lies at the rich man's gate;

Lies as he lay through human history.
Through fame of heroes and pomp of Kings,

At the rich man's gate, an abiding mystery,
Receiving his evil things.

Alfred Cochrane.

The Spectator.

THE GOLDEN BIRDS.

Ah! the long hours of waiting
Before the blessed Morn,

When Night broods on the tree-tops
And Nature sighs forlorn;

Ah! in these hours of darkness
Illusion's veil is torn,

And bats fly in the night-time
Before the blessed Morn,

Ah! the dread hours of silence,
When Hope with drooping wings
Sits staring through the darkness,

While gray imaginings
Come creeping through the shadows;

When Sleep no longer brings
The opiate branch of comfort
To banish cruel things.

Ah! now the long-sought daybreak
Comes floating on the breeze,

And Hope looks up from weeping,
Rejoicing as she sees

The bats fly from the sunlight,
While joyful in the trees

The Golden Birds of morning
Make music with the bees.

C. S.

The Academy.

ARNOLD BENNETT: AN APPRECIATION.

Opposite the title-page of Mr. Arnold Bennett's latest tale will be found printed a list of its author's various works. It runs to an imposing length, and evidences a career of uncommon industry. Mr. Bennett is still only forty-three years of age, and had turned thirty before he published his first book. Yet he has already to his name a dozen novels, seven fantasies, so called, two sets of short stories, eight volumes labelled "belles lettres," and a couple of stage-plays, besides a collection of "polite farces." If to these we add two romances, as they are described, in the composition of which Mr. Eden Phillpotts assisted, Mr. Bennett's output amounts altogether to some thirty-four volumes. The impression of strenuous labor such statistics produce on the mind is intensified when we remember that all through his years of authorship the novelist of the Five Towns has been actively employed in journalism, performing for five years the duties of a dramatic critic, and writing even now a weekly literary causerie, and also when we reflect that the more ambitious examples of Mr. Bennett's art happen to be among the longest of modern novels. In the appreciation of this indefatigable craftsman which follows I shall not attempt to cover all the books to which he has put his signature, but shall content myself with selecting for mention representative specimens of his work in its different modes. If any justification were needed for this policy, it is supplied by the fact that not a few of Mr. Bennett's writings may be classed as journalistic writings. Some of his essays, for instance, offer information or criticism on matters of but momentary significance. Again, there are stories of his—sensational stories—which

were obviously produced more to please the public than the novelist himself; I think we may rightly call that sort of fiction journalistic. It is good journalism, of course, for Mr. Bennett is never less than thorough in anything he attacks; but it may be left out of account in any consideration of him as a serious artist. His claim to be in the front rank of our younger novelists depends on a relatively small group of books in which, with a minuteness of detail that is curiously insistent, with a realism that is as meticulous as it is convincing, he has reconstructed for us the town life and types of the Potteries under the Victorian era. "Anna of the Five Towns," "The Old Wives' Tale," "Clayhanger"—these and one or two others are the foundations on which his fame rests, solid and secure.

It is characteristic of Mr. Bennett's self-confidence that he should have set himself deliberately to explain in a book "How to Become an Author"¹ (very sound and serviceable advice he gives), and it is no less characteristic of him that he should urge the novice to accommodate himself to, and compromise with, his readers. Certainly, if he was to square theory with his own practice, Mr. Bennett was bound to enter his protest against artistic intransigence. For, like Mr. Phillpotts and Mr. Wells at times, he has not scrupled to keep the pot boiling by such compromises, and yet has been able, like his comrades, to remain true to his ideals. His complacency, to be sure, did not lack cunning. If he granted concessions to his patrons in early days, it was only to impose on them his own notions later on. Not all authors can afford to take such a risk. There are

¹ "How to Become an Author." By Arnold Bennett. (Pearson.)

men who must write in their own way, and cannot make any sacrifice to popular taste if they are to retain their consciences. There are others who adopt the course of providing the public with "what the public wants," only to discover eventually that their capacity for achieving any nobler aim has somehow disappeared. There lies the danger of being too indulgent to the moods of the "great beast"; doing the second best may impair a faculty for doing the best—the material may react on the artist. Mr. Bennett in his time has written plenty of "popular" fiction, but he could always switch off his Muse, at will, to the service of serious art. His first book struck the note of high endeavor. It may well have contained, I should think, some autobiographical material. Though it was called "The Man from the North,"¹ it was pretty plainly about a man from the Midlands, and described affecting the loneliness of a provincial, friendless amid the millions of London. But the next novel was frankly sensational. In "The Grand Babylon Hotel"² Mr. Bennett beat the mystery-mongers on their own ground. And yet just about the same time he must have been at work on the first of his splendidly vital studies of the Five Towns.³ How has he contrived to keep the two sides of his fiction so long in tandem? Partly, I conceive, through his exceptional will-power. The most methodic of writers, he has trained himself, when at his desk, to act like a machine. Partly through his never permitting himself the least relaxation of style. You will not light upon a single slovenly phrase in "The Grand Babylon Hotel"; its language is as carefully wrought as that of "Clayhanger." Moreover, Mr. Bennett has

the knack in his sensational novels of getting hold of spacious ideas. Thus, *à propos* of the Babylon he makes his readers realize the huge population housed in a fashionable West End hotel; he shows them the finesse needed to manage such a concern; he forces them to apprehend imaginatively how isolated is the individual guest in such a place. So in "Buried Alive" it is no ordinary man who, according to him, lets himself be supposed to be dead, but a world-renowned painter, whose imposture sets all sorts of incalculable events in motion. Even on this class of fiction Mr. Bennett leaves his special mark.

But there is a world of difference between the stories of the Five Towns and the other Arnold Bennett novels. It is just the same sort of difference as divides Trollope's *Barset Chronicles* from his other books, only that it is more considerable. Indeed, we might trace rather marked resemblances between Anthony Trollope and the author of "Clayhanger" in certain respects, notably in their methods of work, the regularity of their writing habits, their readiness to turn out thousands of words in a day. Trollope, however, did nearly equal his *Barchester* stories in later works; Mr. Bennett is not the same man away from the Potteries. They give quality to his novels—depth and certainty of effect, roundness of characterization, color and vivacity, along with a hardly definable intimacy of touch. I have heard that a wit once remarked that he believed Paris was one of Mr. Bennett's Five Towns, and I acknowledge that the Paris chapters in "The Old Wives' Tale" are picturesquely done—the execution scene and the descriptions of the siege in particular. But I must own, for myself, that in reading the book I was glad to be taken back to Staffordshire, and felt as if Mr. Bennett gained renewed strength, like Antæus, as soon as he

¹"The Man from the North." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (John Lane.)

²"The Grand Babylon Hotel." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

³"Anna of the Five Towns." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. Chatto & Windus.)

touched his mother earth. How much the novelist owes to the county of his birth I doubt if even he fully grasps. Happy are those authors whose lot it has been to be born in the maligned provinces! There, at any rate in the Victorian days, changes came but slowly, old customs and old faiths survived, eccentrics and "characters" abounded, the patriarchal rule and domestic discipline still existed, dialect was spoken, local pride and local conservatism were rampant, old institutions, many of them abominable, such as the industrial slavery of children, had not been abolished. The superficial distinctions between men and men were scored more deeply than now, there was less uniformity, we fondly believe at least, in type, and with more squalor and harshness were perhaps more sturdy virtues. The novelist who was brought up in such a corner of England, and could either watch or learn from others about the narrow life of his own or his father's times, had an enviable opportunity. For it is the things unconsciously seen and heard in childhood which leave the most lasting impressions on a sensitive mind. Mr. Arnold Bennett's mind must have been sensitive, and his memory retentive, with the result that he can call up for us pictures of the daily life of the Potteries in his youth and in his parents' time which give the idea of being extraordinarily vivid and actual. With no other material is he ever likely to produce the same effects, for here he is drawing on records not deliberately collected with an eye to "copy," but carelessly accumulated in the most receptive period of existence. Mr. Bennett is indebted to Staffordshire for more than the subject-matter of his novels; from its stock he derives the tenacity and self-reliance and sanity of outlook which are revealed in his writings, as well as a rather odd vein of humor. But for

his readers the main recommendation of his Midland origins is that he is able thereby to afford them a fresh view of life and human nature, to exhibit these in an unfamiliar setting, and, by a magic of his own, to make what to the average observer would have seemed commonplace and drab profoundly interesting and full of variety.

To analyze Mr. Bennett's technique is by no means easy. It is a matter of the multiplication of detail, and seems to betray the influence of Russian models. With stroke added to stroke the author proceeds till he has brought up before our eyes, first his leading figure or figures, next the family and shop or factory, then the street and neighborhood and local society. But all the time you are looking at the microcosm thus gradually developed through the medium of one or more temperaments. Mr. Bennett will not be hurried over his detail. He insists on displaying every stage of the process that leads to a resolve or a clash of wills. His characters are sometimes a piteously long time dying—old Clayhanger, for example. In such a case as this the novelist is prepared to trace the development of physical or mental decay with an emphasis on pathological symptoms that causes the reader, no less than the invalid's son, Edwin, many a shudder. It would be absurd to style Mr. Bennett's method photographic, yet it deals with innumerable small things. I am not sure that half its success does not depend on the author's leaving nothing out. He is singularly precise and microscopic in his observation. He cannot take you for a chance call into a jeweller's shop, which you will never see again, without giving you an inventory of what is contained in the counter and glass cases. That is an extreme instance, but is tell-tale. In his account of how it is possible to become an au-

thor, Mr. Bennett is strong in his denunciation of the episode, yet in "Clayhanger" he himself supplies a glaring illustration of what he has condemned. The whole section which describes with such pathos and flashlight intensity the experiences the elder Clayhanger had passed through as a child forced to work from daybreak in an underground factory, is wholly episodic, and *Punch* made great fun not so long ago, with this chapter as its text, over what it suggested was Mr. Bennett's habit of parenthesis. Yet no reader with any sense of beauty or pity would wish this retrospective section away, the more so as it throws a valuable and, indeed, much-needed light on the relations of father and son, and the jealousy the old man feels as he compares the joylessness of his youth with the comforts and education Edwin has enjoyed. And that is a good sample of the difficulties which beset the critic who tries to pick holes in Mr. Bennett's technique. It is obvious, he may say, that "Clayhanger" ought to be half as short as it is, and that "The Old Wives' Tale" could do with compression. He may urge, and quite rightly, that the novelist should be more selective, and use the blue pencil more resolutely on his work. Mr. Bennett's art would be all the better if he could in these two cases have kept only the strictly representative scenes, and discarded much to which he has devoted loving labor. I am afraid it is true that he leaves his scaffolding on view without any sense of shame. But is it much use quarrelling with a novelist's method when it is so deliberately adopted as is Mr. Bennett's, and when it is so successful? For when all is said, this author manages somehow to secure what he aims at—the suggestion of realism—as well as much besides—thus an individual interpretation of life, and

at any rate his detail is always made interesting and contributory to the general scheme.

When we come to examine the result produced by this mass of detail, there can be little doubt, it seems to me, about that. Emphatic as is Mr. Bennett the critic on a story being the first requisite of fiction, it is life itself, rather than a story, which he presents to us as a novelist in his best work. The pageant of life, from its early promise to its eclipse in decline and death—that is his subject, and surely it is big enough. Because the subject is so admirably covered in "The Old Wives' Tale,"* because the novel becomes an epic, as it were, of true, as distinct from sham realism, of Balzac's and Maupassant's, as distinct from Zola's realism, I regard the story of the Baines' sisters, who met with such different destinies, as far and away the completest and most striking thing Mr. Bennett has done. "Clayhanger," clear cut as is its battle between the old and the young, suffers from being but the first part of a trilogy, and from possessing a heroine whose personality is in the clouds and whose marriage to a man other than the one she loves is a mystery "to be explained in our next." "The Old Wives' Tale" labors under no such disadvantages. Within the range of a single novel we watch the progress of two girls from the age of fifteen till they sink into their graves. All the routine of the household and the shop, saddled with an invalid proprietor, is brought out as the tale gathers momentum. A typical section of the shop-keeping life of the Five Towns is spread out before our gaze. Then we are asked to watch the careers of the sisters. The one, hot-blooded and adventurous, ruins her chances by eloping with a contemptible sensualist, and has to pay for her folly

* "Clayhanger." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)

* "The Old Wives' Tale." By Arnold Bennett. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

by spending all her best years in running a boarding establishment under the Second Empire, and slowly amassing money enough to justify her in returning home. The other girl marries a worthy tradesman, becomes a widow and the mother of a not too affectionate but mildly talented son, and drifts into a groove. The sisters join company, make allowances, but get rather badly on each others' nerves, and it is a relief to the gentle Constance when Sophia, who tries hard to make her move out of her stuffy house, dies with a rather tragic suddenness. There you have one of Mr. Bennett's most urgent morals—the difference between the spring and the winter of life. Sophia is so full of vitality in her youth, Constance so sweet and good-natured; at the end both have become fussy old women who are fluttered and rendered miserable by the moods of a maid-servant. Disillusionment is the key-note of the novels; the revolt of youth against age furnishes their drama. Conceive the young rebelling against the tyranny of their elders, and then picture youth becoming old in its turn and bewildered before the assault of the next generation, and you have the secret of the irony of Mr. Bennett's fiction. He is always producing that effect, and time cannot stale its pertinency. The piquancy of it is accentuated if the novelist can contrive, as Mr. Bennett can contrive, to hint at the costumes, the fashions, the politics, the literary interests of each particular decade. He makes no mistake on these points, and so we obtain from him a history of the Midlands under the Victorian reign which is as exact and pungent as Mr. Wells's description of the southern suburbs of London in the same era provided in "The New Machiavelli."

Still, Mr. Bennett can write of the Potteries in lighter vein (the mere fact of that makes me hope he will

reconsider his resolution of ceasing to deal with them on the conclusion of the Clayhanger trilogy). He does not always look at life from the standpoint of the grave. He can see and share in "The Grim Smile of the Five Towns." In one of the short stories to which he gives that title he refers rather self-consciously to a particular class of joke which appeals to his fellow-countrymen of the Midlands, and wonders whether it will carry with a larger audience. It concerns a quixote who, in consequence of a youthful misadventure, found himself saddled with the maintenance of his half-brother, and was anticipated in love and other ways by a cub who never raised a finger to earn his own living. This struck the inhabitants of the Potteries as funny. Mr. Bennett professed a doubt as to whether Londoners would see matters in the same light. He has grown more courageous, for in his latest novel, "The Card,"* which is an uproarious farce, he has perpetrated a joke which is of the genuine Staffordshire pattern. "Cards" are eccentric but successful persons on whose actions it is never possible to count. Derry Machin was a "card" of that sort. He was an adventurer who somehow or other knew by instinct when to take the bold course. A laundress's son, he won a scholarship at the local endowed school by cheating, and he was never too scrupulous in after years. He took certain rent-collecting out of his employer's hands. He advanced loans to slum-tenants. He exploited a lifeboat at Llandudno. He started a thrift club in his native town, which had perilous adventures, but eventually brought him safe returns. He introduced himself to a local countess, and won her favor by a carefully arranged chapter of acci-

* "The Grim Smile of Five Towns." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)
 "The Card." By Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)

dents. He made one mistake in love, and just in time transferred his affections to the most suitable of future wives. And by the most audacious of coups he became Mayor—the youngest Mayor on record—of his native town. His is the sort of career which the average townsman of the Potteries admires, and thinks amusing as well as clever. Bennett works out his history on humorous lines, and it is in its way very laughable. But he has carried through a much better joke in his play, "What the Public Wants."⁹ Its dialogue is brilliantly incisive. The initial situation, which shows a great newspaper director confronted with friends who dislike the standard of taste adopted by his journals, is repeated with variations throughout the four acts. Again and again the policy of "What the Public Wants" is confronted with common decency, the demands of art, the matter of public morals, and the comfort of private persons. But the piece, though extremely diverting, is, of course, a key-play, to vary the label *roman-à-clef*, and its one purpose is to satirize, as it does aptly and mordantly, a newspaper millionaire of the hour. The only other play which Mr. Bennett has had staged, "Cupid and Common Sense"¹⁰ is a version of "Anna of the Five Towns." It is effective enough for three acts, but the last act, which aims at pointing the moral of the disillusionment of romantic love, misses fire, because it requires a break in the action and brings on characters that during the interval have lost their stage identity.

Mr. Bennett is a humorist, but in no sense is he gay. His comic mood is always associated with satire. His essays entitled "Fame and Fiction"¹¹ are in all truth amusing, but they are

⁹ "What the Public Wants." A Play in Four Acts. By Arnold Bennett. 2s. 6d. net. (Frank Palmer.)

¹⁰ "Cupid and Common Sense." A Play in Four Acts. By Arnold Bennett. (Frank Palmer.)

The Bookman.

ferocious attacks upon "certain popularities." On women novelists of the day he is ruthlessly bitter and yet not unfair; he acknowledges their good points. There is indeed an element of hardness about his attitude towards life, as well as towards its interpreters. Love is for him a passion that is sure to end in disappointment, and the "common sense" which sacrifices it to material advantages has his sympathy. He does not sentimentalize this passion any more than he does the pathos of age. The old he makes lag, like veterans, superfluous on the stage. There is a piteous example of this in "The Old Wives' Tale," where an old lady is described as promising to a young couple presents they do not want, and they smilingly murmur "Poor old thing!" Age, I fear, does not obtain from Mr. Bennett its proper meed of respect and indulgence. Alike towards the old and towards love he is unromantic, and echoes the opinions of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Nor will he allow any false dignity to death. Constance Baines's husband may not in his coffin escape criticism; his beard stood out in a perky, tiresome way even when the undertakers began their job. So, again, Mr. Bennett is sometimes a little bitter in his references to religion. What I have heard through Staffordshire relatives of the enthusiasm of Methodism in the 'sixties and 'seventies makes me dubious about accepting some of his pictures of chapel life in those decades. In point of fact, Mr. Bennett is a realist of great imaginative power. We must not look to him perhaps for poetry or romance. But if we can bear the prose of life refracted through a very practical and unillusioned temperament, we may trust him about that confidently.

F. G. Bettany.

¹¹ "Fame and Fiction: An Inquiry into Certain Reputations." By E. A. Bennett. (Grant Richards.)

THE DECLARATION OF LONDON AND ITS SURRENDERS TO GERMANY.

The controversy as to the Declaration of London has now been in progress for a year, but as yet it cannot be said that any convincing defence of that new code of sea law has been produced. In many cases the advocates of the Declaration have been content merely to appeal to authority. Sir Edward Grey, they say, and the negotiators of the Declaration are able and patriotic men. What they have accepted cannot be bad for the nation. Therefore the Declaration of London is good. It is a simple syllogism. But it is open to two serious objections. In the first place, the Declaration of London does not represent the views of Sir Edward Grey. That may be seen by examining his instructions to the British delegates at the Hague and London Conferences. The British delegates at these two Conferences were in a decided minority and were hopelessly outvoted, though the British mercantile marine represents half the tonnage of the world and the new code of laws vitally concerns it. So that this is not the code planned by Sir Edward Grey, but something imposed upon him by foreign Powers; something which he accepted, if anything, against his will, and the contentions of the opponents of the Declaration represent his original views. And in the second place, the appeal to authority is never convincing. No one in this world is infallible. The duty of the British citizen is not lazily to accept what he is told, but to search and examine for himself.

The *National Review* has never taken a partisan view on these matters; the writer has never taken a partisan view. He appeals with confidence to past articles in the *National Review* and to letters in the *Times* in 1904, criticizing

Unionist administrators when they showed weakness in defending the rights of the merchant marine and in maintaining the strength of the British Navy. He holds that this is no party issue; and he appeals to his countrymen, not as opponents of the Government, but as Englishmen.

The first count against the Declaration, and one of the gravest, is that it constitutes a terrible menace to the food-supply of our country in time of war. In the past, all food in British ships was liable to capture by hostile cruisers where that food was not the property of neutrals. But food in neutral ships was regarded as exempt from seizure except when it was destined for the armed forces of the enemy or consigned to a beleaguered fortress. Now, under the Declaration,¹ food may be treated as contraband, when

(1) It is destined not only as in the past for the armed forces of the enemy State, but also for "the administrative authorities of that State."

(2) It is addressed to the enemy authorities or to a trader established in the enemy country, and when it is notorious that this trader furnishes to the enemy objects and materials of this nature.

(3) When the destination of the consignment is to one of the enemy's fortified places or to another place serving as a base of the armed forces of the enemy.

Under the second and third conditions, the neutral is given the right of proving—if he can—before the International Prize Court which is to have the last say, that the food is not destined for the armed forces of the enemy or

¹ I ignore the Commentary of the Drafting Committee of the London Conference, as it is not part of the Declaration and therefore cannot be regarded as binding on the Powers and the New Court

for the enemy's administrative authorities, but the whole task of proving this is thrown upon him. In any case it will help the British people little if, six months after they have been compelled to surrender by starvation, the International Prize Court rules that the enemy's seizures of neutral food-supplies were illegal and that compensation must be paid—not to the British people, but to the neutral shipowner and merchant.

Now it should be noted that these most objectionable clauses were taken from a draft submitted by the German Admiralty to our Foreign Office before the Conference of London in 1908. To prove this we set forth, for comparison, a literal translation of the two passages. The German draft will be found in Bluebook Od. 4555 of 1909, pp. 2-7.

GERMAN DRAFT.

Article 18. "Are regarded as contraband (i.e. liable to seizure in neutral ships) other objects and materials (i.e. other than those in a specified list) which may be of use in war when they are destined for the armed forces or for the services of a belligerent state. . . ."

"There is peremptory presumption of the (hostile) destination . . . if the consignment in question is addressed to the authorities of a belligerent."

"This destination is presumed if the consignment is addressed to a trader of whom it is notorious that he furnishes to a belligerent objects and materials of this nature."

"The same presumption applies in case the destination of the consignment is to one of the fortified places of a belligerent or to another place serving as a base of operations or supplies to his armed forces."

DECLARATION OF LONDON.

Article 33. "Conditional contraband (which includes food) is liable to capture if it is shown to be destined for the armed forces or a Government department of the enemy state."

Article 34. "The destination is pre-

sumed to exist if the consignment is addressed to the enemy authorities or to a trader established in the enemy country and when it is notorious that this trader furnishes to the enemy objects and materials of this nature."

"A similar presumption arises if the destination of the consignment is to one of the enemy's fortified places or to another place serving as a base of the armed forces of the enemy."

"Made in Germany," that is the history of this menace to our food-supply; and at the Conference of London the German representative, M. Kriege, expressed the satisfaction of the German delegation at the fact that the articles in question of the Declaration had been based on the German draft. I am making no very grave charge against Germany when I say that this naturally leads us to suppose that these articles were designed to further the interests of Germany, as indeed is evident from even a cursory inspection of them. What is difficult to understand is their acceptance by a British Government.

For it cannot too clearly be understood that these clauses alter the existing law of war to our detriment. Sir Edward Grey, in his letter to the Belfast chamber of Commerce, indeed asserts that, "it is the present practice which would 'expose to capture or deliberate destruction food-supplies borne to any part of the United Kingdom in neutral vessels in time of war'; it is the Declaration of London which would forbid this practice." But any one who examines the new clauses will see that far from forbidding the "practice," they sanction it, for reasons which have already been given in a previous article—that every important port of the United Kingdom has fortifications, and every important port will in time of war, according to Sir Arthur Wilson's recent memorandum on invasion, be the station of British destroyers and submarines. And, as a matter of fact, it is *not* the present practice

to capture food consigned in neutral ships to belligerent ports. On the contrary, all the precedents are against such a practice. In 1793, Great Britain in retaliation for the action of France, directed her cruisers to capture food consigned in neutral vessels to the French ports, she being then at war with France. The United States promptly protested; the matter was referred to a mixed Commission; and this Commission decided that food was not liable to capture in these circumstances. The British cruisers obeyed the ruling. In 1885, the French Government issued a proclamation declaring rice contraband during the war with China. Again the British Government protested, but as not a single British vessel with rice on board was touched, the matter went no farther. Bismarck, however, seized the opportunity to remark in the Reichstag that the French action was "a justifiable step in war." In 1904, during the war in the Far East, Russia included provisions in her list of contraband, and seized several ships with such cargo. This was followed by the inclusion of raw cotton in the list of contraband. Action was at once taken by two Powers, Britain and the United States. Both protested against the treatment of food and cotton consigned to a belligerent port in a neutral ship as contraband, when there was no proof that they were destined for the enemy's armed forces. Lord Lansdowne, in a note of June 1, 1904 stated:

His Majesty's Government observe with great concern that rice and provisions will be treated as unconditionally contraband, a step which they regard as inconsistent with the law and practice of nations.

Mr. Hay, the American Secretary of State, on August 30 of the same year, declared a decree of the Russian Prize Court, confiscating a cargo of flour and railway material in the *Arabia*, con-

signed to private firms in Japan, as "rendered in disregard of the settled law of nations in respect of what constitutes contraband." He added:

Articles which like coal, cotton, and provisions, though of ordinarily innocent, are capable of warlike use, are not subject to capture unless shown by evidence to be exactly destined for the military or naval forces of a belligerent. . . . The Russian claim . . . is in effect a declaration of war against commerce of every description between the people of a neutral and those of a belligerent state.

Dealing with this question, Mr. Balfour, then British Prime Minister, stated to a deputation on August 25, 1904: "From the position we have taken up there is no—I will not say probability but—possibility of our receding, inasmuch as we think we stand, we know we stand upon the solid basis of International Law to be found in all the textbooks and which is in accordance with the general practice of civilized nations."

Indeed so indefensible was the position of Russia, that the Russian Government referred the matter to a commission of experts, under the presidency of Professor Martens, and as the result of the finding of that Commission fresh instructions were issued to the Russian Navy. These recognized that provisions were not contraband unless they were consigned to a belligerent Government or Government service, or the enemy's armed forces or the state contractors (*fournisseurs*). And the judgment of the Russian supreme prize court on May 2, 1905, declared that 13,300 bags of flour in the *Oalchas*, a British ship which had been seized by the Vladivostock squadron, consigned to a British firm in Japan, were not contraband. But it upheld the condemnation of thirty-six bales of cotton consigned to two private Japanese firms in Kobe.

There is sufficient disproof in the

above series of precedents of Sir E. Grey's extraordinary allegation that present international practice permits the destruction of food in neutral ships. But if the British Foreign Office is not convinced, a mass of further evidence can be produced. It is remarkable, however, that the Foreign Office completely changed its mind on this issue between 1907 and 1910. For in 1907, in his instructions to Sir Edward Fry, who represented Britain at the Hague Conference of that year, Sir Edward Grey's view was that food could only be treated as contraband in neutral ships when consigned to beleaguered fortresses. Why has the British Government done what Mr. Balfour pronounced "impossible" in 1904, and receded from a position upheld by the United States in 1793 and 1904, and "in accordance with the general practice of civilized nations"? Why has it made this surrender to Germany?

It is said by some critics that the matter is not vital because in war our food will have to be conveyed in British ships, which under the existing law of nations are liable to capture and destruction. But in real fact the demands of the Navy for auxiliary and transport purposes in war will be so extensive, the tonnage required for military purposes so enormous, that our shipping will not be physically able to discharge this task. The history of the Cuban war of 1898 and the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5 and the expert evidence given before the Food Supply Commission will emphasize this. From fifteen to thirty per cent., and perhaps even more, of our food-supply may have to be conveyed in neutral vessels. Drive up the rate of insurance on them to an inordinate level by depriving them of all protection—for our own cruisers, as I shall shortly show, will have their hands full—and the price of our food will be immensely increased.

with the probable result of starvation to our masses.

With the law of nations as it stands, if a belligerent, such as Germany, attacks American ships laden with wheat for Britain, the German Government will hear of the matter from the United States. The fear of provoking a strong neutral will be a tremendous deterrent. But under the Declaration of London the attack is permitted, and the neutral, by accepting that Declaration, is estopped from the use of force to assert its rights at sea. How Britain gains by liberating the German cruiser captains from all fear of neutral interference might well be explained by the Foreign Office. If it be said that our captains also gain because they know what will and what will not be fair prize, the answer is that the price paid for this knowledge is far too high. Provisions can pass without let or hindrance up the Channel to Antwerp or Rotterdam on the way to the German army or navy, and the British cruisers under the Declaration cannot touch them. While our food-supplies are gravely imperilled, the German food-supplies are assured. And we are asked to throw up our arms and rejoice!

But the defenders of the Declaration attempt a reply to this. They say that food can be shipped to this country in neutral ships with safety by the simple process of consigning it to a neutral port, when it is not subject to seizure. At the neutral port it can be transhipped. Wheat, that is to say, instead of proceeding direct to Liverpool from the Argentine or the United States, would be carried to Brest or Havre or Antwerp, and there re-shipped and conveyed in British vessels under the protection of our fleets to British ports. From the practical standpoint, however, there are immense difficulties in the way of such a manœuvre. The French ports have not

the equipment for handling and transferring cargoes of food on such a scale. Yet if the cargoes are not actually landed and transferred, the enemy will be able, under the Declaration, to seize and condemn the neutral ships for fraudulently misrepresenting their destination. Antwerp and the Dutch ports, which are better equipped for purposes of transfer, are so near Germany and so much under German control that we may expect to find every possible obstacle placed in the way of this transfer trade. So that the defence of the Declaration on this head is not in the least reassuring.

But not only are neutral ships *en route* to the United Kingdom to be exposed to a menace unknown in the past; British shipping throughout the world is to be exposed to a form of attack which is calculated to destroy it or inflict on it gigantic losses, with, as the certain result, a gigantic increase in the price of food and our raw materials. The new code of law contains no clause prohibiting the conversion of merchant steamers into commerce destroyers on the high seas or their re-transformation from commerce destroyers into merchant ships. That is a grave fact indeed, when we know that the British Government pressed for such a clause, which is in exact accord with the international law of the past, and that its efforts failed before the opposition of Germany. For the Powers will almost certainly hold that whatever is not forbidden by the Declaration is permitted. The silence of the code is thus a confirmation of the claim which Germany, it appears, intends to assert in war.

Sir Edward Grey, in his instructions to the British representatives at the London Conference, stated two practical objections to this right of converting merchantmen into commerce destroyers on the high seas. The first was that they could seize enemy or

neutral ships without warning. The second was that they could obtain in neutral ports the hospitality and privileges which would be denied to them if they were warships. In effect, though Sir Edward Grey did not put it so bluntly, the strategic advantage which Britain possesses in her world-wide empire would be nullified, and every neutral port would be opened to German commerce destroyers, thus repairing the lack of German bases.

The peculiar gravity of this lies in the fact that the protection of British commerce in war will be a matter of the extremest difficulty, even with the present laws of war, which distinctly forbid privateering and, therefore, this conversion of merchantmen. The First Sea Lord's Memorandum on Invasion declares that "the really serious danger that this country has to guard against in war is not invasion, but interruption of our trade and destruction of our merchant shipping." Yet we are to facilitate the "interruption of our trade and destruction of our merchant shipping," by accepting a code of laws which does not prohibit a practice regarded as indefensible in the past, and which therefore allows the non-combatant without notice to transform himself into a belligerent, and at his liking to return again to the guise of the inoffensive trader—which lets loose upon our helpless merchantmen a perfect horde of maritime *De Wets*. On land the combatant who fights without proper uniform is shot. At sea, by the silence of the Declaration, every facility is granted to the German commerce destroyer which chooses to masquerade as an innocent liner or merchantman.

It is said that in any case Germany will assert this claim of hers, so that the silence of the Declaration makes matters no worse than they are. But I reply that so long as the laws of war stand as they do at present, neutrals

would admit such disguised German cruisers to their ports at their peril; and if neutrals granted them facilities the British Government would have a claim for damages and British captains would have a perfect right to steam in and sink them even in neutral waters. Further it should not be forgotten that with the existing rules, the crews of such vessels are liable to the punishment inflicted on those who violate the laws of war, which is death.

There is no disputing the fact that the plans of the British Admiralty for the defence of British commerce,—if there are any, for from Sir George Clarke's remarks in the Report of the Committee on a National Guarantee for the War Risks of Shipping it is very doubtful whether any such plans existed in the immediate past—were based on three important assumptions. The first was that an enemy in a struggle for the command of the sea could not divert any large portion of his strength to the attack on British commerce. The second was that his cruisers would speedily find themselves without coal, as no foreign Power except France possesses well-distributed coaling-stations in distant waters. The third was that these cruisers would not be able to inflict much damage, as they would have to send their prizes into the nearest national port, and would be speedily paralyzed by the necessity of providing crews for the captured ships.

The first two assumptions must be abandoned, if the conversion of merchantmen into commerce destroyers on the high seas is even tolerated. For Germany will be able to utilize a very large number of vessels for the attack of our shipping without diverting a single warship from her fighting-line. Her whole able-bodied seafaring population receives naval training, so that she has the men to work and fight her armed merchantmen. She

has twenty-eight large liners of 10,000 tons and over with a speed of fifteen knots and upwards, and at least a hundred smaller vessels of fair speed, all of which could be utilized for the attack on our defenceless liners and "tramps." "All that is necessary for the purpose is an antiquated gun that will throw a three-inch shell 250 yards;" and it is believed that efficient small guns with a supply of ammunition are already carried in many German ships. This has been denied by Mr. McKenna in the House of Commons on the ground that the presence of ammunition on board would affect the insurance rates and would never be sanctioned by underwriters. I am, however, informed by a leading underwriter that on this head Mr. McKenna is unquestionably misinformed, and that the presence of a certain quantity of ammunition, properly stowed, would not affect the insurance rate on the ships' hulls. The only difficulty that might arise would be with the authorities in various foreign ports.

In case guns and ammunition are carried in peace by German merchantmen, selected by the German Admiralty for commerce destruction, all that Germany has to do if she wants to turn loose, not one but a hundred Alabamas on British trade, is to issue telegraphic orders to the captains of these vessels. When it suits them they will bring up their guns, hoist the war flag, and fall to the work of destruction. "The helplessness of merchant steamers in time of war," says the Report already quoted, "has been very much impressed on some witnesses by their experience in the Russo-Japanese War, and it was felt that they would be 'like a flock of sheep with a wolf among them' whenever a cruiser appeared on the trade-route." As for coal, that can easily be obtained by these illegitimate

* "Report of Committee on National Guarantee for War Risks," p. 15.

commerce destroyers from neutral ports. When they want to fill up their bunkers, they need only lower the war flag, restore the guns to their hold, and steam in to the nearest neutral coaling-station.

It cannot be too clearly understood that with the present strength and distribution of the British Navy, it will be impossible to meet these attacks—if at all—until enormous mischief has been caused and vast loss inflicted. Our own merchantmen do not carry guns; of their crews a considerable proportion are aliens, and of the British subjects on board only a small proportion have received any naval training. They cannot be readily armed in our distant naval bases because there the reserves of guns and ammunition are insignificant. The British warships capable of steaming fifteen knots and over in distant waters are few and far between as the following statement of their strength at the end of last year will show: China, 6; Cape, 3; Canada, 2; Australia, 9; E. Indies, 5. These twenty-five ships will not only have to protect a long and exposed coast-line but also to patrol the interminable distances of the maritime trade-routes. A glance at the map shows that such a task will be beyond their power. Mr. McKinnon Wood asserts that if the Declaration of London is not ratified a great increase in our naval forces will be necessary. I reply that if the Declaration is ratified without a clear prohibition of the claim to turn privateers loose on British trade, an enormous increase in the number of British cruisers will be essential. We shall either have to lay down a hundred commerce protectors or to arm our merchantmen and train their crews for fighting, or to do both.

The third assumption of the British authorities, that commerce destroyers would speedily be paralyzed by the necessity of supplying prize crews for

ships captured, is proved by the war in the Far East to be incorrect, but it is not seriously affected by the Declaration. The Russian proceeding was to sink the captured ships and to place the crews from them on board neutral vessels. If the object is to cause the maximum of damage, it is attained in this way.

Another grave change in the laws of war to our injury, though it only affects us when we are neutrals, is that permitting the destruction of neutral ships by belligerent cruisers. Sir Edward Grey pressed, both at the Hague and London Conferences, for the total prohibition of this practice, which is new to naval war. In his instructions to the British delegates at the Hague, he wrote:

Great Britain has always maintained that the right to destroy is confined to enemy vessels only, and this view is favored by other Powers. Concerning the right to destroy neutral vessels, the view hitherto taken by the greater naval Powers has been that, in the event of it being impossible to bring in a vessel for adjudication, she must be released. You should urge the maintenance of the doctrine upon this subject which British Prize-Courts have, for at least 200 years, held to be the law.

Lord Lansdowne previously, in a note to the Russian Government of August 1904, had declared such a claim "contrary to acknowledged principles of international law, and intolerable to all neutrals." He had pointed out that, if admitted, it "could not fail to occasion a complete paralysis of all neutral commerce." The mere fact that Britain, who in the past was accused of carrying to an extreme limit of severity her belligerent rights at sea, had never permitted her own cruiser captains to destroy neutral ships, is the strongest possible presumption against the justice of such a claim. Yet in the Declaration of London, Article 49,

which is almost identical in its wording with an article in the German draft code submitted to our Foreign Office, allows the destruction of neutral ships when their preservation "would involve danger to the safety of the warship or to the success of the operations in which she is engaged at the time." This would cover every case of destruction of British ships in the Russo-Japanese War by Russian cruisers, so that the condition imposed in Article 51 of the Declaration that the destroyer of the vessel must "establish that he only acted in the face of an exceptional necessity contemplated in Article 49," is quite worthless as a means of protection.

Our interests in this matter are incalculably greater than those of any other Power. Our merchant shipping is half that of the world. It follows that in any future war in which we are not engaged, we shall lose enormously more in proportion than such states as Austria, Italy, Russia, France, and the Netherlands. They sacrifice little or nothing, while we imperil a vast industry. The only possible argument in defence of this disastrous concession in the Declaration is that the Unionist Government failed adequately to protect British shipping in the Russo-Japanese War and showed deplorable weakness; but even that does not justify a surrender which legitimizes a claim, never before admitted and capable of monstrous abuse. British shipowners and underwriters should note that the Declaration here again represents the German and not the British policy. They will draw the natural conclusion from this fact. The real aim of this clause is once more to give the Power without foreign possessions superior strategic advantages to those which the maritime Power with a great Empire enjoys.

We pass over the question of blockade and the restrictions imposed on a

blockading force, merely pointing out that while England may gain from these restrictions so long as she is neutral, when she is at war she will suffer severely by them. We come to the constitution of the International Prize Court. The defenders of the Foreign Office in the Press have made great play of the statement that it will be "fair" and "impartial." But all the presumptions are that it will be no more fair or impartial than the Hague Conference and the London Conference. At both these august assemblies those who fought for the humanizing of naval warfare, for the established practice, as it existed prior to the Russo-Japanese War, were worsted. From first to last the regulations adopted were such as to affect unfavorably the great oceanic and maritime Power, Britain, and to strengthen the hands of her continental enemies and rivals. Is there any reason in the nature of things to suppose that the International Court will be less biased than the Conferences? Britain, with half the shipping of the world, has one judge out of fifteen. The Triple Alliance, with less than one-third the British tonnage of shipping, has three judges, and may have five in some years. To render the Court acceptable and to restore the balance, some recognition should have been given to the Dominions. In their steamer tonnage they come sixth among the Powers. But while Colombia, Uruguay, Persia, China, Turkey, Venezuela, Peru, Servia and Switzerland have each the right of appointing one judge for one or two years in every period of six years, Canada, Australia and South Africa are ignored. Yet Servia and Switzerland have no coast-line and no mercantile marine at all. And to the rulings of this singular court we are to submit the operations of our admirals and captains in time of war, and the prosperity of our commerce when

we are neutrals and when other Powers are at war. No self-respecting Power, it has always been said, would defer to any international body, however distinguished, a question of life and death. That would be, in Mr. Montague Crackanthorpe's words, "as if two men were to agree to draw lots as to which should commit suicide in order to avoid fighting a duel." But the very questions which we are going to submit are for us questions of life and death, because we are the one great maritime Power, while for the continental states they are questions of comparatively trivial moment. The power of our Navy to hit and hurt in war and the right of our shipowners to carry on their trade are matters so vital that we cannot allow them to be protocolized and decided away by any Conference or International Court.

The justice to be expected from International Courts can be seen from one famous example. When the British trawlers were attacked and one of them sunk with loss of life in the North Sea by the Russian Baltic fleet, the question was referred to an "impartial" Commission. It found that the Russian admiral did all in his power to prevent the trawlers from being fired at; that he was justified in steaming off, leaving his victims to drown; and that there was nothing in his proceedings to discredit his humanity. No one can study the evidence and the verdict without feeling that it represented an attempt not to secure strict justice or to apply juridical methods, but one to affect a political compromise. On this decision depended the safety of neutrals and non-combatants on the high seas—a question which might have been expected to appeal most deeply to the sympathy of all the judges. The result was to barbarize the laws of war and to expose neutrals to new and terrible perils.

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Or, again, take the question of laying submarine mines on the high seas in the track of neutral shipping. The British delegates at the Hague Conference attempted to secure the prohibition of this atrocious practice, which in 1904-5 caused the death of 500 innocent neutrals. Here again one would naturally have expected fair-minded and humane representatives to support the British view. But as a matter of fact the practice was legitimized with certain of those ridiculous restrictions which, we have seen, are also a feature of the Declaration of London.

To conclude, the Declaration means a leap from the frying-pan into the fire. Because British Governments in the past have not been brave or determined enough to protect British commerce from illegitimate attacks when Britain has been neutral, we are to look to a new International Court on which we shall be in a permanent minority of one to fourteen, for protection. We allow the destruction of our ships, when other Powers are at war; we imperil our food-supplies; we expose our commerce to the deadliest form of attack; we hamper our fleets; we abandon the rules and laws of our own Prize Courts, with their six centuries of maritime experience and their high standard of justice and humanity, for a new code made in Germany, inferior in humanity and equity; on every vital point we surrender our contentions; and we treat the Dominions as though they were of less account than Persia, Colombia and Uruguay. A nation which accepts such a code deserves to become the "rich but defenceless prey" of peoples who will not sell their destiny for a mess of pottage. The Declaration of London is a lamentable proof that the spirit of Pitt and Palmerston has disappeared from British diplomacy.

H. W. Wilson

THE WILD HEART.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

CHAPTER XVII.

Martha West duly took up her residence at Strange's, and a very uncomfortable state of things ensued for all parties.

Tamsine avoided her company as much as was possible, but was conscious, like David, of every movement being watched, every word weighed; but while the man had been unpleasantly affected by the knowledge of Martha's hidden partiality, the girl was no less aware that the widow's attitude towards herself was entirely inimical. She set this down to resentment for her own interference with Sam's love affair, but the silent, unsympathetic presence was no less unpleasant, and moreover Tamsine's dread increased hourly that those watchful eyes would detect the understanding between herself and David.

"I don't dare meet you this evening," she said hurriedly to the latter on the second day after Mrs. West's arrival. "That woman's watchin' out for me all roads. She asked me last night where I'd been. If I do go out every day at the same time she'll suspect something."

"That's one reason why I were again' her bein' here," rejoined he gloomily. "But I must see ye, Tamsine. Can't ye come out tomorrow mornin' early—before she's up? She isn't such a very early riser," he added. "Do come, Tamsine—'tis lovely just about sunrise. All the ground's dewy, and the birds all singin'. 'Tis the very hour for you an' me to meet."

The novelty of the idea seemed to strike his fancy; she saw his eyes dilate and shine as though already full of the mystery of the dawn.

"Well, I'll come for once," rejoined she, "but I'll not promise every day."

"All right, then," responded he in a joyful whisper.

When Martha looked out of her window on the following morning, earlier than was her wont indeed, but at best two hours after sunrise, she was surprised to see Tamsine descend the slope of down so often alluded to, and presently enter the yard. Almost simultaneously Shepherd Cornick also approached the gate, driving up the cows from the opposite direction.

"I'm coming out in a minute," Martha heard her call to Cornick; "I'll just go and leave my cloak indoor."

"You're early a-foot," responded the shepherd suspiciously as he piloted his charges through the gate.

Martha stood back a little from the window as Tamsine entered the house, but continued to watch until she saw her emerge again, a long print pinafore covering her from head to foot, swinging her pail as she walked and singing. Her own brow lowered as she hastily concluded her toilet and descended to the kitchen, where Mrs. Cornick had not yet put in an appearance.

Tamsine's cloak of light rain-proof stuff was hanging on a peg, and Martha made her way to it directly, presently taking it in her hand and examining it closely. The hem was wet with dew, the flimsy material crumpled; as Martha held it close to her face the smell of bruised thyme greeted her nostrils.

"She's been walking in the woods," said the woman, not without a fierce triumph in her own perspicacity, "and she's been sitting on a bank where there's thyme growing—this side of the cloak is all crushed up, and—yes, that's thyme surely."

She had turned over the garment

and a faded sprig had fallen from the pocket. She sniffed at it like an animal, and then threw it from her; hanging up the cloak again, she stood motionless in the centre of the room, her brows knitted, her lips moving voicelessly.

Presently the click of the gate-latch made her start, and turning, she saw David enter the yard, his little coffee-can poised negligently on his forefinger.

She opened the house door and stood on the threshold as he approached in a leisurely manner.

"Good-morning, Mrs. West," he said genially as he caught sight of her; "you're down early."

"It's such a beautiful morning, isn't it?" she responded, eyeing him narrowly. "I was half thinking of taking a bit of a stroll before breakfast. It must be lovely in the woods."

"So I should think," remarked David, gazing at her with a faint mockery in his eyes; in spite of himself and the grave reasons he had for being disconcerted at her suspicious attitude, the element of risk was to him as the breath of his nostrils.

"Everyone seems to be early to-day," she pursued—"you're very early. You'll not get your breakfast for a bit—unless I heat up your coffee for you. But the fire isn't lit yet—Mrs. Cornick isn't down."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," returned he. "Well, I've one or two little jobs to see to out here what I can set about while I'm waiting. I'll just pop down this can out of my hand."

As Martha did not move, her tall fine figure almost filling up the narrow doorway, he was obliged to push unceremoniously past her, and she saw a little gray-green tuft protruding from his button-hole.

Having deposited his can on a corner of the dresser, he was turning to leave the kitchen when he found him-

self face to face with the widow, who had silently followed him.

"Were ye goin' to say anythin'?" he asked, noting the eager wrath of her expression.

"Not yet," said Martha in a low, measured voice; and this time she stood aside to let him pass.

"Mrs. West's got some notion o' what's goin' for'ard," he said to Tamsine later in the day, when they met for an instant in the milk house.

"I'm afraid she has, she's been lookin' at me so oddly," returned the girl. "David, do let's give over meetin' for this week. Anybody'd almost think she knew—but of course she can't. It do seem almost wicked to be thinkin' o' love-makin' under the same roof wi' her."

"I think of it twice as much, then," said he, "I don't like her—there's times when I can scarce feel pity for her—"

"Nay, ye can't mean that," interrupted Tamsine, much taken aback by his tone.

"I do mean it. I don't think she do deserve much pity; I don't see why you an' me shouldn't be happy in spite o' her. You an' me must meet to-morrow, Tamsine—I'll be watchin' out for ye by the old kiln. Even if she was to come arter us, she couldn't find us there."

But even David, astute though he was, reckoned without the cunning of a jealous woman.

Martha rose before daybreak, and was watching by her window when Tamsine emerged in the pearly morning twilight. In spite of her misgivings the girl had found herself unable to withstand her lover's appeal. When he looked at her in that half-tender, half masterful way of his and said, "I'll expect you," she felt obliged to go.

Martha allowed her some minutes' grace and then started in pursuit, throwing a shawl over her head and

treading noiselessly, for her feet were clad only in stockings, and creeping from clump to clump of gorse with almost the same skill as that which David himself might have displayed.

When she saw the shadowy figure disappear in the oak copse she quickened her pace, but was for a moment at fault on entering the woodland. Several little paths wound amid the trees, leading at random as it seemed to trackless open spaces. Which of these had been chosen by Tamsine? At first she cursed her own excess of caution. Had she but followed closer on the heels of her quarry, she must have run it to earth. As it was, Tamsine might yet elude her in this wilderness.

Having followed one or two false trails without success, she returned to the spot at which she had seen Tamsine enter, and then a sudden idea came to her. The first shafts of sunshine had now penetrated the morning mists, and the short grass of the downs lay before her as a sheet of silver. There on the sparkling surface stood out a double row of footprints, Tamsine's little country shoe leaving a distinct trace, while the flat tread of her own bootless feet showed larger and more blurred in outline. Martha uttered a low, vindictive laugh; here was a sure means of hunting the quarry down.

The growing light was now searching out the remotest crannies of the wood, filtering through fir needles and oak leaves alike, tipping the rough grasses with fire, gilding the filaments of moss. Here was a winding path apparently strewn with jewels, and here, clearly-marked, were the tell-tale footprints leading into the very heart of the wood.

Martha pressed on with glowing eyes and heaving bosom, threading her way in and out among the trees and halting abruptly when, at a fork in the path, she descried the trace of other footprints, larger and set apart at a

distance which marked a swinging stride which she seemed to know.

She pressed her clasped hands against her breast and fixed her nether lip firmly with her teeth to control the cry which would have burst from her at this confirmation of her suspicions, but, after only a momentary pause, followed the double trail with even greater caution than before.

A low murmur of voices fell upon her ear as she approached the chalk pit, and presently there came the sound of David's laugh.

Again Martha stopped short as if struck; then, rallying her self-possession, she went on, but, instead of following the guiding footsteps down the path which led into the hollow, crept round the brink, keeping to the left and stooping so as to screen herself behind the thick growth of furze and brambles which fringed it. Crouching on her knees, at length she peered downwards through the tangle at the unconscious pair beneath.

Tamsine was seated on the thymy bank beside the kiln, with David lying at her feet. The watcher could not see the girl's face, but the man's upturned one was in full view, wearing an expression which she had never seen there. They spoke so low, however, having grown accustomed to be cautious in these stolen interviews, that strain her ears as she might, she could not at first distinguish what they said. By-and-by, however, David broke off a cluster of blossoms from the branch of eglantine which lay across Tamsine's knee, and kneeling upright made as if he would place it in her hair. The girl drew back quickly, and by her impetuous movement loosened the thick locks, which fell about her shoulders; and thereupon her lover, forgetting to be wary, uttered a cry of admiration which reached the watcher in her retreat.

"What hair! I never saw its equals!

"Tis the most beautiful hair in the world!"

A blinding, insensate rage fell upon Martha; she half rose, and might have precipitated herself over the edge of the pit had not the sound of a rapidly approaching and heavy footstep suddenly arrested her attention. Even through the red haze of fury which momentarily obscured her sight she observed a tall, burly figure shouldering its way through the trees, and presently identified Shepherd Cornick.

David simultaneously heard the approaching tread, and when Martha again looked into the hollow she saw Tamsine's skirts vanishing into the limekin and the crouching figure of David following.

Sinking back on her heels, she watched the comedy, growing calmer the while, yet with ever-increasing bitterness welling up in her heart.

That sly Tamsine Strange, with her affected simplicity and her mock-modest airs, had no less than two lovers at her heels, it seemed. Well, she was welcome to Shepherd Cornick.

On came the burly form, not following straight upon the trail as she had done, but blundering hither and thither, uttering disjointed exclamations of anger and distress as he pursued his search.

He had almost passed the hollow when he veered and came back again, threw a hasty glance into its depths, clacked his tongue, and returned to his original course.

When his steps had died away Tamsine and David emerged from the kiln, David laughing mischievously, but the girl looking somewhat perturbed. As she was about to coil up her hair David stooped and kissed the end of one of the dark tresses, whereupon she smiled, but snatched it from him, pinned it hurriedly in its place, and darting up the bank fled homewards.

David flung himself down upon the

bank whistling softly under his breath and playing with the tuft of wild roses which he had picked up again. Martha saw him smile as he twisted it between his fingers. She sat quite still, watching him with burning eyes. She meant to have an explanation with the man before her, but not then; Shepherd Cornick might return at any moment, and she must say her say without being interrupted. Moreover, she must form her plans exactly, sharpen her weapons that she might use them with most telling effect.

The sound of David's low whistling and the chatter of a squirrel in a neighboring pine were the only sounds which broke the stillness after the beat of Tamsine's footsteps had died away.

Presently David pulled out his watch and, having consulted it, rose, drawing the wild rose through his buttonhole; midway up the bank, however, he appeared to change his mind, and, plucking out the blossoms, pressed them to his lips and tossed them away. Soon his light tread was lost, too in the distance. Last of all Martha stood up in her place, slowly disentangling her skirts from the brambles, and pushing back the heavy strands of her hair which had escaped from under her shawl. As she did so the thought flashed across her that if she were to allow her hair to fall about her shoulders as Tamsine had done she would put her rival to shame.

So Davidage thought Tamsine's hair the most beautiful he had ever seen! Common dark hair, thick and plentiful, to be sure, but not to be compared with Martha's own either for length or for color.

The widow's nostrils dilated as a plan formed itself in her mind. She would open the man's eyes to the beauty of the woman whom he had slighted—she would show herself to him at her very best, and then she would taunt him.

She drew in her breath sharply and forced her way through the brambles, unconscious of the fact that they tore her dress and scratched her unprotected feet. So absorbed was she in her own thoughts that she never heard the rapid approach of Shepherd Cornick until he actually overtook her and seized her by the arm.

"Why, 'tis Mrs. West!" he exclaimed, evidently dumbfounded at the discovery. "I'm sure I beg your pardon. I d' 'low 'twas your bein' muffled up i' that shawl what did mislead me."

The widow gazed at him with eyes like the eyes of a sleepwalker, but made no response.

"There, I'm sure I beg your pardon," reiterated the shepherd in over-deepening confusion; I were lookin' for somebody else."

"Who were you looking for?" asked she, seeming to rouse herself, but looking nevertheless so strange that Cornick felt more ashamed than ever for having thus rudely broken in upon her thoughts; he was embarrassed, moreover, by his unwillingness to betray the real object of his search.

"Were you looking for Miss Strange?" continued Martha, as he did not speak.

"Well," admitted Cornick with an uneasy laugh, "I be sleepin' i' the hay-loft now, ye know, and when I did hear a gate creak awhile back, and see a faymale figure a-creepin' out o' the yard a'most afore daybreak, I took a notion into my head as 'twere Miss Strange, an' I dressed myself so quick as I could an' come out arter her. I thought the maid must ha' gone crazy all to once to go traipsin' about the downs at sich an hour. O' course," he added, suddenly catching himself up and endeavoring to cover this somewhat tactless statement, "there wouldn't be nothin' at all surprisin' in your goin' out for an early stroll, Mrs. West. Poor soul, I d' 'low you did do

so many a time when your husband was keeper here."

Martha heaved a deep sigh.

"Yes," she said, "I used to go out early often—in those days."

"To be sure, to be sure," resumed Cornick hastily, "you did walk to meet him sometimes, or maybe you did walk along of he a part of his round. 'Ees, 'twas to be looked for—an' 'tis but natral as you should take to it again now you do find yourself back on the downs—'tis but to be expected as you should find a kind o' comfort in walkin' about the wold places a-thinkin' o' he."

Cornick was unusually garrulous owing to the intensity of his relief in discovering that the figure which had led him such a wild-goose chase was that of the widow, who had such a perfectly natural motive for her matutinal wanderings.

Martha listened still with that odd, stony expression; neither eyes nor lips moved, yet, as the man blundered on, her nostrils again dilated as over some fierce inward thought.

"Well, I d' 'low I must be gettin' on to fetch up the cows," remarked the shepherd after a moment's pause, "but don't let me hurry you, Mrs. West."

"I'm not goin' back to Strange's," returned the widow.

Cornick, who had begun to walk away, stopped short and turned sharply:—

"Not comin' back! I thought you was goin' to hide the whole week!" he exclaimed.

"No, I am going straight home now," said Martha. "Good-bye."

Seeing that he still stood gaping at her, she whisked sharply round and walked away with her rapid, undulating gait in the direction of Chudbury.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Miss Strickland and Sam Strange were just sitting down to breakfast, when Martha opened the door.

"What, back already!" exclaimed her aunt, "I thought you was a-going to bide up at Strange's till Saturday."

"I wanted to get home," said Martha, in a dull voice.

She threw herself into a chair, hiding her feet beneath her dragged skirts.

"Well, I declare an' you wi'out so much as a hat on your head!" gasped Miss Strickland. "You must ha' come away in a terr'ble hurry."

"I hope there's nothin' amiss," said Sam anxiously.

"I did come away in a hurry," rejoined Martha, rousing herself, "I just felt I couldn't stop up there any longer. I wanted to get back for many reasons."

And thereupon she smiled at Sam with so meaning a look, that that young man forgot the slight shock he had experienced at the sight of her unkempt locks and generally wild appearance, and felt his heart swell with delight.

"You look but poorly, aunt," remarked Martha, when the women found themselves alone, after Sam's departure to the inn. "I'm afraid you have been working too hard these two days."

This expression of sympathy immediately loosed a flood of lamentation on her relative's part. Of course there had been a deal to do, and Miss Strickland never had no health to speak on, an' what wi' the housework an' what wi' the washing, it was a wonder that she was alive at all. Her poor back—well, there, Martha might believe her or not, as she liked, but at that very minute her spine might be a red-hot poker, and how she was to manage the ironing, goodness only knew!

"I'll do the ironing for you, auntie," rejoined Mrs. West with unusual gentleness. "I'm goin' to wash my hair first; it will dry nicely at the hot fire, and I can see to the fine things at the

same time. Go up to your room and lie down—it will do you good. I'll bring you up a bit of dinner, and then you can keep out of the kitchen all day while the fire's so keen."

Miss Strickland, who had begun by being surprised and touched at Martha's unprecedented thoughtfulness, now became exceedingly alarmed on her own account. She must indeed be "lookin' bad," she argued inwardly, for her niece thus to multiply such tender attentions.

She uttered a hollow groan as she rose from the table, and remarked that she knew she was not long for this world, and perhaps it mld be better for all parties if she was to take a bit o' care afore it was too late.

"Ye'd not have a roof over your head if anythin' was to happen to me, ye know," she added mournfully, as she began to climb the rickety stairs.

Martha stamped her ragged foot upon the floor as she looked after her. It was true; she, Martha West, was an outcast, living more or less upon charity, while Tamsine Strange, a mile away, had a house of her very own, and plenty of money, was free to do what she liked—and was loved by the man who had robbed her own life of peace.

Presently rousing herself, however, she set herself to carry out the plan which she had formulated.

When David came in at dinner-time he found the kitchen swept and garnished, while Martha, very neatly dressed, was sitting with her back to the fire, her hair falling over her shoulders. The usually heavy waves were now a mass of light, rippling curls gorgeous in the fiery glow.

"Hullo!" cried David with a laugh, "so ye be here! Everybody up to Strange's do think ye be lost."

"I was tired of being up there," she answered, without moving. "I took a

notion to come home—I wanted to wash my hair, for one thing.”

“Well, I should think you could ha’ done that up yonder” rejoined he. “Is dinner ready? Where’s the old lady?”

“My aunt’s lying down upstairs—she isn’t so very well. Yes, dinner’s quite ready. Sit down, and I’ll get it for you. I was but sitting here till the last moment to give my hair a chance of drying.”

She passed the fingers of both hands through the shining tresses, shaking them out so that they seemed to scintillate. “I hope you’ll excuse me showing myself to you like this,” she added. “I’m afraid you must think I’m very untidy.”

“There’s nothin’ untidy about washin’ your hair,” returned he gaily. “I do give mine a dip every mornin’ when I do bathe i’ the river. Makes you feel so nice an’ fresh, doesn’t it?”

He drew his chair to the table and sat down, looking with undisguised impatience towards the oven; he did not much fancy this *tête-à-tête* meal with the widow West, and was in a hurry to have it over.

Martha got slowly on to her knees, turning towards the fire so as to hide her face from him; tears of mortification had risen to her eyes, her heart was swelling nigh to bursting. After the first casual glance, in which she had seen surprise but no admiration, David’s eyes had not once rested on this glory of hers. Making a fierce effort to control herself, she composed her features and rose, taking the dish from the oven and setting it before him; after which she seated herself opposite to him in silence.

“Shall I help ye?” he asked, taking up the spoon.

“No, thank you,” she rejoined.

“Why not?” he said, struck by her ominous tones, and looking at her more attentively.

“Because the food ’ld choke me,” she

answered in a strangled voice. As David with a slight shrug of the shoulders was preparing to fill his own plate she went on vehemently.

“I wonder that you can eat—I wonder you are not afraid of your food choking you!”

David laid down the spoon and gazed at her, the light of battle kindling in his eyes. Martha had identified him, he thought; he must prepare to meet the consequences; as of old, he was resolved to fight for his liberty to the last.

“What’s this, Mrs. West?” he asked quietly.

“What’s this?” she echoed, bending forward so that her red-brown eyes blazed into his. “Who is it that’s got the most beautiful hair in the world—such hair as you never saw? Hair that you kiss and crown with wild roses?”

David, who had for a moment imagined that the woman had taken leave of her senses, guessed the truth in a flash on hearing her last words, and so great was his relief that he laughed aloud.

The sound of that laugh broke down the last vestige of Martha’s self-control; she flung out her arm almost as if she would have struck him.

“How dare you!” she panted; “how dare you! Oh, you false—wicked—treacherous——”

She broke off with a sob that shook her from head to foot.

David fixed his eyes upon her in amazement, the color rushing over his dark face. Was it possible that after all she did guess that she was face to face with the slayer of her husband, or was this a mere outburst of woman’s jealousy—horrible, unnatural under the circumstances, yet deplorable?

He had ceased to laugh, and now spoke gently and seriously.

“I suppose you saw Tamsine and me together. I suppose you were watching us while we were in the chalk-pit.”

Martha was struggling with herself, making fierce efforts to regain her composure. Feeling instinctively that if she attempted to speak her sobs would burst forth anew, she contented herself with nodding.

During the pause which ensued, David continued to eye her reflectively.

"I suppose 'twas you as Shepherd Cornick followed this morning, then," he said presently. "I thought he came after Tamsine but missed her——"

"Of course he missed her when she crawled into the lime-kiln and you after her," interrupted Martha, with fiery scorn. "That was a nice trick for Miss Strange to do—but it's of a piece with the rest. You didn't dare show your faces to an honest man. But *I* was looking down at you—I saw you."

"Yes," rejoined David, beginning in his turn to lose self-control; "you came spying after us, listening to every word we said, I shouldn't wonder."

The fierce eagerness in his face was not lost on her, and fanned the flame of her wrath.

"Yes, I heard you," she cried. "I heard you talking to her about her beautiful hair—why, where's the beauty in it? Ye may see the same on the head of any common woman that goes out turnip-picking. The nonsense you was carrying on with—kissing the very flower that you had stuck in it before you threw it away!"

Once again David breathed freely; Martha knew nothing. He had but a comparatively simple problem to face.

"Well, Mrs. West," he said, "I am sorry that you should have been eaves-droppin' for many reasons. We wanted to keep our secret a bit longer, but since you do know it everybody else must know it now. Tamsine Strange and me are going to be man and wife."

"Man and wife!" echoed Martha almost voicelessly; then, turning on him with a sudden tigerish fierceness she

had already displayed, she asked, "And what about your true love—the girl whose memory you carried in your heart for three years and more?"

He was silent for a moment, and then said in a low voice:—

"I love Tamsine Strange now."

His heart smote him at the implied fickleness, but he dared not arouse Martha's suspicions by uttering his avowal in less equivocal terms.

"Oh," she cried, springing to her feet and clasping her hands, "oh, that you dare look me in the face and say such a thing—you—you——"

David rose too, but continued to gaze at her steadily, though conscious of a pang of self-reproach.

"The lies you told me!" she went on. "To think you had the face to remind me of my duty to poor Dick's memory—you, who in a few days could forget your own duty. Oh, Dick, Dick, I did forget my duty to you—I did—I did!"

She buried her face in her hands and burst into a passion of tears.

David, after one desperate glance at her, moved towards the door, but she sprang forward, placing herself between him and it.

"No, you shan't go like that!" she cried. "You shall stop and give an account of yourself. If you forgot your first love all of a minute and turned your heart to another woman—why should it have been to her?"

"That's a thing which is nobody's business but my own," replied David firmly, again endeavoring to step past her.

But she intercepted him, gripping him by the sleeve as he would have broken from her.

"Why shouldn't it have been me?" she cried hoarsely. "It ought to have been me; since you was to be false and take up with another woman it ought to have been me—you owed it to me."

David stood like a stone, making no

effort to release himself and her voice fell to a sort of wailing cry.

"Oh, I am ashamed—ashamed to look you in the face and say such things, but I can't help it—I'm forced to it. My heart went out to you the minute I saw you. Oh, 'tis that I can't forgive you—you've robbed me—robbed me of my very faithfulness."

Beads of sweat stood on the man's brow, but he neither moved nor answered.

"I had but the one thing in life," she went on, "the thought of Dick—my love for his memory—and now I *daren't* think of him, for I have been false to him in my heart—and that's your work!"

Still without speaking he began quietly to disengage himself, and as

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her feverish hand still clutched his sleeve he took hold of it, detaching the fingers one by one with gentle force; suddenly these fingers loosed the sleeve to twine themselves round his, and Martha's face, beautified by a sudden wild hope, was turned towards his.

"Davidge," she whispered, "is there no chance for me? I'd love you as never a woman loved before—I'd be your slave."

David thrust her from him almost violently, casting upon her a look which she remembered to her dying day—a look of absolute horror.

"If there was never another woman in the world, Mrs. West," he cried, "I could never love you!"

Then he went out, banging the door after him.

(To be continued.)

THE ECONOMICS OF "CHEAP."

The modern world is not getting what it wants in the material supply of articles destined to meet its supposed material demand. It is getting less and less what it wants in convenience, beauty and aptitude. This discomfort it suffers from a supposed economic necessity, and those who complain of the evil most loudly lay the blame on economic science. I propose in what follows to examine this contention, and to see what remedy the evil may admit.

If there is one economic axiom which, both expressed and taken for granted, has lain beneath the economic theory of our time, it is the axiom that the "cheap" article drives out the "dear" article.

It could be traced, did space allow, in a hundred or in a thousand forms. It underlies all the talk about economic efficiency, all the despair under which men lie of the good, the beautiful, or

the laboriously produced, holding its own against a less worthy rival. This axiom controls the very method of modern production; it is the conception which moulds the action of every human agent in recent industry, from the original inventor at the top of the scale, to the common cheat at the bottom of it. Upon it reposes the complacency of one whole school of fiscal policy, while the more modern opposing school (which is—and should not be afraid of calling itself—Protectionist) seeks to reconcile itself at every turn with this same axiom and its supposed consequences.

Now when we watch the way in which that axiom has worked upon the modern mind, especially in this country, we discover a certain vice attaching to its use which makes us suspect if not that the axiom itself is at fault, at any rate that it is imperfectly understood or imperfectly defined; we

find that whether men enthusiastically accept or reluctantly acquiesce in the doctrine of *cheap*, they apply it according to a logical process, and this logical process is perpetually in conflict with common-sense.

This feature which is so constantly appearing in modern action, I mean an acute contrast between the ideal result to which a theory points and the practical result which is the outcome of our working that theory, should always make us re-examine our methods; such a contrast proves that something is wrong. If an apparently just deduction from an apparently universal principle wars with our inner certitude of proportion and of right, then either the principle itself or our statement of it, or our deductive processes, is at fault.

In the field of industrial effort the practical proof that there is such a conflict between experience and theory is superabundant. Almost daily a man of taste will tell you that "competition" is necessarily destroying such and such a good or a beautiful thing in his neighborhood. Almost daily a good man deplores the advent of some evil, too often some moral evil, which he ascribes to the same cause. "The corporation," one will tell you, "was advised to let the old buildings stand, but it could not *afford* to leave so much valuable space vacant"; or another will say, "More people could have got to Mass if we had had the church built here, but it was cheaper to have it built in such and such a place, so we *had* to do it against our better judgment." You see the working—the false working—of the axiom in things of magnitude and in trifles. A statesman will say, "Such and such a route was advised for the railway by all the military experts, but it was cheaper to go by that other, so we had to do it." A housewife will say, "Of course an open fire looks more cheerful, but

it is so much cheaper to have gas." It is not necessary to add that in the machinery of commerce the principle and its consequences are everywhere supreme, and, in general, all modern life is changed, one might almost say against its will, and progressively worsened, certainly against its subconscious desire, by this attitude of the mind.

It is the thesis of what follows to show that the conflict thus arising between the ideal and the actual result of a practice supposedly imposed by reason, is due not to an excess of rigor in definition and in deduction, but to a lack of such precision.

The underlying doctrine which thus controls the modern mind is, when it is properly stated, true. It is a recognition of that truth, conscious or unconscious, which lends to the whole business of degradation in commerce and industry such vitality as it still unhappily possesses. It is the partial and confused recognition of a fundamental, an unalterable and an unavoidable economic truth in the matter, which makes men and women reason thus to their own hurt throughout the whole field of modern affairs. But that principle once defined and properly followed up, will be discovered to be, like any other economic truth, the servant and not the master of human nature. The economic doctrine underlying the process I speak of need not control us to our hurt; it may serve us to our good if we approach it in one of two moods: either the mood of attempting to comprehend it and apply it with exactitude, or the mood of neglecting it altogether and trusting to our unreasoning sense of fitness. It is upon the former line of approach that I propose to proceed.

The economic doctrine which lends all its strength to "cheap" may be exactly stated as follows:

"When to the production of a certain economic result a certain consumption of economic values is attached by one process, while to the production of an identical economic result a lesser consumption of economic values is attached by another process, then it is of economic advantage to use that process in which the consumption of economic values is the least; and to substitute the less expensive for the more expensive method, is to produce an increase of wealth in an amount precisely equivalent to the saving in economic values which is effected by the less expensive over the more expensive process."

There are certain determinate words in the above definition which will be seen in a moment to be of particular importance, but first let us give an obvious example of its general truth.

A man has a little steam engine in his shed, and he uses it to pump up the water for his house. He has to pump up 500 gallons every day. To do this work he stokes the firebox of his engine by putting in a great mass of coal to begin with, and when he has a forty-pound head of steam he begins operations. In this way he consumes 3 cwt. of a particular sort of coal before his 500 gallons are pumped. A friend comes along who knows more about engines than he does, and says: "If you will begin with a small fire, let it burn well through, and then stoke slowly, and if you will wait until you have a pressure of sixty pounds before beginning, you will get your work done with the consumption of only 2 cwt. of coal." The owner of the steam engine takes this advice and finds that it is good. The new method proposed to him has saved him a third of his coal every day. If, to put it in money, coal cost him a shilling a hundred-weight, then the new method has the advantage over the old method of a shilling a day. No sort of human need was satisfied by the consumption of the

extra coal in the old method. It was sheer waste. He is a shilling a day to the good, and the doctrine of "cheap" has in this case made him a shilling a day the richer. If it be true that man, like every other organism, tends to transform his environment from a condition where it is less to a condition where it is more serviceable to his own needs (upon which doctrine the whole science of economics depends), then the man saving his shilling's worth of coal a day is in exactly the same position as a man who is producing a shilling's worth of coal a day; he is that much the wealthier. He is a man who has acquired an extra income of £18 5s. a year. And, inasmuch as a man would rather have £18 5s. than nothing, in so much will a man in this instance wisely and orthodoxly conform to the great doctrine of "cheap."

Here the reader may well say: "Your definition is tediously self-evident and your example deplorably so." But wait a moment. My definition is self-evident only because it is accurately and lengthily drafted, and my example only because it was most carefully chosen. It is, as a fact, rather difficult to find an example which will not begin to clash with the definition, and this difficulty is a clue to the way in which have arisen those conflicts between common-sense and economic tendency with which I opened my article.

Look for a moment at the definition:

Unless an *identical* economic result is achieved, the definition does not apply. It is not "cheaper" to build a bad house in three months than a good house in six. You are not building the same house. It is not "cheaper" to put up a plain beam than a carved beam, for a plain beam is not a carved beam. It is not "cheaper" to wear cotton than silk, for cotton is not silk.

There is, of course, a conversational sense in which it is "cheaper" to do

any of these lesser things rather than the corresponding greater thing. But, for the purposes of strict economic analysis, the phrase, "an identical economic result," is of capital importance. The power of "cheap" in pure economics applies to that, and to that only. In other words, no economic force, properly so-called, makes you wear cotton instead of silk or makes you put up a plain beam in place of a carved one; or makes you put up a jerry-built house in place of a well-built one. What makes you wear cotton instead of silk (if you do so with right reason) is the balancing of needs. You have decided that you would rather have such and such results in warmth, let us say, or appearance, or decency, and that the various factors in the whole of your complex need, stand to each other in such and such proportion. To satisfy that need in its proportionate component parts cotton will, for a sacrifice of such and such a total of economic values, give you what silk would only give you for a sacrifice of twice that total. But unless you are certain of your needs and of their proportion, you cannot estimate the true power of "cheap" at all; nay, save in relation to certain needs measured in their true proportions, there is no meaning in the words "cheap" and "dear."

Take, for another instance, the plain beam and the carved beam. When you say you cannot "afford" the carved beam, what do you mean? You mean that you are using the beam mainly to support something; for instance, the top of your door. I do not say you are only using it for that. If you were only using it for that, you would be ready to use the most hideous or most disgusting or repulsive object that might serve that mere purpose, but you are mainly using it for that—ninety-five per cent., let us say, of what you want is top-of-door support; the other five per cent. is other things: re-

pose to your eye, some association of beauty, the grain of the wood, or what not. But suppose, as a matter of fact, you were in some doubt whether you would have a door there at all? Supposing you are only having a door because it makes a pleasant end to a particular vista, and needs, to fulfil its purpose, carving? Then it is not "cheap" to have a plain beam. It is no more "cheap" to have a plain beam under such conditions than it would be "cheap" to have it in one's bed or as a travelling companion in a railway carriage.

The way in which proportion enters into true need is exemplified in every action of life and in every demand we make, and nowhere does proportion prove its value more than when the satisfaction of it is absent, and when we are cheated of it without being able to discover wherein exactly our loss consists. We buy a dusty flour with which a doctrine of "cheap" has supplied us, we submit to unhealthy and unnecessary forms of house-warming, we accept a hundred things reluctantly in our daily lives because economic tendency is thought to have forced them upon us, and by our very reluctance and ill-ease we are proving that our needs are ill-satisfied and that, therefore, not a true but a false economic tendency has been at work.

Now what is the cause of this reluctant acceptance and of this increasing ill-ease? We want, let us say, not only speed in travelling, but also, and in a certain proportion, quiet—we get all the speed and no quiet at all. We want not only a certain amount of some species of bread, but also in a certain proportion we want a particular wheaten taste, and a particular method of manufacture. Our needs are satisfied in a proportion other than that represented by our demand. We wanted, to put it numerically, sixty per cent.

weight, forty per cent. taste, and what we get is ninety-five per cent. weight and five per cent. taste. We were willing (to put it in another way) to sacrifice more than a third of the amount of bread we were able to pay for, on condition that at a higher price, it should taste wholesome—and we aren't allowed to make the sacrifice—or at any rate we do not. Why is this? What is the economic disease here present for which we have to seek an economic remedy?

Most people give the reply that we are so supplied because the general demand is vitiated; they throw the responsibility for the degradation of our supply upon the many for whom they are not responsible and to whom they believe themselves to be superior. But that answer is wholly insufficient. The more one knows of modern men, the more one finds that the disease and the complaint against it are universal. Those who protest are not a few superior persons: they are simply units of that general public which is perpetually and increasingly suffering from the ill-directed force of which I speak.

It is not true that modern men prefer, for instance, an ugly street to a beautiful one. Men of all classes recognize beauty, in a degree which differs, of course, with different individuals, but from a quality which is common to mankind. Men want houses both to live in and to look at. The proportion between those two needs which build up the general need for a house, let us express as seventeen to three (of course all these numerical examples are inapplicable to organic needs: I use them only as symbols). A man wants seventeen shillings' worth of habitability and three shillings' worth of pleasant aspect for his money. What he gets is twenty shillings' worth of habitability, and nothing of the rest.

The older economists used to pretend

that demand would always call forth supply, but that is exactly what it has failed to do and what it is increasingly failing to do; to speak more accurately the adjustment between demand and supply is getting faultier and faultier. Why is it?

II.

True economic motive consists in the conception of some object destined exactly to satisfy a need, and in a desire for that object sufficiently strong to set us about transforming our environment from a condition in which it is less, into a condition where it is more identical with the object so conceived.

I want a bit of toast. I take a bit of bread and I toast it. My economic motive throughout that short process of production of wealth runs true, and the result is more or less satisfactory according to my skill in making the piece of toast just what I had previously desired the piece of toast to be. In such a case you have as perfect an adjustment as possible between the economic motive and the process of production. And in general, where, under what is called primitive conditions, men make things for themselves, that adjustment is everywhere apparent.¹ It is for this reason that we admire the "taste," as we call it, of things primitively or simply produced by the user of them. And in general the true formula for an exact adjustment between economic motive and economic action, is that production should be production for use, and should be untrammelled and undeflected in its course by any other consideration.

When once this is clearly perceived, it appears with equal clearness that, in general, so simple an ideal can never be realized in human life, and that modern life in particular puts in its way a great number of obstacles.

¹ I do not say the result is perfect: I never can be. I say the motive is perfectly adjusted to the economic action undertaken.

To grasp the main principle in the matter is like having pointed out to one a distant mountain: one not only seizes the mountain in one's view, but also and in the same view, its great distance and the many obstacles between. A short list of the modern obstacles between us and such an ideal will stand somewhat as follows:

(a) What is called Division of Labor, that is, the differentiation of production, is essential to the production of great quantities of wealth. Interfere with that differentiation and the total amount of wealth would immediately and enormously diminish. But this division of labor, and separation of function, obviously interfere with the exact satisfaction of human needs, for those needs are personal and organic, while the final result of many differentiated processes of production can be no more than a mechanical assembling of a number of things or qualities, each produced by a producer who enjoyed no full view of the whole to which his particular part was tending.

(b) As a corollary of this, the distance between supply and demand is a necessary consequence of differentiation of function and increases with it. The more labor is divided, the more particular natural opportunities, etc., are used for the production of one small part of the total result, the further grows the distance (moral and often also physical as well) which separates the ultimate user of an article from the various producers of it.

(c) Again, when to differentiation of function we add the institution of private property, there at once is bred from the two the principle of *production for profit* rather than for use.

Here, we should mention in passing one of the chief and most striking tenets of the Socialists, who indeed continually use this very formula: "Production for use, not for profit." The

sense and justice of such a demand constitute one of their strongest arguments. I shall show later, when I speak of the remedies available for this disease, why the Socialists' scheme does not, as a matter of fact, provide for the true consequences of its own text; but the text as it stands is sound, and if we could instead, by the adoption of Collectivism, eliminate production for profit and convert it into production for use, Collectivism would possess a very powerful practical argument indeed.

Production for profit and not for use, which is the necessary outcome of differentiation of production coupled with the institution of private property, warps economic motive from the outset. If I am making toast, not one chance piece for myself, but a thousand pieces for sale in a fair, it will perhaps, or even probably, be to my advantage to make the toast so that the people at the fair may want to eat it, but that will not be my *motive* in making the toast: my motive in making the toast will be to get as great a total of economic values as I can out of the buyers, and that for the least expenditure of economic values upon my own part; and all other ways besides excellence or adaptation to demand, which may lead to such a result are influencing me equally. I am just as much tempted to save money by the use of inferior bread, by faking the color of my toast, by making it only just warm enough to sell, and so forth, as I am to meet the demand. My economic motive is impure.

(d) Differentiation of economic function tends again to production upon a large scale, and production on a large scale means that the individual differences of demand or need must be neglected: to paraphrase what was said above, it is mechanical whereas human needs are organic.

(e) The control over fraudulent or

insufficient methods in production becomes more and more difficult as the process of differentiation increases, because the field to be watched becomes larger and its departments more numerous and more technical.

(f) The power of convention, always preponderant in any scheme of production of wealth, becomes a peculiarly disturbing factor under highly complex industrial conditions, because to take it for granted that demand will correspond with convention is the chief saving in brain labor which the producer can effect, e.g. the decoration of hotels. I have seen an imitation Chinese vase which all the guests of the hotel were indifferent to save one who desired to destroy it, and the economic values absorbed in that vase would have supported a large family for more than a twelvemonth.

(g) (And this is the most important, as it is the last, on our list.) Economic motive, even in the crude form of purchasing demand, is warped by the presence of a great mass of purchasers so poor that on the one hand the proportion of mere animal need is very high in their demand, and the proportion of other needs low; and on the other their acute physical necessity for immediate satisfaction, their lack of opportunity and their ceaseless anxiety destroy any sense of proportion in their needs.

The effect of this last is seen in the architecture of the poorer parts of our towns, where the least possible shelter—consistent with convention—is provided for men with no regard whatsoever for any of the other uses besides that of shelter, to which a human habitation can serve.*

* To this list many might to-day add the Organization of Modern Industry and the very nature of modern commerce and manufacture with its highly competitive instruments, as the chief obstacles to a true adjustment of demand and supply. It is not so. Apart from the high differentiation of modern industry, which the text has dealt with, its productions of true, not of false, economic efficiency in this particular point, they hard-

There is the disease and a rough list of those modern conditions which are obstacles in the way of remedying it. These obstacles cannot be wholly overcome, and ideal adjustment of economic motive to production is impossible, but we shall do well to seek what road will bring us nearest to that economic objective, the adjustment of economic motive to production, which we have seen to be the goal of all reform in this matter.

III.

The true economic doctrine of "cheap" is, as we have seen, that when an identical product can be arrived at by two methods, one of which consumes less economic values (that is, is "cheaper") than the other, then it is sound economics for the cheaper method to drive out the dearer.

We have seen that on this sound economic doctrine there has arisen an unsound practice. The cheaper production not of identical but of similar articles, or even of articles similar only in name, has been found sufficient to permit the ousting of a good or a desired thing by a bad or an undesired one. We have seen that the remedy for this economic disease (which has been progressive and intensive and threatens to degrade all production, and to disturb the satisfaction of all need in our industrial society) is the readjustment of true economic motive to the process of production. We have seen that it is hopeless to expect such a readjustment by the simple and ideal method of making the man who demands an article supply himself. We have further seen that an exact adjustment of economic motive in the process

ly react upon supply at all. And so true is this that a trade may be crippled or extinguished in a few years by a slight variation in even the crude demand exercisable under existing conditions. The competitive and therefore unstable condition of modern industry is a great evil. But it is not an evil which diminishes the sensitiveness of supply to demand; on the contrary, it increases it:

of production has never been possible, and in modern complex conditions is least of all to be expected.

What we want to do, therefore, is to adjust it only as nearly as possible, and to adjust it as nearly as possible means to make demand call forth as nearly as possible the corresponding supply.

Now demand calls forth a supply in proportion to its intensity. The more intense, peremptory and exact the demand, the more supply will have to meet it precisely or go begging.

How are we then to intensify demand?

If people simply would not accept houses save of such a sort as would make a modern town tolerable to look upon, then the modern town would not be the hideous thing it is. If people would not accept bread below a certain standard of breadfulness, then no amount of trade trickery, nor no cheapness of an insufficient flour, would have the power to put an unsatisfactory bread upon the market. We must intensify demand, we must make in some way or other the proportion between the various parts of demand as strong a thing in the mind of the demander as it was when our civilization was properly supplied, and before this modern disease came upon us.

Now, the weakening of demand, which is the true source of all our trouble, has a wide aspect easy to define. People are slack. How far this slackness is in general due to economic, how far (as the present writer is inclined to believe) to moral causes which lie behind economic phenomena, it is not our purpose here to examine. But there is one particular economic cause which can be got at and remedied, and it is a cause so patent that no one who has properly examined the subject has ever thought of denying it. That particular economic cause of the slackness of demand, and of its lack of

proportion, is the insufficient economic power of the mass of modern purchasers in an industrial State—in plain words, their poverty.

For the poverty of the mass of purchasers affects the intensity of demand (and therefore the adjustment of supply to it) in every possible fashion: through their ignorance; through their haste; through their terrible and acute necessities; through their lack of power to make the producer feel their needs by political action; through their lack of control over contracts, advertisements, and the modern method of expression, which is the Press. All the rest of the problem is, as we have seen, connected with the necessary differentiation and the necessary complexity of modern production, on which there is no going back; but this part of the problem is in no way connected with that necessary complexity and necessary differentiation. The differentiation and the complexity would exist just as much as if the proper distribution of economic demand gave to the mass of purchasers a power of emphasizing the nature and the proportion of their demand; at present they have no such power, and without a doubt their lack of that power may be traced to that ill-distribution of wealth for which our time and our industrial civilization are particularly remarkable.

On the re-creation of a proper power of demand in the mass of the people, two forms of advice are tendered: the one distributivist, the other collectivist.

He who favors a collective remedy is either a Socialist or that opposite extreme, a man who conceives of large property (with its consequent power of demand—intense, proportioned and reasoned) as the natural purveyor of wealth to a mass of dependents. I have called these types extreme opposites, and so they are in their ideas of political mechanism; but they are not

opposed in relation to this particular economic question. The Socialist says, for instance, "Let the community" (that is, of course, the politicians) "order the cottages for a village, and, with the power of the public purse, the power of equal bargaining, or rather of masterful bargaining, the power of waiting until the order is exactly satisfied, the desire of the community for cottages not only habitable but serviceable in every other way (such as in the way of beauty) to human need, will be satisfied." This, says the Socialist, is true even with the imperfect Socialism in which a local body deals with contractors. It will be still more true in the perfect Socialist State, where the community shall directly employ and control all the labor that goes to the building of cottages.

The other type of those who approve a collective solution, says, "Let the big landlord provide the cottages, and with his leisure, power of bargaining, and all the rest of it, with his proportioned desire representing what is really the mind of his dependents, a satisfactory type of cottage will appear."

Of these two types the second certainly has the advantage of example. No one has ever seen a parish council or a municipal corporation giving effect to an intense popular demand, and we do see on all sides the big landlord giving effect to what is, if not a popular, at least a human and an organic demand. There is no one in his senses who would not rather trust the wealthy landlord for the purpose of getting a human village produced, than he would trust the politician.

But are either of them what they claim to be? The politician would be what he claims to be, if delegacy and voting could handle intimate human desires. The second would be what he claims to be, if a rich man (who is only rich because property is ill distributed), naturally, and in some way

necessarily, bore in himself the intimate human demands of his numerous poor dependents. For him to do this he must not only *care* for their way of living more than for his own, he must also *know* more about their way of living than he does about his own, and, finally, he must be *more concerned in fulfilling their will* than he is in fulfilling his own. If such rich men exist, they are certainly not numerous, and can never be. I have chosen a favorable example in talking of cottages. Had I talked of public-houses, chairs and tables, cooking or bedding, the force of the argument would be greater.

I confess that in this, as in so many other departments of thought where economics touch upon politics, I can see no solution but a distributive one.

Unless, or until, a determinant mass of the families of the State possess sufficient property to make their demand reasoned, leisurely and complex, I do not see how we are to have an adjustment between economic motive and the process of production. The man himself must ask for what he wants, and he must be able to ask for what he wants with some leisure and culture in which to frame his demand, and with some power of holding out until he obtains it.

I may be told that, were wealth better distributed, the small citizen would still be much too small to intensify his demand, or to make it appreciably more effective than that of the present proletariat. That contention is a common modern contention, and it is made because modern thought has broken with tradition, that is, with reality in Time. As a matter of fact, all human history and tradition give the lie to such a contention. A determinant mass of small owners creates in a State an economic public opinion which a proletariat can never do. It acts, or at least has always acted, in a manner

highly co-operative, and produces naturally, by methods instinctive and human, what the Socialist desires and even hopes to produce mechanically, and what the modern defender of large

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ownership believes to be the only remedy save its own visible aura from the rise of the curtain to its fall. It was in this quality of imagination that Synge excelled, and it was that which enabled him to give to the little corner of life depicted in his peasant plays a universality of significance that lifts them into the ranks of the great literature. One is apt to suspect writers who find all their inspiration in the life of one class or one countryside. Too often they see only the superficial qualities of that life, and use them to lend an artificial vitality to their own emotional experience. With Synge it was not so. When he first went to the west of Ireland, after a youth spent in wandering, like Goldsmith, with his fiddle, through Southern Europe, or brooding in a Paris garret on the classics of English and French literature, he came like an exile to the home of his childhood. Inherited instincts and sympathies that slumbered in his blood woke at the touch of kinship, and the love and knowledge of life came on him in a flood. It is in his book on the Aran Islands, and in the slighter sketches of wanderings in Wicklow, Kerry and Connemara (now collected for the first time) that one finds the key to his development. There have been no more fascinating, no more stimulating books of errantry written since Borrow died. They have not, it is true, Borrow's whimsicality, his power of slipping into his leisurely chronicle some strange, incongruous, impossible, laughable event, yet making it seem inevitably true. He is a poet where

THE WORKS OF J. M. SYNGE.*

J. M. Synge is, perhaps, the one of the few authors of this generation of whom it may be confidently urged that his work will live; for he accomplished in play-writing something which had not been accomplished for centuries. In saying this one does not mean that Synge was a Shakespeare; his range was too narrow and his production too small to entitle him to so high a comparison. But he is in the legitimate succession, and there is a long and weary interval behind him. We have, and have during the last three centuries had, sincere, capable, whimsical, and brilliant dramatists, but the few plays of theirs that survive (and how few they are!), survive not by their imaginative force but by those other qualities for which one looks in the comedy of manners. The truth is that the writing of plays requires a greater intensity of imagination than any other form of literature. The novelist can trace his characters back through the labyrinth of ancestry, and pursue them with description, epigram, apostrophe and exposition from the cradle to the grave. He can take 500 pages, if he will, to marshal his facts and work up his climax. With the dramatist it is otherwise. His creatures must express themselves in a few paltry thousand words apiece. He must work by suggestion, not by exposition. Every word must mean more than it says. Every character must strike its own note boldly and immediately, and walk in its

*"The Works of J. M. Synge." Four Vols. (Dublin: Maunsell. 24s. net.)

romancer. He felt the economic quest, beauty of the life he saw for instance, "there was no room for (that is, of course) rice. He could scarce der the cottages living on those strange with the power "where men must reap power of equal, "because of the stones"; of masterful b'sit of soil is as a gold waiting uence men make fields by dig-fied, "a few scant basketfuls, mixing for em with sand and seaweed, and spreading them upon a sheltered rock; where, through the barrenness of the soil, all seasons are the same. A land of many moods, all of them savage or mysterious; and inhabited by a people who seem to have a strange archaic sympathy with its changes—secret and strange as its rocks are mysterious and cold in hours of calm, but bursting as suddenly as its seas into a frenzy of rage or sorrow. So isolated are they that each man must be a skilled fisherman and manage his canoe with courage and dexterity, must be able to farm simply, burn seaweed for kelp, cut out his own leather sandals, mend nets, build and thatch a house and make a cradle or a coffin; and thus the race, knowing no divison of labor, has grown into a kind of natural aristocracy, agile, and passionate as wild animals, yet blending with an animal's qualities a touch of the refinement of old societies. Synge lived among this strange and simple people and their hardly less primitive neighbors of the mainland, till their life and language became the natural medium for the expression of his profound and passionate sense of the sweetness and tragedy of the world. The desolate beauty of rock and bog and mountain grew so into his soul that sometimes as he sat in the dark September nights by the rustling sea he seemed to exist merely in his perception of the waves and of the crying birds and of the smell of seaweed; sometimes, as he climbed a dark mountain under the stars, the earth

seemed to have dwindled away to a mere platform from which an astrologer might watch.

In these two volumes, as in the plays, suggestion takes the place of description, and a few common words convey the keenest and most complex emotions. And these short records have a further interest. It is not only that they show many of the actual incidents and impressions that inspired the plays; one sees in them how he gained that sympathy with the sights and sounds and incidents of common life which gives his plays their peculiar imaginative quality; how his life among this tender, fierce, and primitive people raised him, in an age devoted to social causes and social ethics, above society and above morality; how he learned from the lips of those he loved a speech that is living and yet beautiful. One begins to understand, too, something of the oddly elusive quality of many of his characters. Well as he knew the people with whom he lived, he felt always that they were strangely far away from him. "They have," he writes, "the same emotions as I have and the animals have, yet I cannot talk to them when there is much to say more than to the dog that whines beside me in a mountain fog." There is something inarticulate in all his characters and something inexplicable, as there is in all characters that are greatly conceived. The world is still debating the exact degree of Hamlet's madness, Malvollo's folly, Falstaff's courage, Wolsey's honesty, yet no one can doubt that their characters are exactly true. One cannot analyze their minds any more than one could that of their creator. Only that which is mechanically constructed can be mechanically resolved. In *Nora Burke*, *The Tramp*, *The Playboy*, and the blind couple in *The Well of the Saints* one finds the same qualities. One cannot understand, one must accept, them.

So, too, in spite of the cruelty and grossness that runs through many of the plays, one cannot feel that the persons of the play are gross or cruel. These qualities are but the shadows in the world in which Synge lived, a world whose splendor "was almost a grief of the mind," a world more splendid for the briefness of our vision of it and the blackness of its shadows. ✓

The new edition contains, besides the two books of travel and the five plays that are already well known, Synge's last play, *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, which was first performed in London last June. This play was something of a disappointment when acted, and though on reading it one feels that it has a dignity which the Abbey Theatre Company (so excellent in plays of common life) failed somehow to realize, the sense of disappointment still remains. The play is well conceived, and in parts finely worked out; the meeting of Naisi and Deirdre on one of those nights of bravery "when a king would spit upon his arm ring and queens will stick their tongues out at the rising moon" has much beauty, as has the scene in which they determine to return to the King's Palace and certain death after their seven years of love in Alban. One gets a glimpse of many motives, some expressed, some inarticulate, over all of which there broods the fear that they will outlive the perfection of their love, the feeling that a love which is not nourished on active life and noble deeds must wither, and the sense of the doom that is on them, "the way there will be a story told of a ruined city and a raving king and a woman will be young for ever." Fine, too, is the way in which Deirdre, tortured beyond endurance by the immanence of separation, drives Naisi to the death he cannot avoid with an unfathomable cruelty, and after his fall, when there is no more to strive for, "puts away sorrow like a shoe that is worn out

and muddy," and goes to her self-sought death in peace and exaltation, conscious of the nobility of her life and of her end "that shall be a joy and triumph to the ends of life and time." Yet the play fails as a whole. It is not kept at the necessary imaginative pitch, and the characters lack solidity. Perhaps the approach of his last illness had somewhat sapped his powers, or it may be that the old legend, like the "plumed yet skinny shee" of one of his poems, could not give him the inspiration he found in the common life of his people. Certainly the plumes are fine, but the body something skinny.

The volume which contains *Deirdre* also gives us some new verse which certainly heightens one's opinion of Synge's powers as a poet. He approached poetry with a theory (always a dangerous attitude for a poet) that poetry had become too remote from common life, and that "before it can be human again it must learn to be brutal." The result in such of his work as had been previously published was a certain crudity and ugliness; force there was undoubtedly, but one missed the rhythm and beauty which haunt the exquisite cadence of his prose. Three poems in the present volume, "The 'Mergency Man,'" "Danny," and "Patch-Shaneen," show his theory at its best. In them he comes, perhaps, nearer to the true spirit of the ballad than any poet of our time. The second, with its description of the blackguard coming unsuspecting to his death—

It wasn't long till Danny came
From Bangor making way,
And he was damning moon and stars
And whistling grand and gay—

is perhaps the most striking of the three. If Synge had lived longer (he died at 30, after a literary life of only eight or nine years) and written a greater body of verse, there can be lit-

the doubt that he would have made of it a fuller medium of expression. As it is, his poetry remains something of an experiment. But every experiment of a man of such power is worth preservation and study, and Messrs. Maunsell

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have done the reading public a service in preparing this collected edition of his works. We only regret that they have not been able to preserve Mr. W. B. Yeats's prefaces to some of the earlier editions.

BENJIE AND THE BOGEY MAN.

The change of weather foretold by Benjamin Prowse came, just as he had predicted, during the night with the turn of the tide. First a little billow rolled in from the sou'-south-east: then the wind dropped out to that quarter. The sea began to make. A misty cloud hid the setting moon, filled the sky, and cloaked the tops of the cliffs in vapor.

At peep of day Benjie's nephew crept round the foot of West Cliff towards Western Bay. So long as his feet scrunched companionably on the narrow strip of shingle between the cliff and Broken Rocks he continued talking to himself. "'Tis full o' it," he complained, glancing at the cloud and mist. "Benjie won't never stay down along there—just when he'd better to for once. Who'd ha' thought thic fellow'd ha' turned up here this time o' day? Never see'd the like o' it!"

Arrived at the bay, Bill Prowse sat down and waited silently, peering along to the westward, and at intervals looking above his head to make sure that the soft red cliff was not falling out upon him.

It was one of those very gray dawns, when there seems to be plenty of light long before any object can be made out distinctly. The white calm of the evening before, when Benjie had put to sea, was replaced by several broken lines of surf flowing in across the flat sand, fading westward into the loom of Steep Head, and filling the whole bay with a re-echoed plaintive rattle. Gulls, looking nearly twice their size,

stalked about in the shallow water after sand-eels.

By and by a boat become visible suddenly, just outside the broken water. Prawn-nets were piled up high on the stern. One man was sheaving—standing up with bent back and rowing forwards—whilst the other man pulled in the ordinary manner, seated face astern.

"That's ol' Benjie, right enough," observed Bill Prowse.

He got up, walked to the water's edge, and, putting his hands funnel-wise to his mouth, shouted as if he did not want to be overheard. "Bogey man! Bogey man to beach! 'Spector! Bide here a bit."

The rowing ceased. A word like "What?" came from the boat.

"Bogey man! Fishery 'Spector!"

The next words from the boat sounded like, "Be the capstan fixed?"

"Bogey man!" answered Bill.

But voices failed to carry across the noise of the surf. The boat could approach no nearer. Benjie had to turn it quickly in order to meet a broken wave bows on. He began rowing again with short, irritable strokes, and finally steered the boat outwards to clear Broken Rocks.

Bill Prowse's shouting died away helplessly: "Bogey man! Bogey-ey-ey . . ."

And still the boat held on its course for Saltertown beach.

Bill followed hurriedly a'ongshore. "This here's what comes," he grum-

bled, "of Benjie blowing his hooter to the likes o' Vivian Maddicke. 'Don't care,' he says 'for no inspector what ever lived.' But 'tis best never to say nort to gentry—always was an' always will be."

II.

Two or three fishermen, and one other man slightly apart, stood waiting at the foot of the beach. Benjie ran the boat ashore, high on the crest of a wave; then jumped into the wash and lifted out half a dozen prawn-nets with their lines and cork buoys. "That'll lighten her," he said. "Now haul!"

His round sailor's cap was perched on one side of his head; his torn jumper was askew; seawater ran in streams from his patched greenish-blue trousers, which also were askew; and his wrinkled face, within its fringe of gray beard, was noticeably haggard after the night's toll. With his arms spread wide over the hoops of the nets and his head bent down by their weight, he almost bumped into the stranger. Whereupon he pulled up short. Screwing himself still farther sideways, he quizzed the man; mocked him silently with deeply crows-footed blue eyes, at once both childlike and shrewd.

"Who be *you* then?" he inquired, placing his prawn-nets very deliberately on the shingle. "Who be *you*? 'Tisn't often the likes o' you starch-collar sort o' people comes down for to help lend a hand."

The fishermen drew nearer.

"N'eet any o' our own sort nuther," flashed Benjie, "so early as this in the day."

The stranger, a man in a bowler hat and a dark stuff overcoat of indifferent fit, cleared his throat.

"'Tis the bogey man, Benjie—the 'Spector!" put in Bill Prowse breathlessly.

"I knows that," said Benjie with scorn. "I know'd 'en all right. How long is it since you've a-favored us wi' a visit, sir? Eh?"

"Let me see your crabs and lobsters," demanded the bogey man.

"Hold hard, Mister 'Spector. Us been shrimping—prawning you calls it—prawning wi' the boat-nets—an' the prawns I catches I never shows to nobody. I ain't got no lobster pots. They was washed ashore an' broken up last October gales, an' I can't afford to replace 'em."

"But you catch lobsters in your prawn-nets . . ."

"For sure us do."

"Well, I want to see them."

"There they be then."

Benjie pointed towards the boat and made as if to lift up his nets.

"Show them to me," said the Inspector, taking a measure from his pocket.

"You be the 'Spector, ben' 'ee?"

"No nonsense, now," replied the Inspector irritably. "It's my duty to inspect the catches in this fishery district."

"Very well, then; inspect away. If 'tis your duty, you can't help o' it. You'm paid for the same. But 'tisn't my duty for to help 'ee. I bain't paid for thic. There's the boat."

Benjie scratched his whiskers: "And lookse here, Mister 'Spector. These here's me prawns what I've a-labored for this night. Be so kind as to look."

He took a small canvas bag from the bows of the boat, walked into the sea and shook out its contents. The prawns that stuck in it by their snouts he picked out and threw into the sea after the rest. "There!" he said amiably. "Nort but prawn have You see'd that. But you d's an't how many Benjamin have a' they an' you never won't; n'eet th' that starch-collar jokers nuther—gears,

they calls themselves—what goes downshore disturbing o' it an' catching a man's living for sport, so they says. Poaching *I* calls it. 'Twas some o' they set 'ee on to me 'cause I won't tell 'em what I catches, nor where I shoots my nets. Iss, 'twas! *I* knows. There's the boat. You can b—y well 'spect the rest o' what I catched. I be going in house for me dinner an' a couple o' hours' sleep. Ain't had a bite since yesterday noon nor any sleep this three nights. I on'y hope your *duty* won't never bring 'ee to keeping a roof over your head w' shrimping—an' measuring the crabs an' lobsters what you catches w' an inch-rule in the dark."

Leaving the boat and the nets where they were, Benjie shouldered some drift-wood and strode up the beach.

"I shouted to 'ee t'other side o' rocks," Bill Prowse protested.

Benjie stopped and turned, his bearing and appearance that of an ancient prophet. "Hell about your shouting! Let 'en 'spect, I say. I'll get in out o' it."

He did.

The other fishermen stood with their hands in their pockets on top of the sea-wall, while the bogey man routed about in the boat. Undersized lobsters had been thrown for'ard, among some old cordage and bottles of tea; crabs were scuttling all over and under the bottom-boards and stern-sheets. Most of them were wildsters, but the bogey man did find half a dozen or so of tamesters. Doubtful specimens heasured carefully. When he had finished, he put the under-sized shell-fish lone of Benjie's sacks. Out the sack alone's wuth half a even! Bill Prowse remarked in the to sea, n's hearing. "Ol' Benjie's so lines o' harmless a man as ever put sand, f+ all he has his say out when Steep luded. He've a-worked too with his life for to deserve a turn-Gulls.

out like this here, I reckon. I tried to warn 'en, but Benjie won't never hear . . ."

"What be talking 'bout. You can swim, can't 'ee? Could ha' done that—could ha' swimmied out to 'en."

"You didn't try to warn 'en 't all, did 'ee? An' then you blames me . . ."

"What's the fine? Twenty pound?"

"Benjie'll never pay thic out o' his profits. He'll hae to sell up his fishing-boat an' nets—aye, an' then go short after that. P'raps they won't make 'en pay, fust time an' all. If the likes o' they, what makes such laws, know'd what the likes o' us has to contend with. . . . But there! they don't know, nor never won't, n'eet care. Benjie'll tell 'em off, you see. . . ."

"G'out! Let's haul up the boat for 'en. What's the use o' Benjie blowing his hooter?"

III.

Benjie was all but late for court. He had gone west downshore to pick up some driftwood for firing, and an unexpected easterly breeze gave him a pull home against wind and chop such as few men would have attempted. No time was left him to change his clothes.

Vivian Maddicke was on the bench. He always is. He takes his duties as a gentleman and a magistrate almost as seriously as he takes himself. That is to say, he does try, at considerable personal inconvenience, to administer justice,—to hold the balance between an efficient and respectful police force and an unruly lower class. He spends, indeed, not a little of his abundant leisure in pointing out to the poor the advantages of hard work, and in impressing upon them his own view of right and wrong. Hence it is, possibly, that his subscriptions and charities and justice hardly bring him a fair return in popularity.

When Benjie entered the court in his

ragged discolored longshore rig, a faint expression of disgust passed over Vivian Maddicke's pale but otherwise healthy face. He ordered two windows to be opened. "Let us have some fresh air," he said. "Never mind the draught."

Benjie, though he appeared to be examining the nail-heads in the floor, was all the time looking up at the bench from beneath his shaggy eyebrows. He understood the slur very well. Still fingering nervously his old round cap, he turned a pair of candid eyes full on Vivian Maddicke, and Vivian Maddicke, who had been gazing benevolently round the court-room, turned his face to the papers on his desk.

The case proceeded. There was no legal defence: Benjie had not purchased legal advice.

"When I tells 'em how us be situated . . ." he had said. But he was too much on his guard to give any useful evidence, even on his own behalf. The undersized crabs and lobsters were produced—it is wonderful how they fall off in appearance when they have died otherwise than in boiling water. Vivian Maddicke took the opportunity of remarking, "I thought we should require some fresh air."

The Clerk to the Sea Fisheries Committee—a spruce young lawyer in a hurry—did not wish to press the case too hard. They would be satisfied with a fine sufficient to show that the regulations of the Sea Fisheries Committee must not be trifled with. The costs of inspection and of prosecution were heavy. He would respectfully suggest to his worship . . .

But his worship was not to be hustled among his own people, as he regarded them, by an outside lawyer. He sat back in his chair, crossed his legs in the magisterial manner, and dug his quill into his desk. When the lawyer had quite finished, he began.

In fining Benjie one pound, including costs, he remarked that it was not a large sum (murmurs of disapproval from fishermen at the back of the court), and that fishery inspectors were not to be trifled with or defied. Furthermore, he impressed upon Benjie in the most kindly manner possible that little lobsters grow into big ones.

"Iss, sir," said Benjie, "but the little ones be better eating if people only know'd it, same as mackerel."

With a passing reference to the depletion of the North Sea fisheries, the magistrate stated it as a fact, that if the fish were not in the sea they could not be caught out of it.

"For sure, sir!" Benjie assented. Under cover of being ready and willing to learn, he was edging in his remarks skilfully; for it was by no means the first time he had tackled the gentry who think they can teach fishermen their trade. With every show of respect, moreover, he was capturing the laugh in court.

Fishery Boards, Vivian Maddicke continued patiently, were created to protect the fisheries. Their regulations were framed in the interest of the fishermen themselves, so that there might be more fish caught.

"Don't you believe that, sir," burst forth Benjie with intense conviction. "Do *you* think the likes o' they makes rules and regylations so that the likes o' us can catch more fish? 'Tisn't likely! They baint' afeard o' us not catching fish. What they'm afeard o' is that *they* won't hae no fish to eat, or won't hae 'em so cheap. Us! I've a-know'd the time when I could go down along an' catch a pound's-wuth o' lobsters in half a dozen rounds w' the boat-nets; but I can't do it now. An' why for? Not 'cause *us* have a-catched 'em. That's just what *us* an't done. An' nuther you, sir, n'eet they there Fishery Boards, nor eet me, that have know'd this coast for sixty years,

can tell where they'm gone to. Don't you believe they makes their regylations for the good o' us. I can tell 'ee better. How have 'em bettered fishing? I wants to know."

The magistrate's clerk had risen during Benjie's passionate harangue. Vivian Maddicke motioned him down. Benjie, by force of his sincerity and in virtue of his long hard experience, held the court.

"I did not, you understand, frame the regulations," Maddicke explained. "My duty is to see they are enforced."

"Iss! Duty! That's what thic Inspector sald down to beach . . ."

"One pound," Vivian Maddicke repeated with dignity. "And you can have a fortnight to pay in."

Rising from the bench, he added, "If you care to talk to me out of court about the conditions of your work, I shall be pleased to hear; and perhaps, if there is any special hardship, I can do something in the matter."

"Hardship! Hardship, do 'er say?" Addressing everyone around, gesticulating, trembling with speech, Benjie was hustled from the courtroom by those whose duty it is to do such jobs.

He did not go home as he was told to do; he waited outside the magistrate's entrance (other fishermen waited too at a discreet distance), and when Vivian Maddicke appeared, picking bits of fluff from the front of his coat, Benjie stood resolutely before him.

"You sald as you'd like to know, sir; an' you ought to know how we'm situated; an' I be going to tell 'ee. You ought to know the nature o' it, sir; you ought to know what us got to contend with, afore you fines a man more 'n he can pay wi'out selling up some o' the gear what he's got to earn his living with."

"But you've a fortnight to pay in."

"An' I thank you, sir, for that. An' I tell 'ee what, . . . I know'd your

father; a proper gen'leman he was; he used to go fishing 'long wi' me afore you was born. You come down 'long wi' me one night an' see what 'tis like for yourself. Then you'll know. Duty ain't never no excuse for not knowing. You can row, can't 'ee?"

"I used to go in for rowing; and if you'll send up and let me know when you're going, I *will* come."

"That's spoken proper, sir, like your ol' man hisself. 'Tisn't everybody I'd take 'long with me; but you come, just for one night. That'll teach 'ee more 'n any amount o' chackie. I'll send up for 'ee right 'nuff. Why! I mind when . . ."

Maddicke sald "Good morning" with the air of a man who has an appointment to keep.

"Good morning, an' thank you, sir," returned Benjie.

To the other fishermen, who joined him for the walk back to the beach, all he would say was: "You bide a bit an' see. The likes o' they sort thinks they bain't ignorant, an' us be."

IV.

Benjie had luck. One afternoon the next week he hauled his boat down the beach, piled his prawn-nets beside it, then waited, instead of telling his fisherman mate to get ready.

"What be biding for?" asked Bill Prowse. "You bain't going to take *he* t'night, be 'ee?"

"Iss, I be. Why for not? Nice calm night, ain't it. 'Er can't very well be sea-sick."

Bill Prowse jerked his head to seaward.

The sun had begun to sink behind the dark mass of Steep Head. The water, a dead calm, was nevertheless not white calm, as it should have been, for to the south'ard and overhead the piled-up sky was black and heavy. It overshadowed the sea; seemed to be pressing down upon the water. And

there was a feeling of unrest in the still air.

"Looks thundery, don' it?" Bill observed. "'Twas just such another day as this us had thic waterspawet. Don't like the looks o' it. You'll get he caught in a storm o' rain, an' wind too, p'raps."

"What if I do? 'Twon't hurt 'en. An't never hurted me. Send your Polly up to tell 'en I be shoving off in an hour an' should be glad o' his company, if he's minded to some. Tell 'en 'twill be perty cold come midnight."

Vivian Maddicke, clothed as if for a shooting expedition in the Arctic regions, was down to the minute. "You might have given me a longer warning," he remarked with make-believe jollity.

"Ah!" said Benjie, "so might, if you was going for a drive on land, like you'm used to. But when you'm depending on the sea you never knows from hour to hour what you'm going to be about."

Very polite as host, but as skipper of his own craft not to be played with, he put the bow-oar into Maddicke's hand. With the fleet of sixteen nets and their buoys piled up on the stern seats, they rowed away westward over Broken Rocks, along the shore into the wet golden haze of sunset. Whether or no Maddicke found his sea oar and the beamy boat heavier than he had expected, they did not arrive underneath Steep Head till its outlines were blurred in the twilight, till its redness was become black, and it seemed nothing but a vast overhanging shadow tenanted by mewing but hardly visible sea-gulls.

"Now," commanded Benjie, "you row w' both paddles, please, while I baits the nets, an' then us'll shoot 'em across Conger Pool just the other side o' the Head. Keep her like that. You'll get wet if you splashes. You don't need for to strain yourself."

From one of his catty sacks Benjie took out a mass of putrid fishmonger's offal—fish heads and plaice from which the meat had been filleted—which he cut up and fitted into the cross-strings of the nets. The smell made Maddicke shudder; he turned his head this way and that, but there was no escaping the stink—the various sorts of stink. It took the strength out of him as the smell of dead things will do.

"An' now," directed Benjie with a quiet chuckle of satisfaction, "you pad-dle along slow across Conger Pool, while I shoots the nets."

Taking up the hoops from a tangle of corks and lines, trying the baits again to make sure, he cast the nets into the water about three boats' length apart, and threw the buoys and lines after them. Maddicke was glad to see them go. He heard Benjie talking all the time, but his brain did not gather very well the sense of what the old man was saying. He sweated at the oars, and yet he was cold. Steep Head loomed above them. The sound of the swell, breaking, rattling, swishing among the rocks, had in it a sullen wildness not noticeable during full daylight.

"An' now," said Benjie, when he had shot the sixteenth net and had taken its bearings, "you can hae a bit o' supper. Us got a night's work afore us.—No? Won't 'ee hae nort? Well I never don't nuther when I be shrimping, 'cept a mouthful o' cold tay. The bread and butter I brings I gen'rally gives to the birds or else carries it home to breakfast. There! Did 'ee hear thic cliff rooze out to the west'ard? 'Twill all be into the sea one day, Steep Head an' all. Aye! 'tis an iron-bound shop, this here, but the sea has it sooner or later, specially after rain."

"There hasn't been much rain lately?"

"No. But there's been frostises, an' that's every bit so bad. Now us'll

haul up an' see what's there. Perty night for shrimping, this, if it don't come on dirty. Can 'ee see the end buoy? You can't? There 'tis! Now row t'ards it—easy now!"

Benjie's directions came fast and peremptory whilst, with the help of the tiller, he grabbed the lines and hauled the nets up through the water, at first gently, then as swiftly as possible. "Pull your outside oar—pull inside—inside, not outside—back outside—back both. You'm on the line—steady—steady there! Pull outside—both—easy. Easy, easy now! I can't haul 'em up straight while you be pulling. Wants some learning, don't it, this here job? Now row easy up to the next buoy while I shoots this out again. Can't 'ee see it? I can. There 'tis, thic little black mark in the water just outside the shadow o' the cliff."

Feeling around the inside of the net, shaking it, holding it up dripping to what light there was, Benjie caught the lobsters and threw them for'ard in the boat, chased the wild crabs with his hands and threw them aft, and placed the prawns carefully in a basket beside him. Then he shot the net, and the volley of directions began all over again—all over again for each net. Meddicke was confused by them. He was still more confused, and irritated also, by his own mistakes. He breathed hard with vexation. At the end of the fourth round, the sixty-fourth haul, he was plainly flagging. He was "proper mazed."

"You be jumping the water wi' your oars. You'll catch one o' they there t'other sort o' crabs an' crack your skull if you bain't careful," Benjie warned him with perceptible satisfaction. "Better to take a rest, an' while I count the prawns, you measure the lobsters like they says us ought to. Here's a footrule I got. The lobsters be under your feet an' for'ard. If

you can't see, better to strike a match. We'm out o' everybody's sight here—about."

Maddicke felt for a lobster in the dark, and after several gingerly attempts—and several amiable warnings from Benjie to mind its claws—he succeeded in holding it. He found also the nine-inch mark on the rule; but while he was trying to spread the lobster out flat on a thwart and to feel where the tip of its beak was, according to regulations, the thing nipped him suddenly and savagely.

"Ough!" he cried like a child. "Ough—ah-h-h!"

"What's the matter there? Can't 'ee do it?" he heard from the shadow of Benjie, aft.

"It's bitten me—it's biting me—now!"

"Squeeze his eyes, then he'll leave go. Lord! They bites me every night, but I don't take no heed o' it."

Maddicke tore at the lobster. His other hand was nipped—in the fleshy part of the thumb. He broke off one claw, and still the other held fast. He stood up and dashed his hand about. He trod on lobsters and crabs. The boat seemed alive with them. The squashy cracking of their shells, partly heard and partly felt. . . . He breathed hard with excitement and with something not far short of horror.

"Aye!" remarked Benjie coolly, breaking the nipper from his hand, "a boat in the dark ain't no fit place for measuring lobsters. You've a-spoiled thic. He won't fetch sixpence now. Fine cock-lobster too, what didn't never need no measuring."

Maddicke, having done the wrong thing, tried to put it right. He fumbled in his pocket and held out a shilling to Benjie.

"What's that for?"

"Well, I've spoilt a lobster that didn't need measuring at all, you say. . . ."

"You just put thic whatever 'tis back into your pocket, please. The likes o' us an't got the money for to pay for what us spoils. 'Twasn't your fault. You didn't know. But there! You wasn't brought up to it like us be. A bit upset, be 'ee? I could feel 'ee shaking. You hae a rest while I goes ashore an' looks in one or two lobster-holes I knows for. You stay in the boat. 'Tis nearly low tide an' her won't hurt for an hour or so where I'll leave 'ee; 'tis a little natural harbor like. If you got time, you can measure the rest o' 'em an' chuck the under-sized ones overboard, when you'm feeling better. My senses, ain't it dark!"

Maddicke saw Benjie jump out of the boat with a skim-net in his hand, glimpsed him hopping from the nearest rock to the next one, then saw nothing except the black darkness; but he heard an uncanny chuckle which might equally have come from a man or from a half-awakened sea-bird. Unstrung already by the cold, by hunger, by the unusual toil, by the blind savagery of the lobster, by Benjie's relentless volleys of directions, and above all by his own failures to carry them out, he heard with an oppressive sense of something terrible impending that mutterings of thunder to the southward were being answered by rumblings overland. Everything else was for the moment hushed. A flash of lightning revealed Steep Head, its pinnacles and the patches of bush and bracken upon its upper slopes, and showed up brightly the tumbled rocks around the boat and the blackness of the hollows between them. Rain splashed down. Maddicke shrank into his coat.

Presently, with a flash that made the blood prick in his veins, and crashes that hit like blows, the storm broke right overhead. Flash followed flash; crash followed crash, and echoed against the cliff. There was no rest

from blinding light and overwhelming noise. The solid earth was in an uproar. Steep Head, it seemed was toppling over, was tumbling down upon him.

He tried to reassure himself, then suddenly gave way. In obedience to a blind impulse of flight, he scrambled out of the boat into water that was knee-deep. He gained the rocks, slipped on some seaweed, bruising himself, and fell headlong into a pool. Jumping up quickly, he felt around him. Rocks were everywhere—wherever he felt, wherever he tried to go. By the light of the flashes they looked like squat live things, extending on every side, endlessly. The boat was what he wanted again most of all; that at least seemed to be partly human, to be company for him. But the boat he had lost. He did not even know in which direction it lay. Another flash lit it up only a couple of paces from where he was standing. He lunged out and clutched it, as if it would have slipped away from him. It was a refuge, though the rain ran down his back as he sat on the wet stern-seat. "Benjamin! Benjamin Prowse!" he called. "Benjie! Come back!"

Had he looked the right way during a flash he would have seen Benjie's face, screwed up with laughter and mockery, peeping at him round a rock close by.

There was no escaping the cruel brightness of the storm; no escaping the continuous tumult of thunder. Flashes there were that sounded like the crackling of dry twigs; others like the flicking of whips. The thunder, reverberating in the darkness, was a relief from the lightning. Sometimes Maddicke caught sight of the grotesque shapes of the shell-fish; crabs standing up on their hinder legs, bubbling at the mouth, and looking at him with their stalk-like eyes; lobsters—black, shining, and fantastic—brandishing

their claws. He crouched down on his seat, away from the madness of the sky. He tried to lift up his feet, away from the malice of the wild crabs. The noise they made, scuttling around the boat, teased the silences between the peals of thunder. He covered up his face and ears. He ceased struggling to escape. A shapeless fear, a formless misery that was almost a relief, took possession of him. He was done.

At last Benjie stepped carelessly into the boat, as if he were boarding a railway train. Maddicke grabbed his wet trousers. "Let's get home!" he gasped. "I can't stand it."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Benjie coolly. "You be flittering like a sail that's up in the wind's eye. We'm going home right 'nuff. There'll be wind along after this. My senses, what a storm! Did 'ee hear it? But I've a-see'd worse, aye! an' down here-under, too."

Maddicke stayed still; did nothing to help put the boat to rights. He was helpless. Benjie took hold of him, laid him gently in the bow of the boat, covered him up, head and all, with sacking, took both oars, and rowed homewards.

Underneath the sacking that smelt of cats, Maddicke dozed off, with the regular rocking sound of the oars in his ears. When that stopped he awoke and looked out dully. The storm had drifted away to the eastward. It was bright starlight above. The boat was just outside Salterport. To see the sheltering town, with its gaslights so close at hand, was like waking from a nightmare to find the morning sun shining into the room. Maddicke, safe at home, was another man. His confidence returned, and at the same time he felt ashamed—so ashamed that he did not think of helping to haul up the boat.

While Benjie was saying, "An' now

you know what the likes o' us got to contend with," he poked stiff, damp fingers into one of his pockets. "If you will send up to-morrow," he said, with returning dignity, "I will give you the sovereign to pay your fine. . . ."

Benjie flared up. "If *you* thinks I be 'bliged to call on the likes o' you for the pound to pay me fine wi', you'm much mistaken. I be only too glad you knows the nature o' it. Now you can tell 'em what *you* thinks. Tell 'em all o' it, not only what's suiting to 'ee. I don't want no pound for teaching o' 'ee. Be your gold for to pay me for me silence on what I've a-see'd this night when I peeped at 'ee there in the boat to Conger Pool? Didn' know I was looking, did 'ee? A perty sight for any one as calls hisself a man! Pity thic Fishery Board, what you does your duty to, couldn' ha' see'd it!"

Maddicke, with a miserable gesture, turned towards the seawall lights to go up the beach; and, on catching sight of his woe-begone face, Benjie added in a kindlier tone: "Lookse here, sir, you an't got no call proper for to be ashamed o' fearing the storm. There's many a man born an' bred to fishing what's mortal afeard o' a thunder-storm to sea, an' 'tis worse down under they cliffs; an' nobody what an't been there wouldn't think what 'twas like; for 'tis a great an' terrible thing, look you, an' man be nort in the midst o' it. Lord's sakes, an't I felt like it when I been down there by meself. Will 'ee hae a lobster or two to carry home? You'm very welcome.—Well, then, good night to you, sir, an' thank you. Only don't you deceive yourself that I be going to send up to 'ee for money to pay for what *you* didn't know. That ain't Benjamin. Good night!"

Benjie went so far as to pat Maddicke on the shoulder.

The sovereign was sent down right

enough next morning, together with a note which nobody has ever seen; and Benjie did accept it. As to the bogey

Blackwood's Magazine.

man—Benjie congratulates himself that the bogey man has never been seen on the beach since.

Stephen Reynolds.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

We reprint Mr. Owen Seaman's paper on "The Poetical Works of Robert Browning," with the correct answer to each question.

1. From which of his poems (not itself a drama) may we gather that Browning fancied himself as a playwright? *Answer*: "A Light Woman."
2. How does one of the poet's unnamed characters propose to treat his runaway wife if they should meet in Paradise? Quote the actual words. *Answer*: "I will pass, nor turn my face."
3. You and I and Galileo—what defect common to us all is noted by Browning? *Answer*: Incapability of seeing the other side of the moon.
4. "For they do all, dear women young and old,
Upon the heads of them bear notably
This badge of soul and body in repose."
What was the badge? and in what country worn? *Answer*: White cotton nightcaps. Normandy.
5. Which two of Browning's characters had the best whole day's holiday? *Answer*: Pippa and Hervé Riel.
6. "All's gules again." On whose arms? and how was the color re-

The Cornhill Magazine.

stored? *Answer*: The Treshams'. By blood.

7. What is Browning's so-called rhyme for Lucifer? *Answer*: "News of her."
8. "Here is the lover in the smart disguise." What was the scene of this observation? *Answer*: Castelnuovo.
9. (a) To whom did Browning give the title "sun-treader"? (b) Who took her name from the flower of the wild pomegranate? *Answers*: (a) Shelley. (b) Balaustion.
10. (a) Quote the passage in which Browning laughs at Byron's grammar. (b) In which other of his longer poems does he ridicule Byron's address to Ocean in "Childe Harold"? *Answers*: (a) "There let him lay"—the swan's one addled egg! (b) Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Savior of Society.
11. Who described Elys' head as being "sharp and perfect like a pear"? Who quoted, and to whom, the song in which these words occur? *Answer*: Sordello. Palma to Taurello.
12. Who was it that found, in the spectacle of "Charles's Wain" at midnight, a sign that he must get his hair cut at once? *Answer*: Mr. Sludge, the Medium.

PRIVATE AND PUBLIC SALARIES.

There has been some discussion of late in the United States—and it is a problem which deserves wide attention—on the question of whether the officials of corporations and financial institutions and public offices are paid too little or too much. The question what a particular man is worth to a particular company or city or State is, of course, one that cannot be decided

on abstract principles, nor would it be easy to lay down the general lines of remuneration. A fixed salary is at best only an approximation to the value of services rendered. The most successful and enterprising business men naturally like to be paid by results, or to be partners sharing in the profits. Others, again, who dislike risk, and like to be able to sleep at night, are

quite content with a substantial salary. This type gravitates to old-established institutions like banks and insurance companies which proceed mainly on the fixed salary principle; or to the national and local civil service where the salaried official lives and multiplies amazingly. But it must have struck anyone acquainted with business or city life, as well as those who have studied and criticized public finance, that profits and rewards are apt to be very unequally and very unfairly divided. There is probably as little jobbery and as little favoritism here as in any rich country; but there is a great deal too much of both. Under the joint-stock company system there is a tendency to appoint ornamental directors, who obtain considerable fees for doing practically nothing, and confide entirely in salaried managers and officials whose business qualities and values they are incompetent to gauge. It is to be feared that there are many men drawing a large income as directors of a dozen or more companies whose aggregate business services to the community cannot be compared with those of a good manager earning half the amount in treble the time by hard work and careful attention to the affairs of a single concern. On the other hand, a good director is an invaluable asset to any company. During the last twenty years, which roughly coincide with the creation of vast trusts and corporations for the capitalization of the tariff, the United States has been the great pioneer in fancy salaries. It is said, probably with truth, that the hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year salaries, even including royalty, would not run into four figures for the whole world. No doubt, if ever our super-tax figures should be published for the purposes of further graduation—and this is only too likely if the present portentous growth of British armaments continues unchecked—

we shall learn how many British citizens possess incomes of £20,000 a year. We do not know of any fixed salary of that amount. It was thought very extraordinary when Mr. Pierpont Morgan drew a London manager from the ranks of the Treasury by offering a salary half as large.

The record salary for America is stated by the *New York Journal of Commerce* to have been that received by Mr. John Hays Hammond from the Guggenheims when he returned to the United States after release from the gaol in which he was lodged for participation in the Jameson Raid. His reputation as a mining engineer led the Guggenheim companies to place all their operations under his charge at a salary, it is supposed, of £50,000 a year. The *New York Evening Post* tells us that the day of fancy salaries is past. There is "an epidemic of reductions in the financial world." The last president of the Steel Trust received \$100,000, but the salary of the new president, Mr. Farrell, has been fixed at \$50,000. Again, the death of Mr. Paul Morton, the president of the Equitable, who was receiving \$80,000, is expected to furnish the trustees with an occasion for economy. In electing his successor, it is said, they will proceed on the theory that \$50,000 will command the services of the ablest man in the business of life insurance. It is noticed that this is the amount received by Mr. Charles Peabody, president of the Mutual Life Insurance Company. There are, perhaps, one or two banks and trust companies in Wall Street which pay their presidents more than £10,000, and there is one paying that salary which presents its president with a handsome bonus every year in addition. But the chief bankers and financiers of New York are also directors of other undertakings, and have many opportunities of getting rich quickly. According to the *New York*

Evening Post, Mr. R. A. McCurdy, of the Mutual Life, who drew \$150,000 a year, enjoyed the highest salary ever paid to the president of any life insurance company in the United States. Outside New York, it is said, a salary of \$50,000 "looks as big as a house," and with one or two possible exceptions in Chicago, no bank officer in the West gets more than \$35,000 a year. It may be added that the Equitable elects its presidents by the vote of a board of no less than fifty-two directors, who represent the policy-holders and the shareholders in equal proportions.

When we turn from private business to public service we find that a much higher standard prevails in Great Britain than in the United States if we contrast the income of our King and Royal family with that of the American President, or the salaries of our Cabinet with the corresponding Ministers at Washington. On the other hand, our members of Parliament are still unpaid, while Congressmen and Senators have good salaries and perquisites. From a pecuniary point of view, the English Civil Service is very tempting to un-enterprising undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge who have discovered a talent for success in the art

The Economist.

of examinations, while for those who have influence or pedigree there are plenty of nice positions in the Foreign Office, the Education Office, and other departments which have managed to evade the levelling march of democracy and competition. With ordinary luck a Civil Service clerk will in a few years earn from £800 to £1,000. He will have a fine room in a huge palace that has cost half as much as a Super-Dreadnought. He will have two months' holiday a year, and if he does his duty by his department, extracting larger and larger supplies every year, he will proceed from C.B. through a long row of orders to a very high summit of distinction. But to a City magnate the best jobs in our Civil Service seem poor. What is £2,000 a year in these days of public and private luxury? Indeed, it makes us rather uneasy to think of the very small incomes of men who control and inspect contracts involving millions upon millions of the taxpayers' money. A really competent business man in the Civil Service who can make good bargains for the nation will probably be tempted away by one of the contractors who has suffered from, and therefore appreciates, his skill.

TURKISH AMBITIONS AND BRITISH INTERESTS.

Many of us remember the old Turcophil, a type that has now disappeared from among us. Lord Salisbury's famous confession that we had backed the wrong horse sounded his death-knell. We cannot imagine his shout to-day shaking the roofs of our music-halls. He no longer, alas! is here to sing the praises of "the only gentleman left in Europe." But he has his successors, though of a very different style, and queer figures they cut in their new parts. We remember them

three years ago as the Balkan Committee and the friends of the Macedonian. Whether they did their clients in those days much good may reasonably be doubted, but they certainly had some excuse for their position. The foreigner naturally regarded them as he regards missionaries who are imagined to stir up difficulties in order that England may step in and get profit out of the intervention. However, it really did seem as if something were going to happen at last when the Young

Turks appeared upon the scene with "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality" emblazoned on their banners and a parliament in Stamboul. Then the vindicators of the Christian races became in the twinkling of an eye the apologist of the Turk, who because he talked of liberty and had a parliament was taken at his new face value, and all serious efforts on behalf of the unfortunate Christians dropped.

We gather from an article contributed by Mr. Noel Buxton to the "Nineteenth Century and After" that these simple enthusiasts are beginning to be disappointed in their protégés. He admits that in Macedonia the troops "have behaved no better than in Abdul Hamid's time." We have understood that they behave even worse. Anyway the position of the Christian subjects of the Sultan seems to be worse, for they are being forced into one Ottoman mould, which the ex-Sultan never attempted. The Christian schools are clearly worse off. The same ridiculous Ottomanism is going on there and teachers are withdrawn because they are not Turkish subjects. No public works, no real improvements are carried out for the very good reason that any spare cash there may be in the Treasury is spent on armaments. The railway bridges have to be guarded, bands of marauders are everywhere, and the prisons are crowded. On the other side of the account we have some Christians in the army, but these are given the most menial tasks to perform. There is much rebuilding in progress—"an index of confidence" naively remarks Mr. Buxton "not adequately reflected in the views of British residents and commercial men." We have a shrewd suspicion that the "British residents and commercial men" know a good deal better than Mr. Noel Buxton and his fellow sentimentalist what value to place on Turkish "reforms." Fanati-

cism, ignorance, lack of men to administer, and of money he diagnoses as the causes of failure. Even Mr. Buxton seems to recognize the absurdity of a nation in this state of barbarism claiming to be treated as a European State and to abolish capitulations and so on. Yet he tells us that "British influence in laboring actively for the development of Turkey would be serving the cause of European peace."

If this is all that a well-informed apologist like Mr. Buxton can give us as the solution of the Turkish problem, we fear that the attempt to run Turkey on modern lines must be confessed a failure. Yet who that knew anything about Turkey, its history, and the character of its people ever expected anything else from the beginning? It is no satisfaction to us to be able to say "We told you so," but no prediction we made about "Young Turkey" from the first has been falsified. Turks will be Turks and not Europeans, but the natural conceit of the race has been immensely increased by the revolution and its results. As might have been anticipated, in one feature great progress has been made under the new régime. The army is immensely more formidable than it was, it is better equipped, better trained, and better paid. The virtues of the Turks are military, and their one idea of "reform" is a better army. That they are rapidly acquiring. Recently 50,000 men manoeuvred before the foreign military attachés, who pronounced them to be the equals of any European force in infantry or artillery, though the cavalry are less admirable. Ships of war also are being rapidly ordered. What hope is there with money being spent in this way that England can "labor actively for the development of Turkey"? The only labor of the kind likely to be appreciated by the Turks would be a further loan on easy terms. Even Sir Edward Grey does

not seem inclined to let them raise their customs except on terms satisfactory to British interests.

These anticipations are borne out by the very unpromising outlook revealed by the Turkish budget and the comments upon it by that astute financier Djavid Bey, who, by the bye, is not a Turk but a Jew by origin. According to his estimate recently laid before the Chamber there is a deficit on the year of seven million pounds (Turkish), while out of a total expenditure of 34½ millions the amount spent on the army and navy is thirteen millions, getting on well towards half the total expenditure of the country. He also informed the Chamber that "the needs of the War Ministry were bound to increase annually." In addition he foreshadowed a large increase of expenditure on strategical railways, and we have already seen several suggested, for which it is hinted that French financiers will find the funds. "A strong army and sound finance would prove the revival of the Empire to all Europe." Furthermore he hopes that "the British capitalist would seek a field of activity in Turkey." In this last sentiment he cordially agrees with Mr. Buxton, though hardly as to the direction in which loans once obtained should go.

This, then being the existing condition of Turkey and the aims of its rulers as admitted by foreign admirers and Turkish ministers, the rest of the world must naturally begin to consider with some care in what position they are likely to find themselves placed by the revival of Turkish power and ambition. It is certain that at the present time Turkey desires no quarrel with us; on the other hand she finds much more profit accruing to herself from a friendly Germany. The sentimental attachment to this country at one time alleged was the hope that we might prove the champions and finan-

cial supporters of the new régime, as we were fifty years ago of the old. It must also be remembered that after the second revolution the political dreamers who looked to English and French models gave place to the purely military factions who have ever since dominated the scene. The programme of this party—the only party ever likely to have any real power so long as Turkey exists—is clear from their action. It is the Ottomanizing of all the subjects of the Porte, the extension of Ottoman power, and, as a more remote object, the recovery of lost provinces.

One of the most significant moves on the part of Turkey at the present time is her aggression in Persia. While France and England have been denounced by Young Turks for interfering with Persian independence, Turkey herself has been occupying and administering in the north of Persia territory that is undoubtedly Persian. This process, begun under Abdul Hamid, has been carried on under the present régime, for schools have been established and the garrison strengthened at Urmiah. Meanwhile missionaries of the Sunnite persuasion preach to the Persians the desirability of a Turkish Protectorate, the virtues of Germany, and the wickedness of Russia and England. This propaganda is said to be meeting with wide acceptance in Persia; in any case it is a sign of the gradual drawing together of Islam. But the Indian Mohammedans have, we believe, little affection for the Young Turks, though they had a great reverence for Abdul Hamid. The Persian ambitions of Turkey at present, it is true, threaten Russia more than ourselves. When, however, the Bagdad railway is completed with some or all of the other strategical lines now contemplated, the outlook may become serious. A Turkish army highly efficient, as it may then be, which could be rap-

idly conveyed to and concentrated on the Egyptian position and the shores of the Persian Gulf, even if not backed up by Germany, might gravely imperil our interests. But we still hold our trump card, money, and that for the completion of Turkish plans is absolutely necessary and can in the end only be obtained on reasonable terms, if at all, from France and Great Britain. Not a franc or a shilling, therefore, should pass into Turkish pockets save

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under conditions which prevent it being used against British interests and after a satisfactory settlement of difficulties in which Turkey and ourselves may be involved. This will not be effected by sentimental vaporings about "liberty" and "parliamentary government," but by hard bargaining conducted by determined men who know their own minds and the character of the people with whom they are dealing.

LITTLE PLAYS FOR AMATEURS.

IV.—"THE LOST HEIRESS."

The Scene is laid outside a village inn in that county of curious dialects, Loomshire. The inn is easily indicated by a round table bearing two mugs of liquid, while a fallen log emphasizes the rural nature of the scene. Gaffer Jarge and Gaffer Willyum are seated at the table, surrounded by a fringe of whisket, Jarge being slightly more of a gaffer than Willyum.

Jarge (who missed his dinner through nervousness and has been ordered to sustain himself with soup—as he puts down the steaming mug). Eh, bor, but this be rare beer. So it be.

Willyum (who had too much dinner and is now draining his sanatogen). You be right, Gaffer Jarge. Her be main rare beer. (He feels up his sleeve, but thinking better of it wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.) Main rare bee, zo her be. (Gagging!) Zure-lie.

Jarge. Did I ever tell 'ee, bor, about t' new squoire o' these parts—him wot cum hum yesterday from furren lands? Gaffer Henry wor a-telling me.

Willyum (privately bored). Thee didst tell 'un, lad, sartain sure thee didst. And Gaffer Henry, he didst tell 'un too. But tell 'un again. It du me good to hear 'un, zo it du. Zure-lie.

Jarge. A rackun it be a main queer tale, queerer nor any them writing chaps tell about. It wor like this. (Dropping into English, in his hurry to get his long speech over before he forgets it.) The old Squire had a daughter who disappeared when she was three weeks old, eighteen years ago. It was always thought she was stolen by somebody, and the Squire would have it that she was still alive. When he died a year ago he left the estate and all his money to a distant cousin in Australia, with the condition that if he did not discover the missing baby within twelve months everything was to go to the hospitals. (Remembering his snook and whiskers with a start.) And here du be the last day, zo it be, and t' Squoire's daughter, her ain't found.

Willyum (puffing at a new and empty clay pipe. Zure-lie. (Jarge, a trifle jealous of Willyum's gag, pulls out a similar pipe, but smokes it with the bowl upside down to show his independence.) T' Squire's darter (Jarge frowns), her bain't (Jarge wishes he had thought of "batn't")—her bain't found. (There is a dramatic pause, only broken by the prompter.) Her ud be little Rachel's age now, bor?

Jarge (reflectively). Ay, ay. A main

queer lass little Rachel du be. Her bain't like one of us.

Willum. Her do be that fond of soap and water. (*Laughter.*)

Jarge (*leaving nothing to chance*). Happen she might be a real grand lady by birth, bor.

Enter Rachel, beautifully dressed in the sort of costume in which one would go to a fancy-dress ball as a village maiden.

Rachel (*in the most expensive accent*). Now, uncle George (*shaking a finger at him*), didn't you promise me you'd go straight home? It would serve you right if I never tied your tie for you again. (*She smiles brightly at him.*)

Jarge (*slapping his thigh in ecstasy*). Eh, lass! yer du keep us old uns in order. (*He bursts into a falsetto chuckle, loses the note, blushes and buries his head in his mug.*)

Willum (*rising*). Us best be gettin' down along, Jarge, a rackun.

Jarge. Ay, bor, time us chaps was moving. Don't 'e be long, lass.

[*Exeunt, limping heavily.*]

Rachel (*sitting down on the log*). Dear old men! How I love them all in this village! I have known it all my life. How strange it is that I have never had a father or mother. Sometimes I seem to remember a life different to this—a life in fine houses and spacious parks, among beautifully dressed people (*which is surprising seeing that she was only three weeks old at the time; but the audience must be given a hint of the plot*), and then it all fades away again. (*She looks fixedly into space.*)

Enter Hugh Fitzhugh, Squire.

Fitzhugh (*standing behind Rachel, but missing her somehow*). Did ever man come into stranger inheritance? A wanderer in Central Australia, I hear unexpectedly of my cousin's death through an advertisement in an old copy of a Sunday newspaper. I hasten home—too late to soothe his dying hours; too late indeed, to enjoy my

good fortune for more than one short day. To-morrow I must give up all to the hospitals, unless by some good stroke of Fate this missing girl turns up. (*Impatiently*) Pshaw! She is dead. (*Suddenly he notices Rachel.*) By heaven, a pretty girl in this out-of-the-way village. (*He walks round her.*) Gad, she is lovely! Hugh, my boy, you are in luck. (*He takes off his hat.*) Good evening, my dear!

Rachel (*with a start*). Good evening.

Fitzhugh (*aside*). She is adorable. She can be no common village wench. (*Aloud*) Do you live here, my girl?

Rachel. Yes, I have always lived here. (*Aside*) How handsome he is. Down, fluttering heart.

Fitzhugh (*sitting on the log beside her*). And who is the lucky village lad who is privileged to woo such beauty?

Rachel. I have no lover, Sir.

Fitzhugh (*taking her hand*). Can Hodge be so blind?

Rachel (*innocently*). Are you making love to me?

Fitzhugh. Upon my word I — (*He gets up from the log, which is not really comfortable.*) What is your name?

Rachel. Rachel. (*She rises.*)

Fitzhugh. It is the most beautiful name in the world. Rachel, will you be my wife?

Rachel. But we have known each other such a short time!

Fitzhugh (*lying bravely*). We have known each other for ever.

Rachel. And you are a rich gentleman, while I—

Fitzhugh. A gentleman, I hope, but rich—no. To-morrow I shall be a beggar. No, not a beggar if I have your love, Rachel.

Rachel (*making a lucky shot at his name*). Hugh! (*They embrace.*)

Fitzhugh. Let us plight our troth here. See I give you my ring!

Rachel. And I give you mine.

[*She takes one from the end of a chain which is round her neck, and puts*

it on his finger. Fitzhugh looks at it and staggers back.

Fitzhugh. Heavens! They are the same ring! (In great excitement) Child, child, who are you? How came you by the crest of the Fitzhughs?

Rachel. Ah, who am I? I never had any parents. When they found me they found that ring on me, and I have kept it ever since!

Fitzhugh. Let me look at you! It must be! The Squire's missing daughter!

[Gaffers Jarge and Willyum, having entered unobserved at the back some time ago, have been putting in a lot of heavy by-play until wanted.

Jarge (at last) Lor' bless 'ee, Willyum, if it bain't Squire a-kissin' our Rachel!

Willyum. Zo it du be. Here du be goings-on! What will t' passon say?

Punch.

Jarge (struck with an idea). Zay, bor, don't 'ee zee a zort o' loikeness 'tween t' maid and t' Squire?

Willyum. Jarge, if you bain't right, lad. Happen she do have t' same nose! [Hearing something, Fitzhugh and Rachel turn round.

Fitzhugh. Ah, my men! I'm your new Squire. Do you know who this is?

Willyum. Why, her du be our Rachel.

Fitzhugh. On the contrary, allow me to introduce you to Miss Fitzhugh, daughter of the late Squire!

Jarge. Well this du be a day! To think of our Rachel now!

Fitzhugh. My Rachel now.

Rachel (who, it is to be hoped, has been amusing herself somehow since her last speech). Your Rachel always!

Curtain.

A. A. M.

A RUSSIAN JUBILEE.

There is a certain grimness in the suggestion that the Russian peasantry are celebrating anything at all. The one popular poem which still finds its way to the booths of village fairs, and is read by any peasant who can read at all, bears the title, "Who can be happy in Russia?" Fifty years of legal freedom have passed over the villages, but no school of optimists has arisen to produce its counterblast to Nekrasof's satire. The calendar marks half a century since "the divine figure from the North" liberated nine millions of serfs, and still it seems a paradox to appoint a jubilee. The news of what ought to be one of the most joyful of European events stands side by side in the columns of our newspapers with revelations of the police-aided murders of the Black Hundreds, and details of the stealthy stifling of liberty in Finland. A great act, which seemed to our fathers the most stupendous and

hopeful happening of their time, has somehow failed to produce its due effect. How often since 1861 has famine stalked over the liberated villages, to decimate as it passed, and to leave in its train the scourge of cholera and typhus? What pictures of the little peasants flogged and bound for arrears of taxes by their own brothers in uniform has not Tolstoy impressed on the retina of our imagination? How often, even in the rich Black Earth zone, have the indignant freemen to whom a good Tsar gave liberty marched out like the still enslaved peasants of France to burn the manors and the granges of the landlords?

After fifty years the clearest verdict that a spectator can pass upon the moral and social condition of these peasants is that every institution and tradition which served as the foundation of their lives has been shattered by alternations of progress and reac-

tia. The decree of Alexander II. found them still convinced of the boundless generosity and good-will of the Tsar. The details of its execution caused them indeed to doubt his power. It was unthinkable that he could have limited the grant of land to the poor acres which actually fell to their share. It was obvious to their minds that he could not have intended to burden them with payments for land which they regarded as their own. But still, when the strange young men and women "simplified themselves," in the phrase of "Virgin Soil," left their Universities behind them, and went down to the people, the peasants received them as disguised enemies, and were firmly convinced, when the same young men and women blew up the Tsar, that these "Socialists" were only emissaries from their foes, the gentry. A generation passed, and when the Socialists returned once more to the villages, they found the soil ploughed deep by experience, and harrowed by suffering. The Tsar, who fired on Father Gapon's followers, was no longer the father of his people. That pathetic tradition is dead. Gone, too, is the power of the gentry, which the emancipation sapped, and their own commercial incapacity ended by destroying. Going at length is the most venerable institution of all—the village commune. Amid all the changes of recent years in Russia, there is none so momentous as this. From the standpoint of the daily lives of the people, one may doubt whether even the establishment of the Duma is to be compared in importance with M. Stolypin's edict, which prepared the gradual destruction of the *Mir*. While that survived there was a chance that a civilized people might have made the great experiment of combining fraternity with liberty. Its end means that the Russian peasant, who alone had preserved the ideal of mutual aid and

communal property, must struggle towards some ultimate goal of happiness, through the customary phases of individualist exploitation. After fifty years Russia stands raw and half-made. The old era has been shattered in a series of explosions. One can hardly say that a formative or constructive process has so much as begun.

The annals of serfdom in Russia form, perhaps, the most instructive chapter which we could anywhere find in the history of bureaucracy. It is the common assumption in Western Europe that slavery in Russia was a primeval institution, which was destroyed at last by the will of a liberal Tsar. The facts are quite otherwise. The original basis of Russian as of all the Slavonic societies was, perhaps, the freest of any in Europe. It was only the military centralization under the Moscow Tsars amid their long struggles with the Tartar invaders which introduced feudal tenure at all. It was not until the time of Peter the Great that the lands originally entrusted to the nobles in return for service in the field became their personal property. It was not until the time of Catherine II. that the peasants on the lands were definitely recognized in law as the chattels of their owners. Serfdom, by a deliberate policy, became slavery; and, by a series of edicts signed in St. Petersburg, millions of men who had been living in the status of the peasants in Norman England were plunged into a condition resembling that of the slaves in the Southern States. Peter the Great was a colossal figure whom his contemporaries saw in many aspects. To our forefathers he was the uncouth figure who smashed the furniture in Evelyn's hired house, and learnt to build ships at Deptford. To Continental Europe he was the soldier who wore out the military power of the Swedes. To his Russian subjects he was the inno-

vator who acclimatized the alien institution of a bureaucracy. The men of no birth whom he raised into a hierarchy of service had all to be rewarded and endowed, and the readiest form of currency happened to be human souls. The expenses of a brilliant, but half-savage, court had somehow to be maintained. The fortunes of the favorites of Emperors and Empresses had somehow to be made, and by hundreds of thousands the free cultivators on the Crown lands were given away with a ribbon and a star. Catherine II. gave away into slavery, on an average, some 23,000 peasants every year. Paul reached the even more munificent average of 120,000. The glitter of the new civilization and the new discipline was obtained at the cost of a traffic as artificial and as alien from Russian institutions as was the European slave trade from the manners and morals of the Guinea Coast.

Bureaucracy was the curse and bureaucracy was the cure. The emancipation, when it came, came from above, and it came from the very class for whose benefit the new institution of slavery had been created. There had been some literary preparation in the humanitarian literature current among the educated class. There was a minute Liberal minority among the gentry, which, however, was much more interested in the creation of representative institutions than in the liberation of the serfs. The real engineers of this stupendous reform were not the Tsar, nor yet his ministers, but half-a-dozen clever young officials of the second rank, who worked in alliance with a little school of Nationalist journalists. Their guiding idea was certainly not Liberalism. They opposed constitutional reform, mainly on the ground that it would have transferred the balance of power to the gentry, whose intelligence they despised. They looked upon the peasants and the vil-

lage commune as the real treasure of the Russian State and the embodiment of the Russian idea. They despised the opposition of the reactionary majority, which, as the Tsar's friend, Count Stroganov, put it in a remarkable memorial, "will not reason much about it, but only chatter a little." For the peasants, on the other hand, they affected a mixture of respect and sympathy and fear. They deplored their sufferings, extolled their "common sense," and were wont to paint them to the Tsar as "filled with hate," and ever ready to take their share in disturbances. The reform, when it came, betrayed the weakness of the forces behind it. It went far enough to ruin the thriftless nobility. But it gave to the peasants holdings incapable of economic cultivation, and burdened them with a purchase price which has kept them in a penury as pitiable as their former slavery. One thinks of the startling contrast in Japanese history, when the noble class, in a wave of generous enthusiasm, actually consented to abandon the lands which it held by feudal tenure, without so much as the fiction of compensation.

The ascendancy of a little school of Hegelian idealists in the upper ranks of the bureaucracy was of short duration. The Polish rising and the excesses of the Terrorists prepared a reaction, amid which these generous ideals vanished. The bureaucracy which rules to-day has none of the old romantic prepossessions in favor of the Slavonic trinity of God, the Church, and the peasant commune. It is content to avenge God and Church upon Tolstoy's excommunicated bones, while it destroys the *Mir* and delivers the peasantry to the exploitation of the usurer and the drink-seller. The common lands are everywhere being broken up. Reluctantly, under the stress of debt, the peasant claims as his own the little strip which the

commune used to allot him for cultivation between one distribution and the next. It remains his own only while the title-deeds are being transferred to his creditor. Peter the Great replaced the old feudal nobility by a hierarchy of service. M. Stolypin is creating around it and below it a new lower middle-class of little, ignoble proprietors. The old bearded peasant of the blouse and the tall boots is becoming either a landless laborer in the country
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or a homeless factory worker in the town. The bureaucracy is wise in its generation. It will create a new conservative electorate, which may dominate the polls and elect the jerryman-dered Duma of to-morrow. It will also create an embittered proletariat, whose day of power will arrive when to-morrow is yesterday. The time is not yet to celebrate the jubilee of Russian freedom. Things move slowly under the snows.

THE AUTHORIZED VERSION.

Some recent letters to the *Times* by Canon Beeching have called attention with force and reason to the desirability of emending the Authorized Version of the New Testament in such a way as to save the form and spirit of that glorious possession while correcting the admitted mistakes. The Revisers of the New Testament failed to do this. Three hundred years ago this year the Authorized Version of the Bible was given to the world. It is a suitable occasion, while acknowledging the majesty and simplicity of the translation, to remove the few reproaches which can be brought against it. As Canon Beeching has pointed out, the Revisers of the Authorized Version of the Old Testament and the Revisers of the Authorized Version of the New Testament employed different methods. The Revisers of the Old Testament retained the old form wherever it was possible; they were rightly indulgent towards everything but mistakes. But the Revisers of the New Testament went much further; they changed the language when there were no mistakes to correct; they made it a rule not to translate the Greek aorist by the English perfect; and they nearly always gave the same rendering to any Greek

word whatever its context might be. Corrections of the Authorized Version are indeed necessary, because it contains undoubted mistranslations, and because the Greek text which was used in 1611, has since been greatly purified by the researches of scholars. But such wide changes as the Revisers of the New Testament introduced strangely ignored the extraordinary hold which the Authorized Version has on the affections of English-speaking people as a symbol of their union, as a standard of undefiled English, and as a revelation of the magic and eloquence of old and simple words. We heartily agree, therefore, with the suggestion that the Authorized Version of the New Testament ought to be revised in the spirit which guided the Revisers of the Old Testament, and we cannot imagine a more appropriate time for the work to be undertaken than in this tercentenary year of the Authorized Version.

We mentioned the New Testament Revisers' practice of generally translating a word in the same way, whatever the context. This was a break with ancient custom. Coverdale has often been spoken of as the first to allow himself latitude in his rendering of a

word according to its context, but really the habit was older. How much of the beauty of the Authorized Version depends upon this latitude—a beauty which involves no error whatever—may be seen in the following sentences from Revelation:—

Rev. xv. 6: "And the seven angels came out of the Temple . . . clothed in *pure* and white linen."

Rev. xix. 8: "And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, *clean* and white."

Rev. xxi. 18: "And the city was pure gold, like unto *clear* glass."

In these sentences "pure," "clean," and "clear" all represent the same Greek adjective.

Attempts to make the Bible easier for people to understand sometimes defeat themselves. We would not underrate the aid which the Revised Version of the New Testament has been to people who do not understand Greek; it has often thrown a flood of light on dark passages by its scrupulous accuracy. But it should also be remembered that the Authorized Version has itself created an understanding and knowledge of words and a love of certain happy phrases which did not exist before; and it has thus succeeded amply in explaining itself. It has been said that the language of the Authorized Version was more often used in the common writing and speaking of the nineteenth century than in either the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. As Professor A. S. Cook, of Yale, reminds us in an admirable but too brief book, *The Authorized Version of the Bible and its Influence* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 3s. 6d.), many terms formerly regarded as awkward or alien to the genius of the language are now understood and accepted solely through the influence of the Authorized Version. The translators of the Authorized Version used English words, but not always English phrases. Hebra-

isms were used, but these have now become part of the English language. A characteristic Hebraism, which is not recognised as such to-day, is the "of" in phrases like "the oil of gladness," "King of Kings," and so on. Even early in the nineteenth century Hallam said that the Authorized Version abounded in "obsolete phraseology and single words long since abandoned." To-day, as Professor Cook says, this is obviously less true of the Bible than of Shakespeare. The words which objectors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would have cast out as barbarous have now become familiar not only in poetry but in popular language. Professor Cook takes phrases at random from the Authorized Version which people use in the exchange of ideas every day, phrases which are scarcely thought of as Biblical at all: "highways and hedges," "clear as crystal," "hip and thigh," "arose as one man," "lick the dust," "a thorn in the flesh," "a broken reed," "root of all evil," "sweat of his brow," "heap coals of fire," "a law unto themselves," "the fat of the land," "a soft answer," "a word in season," "weighed in the balance and found wanting," and so forth.

Substantially to change the Authorized Version is to commit a surgical operation on the ages. It has grown up with our modern language, which it has largely formed, enriched, and rejuvenated. It has triumphed on its merits. We call it the Authorized Version, but it has never been proved that it was "authorized" by Parliament, or Convocation, or King. It did not offer itself as a new translation; it gathered together the good of previous translations, and in essence it is the translation of Tindale. "Truly, good Christian reader," said the translators, "we never thought, from the beginning, that we should need to make a new translation, nor yet to make of a bad one a good one; . . . but to

make a good one better, or out of many good ones one principal good one, not justly to be excepted against—that hath been our endeavor, that our mark.” As the Authorized Version is substantially Tindale’s, it is pertinent to ask what was the motive of Tindale, what the spirit guiding him. Professor Cook reminds us that Tindale had the splendid ideal of making a Version which all the people could understand. “If God spare me life,” he said, “ere many years I will cause the boy that driveth the plow to know more of the Scriptures than you [a theologian] do.” The translators of 1611 admitted words which Tindale had rejected as unsuitable to his purpose—for example, they employed “grace” in stead of “favour,” and “salvation” instead of “healthe”—but they passed nothing which, as experience has since proved, could not be easily embraced in the language. “In its production,” Gardiner has said truly and well of the Authorized Version, “all sectarian influences were banished, and all hostilities were mute.”

This Version soon superseded all others. It alone was read in public worship and in the home, and it came to be accepted with such confidence that, after a time, it was almost forgotten that it was a translation, and people attributed to it a plenary verbal inspiration. It is marvellous to think with how few words it accomplishes its effects. Professor Cook points out that the “New English Dictionary” reckons the words of the English language from A to L as 160,803. Shakespeare uses about 21,000 words; Milton 13,000; but the whole Authorized Version

uses only about 6,000. Truly eloquence, as Goldsmith says, is not in the words but in the subject. We all know the influence of the Bible on every great modern writer or speaker of the English tongue. Coleridge, Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin, Tennyson, Lincoln, Walt Whitman, to take only a few names, all admitted the Authorized Version to be their primal source and example. This incomparable possession, with its vast simplicity and moving eloquence, its “preternatural grandeur,” as Froude said, and its deep tenderness, is not a thing to be changed by one phrase save where mistranslations or new knowledge of the Greek texts make corrections imperative. The Revisers of the New Testament, it ought to be said, recognized all this. They wrote: “We have had to study this great Version carefully and minutely, line by line; and the longer we have been engaged upon it the more we have learned to admire its simplicity, its dignity, its power, its happy turns of expression, its general accuracy, and, we must not fail to add, the music of its cadences and the felicities of its rhythm.” The case for a more moderate emendation than theirs of the Authorized Version is based on the judgment that their practice was much less admirable than their precept.

All we need is the Authorized Version revised when and where mistranslation can be proved—and by mistranslation we mean something which actually misrepresents and changes the meaning of the original. In that case revision is of course necessary. In every other case let the present Version stand as it is.

RAILWAY REFRESHMENTS.

It was the late George Augustus Sala who, in one of his light chronicles of travel, plaintively asked why passengers on English railways need be starved as well as smashed. As regards the latter half of his complaint, it is ruled out of court by a world-wide experience of rolling-stock and permanent-way, since it may safely be affirmed that in no other country of either hemisphere does a like mileage of railroads show so low a percentage of casualties compared with the passengers as *Whitaker* gives each year for this country. Sala's protest against our railway commissariat, however, is less easily ignored, nor is foreign travel likely to furnish comparisons to its advantage. There are, in fact, in all the globe-trotter's memories of hurried snacks or more deliberate meals at terminus or wayside station, few less savory than such Dead Sea fruit of the British buffet as the anæmic ham sandwich, the patient hard-boiled egg rejected by many, the cold leg of chicken or sausage roll resembling pantomime properties in the old-fashioned harlequinade of the Christmas holidays when boys were boys and not "men." There is, indeed, in the name *buffet* something particularly appropriate to ears unfamiliar with its French pronunciation, for it has many a cruel blow in store for the discriminating palate, and, with so little that is restorative in its unappetizing victuals, it is grossly flattered by the alternative of restaurant or refreshment-room.

Very superior people, who affect plain living and high thinking, hail every allusion to the comforts of the stomach with unconcealed disgust and wince with an ascetic shudder if such gastronomic joys as a goblet of native wine or a savory national stew be mentioned in the same breath with the

splendor of a southern sunset or the apse of an Italian cathedral. To such may be commended the apostolic injunction touching a little wine, or even the more homely maxim of Mrs. Berry in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, "Kisses don't last; cooking do!" They would do well to realize, these killjoys, that the pleasures of the table, contemplated with the fastidiousness of the butterfly, not with the ghouliah appetites of the cormorant, are not out of place in the memories of a cultured holiday.

The railway buffet trades shamefully on the hurry of its patrons. Those who push open its swing doors for a sip or snatch before the train starts are in no mood to exercise the judgment of Brillat-Savarin, but unemotionally sip the boiling coffee or bolt the archaic bun. Their chief concern seems to be for their change; that right, the food matters little, and even if they take the sorry fare back to their compartment to wrestle with at leisure, the train will have put miles between them and the young lady who supplied it ere it turns to ashes in their mouth. Therefore is *caveat emptor!* a counsel of perfection impossible to act upon in the hurry and scurry of a railway journey, with its hundred and one cares of tickets, luggage, newspapers, and the corner seat facing. The meals supplied on long-distance express trains are, particularly in those running north from London, in somewhat better case, and the offence of an occasionally observant potato, more eyes than meal, or of a periodic tough mouthful of New Zealand mutton, which does not improve, like port, with a sea voyage, is wiped out by excellent cheese and celery, while the inclusive price of the repast is such as should make our American visitors smile, since on their own

"Limited" they cheerfully pay three times as much for very little better value received.

In the Englishman's tribulation over the shortcomings of his railway food, it should be refreshing to find one country at any rate in which the best is inferior to our worst. Russia is commonly, though quite erroneously, referred to by armchair travellers as the land of only two classes, princes and peasants. Although there is an immense middle-class of prosperous traders, whose meals are served at home on a gargantuan scale of both quality and quantity, it is a fact that the fare provided at so important a terminus as Batoum starting-point of the Trans-Caucasian Railroad, which runs *via* Tiflis to Baku, is such as to make even a *muffin* forget his grace. This is the more unintelligible when it is remembered that not only can no mouthful of solid or liquid be purchased on the train, in all its fourteen hours' run to Tiflis, but that Batoum boasts at any rate one hotel with a table that should tickle even the jaded palate of a *gourmet*. The fact however remains that the short-comings of the Batoum buffet are such as to be remembered until death.

Perhaps the choicest railway fare in all the world is to be found here and there in France, though by no means in every terminal station in that country praiseworthy on such grounds. As a matter of fact, the Englishman's first introduction to the land of *chefs* is the reverse of encouraging, and those who, landing at Calais or Boulogne, should, after the struggle through the *douane*,

The Outlook.

despatch a hurried meal of soup and *bifteck* before the *rapide* leaves for Paris, may reasonably find themselves informed with a feeling of amazement that the French *cuisine* should so long have been the theme of universal eulogy. It may be that, in addition to the usual human foibles by which these establishments profit, to the ruin of our digestion, the *restaurateurs* of these Continental gateways rely further on the demoralizing effects of seasickness to make their homely fare pass muster. If, however, their way should lie through Paris to the sunny south, let these pilgrims be strongly counselled to drive round with all speed to the Gare de Lyon, there to spend a profitable hour in tender appreciation of the *table-d'ôte* provided at a reasonable price. The dining-room is reached by a flight of steps, and none surely were ever better worth the climbing. Another admirable little dinner is to be had at the buffet of the Bordeaux station, and a bottle of the *vin du pays* harmonizes with its dishes as perfectly as the chords in an oratorio by Handel. If the traveller can get better fare at his own table, it is a mistake to spend his holidays abroad. In German stations, there is an amazing choice of *Butterbrods* packed with tongue, or ham, or any of half a dozen native cheeses, and the coffee is even better than that sold west of the Rhine. As for the coffee of our English stations, the traveller's feelings, as he burns his tongue with its dreadful brew, are like the surds of his schooldays, incapable of expression in rational terms.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A thoroughly clean and wholesome historical story of the popular order is Hamilton Drummond's latest, "The Justice of the King." The scene is France in the fifteenth century, Louis XI. is the King, and his justice is concerned with the pretended plots of the twelve-year-old Dauphin. There is plenty of intrigue, daring and romance; the hero is a gallant young courtier who believes in the parental affection of the crafty old monarch as implicitly as in the innocence of the boy, and the ingenuity of the author proves equal to bringing him through his adventures without too complete a disillusionment. Philippe de Commines and François Villon play prominent parts. The Macmillan Co.

Slender as it is—not more than half the size of his earlier volumes—with the London fog for background in place of their brilliant southern skies, with the very minimum of incident, no picturesque description, and no heroine, Robert Hichens's latest novel, "The Dweller on the Threshold," will attract by the timeliness of its theme. The actors are a popular preacher and his curate, and their performance is observed, noted and in a measure directed by a professor of psychical research and his colleague. The two clergymen attempt experiments in the occult together, and an uncanny blending of individualities results. Ethical, as well as psychological, problems are presented, and there are some striking scenes. The Century Co.

To note the first copyright-date—1907—on the title-page of Arnold Bennett's story, just now reprinted, is to marvel that three years could make the difference between "The Ghost," and "Clayhanger." An ingenious story of

a charming young actress and her lovers is "The Ghost"; the supernatural element is not too glaringly incredible; and possibly there are glimpses, now and then, of that shrewd insight into sordid human nature without which Arnold Bennett would not be Arnold Bennett. But of wit and satire there is nothing, nor of that wonderful realism which holds even the reluctant and rebellious reader. "The Ghost" may win a certain popular success, on its own merits as a semi-sensational story. But as a specimen of Arnold Bennett's work it can have only a curious interest. Small, Maynard & Co.

In "A Spirit of Mirth" Peggy Webbing describes the fortunes of a light-hearted, courageous young girl, orphaned by the death of her father, the "Human Eel" of a London pantomime, but taking under her care a simple-minded boy more helpless than herself. Gentle blood on the mother's side explains traits which might otherwise have seemed improbable, and Emphrosyne fairly earns her title. Actors and playwrights figure among the Bohemian group of friends who lend a helping hand, and incidentally give the author the chance for some character sketches of considerable cleverness. The early chapters of the book show promise of something quite out of the ordinary, but the plot takes a conventional turn in the second half, and the final impression is disappointing. E. P. Dutton & Co.

A readable, pleasant story, without problem or purpose, is Mrs. Hubert Barclay's "Trevor Lordship," and those in search of a novel to pass the time easily and not unwholesomely need go no further. Trevor Lordship is a comfortable English estate which falls un-

expectedly into the hands of a scholarly, laborious man who has been for fifteen years trying to make his fortune in the Colonies, and enables him to come home and marry the woman who has been waiting for him. The plot follows the development of the lives so suddenly reunited after so complete a separation, but romance of a different order is brought into it by two young wards who are staying in the house. The relation of a child to adopted parents has seldom been treated with more sincerity and pathos than in the chapter called "A Bolt from the Blue." The Macmillan Co.

Many of the stories in Josephine Daskam Bacon's latest volume, "While Caroline Was Growing" have appeared already in the magazines, but they will meet a cordial welcome in their present form. Caroline is a spirited, venturesome child, and her love for the open road leads her to forgather with tramps, surprise house-breakers and penetrate into private asylums, with results unexpected but interesting. Occasionally Mrs. Bacon uses her to point a moral in a high-handed fashion which she would certainly resent if she realized it, as when in "A Pillar of Society," she discovers in the deserted cabin in the woods the young pair who have run away, unmarried, to make their personal protest against an institution which falls short of their ideals; and is the means of bringing upon the scene a shrewd old woman who convinces them of their unwisdom and fetches a neighboring minister without more ado. But the stories are all readable, and marked by brilliant bits of description and character-drawing. The Macmillan Co.

The heroine of "The Chasm," by George Oram Cook, is a brilliant, beautiful, young Vassar graduate, hurrying home from a Continental tour to

win the consent of her father, a millionaire manufacturer of the Middle West, to her marriage with a Russian count. Before the count can overtake her, her fancy is caught by a young Socialist potting plants in her father's conservatories; they pass a thrilling day storm-bound together on an island where "a dear compulsion weaves its fairy meshes round their souls," and she kisses him, "in the mood of answered prayer." A few chapters on, she marries the count, and the rest of the book is devoted to her growing unhappiness with him, her friendship for a group of revolutionists on his estate, her narrow escape from extreme personal peril, and the re-appearance of "Walt." Solid paragraphs of Socialistic exposition mark the book as an attempt at a propaganda, and in spite of its crudeness it may be destined to form opinions for some of its readers. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

That the vagaries of modern "Yellow Journalism" are not so modern as we are sometimes tempted to think is suggested by some one who quotes the following from Dickens's account of the experiences of Martin Chuzzlewit with New York newspapers:

Here's this morning's *New York Sewer*! cried one (newsboy). Here's this morning's *New York Stabber*! Here's the *New York Family Spy*! Here's the *New York Private Listener*! Here's the *New York Peeper*! Here's the *New York Plunderer*! Here's the *New York Keyhole Reporter*! Here's the *New York Rowdy Journal*! Here's all the New York papers! Here's the full particulars of the patriotic loco-foco movement yesterday, in which the whigs was so chewed up; and the last Alabama gouging case; and the interesting Arkansas dooel with Bowie knives; and all the political, commercial, and fashionable news. Here they are! Here they are! Here's the papers, here's the papers!

Some of those cries are not unlike those that the twentieth century newsboy utters in New York and other cities.

Mr. Frank Warren Hackett's "Reminiscences of the Geneva Tribunal" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is especially seasonable at a time when the world's attention is being increasingly directed to arbitration as a means of settling international disputes, and the Hague Tribunal stands at once an achievement and a prophecy of sane judicature among the nations. For the Geneva Tribunal did its work of peace long before such a tribunal as that at The Hague had been dreamed of, and it was called upon to settle a dispute of most menacing character between two of the greatest nations. Only those who personally recall the bitterness of the dispute over the Alabama claims, and the keenness of the resentment felt in this country toward England forty years ago, can fully realize all that was meant by the decisions of the Geneva Tribunal and their magnanimous acceptance by the defeated party to the litigation. Probably no one now living is so well qualified as Mr. Hackett to tell this story; for he was Caleb Cushing's secretary at the time, went with him to Geneva, and had intimate personal knowledge of all the negotiations and of all the details of the presentation of the American case. He writes of them fully and with due appreciation of their seriousness, yet not without a lighter touch here and there. The book is an important contribution to the history of one of the most significant and far-reaching incidents in American history.

A fascinating little volume that must not be left in the living-room if the members of the household are to get to their work at the proper hours is

"Diminutive Dramas" by Maurice Barling, whose "Dead Letters" will be remembered by many readers with keen pleasure. Appearing first in the "London Morning Post," these delightful satires are now collected in book form, twenty-two in number, of ten or twelve pages each—just the right length to read aloud, and then read another, and then another still, and then one more before we stop. The arrangement is charmingly careless of chronology, and a breakfast-table dispute between Henry VIII. and Catherine Parr, over the color of Alexander-the-Great's horse, is followed by the parting scene between Dido and Eneas, and then by a rehearsal of Macbeth in which Mr. Shakespeare is ordered to introduce into Mr. Burbage's part a soliloquy of thirty lines, if possible in rhyme, in any case ending with a tag. Then comes, with apologies to Mr. Maeterlinck, "The Blue Harlequin," one of the cleverest of all. "Caligula's Picnic," "Lucullus's Dinner-Party," "The Stoic's Daughter" and "Jason and Medea" show the writer's skill in presenting current fads in classic settings, seen to the very best advantage in "After Euripides' 'Electra,'" where a supper-party pass judgment on the play in thoroughly up-to-date fashion, among them the woman who loves the story and loves Clytemnestra's clothes,—that wonderful, dirty, wine-stained dress—and loves Socrates' little snub nose and adores Mid-Athenian things, so quaint and charming, and has had a wonderful day, and feels as if it had all happened to her. In "Rosamond and Eleanor," modern palmistry is smartly set off, and modern electioneering in "The Member for Literature." But the drollest figure of all is "King Alfred in the Neat-Herd's Hut," repeating "a few little things, mere trifles, composed in the marches during our leisure hours." Houghton & Mifflin Co.

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {
VOLUME LI.

No. 3485 April 22, 1911

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

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THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

The good Lord gave, the Lord has
 taken from me,
 Blessed be His name, His holy will
 be done.
 The mourners all have gone, all save I,
 his mother,
 The little grave lies lonely in the sun.

Nay! I would not follow, though they
 did beseech me,
 For the angels come now waiting
 for my dead.
 Heaven's door is open, so my whispers
 soar there,
 While the gentle angels lift him from
 his bed.

Oh Lord, when Thou gavest he was
 weak and helpless,
 Could not rise nor wander from my
 shielding arm;
 Lovely is he now and strong with four
 sweet summers,
 Laughing, running, tumbling, hard
 to keep from harm.

If some tender mother, whose babe on
 earth is living,
 Takes his little hand to guide his
 stranger feet
 'Mid the countless hosts that cross the
 floor of heaven,
 Thou wilt not reprove her for Thy
 pity sweet.

If upon her breast she holds his baby
 beauty,
 All his golden hair will fall about
 her hand,
 Laughing let her fingers pull it into
 ringlets—
 Long and lovely ringlets. She will
 understand.

Willful are his ways and full of merry
 mischief;
 If he prove unruly, lay the blame on
 me.
 Never did I chide him for his noise or
 riot,
 Smiled upon his folly, glad his joy
 to see.

Each eve shall I come beside his bed
 so lowly;
 "Hush-a-by, my baby," softly shall I
 sing,
 So, if he be frightened, full of sleep
 and anger,
 The song he loved shall reach him
 and sure comfort bring.

Lord, if in my praying, Thou shouldst
 hear me weeping,
 Ever was I wayward, always full of
 tears,
 Take no heed of this grief. Sweet the
 gift Thou gavest
 All the cherished treasure of those
 golden years.

Do not, therefore, hold me to Thy will
 ungrateful:
 Soon I shall stand upright, smiling,
 strong and brave,
 With a son in heaven the sad earth
 forgetting,
 But 'tis lonely yet, Lord, by the lit-
 tle grave.
 Oh, 'tis lonely, lonely, by the little
 grave!

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

The Nation.

THE GIFT OF LIFE.

Life is a night all dark and wild,
 Yet still stars shine:
 This moment is a star, my child—
 Your star and mine.

Life is a desert dry and drear.
 Undewed, unblest;
 This hour is an oasis, dear;
 Here let us rest.

Life is a sea of windy gray,
 Cold, fierce, and free:
 An isle enchanted is to-day
 For you and me.

Forget night, sea, and desert: take
 The gift supreme,
 And, of life's brief relenting, make
 A deathless dream.

B. N.

The Westminster Gazette.

REFORM OR REVOLUTION?

The first session of the new Parliament was opened on the 6th of February, and meagre as the King's speech might appear to be, its very brevity only brought into stronger relief the one object to which it was practically devoted. If we do not indulge in any conventional expressions of alarm or indignation at the prospect which lies before us, it is not because they would be inadequate, but because they would be superfluous. In the midst of a common calamity or a common peril, men do not indulge in loud lamentations. We must take the first paragraph of the speech as it now stands, with the Parliament Bill in our hands, and consider what it means, if passed into law in its present shape, which we are bound to suppose is what its authors intend. It may turn out that this is not so, and that the Bill may ultimately be more or less modified. But what we have to deal with at the present moment is the precise measure which the speech from the Throne invites us to accept. That is our first concern. On a later page we may consider what the chances are that the Government may be willing to take something less.

We are told in the speech that a measure will be proposed for "settling the relations between the two Houses, and securing the more effective working of the Constitution." But these relations have been settled for centuries; and the Parliament Bill, so far from securing the effective working of the Constitution, entirely ignores the foundation on which it is based. The language used in the speech from the Throne requires us to believe that the British Constitution is not Government by the three estates of the Realm, as it has existed for eight hundred years, but something else which has never

existed at all. The Reform Bill of 1832 was really an amendment of the Constitution, repairing the machinery as we clean the works of a watch, but leaving its springs and wheels untouched. As the removal of any essential organ stops the watch, so the removal of the Veto manifestly stops the Constitution. The Parliament Bill is no amendment. To call it by that name is an absurdity.

Yet the fallacy invoked in this use of the word Constitution will no doubt be played for all it is worth in the coming struggle, in hopes of disguising the real nature of the transaction embodied in the Government Bill. The Government say that they must fix the power of the House of Lords before reconstructing it. The Opposition answer is, "No; we must see the whole scheme at once." In the Reform Bill of 1832 Mr. Gladstone wanted to separate the Extension of the Franchise from the Redistribution of Seats, and to take the former first. "No," said the Opposition; "that would leave the redistribution of seats entirely at your mercy. We must see the whole scheme at once." So now, too, if the Government abolish the Veto before the House of Lords is reconstructed, they can impose any reform they like on the Upper Chamber—or, if they like it better, none at all. They hold out some kind of shadowy suggestion that, at some remote period, the Veto may be restored. Now what does this really mean? It means this: The Veto is to be suspended—the gate is to be opened—for Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, Payment of Members, and a whole string of revolutionary measures to pass through; and when that is done—the gate may possibly be closed again. Not that it ever would be. But suppose that it was—it would be

only shutting the stable door when the horse was stolen. During "the interregnum," as Mr. Balfour called it, so created, all these burning questions are to be settled. With an Upper Chamber that is neither one thing nor the other—without either the constitutional power of the old system or the moral authority of the new—this sweeping *bouleversement* is to be carried out virtually by the will of the House of Commons alone.

It is very well for Mr. Asquith to say that he is all for a Second Chamber. But while this revolution is in progress, we shall have no Second Chamber. The whole programme will be carried out by what is practically a single-chamber Government. The extent to which Ministers are bent on misrepresenting the true nature of the question is shown by the constant assertions that the proposals of the Opposition are far more revolutionary than their own. The difference between the two is what we have already pointed out. Lord Landsdowne and Lord Rosebery would really amend the Constitution; the Government would dismember it. The Constitution can never be again what it has been from its birth after the check upon the Lower House, exercised so long with so much wisdom and moderation, has been taken away. That operation must necessarily be a death-blow. And now we are told that this is less revolutionary than changes in its composition. Whatever the abolition of the Veto may be in the abstract, to call it a constitutional amendment is pure nonsense.

The final cause of a Second Chamber is the necessity for arresting hurried and partial legislation, so as to give the nation a chance of speaking their mind thereon before it becomes law. A Second Chamber deprived of the power of doing so is a *roi fainéant*; nor would its evils, as has been pointed

out before, be purely negative. As with many other shams, a positive danger lurks within it, the danger, namely, of its being mistaken for a reality, leading people to believe that they still have the same protection as before against snap majorities which do not really represent the matured opinion of the nation.

How much more is this reflection forced upon us when we consider that it is not even an English or a British faction which has seized the reins of power. The British Constitution is being overthrown by an organized gang of foreigners, the implacable enemies of this country, to whom, to their eternal shame, the Liberals and Radicals have sold themselves. This bitter truth is as clear as daylight to all who have eyes to see and ears to hear. Unhappily, a very large number of the British electorate at the present moment possess neither. The "political mystification" which, according to Lord Beaconsfield, the Whigs practised so successfully in the eighteenth century, has continued down to our own times. "The artful orators" and "the bewildering phrases" which secured the ascendancy of Whiggism have done quite as much to secure the ascendancy of Liberalism, which, in spite of brief Conservative interludes, has prevailed more or less for the last eighty years. And even now it has succeeded in blinding a large class of the electorate to the infamy which they are patiently enduring in allowing American Fenians to dictate the policy of the British Government, and their accomplices in England to reap the reward of their compliance in a prolonged term of official power.

Mr. Ian Malcolm's amendment, moved on the 15th of February, brought this special point to the front. The speeches of that night promised to be the most interesting that have been listened to in the course of the debate

on the Addresses. But the House and the public were disappointed. Mr. Asquith refused to give any further explanation of his Home Rule policy than what he had already given, and the "Daily News" asked "Why should he?" Perhaps we shall get a little nearer the truth if we ask "Why shouldn't he?" Both Mr. Ian Malcolm and Lord Hugh Cecil complained that he had said little or nothing to help the British public to understand what the Government really means. The question is, Does he want them to understand it? In the apathetic mood in which the people of this country seem at present wrapped, we may well ask, Do they care to understand it themselves? But to waive that point, Mr. Asquith and his colleagues are doubtless aware that this frame of mind may not endure for ever and that when the country awakes from it, it may be expedient for them to know as little about the matter as they do now. Home Rule is a Protean monster, and may assume any one of half a dozen different shapes. To keep it in the background, and give the people no time to analyze its machinery, or ponder on its probable results, is clearly the Government game. And in the meantime we are expected to be satisfied with Mr. Redmond's assurance that it will do no harm—there shall be no religious persecution. The Ulster Protestants are told that not a hair of their heads shall be touched. So Charles the First assured Strafford. But Strafford lost his head soon afterwards. The Home Rule demand in Ireland is not merely a political movement. Rightly understood, it is still more an ecclesiastical movement. Remember Lord Beaconsfield's words *apropos* of the Irish Church—"Through all the strife of discordant faction moves the steady purpose of one Power." If people suppose that Rome has given up all idea of making Ireland a Roman Catholic country,

they are much mistaken. The Roman Catholic priesthood are secretly working for the same object. Home Rule will give them their chance. In an Irish Parliament the Roman Catholics would have a powerful majority. Why shouldn't they use it for their own purposes? The Protestant communities of Ireland certainly come under the head of "Irish affairs." As we have already said, and as Lord H. Cecil repeated, the abolition of the Veto would enable the Government to force any measure they pleased down the throats of both Ireland and Great Britain. Home Rule, threatening Irish Protestantism with spoliation or destruction, would, we say again, as Mr. Ian Malcolm said in the debate, be the work of a single-chamber Government.

What the Government may be willing to do in the last resort we shall scarcely know till that situation is reached. They would not be expected to show any signs of wavering on the first reading. The Home Rulers and the disestablishment party have recognized the necessity of allowing their demands to be postponed till the House of Lords question is settled, because they know that they cannot get what they want while the Veto is still in force. What they would do if they saw any signs of flinching on the part of the Government it is easy to guess. The situation may have changed before the bill reaches the Committee stage, or even before the second reading, but we do not expect to know the final resolution of the Government very much sooner. They will push the bill at first with the utmost vigor, and then, if met by the Opposition with firmness and frankness, and with a popular Reform Bill of their own to lay before the people, it is quite possible they may signal for a compromise. At all events, it is clearly the policy of the Unionists to go boldly forward to meet changes which they cannot

prevent, to show themselves masters of the question, and to make it, if possible, their own.

Such was the aspect in which the approaching contest presented itself when, on the 21st of last month, Mr. Asquith introduced the bill. As we have already predicted, the Prime Minister at this early stage of the struggle spoke with great confidence and courage, and showed no signs of any disposition on the part of the Government to modify the bill, or to meet the Opposition in a conciliatory spirit. He accepted the anomalous position in which Parliament would be placed by the "interregnum"—the interval, that is,—nobody knows how long a one,—between the abolition of the Veto and the reconstruction of the House. He repeated, in short, only what he has said all along of the check on Radical legislation exercised by the House of Lords, which he declared to be intolerable. His sorry attempt to show that when the House of Lords rejects measures passed by the House of Commons we are living under single-chamber government, is hardly worthy even of the name of sophistry. It is too transparent, and draws no distinction between positive and negative action. The rejection of a measure which may be brought up again at any time is one thing; the forcible carriage of one which becomes law at once and cannot be repealed for a considerable period, if ever, is quite another. The latter is really single-chamber government; the former is only the legitimate exercise of the revising powers which properly belong to a Second Chamber.

But Mr. Asquith gave himself away completely when he charged the House of Lords with having committed suicide when they rejected the Budget, while introducing a bill at the very same moment which proves that they were quite right. The refusal of a tacking bill by the House of Lords re-

quires no other justification than the introduction of a bill by the Government to make tacking illegal. Mr. Balfour replied to him, as he has often replied to him before, pointing out the gaps in his argument and the objections which have never yet been answered, and which, being unanswerable, are quietly ignored. Sir Robert Finlay showed with great acuteness how the provisions of the Parliament Bill must necessarily work in practice, and how, while aiming at exalting the power of the Commons, they would at the same time entail great humiliation on them, making them, in fact, "absolutely ridiculous." The House of Commons may "suggest" amendments to the bill in the second or third session for the consideration of the House of Lords. These are not to be inserted in the bill unless the House of Lords accept them; but they would show that the Commons thought the bill in some respects a faulty one. The House of Lords, believing it to be vicious in principle, would reject these amendments, and thus a bill would become law which both Houses had condemned.

We are glad to see that Mr. Balfour protests against the doctrine that both political parties ought to be equally represented in the House of Lords. If the Second Chamber is to be a revising chamber, it is against bold, violent, or unconstitutional changes that it is to exercise this function. These, of course, will be sent up by the Radical party in the House of Commons. But if there is to be an equally strong Radical party in the House of Lords, how is the work of revision to be carried out? We ourselves, only last August, as well as on several previous occasions, called attention to this same absurdity. And it is well that it should be properly exposed, and put to shame by the leader of the Opposition.

But, after all, the central point of interest in Mr. Balfour's speech is his

emphatic declaration against compromise. He would do a great deal, he said, to help forward a peaceable accommodation of this quarrel. "But there are some gains for which too great a price may be paid." "Much as I desire peace, anxious as I am to ensue it, gladly as I would do much in the way of compromise, there are some issues so great that no compromise is possible." And he concluded a speech well worthy of the great position which he occupies in these decisive words:—

If you are going to use the desire of this country to have some change in the relations between the two Houses as an instrument for getting something they do not desire, we on this side will have no part or lot in your plan, and we should think ourselves disgraced for ever if we gave it our support.

Mr. Balfour fully recognizes the gravity of the existing situation. "Does any man," he asked, "who has any power of reading the signs of the times, look forward with anything but deep anxiety, as I do, to the course of the struggle, or debate, which has begun to-day?" To judge from what he said in another part of his speech he is not here referring so much to the ultimate result as to what we may have to go through before the end is reached. Undoubtedly, if the conflict is to be fought out to the bitter end, it may become an affair of campaigns. For this is one of those contests in which the vanquished party is not bound to know anything about finality. Suppose the Parliament Bill to be carried in its present shape, the return of the Unionists to power would be the signal for repealing it. If Home Rule were ever carried, then even if the Nationalist members retained their seats in the British Parliament, they would have no particular reason for supporting a Radical Government, or playing the game of Socialists and

Secularists whose principles they dislike. Thus the turn of the Unionists and Conservatives is sure to come round again, and then the fight would be renewed. We may firmly believe that the constitutional cause will triumph in the end, and yet anticipate with much anxiety the varying fortunes of the struggle which is likely to precede it.

To prevent, if possible, so disastrous a period of prolonged strife, with all its demoralizing effects, is what most men capable of estimating its mischief would, like Mr. Balfour, do much to prevent. Various schemes have been devised for satisfying the legitimate demand for reform without sacrificing the House of Lords, now our sole protectors against the threatened revolution. What the House of Lords has to do is to draw up such a scheme of reform as shall satisfy the nation that the Veto shall only be exercised with due regard to popular rights. This is the task now before them; and though difficult, it is, we hope, not impossible. At all events, it is the only way by which we can hope to repel an attack which, if successful, would swamp all those political and social principles, all those immemorial traditions and prescriptions, to which we owe mainly both the character of the British people and the greatness of the British Empire.

In the first place, then, the Unionist party, both in the Lords and Commons, must speak with no uncertain voice, Recognizing that one of those occasions has arisen when changes are required in the structure of national institutions, let them unhesitatingly proclaim their determination to lead the party of constitutional reform against those who, in the name of reform, would destroy the Constitution itself, standing as it does between themselves and their most cherished objects. There are three great prin-

ciples which are now openly threatened—sanctity of family life, security of property, and freedom of industry. A strong Second Chamber with the right of Veto is their only safeguard, and the Unionist party must lose no time in showing how they would construct it. On this point there can, as Mr. Balfour says, be no compromise. The Lords must hurry on their own Reform Bill, and have it in their hands to show before they throw out the Parliament Bill. Lord Landsdowne has already given notice of his intention to introduce such a measure at an early date; and though we do not much believe in any case in the creation of 500 new Peers to force the Bill through, what would make such an outrage still more doubtful would be the production before the public of a well-considered and thoroughly popular Reform Bill, the work of the Lords themselves.

And what we must never forget is this, that there are two parties in the House of Commons whom no reform will satisfy; whose hostility to the Second Chamber no changes could disarm. Apart from the fact that no reconstruction retaining the Veto could possibly be accepted by them, the Irish party have little interest in the character or construction of the House of Lords. A bill which abolished the Veto, while deferring the question of reform to the Greek calends, leaving the House of Lords a log upon the waters, would be agreed to by the Nationalists just as readily as any other bill. The Radicals don't want a Second Chamber at all. It is useless therefore, we fear, for the Unionist party to attempt to conciliate either of these two opponents. They must appeal rather to the great body of moderate Liberals throughout the country, who are not of course without their representatives in the House of Commons and the Cabinet, but who are powerless, as far as we can see at

present, to give effect in action to what they really believe in their hearts, or else are spellbound by old associations and shibboleths. All alike should be brought to see that they cannot serve two masters. If they stand by the Constitution they must throw over Home Rule. If they stand by Home Rule they must throw over the Constitution. Their conduct at the present crisis will be a test of their sincerity. They have always posed as champions of the Constitution, and the British people have taken them at their own valuation. We shall continue to believe that there are enough of such men still left within the bounds of Great Britain to break the wand of the enchanter, and burst through the spell which Radical sorceries have laid upon them. This is how such men acted a quarter of a century ago, and it is to these we say that the Unionists must address themselves. It is to their common-sense, political traditions, and constitutional loyalty that the House of Lords must adjust whatever measure they may frame for the reconstruction of the present Chambers.

It is agreed on all hands that the new House is to be largely leavened with an elective element. But there are many different ways by which that object might be effected. One which is regarded favorably by the Radicals, if the total destruction of the Second Chamber cannot be compassed, is that the House of Lords should be greatly reduced in numbers, and that in any critical emergency they should sit jointly with the Commons, thus giving the decision arrived at the sanction of an elective assembly. This is a solution of the problem which must be approached very warily; for a very brief calculation is sufficient to show us that the reduction in the number of the peers below a certain point would make a Conservative majority in a

House of Commons like the present one impossible. A joint sitting under these conditions would be a mockery. Should the suggestion of a joint sitting ever come to be seriously considered, Unionists must take care that they are not caught napping. Say the House of Lords was reduced to 200—and this has been proposed,—probably at least one-fourth of them would be Liberals, in which case the Ministerial party would still have a clear majority. This is a contingency against which the Unionist reformers must be on their guard. That is all. There might be liberty and fraternity in such an arrangement, but there would be very little equality.

The suggestion that Peers should be elected by members of the House of Commons is scarcely worth consideration. We should only have the House of Commons over again. What we want in the first place in the election of a Second Chamber is to get rid, if possible, of all sectional, local, or provincial interests. The Chamber should be formed on as broad a basis as possible. And members should be chosen by constituencies too large to be affected by the usual party machinery which plays so large a part in the election of members of the House of Commons. In a word, our new senators must not be delegates. That is a *sine quâ non*. When Sir James Graham, "in his stately cynicism," adjured the House of Commons to rise out of "the region of *not prius*," he was unconsciously paying tribute to the qualities which we must all desire to see prevailing in the deliberations of a great Senate.

Lord Curzon's proposal is an Upper Chamber consisting of three hundred members—one hundred to be chosen by the Peers themselves from among the Peers; fifty to be men who had held high office or "acquired renown" in the service of the State; fifty to be

nominated by the Crown on the recommendation of the Prime Minister; and one hundred to be elected by municipal bodies, such as County Councils, Borough Councils, &c., these to be grouped together where, singly, they would not represent a sufficiently large population. Lord Curzon would like to see a Peer representing a county or some great centre of population. A man would be proud of saying that he was Peer for Yorkshire or Peer for Liverpool. The defect of this plan is that it lacks simplicity. There are Unionists who would agree with Lord Crewe that a "tessellated" House would not be popular. The reader may remember that, in 1858, Mr. Disraeli proposed some such plan for the election of his Indian Council. But it did not meet with public approval, and had to be withdrawn. This scheme, however, is not to be dismissed lightly. Lord Curzon, who backs it, is an authority of great weight. That one hundred members of the Upper Chamber should be Peers chosen by the Peers themselves is a provision by which the constitutional claims of the aristocracy would be recognized, and a principle maintained which it might be hazardous to part with altogether.

On the other hand, a suggestion which finds favor in important quarters is that the House of Lords should be entirely elective—the members to be chosen by proportional representation from large areas with populations of, perhaps, a million or more. It is thought that great Peers and distinguished men generally would be sure to be chosen. These spacious constituencies could not be canvassed, it is said, from house to house by one man; nor could obscure individuals conduct a Mid-Lothian campaign or the famous Northern peregrination of Mr. Bright in 1858. It takes men of great eminence to do that kind of thing. It is asserted that great Peers like the late

Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Derby, Lord Landsdowne, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Londonderry, &c., would be sure of their election; and that men belonging to the same station in life would be generally chosen, were the question raised above the atmosphere of pure party politics, and freed from the machinations of the local Tadpoles and Tapers. It is alleged, however, that for the success of this plan it is essential that the whole House should be chosen by popular election. Were a certain number to be elected by the Peers themselves, and take their seats in virtue of their hereditary right, the Peer who presented himself for election to a large constituency would be told to "Get along!"—that his proper constituents were his brother-Peers, and that his place was elsewhere.

This particular plan has some support among the Unionists who count much on the hold which the aristocracy still possesses on the English nation, and no doubt when a Peer, dissociated from the idea of privileged class, sought their votes on terms of equality with themselves, the people might experience the force of those social instincts which undoubtedly still survive among them more strongly than perhaps they do at present. Were the scheme to be adopted and these anticipations to be realized, we should unquestionably have a Second Chamber of superlative excellence, and one for the sake of which we might be justified in trying the experiment. But it would certainly be a bold one. If the new system failed, we could hardly go back to the old one. We believe, indeed, that the British aristocracy is still popular with the country; that its great national services still linger in the memory of the people; and that its gracious influence and generous sympathies, its efficient and gratuitous dis-

charge of great public duties, and the wise and liberal spirit which it displays in the administration of the large properties which still belong to it, are fully appreciated by millions. But there is now among us what until lately was unknown in this country, an organized combination for counteracting that influence, and for representing the character and conduct of the aristocracy as exactly the reverse of what the people for many generations, trusting to their own experience and the traditions of their fathers, have believed it to be. It is difficult to gauge the extent to which lying tongues have undermined this ancient faith. But that they have not been without their effect is pretty certain; and any scheme for the reform of the House of Lords, depending on its survival, however excellent in itself, must be very carefully considered before it is finally adopted.

We doubt, moreover, whether it would be quite so easy to prevent the intrusion into these same large areas of the sectional influences and prejudices which operate in smaller ones. Could any constituency be so large but that Tadpole and Taper could worm their way into it? For these gentlemen are to be found in both parties alike. Could any county or borough council be found capable of selecting a candidate without any regard to local interests or prejudices? Could the widest possible extent of electoral areas do anything to lower the influence of the Trades Unions?

Mr. Balfour says that in no great country has a purely elective Upper Chamber been found consistent with the predominance of the Lower. He referred to France and the United States in support of this assertion. The Second Chamber in Australia is mainly a Labor Chamber, which would be hardly likely to answer the purpose for which we desire one in England.

The great body of the English people, who are but imperfectly represented in the present Parliament, call on the Unionist party to save their ancient heritage from the hand of the destroyer. This can never be done by a policy of hesitation or vacillation. We must have no "waverers" in our ranks. As was said of the Whig Ministers in 1832, they might have made terms with a resolute foe: they trampled on a hesitating opponent. The present Cabinet might recoll from coming to extremities with a determined and united Opposition having a much larger body of public opinion at their

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back than their mere numbers represent. At all events, that is the only game to play. Its failure could bring no worse consequences than a policy of cowardice and concession must inevitably bring with it. Let the Unionists wait till the Lords have matured their own scheme of reform, and then appeal to the people to support their constitutional authority. We firmly believe that this appeal would not be in vain. But if it was, let the defenders of that "Old England," which would then be lost to us for ever, fall with their faces to the foe.

THE GENIUS OF MR. THACKERAY.

The centenary of Mr. Thackeray is an appropriate occasion for a declaration of faith. Not that there has been any substantial heresy, but of late the curious may have noticed a persistent campaign of depreciation among the minor critics. All Grub Street would seem to have formed a bearing trust. No one would wish to be hard on them. After all, critics have to live. To live they must write and if, as we are told, people do not read Mr. Thackeray's works they have always been ready to read about them. One generation had exhausted the language of appreciation. The next, ready with sharpened quills, waited only for inspiration. Unfortunately, it requires some literary craft to make an old story readable and inspiration halted. Then some glowworm of Grub Street discovered Mr. Thackeray was a sentimentalist and ink ran almost in a spate.

We all know the unpardonable sin in literature is sentiment. You may be obscene, dull, even historical, and be respected and possibly read, but venture sentiment and you are damned, unless indeed, you happen to be a

Scotchman. It is as if a host were nowadays to offer his guests sweet champagne—and so Mr. Thackeray's fame is cast to the jackals. It is a little hard for an author to be resented in one age as a cynic, only to be rejected in the next as a sentimentalist.

We all remember how Harriet Martineau professed to be unable to read *Vanity Fair* "from the disgust it occasions." Even Anthony Trollope, a sincere admirer, was of opinion "he was too thoroughly saturated with the aspect of the evil side of things." In those Victorian days even the elect confused subject and treatment. But has not the modern attack on sentiment been a trifle overdone? Your novel should deal with life and everything which makes life tolerable is based on sentiment. True sentiment is the equity of thought and sentiment need not necessarily be false. The moderns are like the temperance fanatics who see no distinction between a reputed pint and an orgy.

Now Mr. Thackeray's sentiment was never false. Of all those kindly touches giving that intimate charm to

the green volumes, there is not one that after all the years does not ring true. But he wrote decently and like a gentleman, and what is more unpardonable, with a sense of his responsibility as a power for good or evil. The odd thing is, that when authors were a race apart and mostly of a Bohemian habit, the tone and principles of their output would have been acceptable to Miss Pinkerton's Academy. Now Bohemia has disappeared. The modern *Pall Mall Gazette* is not edited from Holloway nor do distinguished authors drink brandy and water in cider cellars. So the writer has to seek relief from his blameless suburb in a riot of print recalling the "daring essay in defence of suicide" by Pendennis's contemporary at Oxbridge. One has less sympathy with those who ought to know better.

Only the other day, Mr. Bernard Shaw said, in his courteous way, Thackeray was a fool. Mr. Shaw's position is of course a difficult one; he is a genius and a genius in an age of stress and hustle. It would be unreasonable to expect him to rely for recognition on some entertaining, if rather inhuman, plays. Insistent genius demands more immediate attention, and to insult one of the greatest figures in English literature certainly achieves it. Mr. Bernard Shaw, however, would have been wiser if he had not given his reasons. There were two—one, that Mr. Thackeray would not have liked Mr. Bernard Shaw (which seems hardly conclusive); the other, that Mr. Thackeray sympathized with his weak characters whereas Dickens did not. One does not quite follow why sympathy is not for the weak, but to cite Dickens in such case is merely to talk nonsense. When one thinks of Tom Pinch, Little Nell and her grandfather, poor Smike and the meekness of Oliver, the falseness of the point is apparent. Then Mr. George Moore

does not like Thackeray; he says, the public were bullied into admiration by the *Book of Snobs*. When we remember Thackeray's famous definition of the type, why the *Book of Snobs* does not appeal to the author of *My Dead Life* is intelligible. Then he complains about Becky Sharp—"Fancy writing the history of Becky Sharp and not discussing whether she had a temperament or not"—whereas the key to Becky's character is that she is a cold-blooded, good-natured woman, swayed by no feeling except self-interest.

Even that charming writer Mr. Street who, by the way, would not be nearly so charming if he had not read Mr. Thackeray, affects to find him "Parochial." It is almost incredible that an author of Mr. Street's distinction should so write of the creator of Barry Lyndon and Esmond. One regrets to find Mr. Whibley among the detractors. His recent "Oposcule" (as "Thunder and small beer" has it) on Mr. Thackeray contains, as one would expect, some admirable criticism, but is tainted with the sentimental heresy. *Vanity Fair*, we are told, is spoilt because it has a moral. "If he had suppressed the sentiment which ever rose up in his heart, *Vanity Fair* might have been as a-moral as *The Way of the World*, and what a masterpiece it would have been," and almost as unreadable one may add.

Then he objects to the author playing the part of chorus and especially to his moralizing—he is accused of "forgetting the impartiality of the artist and taking sides against his own characters." But why must an artist be impartial? It is a pure assumption. The partiality of Thackeray is a concession to the actuality of his people. To reader and author alike they are so alive it is impossible to be indifferent to their actions—and therefore, in logical sequence, to withhold praise or blame.

The best criticism I have heard of Mr. Thackeray's works was, oddly enough, my introduction to them. Years ago, in a certain house library at Eton, some boys were discussing, and I need hardly say, adversely, the books in it, and one of them, pointing to the green volumes of Mr. Thackeray said, "Fancy anybody buying stuff like that," to which another said, indignantly, "They are very good books." "What are they about," he was asked. "About people," he said. Like Mr. Pickwick's famous remark on the management of crowds, "volumes could not say more." They are about people—live people—uncannily alive—it is almost impossible to believe they haven't actual existence. I declare, when I saw *Vanity Fair* on the stage, I was almost frightened when our old friends came on. Yes, you may dislike the books, you may criticize their philosophy and methods, but never were books written whose characters were so full of red blood.

This explains the lack of form which we find in Mr. Thackeray's books—it is the difference between talent and genius. Talent may produce good work out of materials of knowledge and intellect, master of its medium it keeps itself well in hand; genius knows no calculation surrendering itself entirely to the influence of unknown powers, has as little control over its works as a prophet over his inspiration. This is why all the greatest geniuses are formless—Dickens, Balzac and Thackeray. This is why the moderns, academically correct, leave us so cold. Over-attention to form is always a sign of the second-rate in literature and art.

What does Mr. Thackeray himself say about it: he says somewhere, "I have no idea where it all comes from. I have never seen the people I describe or heard the conversation I put down; I am often astonished myself to read it when I have got it on paper. It

seems as if an occult power were moving the pen." When asked once by a young lady to allow Ethel to marry Clive Newcome, he said, "Characters once created lead me and I follow where they direct; I cannot tell the events which await on Ethel and Olive." He is such a creator, he gives independent life.

There is one thing one must not lose sight of in considering Mr. Thackeray's works—that he never wrote a novel until he was thirty-seven. It explains their melancholy. Few of us keep many illusions after thirty-five, and his thirty-five years had not been without their tragedy. It was a shock to all of us when we read a few years ago that Mrs. Thackeray was dead, but to those to whom she was so much she had been lost for over fifty years. Yet he writes years after, "Though my marriage was a wreck, I would do it over again, for behold, love is the crown and completion of all earthly good." Until he wrote *Vanity Fair* outside the actual world of letters he was almost unknown. It is astonishing that a man who had then done such admirable work should obtain so little recognition. When we think that at that time he had written the *Yellow Plush Papers*, had given to the world the satire of the *Book of Snobs*, the tenderness of the Hoggarty Diamond, the grim Catherine and the magnificent irony of Barry Lyndon, to say nothing of delightful gems of Humor in *Fraser* and *Colburn's Magazine*, one can almost understand his diffidence when he was engaged upon the strongest novel in English literature.

Talking at Brighton to Miss Smith, the daughter of *Rejected Addresses*, he said referring to *Vanity Fair* which had not then a name, "I wonder if this will take, the publishers accept it and the world read it." A name was at last found—so good a name that as he told Miss Perry when it came to him in the

night, he got up and ran three times round his bedroom. It must have been a very stupid public. *Vanity Fair* was refused by *Colburn's Magazine* and was eventually published by Bradbury and Evans in the Yellow numbers. It was rather a rickety infant. It very nearly died from lack of sustenance. There is the story told by Lady Ritchie, how, when walking from the bow-windowed house in Young Street with one of the early numbers, across Kensington Gardens to a family friend, she was stopped by her father and told that perhaps after all it was no good taking it. However, it had its appreciators. Mrs. Carlyle writes on a visit that she brought away the last four numbers and read them over in bed and found them "very good indeed." And Charlotte Brontë, from that grim Yorkshire Vicarage, detected "*an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries had yet recognized.*" It was an article by Abraham Hayward in the *Edinboro Review*—and it is said, the lighter humor of Mrs. Perkins' Ball and indeed the "*O-Mulligan*" could have saved a very different book—that first put *Vanity Fair* on its feet.

Mr. Carlyle defined genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains. This was, of course, only his fun, but the worst of a Scotchman's fun is that no one suspects it and we have been dominated by dullards ever since who realized that the world is at the mercy of any one who will get up at five o'clock in the morning. The exact reverse, of course, is true. Genius is intuitive, and a wonderful instance is seen of this in Mr. Thackeray's description of Brussels at the time of Waterloo. If we turn to the entertaining Memoirs of Mr. Creevy, it reads like a page out of *Vanity Fair*. We find it told how the English army is in retreat. On the 18th, his stepdaughter runs into his room and tells him the French are in the town; he goes out and meets an

English M.P. who says: "Everything looks as bad as possible, I shall keep the horses at the door," more lucky than Lady Bareacres in their possession, and finds a soldier friend bringing in a wounded General who says that the battle is lost and that he had better lose no time in getting away, until one can almost sympathize with Jos Sedley when he cuts off his moustaches. However, stout Creevy, like Becky Sharp, and unlike the recreant Jos, remains behind and is rewarded by his famous interview with the Duke of Wellington.

To mention Waterloo is to recall that immortal passage—after the kindly humor akin to tears of Mrs. O'Dowd polishing the Major's accoutrements—George kissing Amelia—Becky counting up Rawdon's assets, not forgetting the pistols in a rosewood case "same as I shot Captain Markham," and calculating that she can do with the pension of an officer's widow—"No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away—Darkness came down on field and city: and Amelia was praying for George who was lying on his face dead, with a bullet through his heart." There is no better example of Mr. Thackeray's exquisite style. Its dignity—its reticence—in a few words the tragedy and circumstance of war—after all these years about people who never lived difficult to read unmoved.

Objection is often taken, generally by women, to the character of Amelia. I hold that Amelia is a true representative of the real English woman. She would undoubtedly have made a good wife. It may be said the sort of good wife that makes a bad husband. She might bore him it is true, but after all, the only difference between marrying a stupid woman and a clever one is this. If you marry a stupid woman she bores you, and if you marry a clever woman you bore her, and I have never

had any doubt that Amelia made Dobbin extremely happy. Of late the modern woman has made desperate efforts to get away from Amelia—they try to be wicked and only become vulgar, they try to be intellectual and write books which make a publisher's reader blush, they try to be politicians and bite policemen, but if you scratch the most modern of women you come eventually to the Amelia type. If you don't like it your only resource is to turn to the Latin or the Celt and whether you like it or not you are wise to marry it.

Another test of genius is its antiseptic quality. The great book is as fresh to-day as when it was written. Becky's rise and fall in Mayfair might and perhaps did happen yesterday. A remarkable instance of this is found in the *Book of Snobs*, one of the few books which have affected the character of a nation. Nothing will ever prevent the English being a snobbish people. After all, it is part of our political constitution, but since that work we have had at any rate the grace to be ashamed of it. "What," says Jawkins in the No Surrender Club, "did I tell Peel last year? If you touch the corn laws you touch the sugar question—if you touch the sugar you touch the tea. I am no monopolist, I am a Liberal man, but I cannot forget that I stand on the brink of a precipice and if we are to have Free Trade give me reciprocity."

Then Captain Spitfire, R.N., who "does not care so much for home politics but is great on foreign affairs. I think this sort of man is scarcely found anywhere but in clubs. It is for him the papers provide their foreign articles at the expense of some £10,000 a year each. He is the man who really is seriously uncomfortable about the designs of Russia and the atrocious treachery of Louis Philippe and expects a foreign fleet in the Thames." With hardly an alteration it is the

home and foreign policy of a great party in the State to-day.

The mystery of Miss Shum's husband was repeated in a police court last year and one need not look beyond a recent *cause célèbre* to be reminded of the luck of Barry Lyndon. From that astounding book even the superior Mr. Whibley cannot withhold a grudging praise, but in order to labor his sentimental point he misses for once his mark. When Barry drops a tear of sympathy over the misery of his mother we are told "such a son as he showed himself would be indifferent whether his mother starved or not." The truth is your scoundrel is as often as not sentimental. His feelings are admirable, but unfortunately he does not translate them into action—that is where morally he fails—his virtues are purely abstract. Nor is he more happy in comparing Barry Lyndon adversely with Jonathan Wild, a dull mechanical work, the whole plan of which is a blunder. Fielding makes the essential mistake of not letting Wild tell his own story, and so never convinces the reader. It is inconceivable that any one except himself should be found a serious appraiser of such a villain, but that Barry should sincerely admire his own misdeeds is exactly what one would expect and gives the plausibility upon which all successful irony depends.

Pendennis, Lady Ritchie somewhere says, is the happiest of her father's books. You must go to Ottery St. Mary and Exeter to understand how the author has caught the gentle charm of Devonshire, and of all his characters none ring truer than the immortal figure of Major Pendennis; as the man of fashion, the philosopher of Pall Mall, the defeater of the rascally Morgan he is alike admirable. The literary episodes are largely drawn from the author's own experiences, in fact, Pendennis may almost be said to be his

David Copperfield. Its Green numbers were coming out in friendly rivalry. He is writing to Mr. Brookfield—"Get *David Copperfield*, by Jingo, it's beautiful, it beats the Yellow Chap of this month hollow."

Then were there ever pleasanter characters than Chevalier Strong and delightful Harry Foker? Captain Costigan, like all Thackeray's Irishmen, is a perpetual joy, and Altamont is such a cheery ruffian that one is quite glad the drain-pipe didn't break. The modern carpers can never forgive Pendenis for his behavior to Fanny Bolton. They are like the lady in the play who could not forgive her husband for deceiving her before marriage by saying he had never loved another woman and afterwards finding out it was true.

Of course, it is a dreadful shock to find a hero who is virtuous and Mr. Whibley is so properly annoyed that he falls into the very error he alleges against "the English Humorists" of judging one generation by the standard of the next. The Victorian public was a very curious one. The novel was rather regarded as a form of fairy tale for those of riper years. I believe in order to understand it thoroughly one should study with care that remarkable book by Mr. Gosse, *Father and Son*. It was expected of a novelist to improve. Anthony Trollope says it is the business of a novelist to instruct in morals and amuse, and Lady Ritchie says that her father always considered himself rather as a lay preacher. Indeed, he was severely attacked by the British Matrons of both sexes as it was.

When we read in the *Quarterly Review* about Jane Eyre that "no Christian grace is perceptible upon her," that "the book is permanently an anti-Christian composition, there is throughout it a murmuring against the comforts of the rich and the privations of the poor, which, as far as each individ-

ual is concerned is against God's appointment," and the inference that "if it was written by a woman it must have been written by one who, for some sufficient reason, has forfeited the society of her own sex," one appreciates in some small degree the difficulties which the novelists of those days had to contend with.

Mr. Thackeray, always his own severest critic, writes once that he wonders whether he will ever write the really complete good book which he ought to. That wonder should have been set at rest for ever when he produced *Esmond*, the best historical novel ever written. It gained undoubtedly in form by not being produced in numbers. His own view was it was much too grave and sad. He complains it took "As much trouble as Macaulay's history and he has the vast advantage of remembering everything he reads, while everything but impressions slip out of my head." But if it was hard writing, it certainly made easy reading, and when he created Beatrix even Mr. Street must admit Thackeray thought imperially of women.

The Newcomes was described by the *Quarterly Review* as his masterpiece. It is the test book of Thackeray's works. Everyone should read it first—if you don't like it, salvation is not for you. In none of his books do we find more delightful people—Clive himself, the genial Fred Bayham, James Binnie and the Painters. Of all his heroines Ethel Newcome is the most charming, and no author ever drew a truer lady than Lady Anne Newcome.

The odious Barnes is found in every club. Colonel Newcome is often voted too unworldly, but if you read Lord Roberts' Indian reminiscences, you realize what a very accurate picture he is of an Indian colonel before the Mutiny.

It was after *The Newcomes* that Mr. Thackeray was invited to start the

Cornhill Magazine, at what he called a princely stipend, by Mr. George Smith, the famous publisher. *Philip* was not ready, but Mr. Trollope got up at five with his rail-rug round his knees and turned out *Framley Parsonage*. Of the *Cornhill Magazine* it may be confidently said that no magazine has ever attained such a continuous success, which in no small measure is due to the admirable lines on which it was started by its first editor. *Philip* is the book which I should recommend last to those who are anxious to study the genius of Mr. Thackeray. To me a delightful book from cover to cover, I can see that to some it might seem lacking in movement. It has, at any rate, one indisputable claim to our gratitude—that it discovered Mr. Fred Walker, who drew some of his most charming sketches in its illustration.

The Virginians is said by those out of sympathy with our author to be too long, and the return of George in the second volume to be rather a repetition of the first, but nothing was ever more entertaining than the reception of Harry Warrington at Castlewood, or more interesting than the sketch of the Braddock Expedition in Virginia, which recalls many an incident in a recent unhappy war.

The genius of Mr. Thackeray was many-sided; his drawings would have made a substantial reputation and his verses were better than many people's poetry, but of all its phases the most gracious was his genius for friendship. No man ever had better friends, no man ever appreciated his friends more—Tennyson, Carlyle, Edmund Fitzgerald, The Bullers. The Misses Berry, socially omniscient, thought no party a real success without him, the Brookfields, his friendship with whom stands on record in the most delightful letters in English, Macaulay (do not we all remember when he was asked with the great man in Paris to meet an Amer-

ican lady who, with the curiosity of her sex and nation was dying to meet them both, how Thackeray proposed to change places with Macaulay, each to personate the other, to find, unfortunately, that the historian did not approve of practical jokes?). They all loved him and he loved them, even grim Carlyle could find nothing worse to say of him than that he was a half-monstrous Cornish giant, but that was after he had reviewed the French Revolution, and Carlyle wrote of him after his death to Emerson, "A big fellow soul and body, a big weeping hungry man; not a strong one; he had many fine qualities, no guile or malice against any one, a big mass of a soul, but not strong in proportion, a beautiful vein of genius lay struggling about him." His generosity was astounding. Never too well stocked, his purse was open to all. He lent Magin. "Father Prout," £500 at a time when he could very ill-afford it. Trollope describes how he met Thackeray at a time when a friend of his was in great stress for the want of £2000 and told Thackeray. "Do you mean to say I am to find £2000," said Thackeray angrily, and then as Trollope says, as if half-ashamed of his meanness said, "I will go halves if any one will do the rest," which indeed, he did. We all know the story of his filling up the pill box with sovereigns for an old family friend "to be taken when wanted." What a wealth of kindness too in his description of Gore House after the downfall of Lady Blessington. "I have just come away from a dismal sight—Gore House full of snobs looking at the furniture. Foul Jews, odious, bombazine women, driving up in mysterious flys which they had hired, the wretches, so that they could come in state to a fashionable lounge, brutes keeping their hats on in the beautiful old drawing-room—I longed to knock them off and say, 'Sir, be civil in a

lady's room.' " We recollect how the butler wrote to Lady Blessington and said that he noticed Mr. Thackeray at the sale with tears in his eyes and that he seemed the only one really affected by her departure.

In the last few years of Mr. Thackeray's life he seemed at last to have come into his own. Fame and fortune were his and his genius remained unabated. Almost a fresh spirit is noticed in the fragment of Denis Duval. The genial wisdom of the *Roundabout Papers* makes them the most charming essays in English literature; and we know he was looking forward in the well-earned leisure to devote himself to what would have been a work of love, the history of Queen Anne—and then the great master of

The National Review.

irony was sacrificed by ironic fate and on Christmas Eve, 1863, England was the poorer by his loss.

Mr. Thackeray had no fear of death. He had faced it before as he faced everything—sorrow, joy, failure, success—like a brave gentleman. He writes to Mrs. Proctor—"Those we love can but walk down the pier with us—the voyage we must make alone. Except for the young or very happy I cannot say I am sorry for any one who dies."

The well-known lines:

Then steal away give little warning,
Say not good night but in some
brighter clime

Bid me good morning,

might almost have been written by the genius of Mr. Thackeray.

H. C. Brown.

THE WILD HEART.

BY M. E. FRANÇOIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

CHAPTER XIX.

Sam Strange was enjoying an hour of leisure at "The Cup o' Genuine," having finished his mid-day meal. He was smoking a pipe in a corner of the cart-shed, with a luxurious sense of the parental disapproval which would have followed that form of recreation had he found himself at home, when a woman's light footstep crossed the yard, and the widow West stood before him, clad in a crackling buff print, while her hair, loosely fastened, stood out like a fiery nimbus round her flushed face.

"Can you step up the lane with me?" she asked in a muffled voice. "I've a word or two to say to you."

"Well, I don't suppose anybody 'ull be like to call jist for a bit," rejoined he; "I could soon run back if I did hear any one about."

Turning on her heel, Martha led the way out of the yard, followed by Sam,

who was careful to keep in the shadow of the wall, and dodge the windows whence the landlady might be likely to look forth. He could hardly keep pace with the woman, who walked so swiftly that by the time they had reached a sufficiently retired angle of the shady lane towards which she bent her steps the masses of her recently washed hair, which had been but hastily and insecurely pinned in place, had uncoiled themselves and fell about her shoulders.

Sam uttered a cry of admiration which was as incense to her sore spirit.

"I never saw anything so beautiful in my life! I never thought a woman could have such a lot of hair. And the color of it!"

Martha's face twitched. As she gathered together the thick locks, coiling them into a rope which filled her grasp, she fixed her eyes on the lad

with a curious expression which was half triumph and half—it would have taken a more acute observer than Sam to divine the meaning of that look, but it had in it something of the glare of the wild beast about to spring.

"And what about your sister's hair?" she asked slowly. "There's men that think hers the most beautiful they've ever seen."

"Tamsine!" ejaculated Sam, with brotherly contempt. "There isn't any men that notices Tamsine, though she is a good-lookin' maid in her way—in a ordinary style," he added judicially. "She don't seem to have anything to say to a man. I d' 'low 'tis that what puts 'em off."

"Ha," said Martha, with a short laugh, "she can find plenty to say to the man that takes her fancy. When she finds herself alone with a man, late in the evening or early in the morning, and there are no folks about, ~~then~~ she can manage to talk to him."

"What do you mean?" ejaculated Sam.

"Well, you were surprised at me coming back so early this morning, and seeming so much upset, weren't you?" returned she. "Do you know why? Because it gave me quite a turn to find your sister was so badly behaved. Yes, I may as well say so straight out—I couldn't bring myself to tell you this morning with my aunt standing by, but I've been thinking things over, and I've made up my mind as you ought to know. Your sister went out of the house at daybreak this morning to meet Davidge, the sailor man. Yes, she let that common fellow, who's no better nor a tramp, kiss her, and put flowers in her hair."

"Mrs. West!" gasped Sam, flushing angrily, "there must be some mistake—it couldn't ha' been my sister!"

"It was, though. I thought it my duty to follow her, and I saw the pair of them sitting side by side and carry-

ing on like sweethearts. And 'tis not the first time neither, mind you. She's been meeting him regularly."

"Well, I'll jist give it to Tamsine," cried Sam wrathfully. "I should think she'd be ashamed to show her face after you catching her."

"She doesn't know yet," returned Martha. "I hid myself because I wanted to make sure. As you may think, I couldn't bide in the house where there were such goings-on, so I came straight away home from the downs. She doesn't know I've found her out unless Davidge has told her. I taxed him with it at dinner-time, and he told me plain that he and Tamsine Strange were in love with each other, and that he was going to marry her."

"My sister throw herself away on a good-for-nothing chap like that!" exclaimed the young man. "I'll not hear o' sich a thing. I'll step up to the farm, and have it out with her at once."

"Take my advice and go straight home and fetch your father and your mother," cried Martha vehemently; "she'd never listen to you. Get the folks down yonder to give ye a day off—you have a bike, haven't you? Well, make off home as fast as you can and talk to your parents about it. 'Tis time the thing should be put a stop to, I can tell you."

"I will, I will," cried Sam. "Oh, Mrs. West, I do feel upset at your bein' obliged to have sich a poor opinion o' my sister; I do assure you it do come quite as a surprise to me. Our Tamsine have always held her head so high—or seemed to, the artful hussy! Father and mother, there, they'll not believe their ears when I do tell 'em. Our family have always kept themselves so respectable, an' though we mid have come down in the world along o' Strange's bein' left away fro' grandfather, we've none of us ever

forgot we do come fro' a good stock, and was never ashamed o' showin' our faces."

"I dare say—I dare say," responded Martha impatiently. "I tell you what—couldn't you borrow a trap and fetch your father or your mother straight back with you? Ha, ha! Miss Tamsine 'ull be a bit astonished when you come driving up to put a spoke in her wheel! She'll not look for that to happen so quick."

"How clever you be! You do think of every thing! Yes, that's the very thing I'll do. Mrs. West, I declare you be the good angel o' my family. If I was to have you always by my side I d' 'low you'd be the makin' o' me."

Martha's thoughts were busy in picturing the scene which would follow the successful carrying out of her plan, and she scarcely heeded what the lad was saying, but forced herself to smile upon him nevertheless.

"And you will be by my side for good one of these days, won't you?" pursued the youth, wagging his head with a fatuous expression. "There, I d' 'low I can give my mother one bit o' good news even if I have to tell her what she won't like to hear about Tamsine. You wouldn't have no objections to my telling mother as you an' me be walking out?" he insisted anxiously.

Martha gazed at him with faintly scornful amusement. The flush had faded from his well-featured face, which had indeed become pale beneath his sunburn; the dark eyes, so like his mother's, were alight with eagerness. 'Twas a goodly youth enough, well-grown and sturdy for his years, even though these might fall short by half-a-dozen of her own. The disparity between them was not sufficient to arouse the mockery of the neighbors; his admiration was soothing at the present juncture of affairs, and he might, moreover, make himself useful in a variety of ways. Let him buoy himself

up with what hopes he liked—this was not the moment to say him nay!

She smiled upon him again and dropped her dark lashes momentarily over her glowing eyes.

Meanwhile, David had gone straight back to the farm, taking advantage of the absence of the shepherd and Jimmy Pike to say a word to Tamsine. After what had passed between him and Martha, he felt he could not rest a moment until their position was made clear to the whole world.

Tamsine was just in the act of carrying away the dinner things when David appeared in the doorway.

"Can I speak to you a moment, Miss Strange?"

Her heart leaped; something in the expression of the dark face, in the tense attitude of the figure standing out so vividly against its sunlit background, startled her. She set down her tray hurriedly.

"You can take away, Mrs. Cornick," she said, "while I speak to Davidge; you can be getting on with the washing up, too."

While her factotum was still staring at her, she went out, shutting the door after her.

Having followed David to the cartshed, where their conferences frequently took place, owing to the impossibility of their proceedings being watched from the house, she asked breathlessly:—

"What's the matter?"

"Mrs. West followed you this morn'ng," said he, coming to the point at once. "She did track us to the chalk-pit and was a-lookin' down on us the whole time we were there."

"Oh, David—did she hear what we said?"

"Only a word here and there," rejoined he; "nothing what could make her guess who I be."

He paused; despite the vehement wrath and disgust with which he now

regarded Martha, he could not bring himself to betray her by so much as a word. His own face still burnt at the memory of her self-abasement.

"Oh, David, how horrid of her to come spyin' after us! I don't wonder she didn't have the face to come back here. But I suppose she'll go tattlin' about it to everybody now."

"I do 'low she will—talk," agreed he. "She's the sort what's fond of mischief. Tamsine, 'tis best to own up to every one now. Let you an' me be the first to talk about it. Just you say straight out to Mrs. Cornick, when you go back to the house now, as I've axed ye, an' I'll do the same to the shepherd when he do come from his dinner."

"Before I do tell my father and mother?" faltered Tamsine, turning pale. "I think I did ought to ask their consent first."

David's white teeth flashed out in a sudden smile.

"I d' 'low 'tis a bit late in the day to talk about axin' consent," he said. "If they was to say No, what would ye do, maidle?"

"Oh, David, what could I do?—why do you say such things?"

"There, I didn't mean to tease ye—don't cry, Tamsine, love. But ye see 'tis best for you an' me to take the wind out o' widow West's sails by bein' the first to tell the secret. Here's shepherd comin' now—come out bold an' let's face him."

They walked out together, Tamsine's courage failing her as they approached the shepherd, past whom she darted with a crimsoning face while David paused, calmly awaiting his advent.

"Well, Red Beard," he remarked, when Cornick came up, "I've a bit o' noos for ye—Black Beard's won!"

"Lard, that's no noos," rejoined the shepherd with apparent calm. "I did never ha' no chance fro' the beginnin'."

He turned, looking after the vanishing figure of Tamsine; when the door closed behind her he wheeled back again, his face gradually becoming of a deeper and deeper red, as a full sense of his injuries penetrated to his inner consciousness.

"Well, there's one thing I will say," he cried, gradually uplifting his voice to a bellow. "I don't believe you've a-played the game fair. You've a-stole marches on me—over an' over again, you have. Ye've a-been playin' your tricks an' your games when I wasn't lookin'. You couldn't so much as feed the harse wi'out 'tictin' her out to stable. There, every time I did turn my back I did use to think to myself, 'Now he'll be a-takin' advantage of I.'"

"Now look-see, mate," rejoined David seriously. "I mld ha' done all they things, an' why not? All's fair in love and war. But I tell ye this—'twas meant as her an' me should come together—'twas to be. We knowed we was made for each other the very first day we did meet.—Well, I'm goin' indoor'."

He went into the house, leaving the shepherd staring.

David found the women still engaged in clearing the table, for, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Cornick had not greatly exerted herself during Tamsine's absence, having been impelled to migrate upstairs and install herself at a bedroom window in the hope of being able to see or hear something of what was going forward, for David's unusually agitated manner had aroused her curiosity. Tamsine had called her down somewhat sharply and taken her to task for not obeying her behests; and the matron was in the act of slowly removing the loaf and cheese when the young man entered.

"Here," he cried gaily, "let me have a mouthful or two before you do carry everything off. I haven't had any dinner," he explained to Tamsine, adding

quickly—"I haven't had no appetite—till now."

"Well," remarked Mrs. Cornick reluctantly depositing bread-board and butter-dish, "that's a liberty what my son had never a-thought o' takin', though he mid' ha' worked years an' years on this place. I declare—to walk in an' set down an' give your orders same as if 'twas a public bar!"

She slapped down a knife upon the table, and was turning away indignantly, when David stayed her progress with a laugh.

"I d' 'low Mrs. Cornick don't know how things do stand between us," he said to Tamsine; then addressing himself to the other, "Miss Strange and me are goin' to get married."

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Cornick, indignation and surprise choking further utterance.

After an interval of silence during which she stared from one to the other with goggling eyes, she flung her apron over her head, and bursting into noisy sobbing, fled from the room.

Tamsine impatiently shut the door communicating with the back kitchen and returned to the table, frowning a little.

"I wish ye hadn't a-told her yet," she exclaimed almost petulantly; "she'd ha' heard it soon enough from shepherd."

"'Tis best for folks to know about it straight fro' ourselves," returned he; "but I tell 'ee what, Tamsine, since you're anxious about your father an' mother gettin' the news soon, why shouldn't we drive over an' tell 'em this afternoon? 'Tis a lovely day, an' I'll soon pop down to Chudbury an' change my clothes an' then come back an' hitch the horse. You an' me 'ud just about enjoy the drive together—us two."

Tamsine was a little taken aback at

the suddenness of the proposal, but presently agreed, and David, abandoning his scarcely tasted meal, sprang eagerly up and went out of the house whistling blithely.

CHAPTER XX.

Martha was in the room which she shared with her aunt, having, somewhat late in the day, bethought her of her relative's needs, when David's well-known footfall drew her to the window.

Peering cautiously forth from behind the checked curtain, she took note of the elation in his face, of a certain quality of alert eagerness in his aspect which was new. She observed furthermore that he entered the house without glancing either to right or to left, but from the brightness of his look she divined that this was not because of his determination to avoid herself, but because of his absorption in his own happy thoughts.

Now the light, bounding step sounded on the narrow stairs, and now she could hear him moving hastily about in the adjoining room.

Presently he emerged again, running quickly down the stairs and out of the house.

"Is that Davidge?" inquired Miss Strickland, who, on finding her niece's back turned, had made haste to dispose of some portion of the meal which she had previously declared herself too ill to touch. "What brings him here at this hour?"

"He's come back to change his clothes," answered Martha, after a moment's pause, and without turning round. "Very smart he's made himself—he's coming back," she added in an altered voice.

David had, indeed, retraced his steps, and was approaching the house with a face that was momentarily clouded. He entered the kitchen, appeared to pause there a moment, and

presently went out again, ~~making~~ into a run as the little gate swung to ~~behind him~~.

"Come back to fetch something, I d' low," said Aunt Jane. "What be standin' gawkin' out for so long, Martha?"

"I suppose I may look out of the window now an' then without being abused for it," retorted Martha, whisking round; then, after pausing to glare at the startled elder woman, she went out of the room.

Downstairs in the kitchen was a pencilled note addressed to her aunt; Martha seized it, and without waiting to deliver it to its proper owner tore it open.

After a brief interval she appeared in the doorway of her aunt's room.

"Davidge isn't coming back," she announced in an unemotional tone.

The elder woman began to cry. "Not comin' back! Dear, to be sure, us do never have a chance, Martha. No sooner do us begin to think we mld hold up our heads an' count on earnin' enough to keep body an' soul together nor somethin' happens to pervent it. An' so sudden-like! But I knowed that chap never meant to bide—from the first I knowed it. What excuse does he make for hisself?"

"He doesn't make any excuse—he just says he's going away and he'll send for his things this evening."

"Well, we'm bound to be unlucky, seemingly," groaned Miss Strickland. "Tis to be 'oped he'll pay us what he do owe us."

"Oh, he'll pay right enough," rejoined Martha, suddenly rousing herself. "He *has* paid, in fact—there's some money in the envelope."

She tossed a folded packet on the bed, and the old woman, still lamenting, began to count the coins it contained.

"Ees, he has paid up—and a bit over," she remarked. "Tryin' to make

amends for the trouble he's given us, I suppose."

"For goodness' sake let's throw him back the bit over," cried Martha; "throw it in his face! I don't know how he dares offer us such an insult. I'll pack his things myself and set 'em down by the gate so that he mld never cross our threshold again."

Miss Strickland had thrown herself back on her pillow, sobbing feebly, but still tightly clutching the money; she had no intention of parting with it, no matter how badly David might have behaved; in fact, she thought Martha's suggestion entirely senseless. If the man had acted ill by them the more reason to make him pay for it, argued she.

Her niece was, however, so much taken up with her own sudden resolve that she could not delay to discuss the matter, but immediately hurried into the adjoining room.

The every-day clothes from which David had just divested himself had been tossed upon the bed, but otherwise the little room was in tolerable order.

In one corner stood the lodger's seaman's chest, with the key still sticking in the lock; David, in his haste to be gone had omitted to secure it. Martha, dragging it forward, now flung back the lid, and then, acting on an unaccountable impulse, began to examine its contents.

These proved of small interest for the most part; wearing apparel, shells and curios from the foreign countries he had visited, and a few books. One of these she took up: it was a small pocket Bible in good condition and handsomely bound.

On opening it she found to her surprise that the fly-leaf had been torn out. Something familiar about the aspect of the book struck her, she had surely seen one like it before; she turned it over and over, fluttering the

pages through her fingers and endeavoring to remember. Where had she seen a book like that?

Carrying it to the window, she observed that the inner side of the cover was blistered and the lining paper almost entirely removed, though in the lower portion a strip of it remained, surmounted, moreover, by a fragment of a label.

It was not by accident that the book had been thus disfigured; both papers had been evidently purposely removed. Indeed, it was apparent that a sponge had been used to detach the inner covering.

"There's been a name there—and he's torn it out," reflected Martha. "Perhaps it isn't his book, but one that he stole—perhaps he's a thief."

Before her mental vision arose a vision of David's clear eyes and fearless expression—a thief! No!

"But there's something about him he wants to hide," she ruminated. "He's always kept his box locked—he never says anything about himself or his past life; and then this book—he's spoilt it like this for something. Oh, if I could find out—if I could catch him—if I could pay him out for all he's made me go through!"

A sudden gust of fury shook her from head to foot; but presently, controlling herself, she laid the things back in the box, restored it to its original place and went out of the room.

"I've changed my mind," she cried, thrusting in her head at Miss Strickland's door; "I'm not going to put myself out packing for Davidge. Let him come back and do it for himself."

She vouchsafed no explanation of this sudden alteration in her plans; and, moreover, it was noticeable that neither to shepherd Cornick nor to Sam Strange did she divulge where the stolen interview between the lovers had taken place. This secretiveness was of a part with her feline

nature; in obedience to certain mad impulses she was ready to spring and tear, but these once mastered, she was content to play a waiting game.

David, driving through the green land with Tamsine by his side, had no idea that Martha had laid hold of the first link of a chain of evidence that might lead to his destruction. He had, indeed, banished the thought of her from his mind as something unpleasant—he was free of her; even the charitable motives which had urged him to loiter beneath Miss Strickland's roof were powerless to influence him after the scene of that day. He would find a lodging elsewhere in the village until he and Tamsine were married, which must be as soon as possible.

He was impatiently and ardently urging this now, as they descended the narrow track which led from the downs to the high road, and Tamsine listened with downcast eyes and a beating heart.

"We must see what father and mother have to say," she observed hesitatingly.

"Why, what can they have again it?" rejoined he. "Once they've seen me and heard what I've got to say and agreed to let us get married, I don't see why we shouldn't have banns put up at once. Have *you* anything to say again it?" he asked quickly, flashing one of his hawk-like glances at her.

"N-no," faltered Tamsine. "I only thought—I only fancied—I d' 'low it 'ud be nice to go on bein' sweethearts for a bit now we're free to walk out openly. I d' 'low it 'ud be nice to walk out together now we needn't be ashamed to show ourselves."

"I'll walk out w' ye when we are man an' wife," said David, softening and smiling. "I'll court ye all the days that we be wed, Tamsine, I'll be your lover, never fear, so long as I'm your husband, so long as I do live."

Then what could Tamsine do but

smile and acquiesce, though she would fain have kept her maidenhood a little longer. It was all so sudden, so strange! A month ago the personality of David Chant loomed but dimly above her mental horizon—and in less than a month hence he was to be her husband!

Mrs. Strange was doing her ironing, Wednesday being a day consecrated to that usage in most village households. It was holiday-time, a period at which her maternal heart was usually much exercised with the doings of her active little tribe, but to-day, for once, she was without anxiety. The elder lads had all gone to witness a cricket-match, and Edwin, the youngest, was rendered for the time being incapable of getting into mischief, his sturdy, sunburnt legs being tied together by a red and yellow handkerchief of his father's, which innocuous fetter was of sufficient length to enable him to walk and tumble about, but prevented his climbing the gate or over the low door leading to the wood-shed, where such forbidden and dangerous delights as the axe and billhook might have proved tempting if within reach.

As the gig halted outside the garden-gate, Mrs. Strange's voice sounded from within doors.

"Put the loaf down on doorstep, baker, please. I can't come out for a minute."

"Tisn't baker, mother," rejoined the girl. "It's me, Tamsine, and I've brought somebody to see you."

A momentary pause ensued, during which, as Tamsine divined, her mother hastily divested herself of her coarse apron and pulled down her sleeves. Edwin came shuffling round the corner of the house, backing away again at sight of the stranger.

"Tis a man wi' a beard," he announced, as he turned and laboriously climbed the doorstep.

"There, an' you such a sight wi' that dirty face!" exclaimed Mrs. Strange in an agonized whisper.

She picked up the child and hastily polished his face as she carried him down the path; her own fresh face was red with excitement. She was wondering inwardly why Tamsine did not come in to tell her "private-like" about this unexpected visitor before she found herself face to face with him.

But Tamsine was still sitting in the trap, for she found this explanation difficult to give, and relied on David's quick wits to tide over the awkwardness of the situation.

She looked quite beautiful as she sat there looking down at her mother silently for a moment, her face all blushes and shy smiles, her eyes shining.

"This is Mr. Davidge, mother," she said at last. "I've brought him to see you. I do want you to know him—for him an' me—have—have——"

She broke off, and David, fixing the astonished Mrs. Strange with his bright eyes, and smiling in the way which all women found irresistible, said gaily:—

"Well, we've pretty well settled things, Mrs. Strange, but, of course, we are anxious for your approval."

"Well, Tamsine, this is a surprise," said the mother, a good deal taken aback, but nevertheless excited and not ill-pleased. David was a personable young man, well dressed and apparently well-to-do; his very assurance seemed to guarantee that fact. And then Tamsine was such a steady maid and so sensible; if she had indeed chosen, then surely she had chosen wisely.

She looked very hard at Mr. Davidge, and Mr. Davidge smiled back at her confidently; then she looked at Tamsine, taking note once more of the new

beauty in her face, the almost tremulous happiness, and then she said brokenly.—

The Times.

"Well, I'm sure I give 'ee joy, my dear. Ye must come in and tell me all about it."

(To be continued.)

YORKSHIRE SCHOOLS.

I believe there is no authentic record of the date when Yorkshire schools first came into existence. The earliest advertisement known, emanating from one of these establishments, appeared in the *London Advertiser* in September, 1749. But whatever the date, it was soon discovered by the unscrupulous to be a paying business, with the result that by the end of the eighteenth century there were quite a large number of pedagogues all advertising in similar terms, and laying great emphasis on the low fees, great advantages, and no vacations. It may seem strange to the uninitiated that an out-of-the-way place like Bowes and district should be the principal locality for the carrying on of this nefarious trade, but, in reality, it was an ideal one. Situated nearly 300 miles from London, it was at that time a two days' journey by coach, making it practically impossible for any child who was unfortunate enough to be sent to one of these shameful institutions ever to reach home again of its own accord.

So they flourished, and by the second decade of the nineteenth century about twenty schools were doing a thriving business in and around Bowes. There was no risk from the law, all money was paid in advance, and everything was in their proprietors' favor. The mode of procedure was simple: the majority of the schoolmasters advertised in the London papers, then journeyed there at intervals, and took back any scholar secured. Shaw, the generally accepted prototype of Squeers, went twice yearly, in January and in July, staying three weeks each time. He

put up at the George and Blue Boar, High Holburn, as his business card, which still exists, notifies. An examination of the London papers of that period discloses the fact that the greater number of these "gentlemen" when in town took up their quarters in the neighborhood of Snow Hill.

In *Nicholas Nickleby* Dickens makes mention of two Inns only in the North, the George, Greta Bridge, and the King's Head, Barnard Castle. Yet the end of his journey was Bowes, and the ancient Unicorn Inn, standing midway in the village, was his headquarters during his stay.

All the information at my disposal favors the supposition that Shaw's school was the principal object of his visit. Shaw had been disastrously involved in a lawsuit some time before, which was reported in the principal newspapers, and which Dickens doubtless read. His school was the largest and most widely known, and Dickens, while being quite silent about any other school, or proprietor, in his private diary, now preserved in the South Kensington Museum, says of Shaw:—

Shaw, the schoolmaster we saw to-day (February 2nd, 1838), is the man in whose school several boys went blind some time since, from gross neglect. The case was tried and the verdict went against him. It must have been between 1823 and '26. Look this out in the newspapers.

This entry and the other things considered together seem to indicate, I think, that if Dickens had one person in his mind more than another when delineating the character of Squeers,

that person was Shaw. The Unicorn (originally named the George) was in close proximity to Bowes Academy, and was at that time the most important Inn between York and Carlisle. Nearly a dozen coaches changed horses in its yard every day, and it is interesting from the fact that it is one of the largest of the ancient roadside hostelries still extant which was built owing to the necessities of the mode of travel in the good old coaching days.

It was here Dickens interviewed John Browdie, who in real life was said to have been Thomas Todd, a native of the village, and the big, bluff, hearty chap depicted in the novel. His obituary, which appeared in the *Teesdale Mercury* on July 1st, 1885, ran as follows:—

The death is announced of Mr. Thomas Todd, of Frosterley, at the ripe age of 86. The deceased was by popular acceptance the John Browdie of Dickens's *Nicholas Nickleby*. Mr. Todd was a man of the strictest integrity, was held in high esteem by numerous friends, and his death is sincerely regretted.

With regard to other principal characters in the novel, "Nicholas Nickleby" was generally recognized in John Mackay, a tutor at Shaw's, and whom Dickens is said to have made much use of. This gentleman died during the dreadful visitation of cholera in 1849, when scarcely a village in England escaped. "Mrs. Nickleby" had some resemblance, it is said, to Dickens's mother, "Kate Nickleby" to his sister Fanny, while it is well known that the "Cheeryble Brothers" were the brothers Grant, of Manchester, and "Smike," the most pathetic character of all, was Smith, whom I personally recollect.

Of the many boys who died at Bowes while at school, and were buried there, I have been able to trace only one who had a stone erected to

his memory. It bears the following inscription:—

Here lie
the remains of
GEORGE ASHTON TAYLOR,
Son of John Taylor,
Of Trowbridge, Wiltshire,
Who died suddenly at Mr. William
Shaw's Academy,
Of this place, April 13th, 1822,
Aged 19 Years.
Young reader, thou must die, but after
this the Judgment.

Near by are the graves of two of Shaw's children, their epitaphs reading as follows:—

In Memory of
JANE SHAW,
The Daughter of William and Bridget
Shaw,
Departed this life May 23th, 1820,
Aged 4 Years.
Also **ELIZA SHAW,**
Died February 28th, 1828.
Aged 11 Years.

Sweet Innocence lies Buried here,
A Father's Hope, a Mother's Care,
But hark! the Whispering Angels say,
She lives in Everlasting Day.

Black as Shaw's school was painted, however, there were others that were at least as bad. Clarkson's (Bowes Hall) was a rough shop, so was Chapman's (Cotherstone), Horn's (Stratforth Hall) and Adamthwaite's (Bowes). Bowman's (Gainford) bore a good name, as also did Simpson's (Earby Hall). At the latter school there was a large orchard, which the boys used to rob at their pleasure. This school and Bowman's were the only two that survived *Nicholas Nickleby*, Bowman's being still in existence. But the school that bore the worst name for neglect, prior to Shaw's was Simpson's (Wodencroft Lodge), Cotherstone, about three miles and a half north of Bowes.

Wodencroft is a good-sized farm, and the boys were compelled to do the farm work. They also went about the year round without boots or stock-

ings. As Simpson died in 1828, it is clear Dickens could not have had anything to do with him.

Contemporary with, and of almost as great notoriety as Shaw, was Clarkson, The Grange, now named Bowes Hall. This school stands at the extreme east end of the village, and is a large, gloomy building of the 17th century. Clarkson, finding his occupation in danger owing to the publication of the novel, threatened Dickens with a lawsuit. When the school eventually closed he removed to Yarm,

The Dickensian.

where his death was hastened by intemperance.

It is said that Mrs. Shaw died of a broken heart shortly after the publication of the last monthly part of *Nicholas Nickleby*. Shaw became a helpless paralytic, but lingered until 1850.

On the north side of the quaint old churchyard they sleep together, recking not how the world wags or what busybodies are saying of them, reminding one of that favorite expression of Mrs. Squeers, "'Twill be all as one a hundred years hence."

E. Hardy.

A HOLIDAY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR H. MORTIMER DURAND,

G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

XV.

SALISBURY.

Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia, is a pretty little town, containing some fifteen hundred white people, many good houses of brick—not corrugated iron—and some excellent if rather expensive shops. In those shops you can buy anything you please, from the last English novel, or a packet of blades for an American safety razor, to a ready-made iron farmhouse.

Salisbury also contains a hotel, more than one I think, but certainly one, a comfortable and unpretentious building embowered in Bougainvillea and passion-flower.

On the door of each bedroom is nailed a printed paper, which the occupant is "invited to scan." It reads in parts as if it came from across the Atlantic, from the West of fifty years ago, but I suppose the air of Rhodesia produces that form of humor. The following extracts will give some idea of the attractions of the hotel:—

Special accommodation is provided for pets such as elephants, hippos,

crocs., or lions; but dogs, including those of high birth and doubtful parentage, must be kept in the bedrooms, which for this purpose are furnished with a special line in white counterpanes. . . .

As the ladies of this country are specially trained to enjoy bad language, ribald songs, step dances, and shouting at all times, male visitors arriving home between midnight and the milk are requested to make as much noise and curse as flowery as they possibly can. . . .

Valuables should on no account be locked up, but should be thrown anywhere, or, for preference, placed outside the door with the boots. Locks are fixed on the doors solely for ornamental purposes. Should anything be missing, in spite of this, visitors are asked to remember that the Proprietor must get a living somehow.

I am bound to say that the proprietor maligned himself and his hotel, which, under the management of a kindly and capable Irish housekeeper, proved most comfortable. It is true that the first night I was there some of the guests dressed for dinner by taking off their coats; and later, a gen-

tleman whom I did not know, on a holiday from some neighboring gold mine, beating in short tacks up the veranda, fell over my chair, and then, after some vivid language about me, which seemed to me undeserved, insisted, with his arm over my shoulders, upon my joining him in "something short." Finally, when I had escaped to my room, he whistled and sang in the courtyard below, chiefly hymn tunes, until someone else opened a door and threw a boot at him. But the meals in the little dining-room, lined with zebra heads and the horns of antelopes, were excellent; and the Mashona warrior who did my chambermaid's work was most friendly and attentive. Altogether, it was not much less comfortable, and it was certainly more picturesque, than a London hotel.

If one tears oneself away from it, and goes out to dine at one of the hospitable homes of the English residents, the conveyance is a jinriksha, drawn by two men, one behind and one in the shafts. They are not decorated, like the prancing riksha men in Durban or Maritzburg, with horns and paint and feathers, which is a pity, for an African tribesman in an old pot-hat and cast-off European clothing does not look his best.

Salisbury has a comfortable club, where I read in "Punch" a notice of my last book. It also has a pack of hounds, and a polo-ground, and many other pleasant things; and as the climate was perfect it seemed to me a very delightful residence. But I noticed that punkahs were hanging in the dining-room; and was told that before the summer rains began the heat was considerable, the thermometer sometimes reaching 100° Fahrenheit. The heat, however, does not last long, and no one seemed a penny the worse for it. The complexion of the ladies was as fresh as in England.

Salisbury is the headquarters of one of the military police forces which are so marked a feature of South Africa and Rhodesia. I had the pleasure of going over the lines, and was much struck by all I saw. The commandant of the corps had seen service, and he and his officers bore on the breasts of their blue uniforms decorations for various wars. In the neat little mess they showed me the colors of the regiment,—the only colors, I was told, granted to a police corps. The men's lines were on the pattern of the regular army, long corrugated iron rooms, very clean and well kept. The corps consisted, I think, of 450 white men and over 500 blacks. It was broken up into many detachments, for it had to keep order in a country about as big as the United Kingdom, so that there was rarely a large number of men at headquarters; but the men who were there seemed very good. There were old soldiers among them, with the unmistakable stamp of their calling. The corps is mostly recruited in England, and the men are said to learn their business quickly. The high pay given, five shillings a-day, secures men of a good class and fine physique. A lately joined recruit to whom I spoke told me he came from London. He would have made a typical Guardsman, for he was a strong fresh-colored boy, nearly six feet high; but he had chosen a life of African service and adventure in preference to the red coat and bearskin. It does one good to come to South Africa and to see how many men of the same type are still to be got.

The country about Salisbury is more open than that about Buluwayo, and is extremely pretty,—a mixture of rolling grassland and wooded hills. There is much land available for farming on very low terms, and there seems to be a likelihood of considerable immigration from the southward. Certainly

at first sight one can hardly imagine any prospect more attractive, to a young man whose tastes lie in the direction of farming, than a stretch of this beautiful country.

I shall not quickly forget a day spent on one of the Salisbury farms. There had been rain not long before, and the air was delicious. As I drove in a mule-cart mile after mile over the soft track, the blue sky mottled with light white clouds sailing before a gentle breeze, and the grass to right and left full of wild-flowers, I found myself quoting old George Herbert—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.

I was almost sorry to find myself at the end of my journey.

I was received with a hearty welcome by the owner of the farm, an English gentleman and public school boy, who told me he had never regretted his choice of life. He had suffered severe trouble in former days from cattle disease, but the remedy for that had been found, and he had no fears for the future. Certainly the cattle I saw looked as well as cattle could look: reddish native beasts some of them, others showing signs of Ayrshire blood, but all sleek and bright and healthy. The sheep also looked in excellent condition. These were of the so-called Persian breed, fat-tailed, with black heads.

The mealie crop and potatoes in the rather red-soiled valley, where the rain used to wash down the leaves from the little wood above, seemed flourishing, and the tobacco was doing well.

As we sat in the veranda of the house, as good a home as any reasonable man could desire, and smoked a cigarette "grown on the farm," my host, still a young man, told me that when he first came he had been somewhat tormented by lions and leopards,

which steadily raided his live stock. Herds of the great sable antelope, the most beautiful of all the African antelopes, could be seen from the farm almost any day.

The antelopes are gone farther away now, and the lions; but the leopards still carry off a sheep or a goat at times. I asked him how such quantities of game as he described had been destroyed in a few years, and he gave me an instance. Two families of Dutch farmers had come up with their wagons prospecting for farm land; every facility had been given them; and they had remained for several weeks or months wandering over a considerable tract of country. When they left, for they did not remain, it was found that they had spent their time shooting down every living thing they saw, and selling the meat to the native kraals. The three wagons which they took away with them were loaded almost to breaking-point with "biltong" made of buck flesh. And my host observed, "It is not only the Dutch who do these things. Englishmen come up to Rhodesia for sport, men from home some of them, and they seem to have no more idea of sport than the Boer farmer who shoots for meat. They will kill anything, however small. No amount of game can stand that sort of thing long. It is either wiped out or goes away north to safer country."

As in other parts of the world, the sporting globe-trotter is far from welcome in Rhodesia. The man on the spot prefers to shoot the game himself, and above all he resents the intrusion of "sportsmen" who have no sporting conscience.

Before I went away from the farm my host told me he thought any man who had a little capital, and would condescend to learn the work for a year or so, before risking it all in a purchase, would be certain to do well.

He himself liked the life, and it gave him a good return for his money and trouble. Of all the farming country I have seen, this country about Salsbury seemed to me the pleasantest. Whether there is market enough to make it the most lucrative is another matter. It would not be lucrative if a young man went there with the idea of spending a considerable portion of his time in sport. Farming wants a man's whole attention if he is to succeed.

I notice that Colquhoun, the first Administrator of Mashonaland, is far from sanguine about Rhodesian farming. Many South Africans and Rhodesians regard him as a pessimist of the deepest dye on this and other subjects, and they may be right; but Colquhoun's book, "*The Africander Land*," like everything he writes, deserves careful consideration.

However this may be, I think that an Englishman who visits Rhodesia is pretty sure to come away with two feelings about it. The first is a feeling of deep gratitude to Cecil Rhodes, who saw the vast importance of the country from a strategical point of view, and saved it for the empire. But for him we might have seen a belt of foreign territory stretching right across the Continent, and cutting off South Africa from all our more northerly possessions. The second feeling is, that South Africa must eventually extend to the Zambesi. That seems the natural boundary; and I imagine every keen Africander wishes to make it the actual boundary. Southern Rhodesians have no desire to see their beautiful and hard-won country, now so distinctively British, merged in the Union, and this is comprehensible; but it is difficult to see how the natural consummation can in the end be avoided. The rest of Rhodesia, north of the Zambesi, is not a white man's country, and has no affinity with South Africa.

XVI.

THE LAST OF SOUTH AFRICA.

To my regret I saw very little of the Orange River Colony,—nothing, in fact, but what could be seen from the railway, or from camp on the Vaal, where I went to watch a cavalry regiment practise swimming its horses. I had hoped to spend a short time on an English farm within Orange River territory, and go on to Basutoland, but this plan fell through owing to the illness of my host. I had hoped, too, to return from the North to Cape Town *via* Bloemfontein, and to spend a few days there; but when I arrived at Johannesburg railway station I was informed that there had been a "washout," and that the line was broken for an indefinite time, so that also fell through, and I had to go round by Kimberley again. Someone cheerfully remarked that I had not lost much, as most of Bloemfontein had lately been burned down, but it was disappointing.

I was somewhat consoled for the disappointment by finding when I arrived in Cape Town that among the many prominent people who were staying there, attending the Union Convention, was President Steyn. I had a pleasant talk with him, in the course of which he questioned me closely about America, and the difference of principle between Republicans and Democrats, which like many other people he had never been able to understand—small blame to him. He seemed much interested in the question of State rights, and in the future of the Panama Canal. General De Wet came in while we were talking, and General Herzog. The former could not speak English, and I could not speak Dutch, so that our conversation was limited, but I was glad to meet a Boer leader of whom I had heard so much. General Herzog is a man of much reading, and is generally cred-

ted with having carried a Cicero in his pocket throughout the war.

During the next few days I met many interesting people, among them Mr. Merriman, whose culture and charm of manner made him a delightful companion; Dr. Jameson, who received me kindly at Groote Schuur and talked to me about Cecil Rhodes; Mr. Moor, the Prime Minister of Natal, whom I had already met at Durban and Maritzburg; Sir George Farrar from Johannesburg, and others. Lord Selborne and the popular Governor, Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, were also in Cape Town.

Naturally the main topic of conversation at that time was the prospect of Union, for the Convention had nearly come to an end of its labors, and its decision was expected before many days. I did not, of course, ask any questions, but it was evident that all was going fairly well, for almost everyone seemed cheerful and contented. I felt much tempted to stay until the result came out, but I had been away from England several months, and could not spare more time, so I reluctantly made up my mind to leave the Convention sitting, and took my passage for St. Helena and Home.

It had been a very pleasant experience. Throughout the South African summer the climate had been almost perfect. I had seen many people and places I had long wanted to see, and had met with the greatest kindness everywhere. It was not the season for sport, so, with the exception of a very exciting whale hunt at Durban, I had done nothing in that way; but in all other respects I had found South Africa delightful, and I left fully intending to return to it as soon as possible for another visit, and some big-game shooting in Rhodesia. Whether that intention will ever be fulfilled I do not know, but in spite of the unpopularity of the sport-

ing globe-trotter, I hope so. In any case I shall always look back upon my first visit with the greatest interest and pleasure.

XVII.

ST. HELENA.

More than fifty years ago, wandering about the edge of a pine forest in Switzerland, which my childish imagination had peopled with all sorts of mysterious inhabitants, I came upon an old man sitting in front of a log hut. After I had got over my first fear of him, I found he had been a cavalry soldier and served under Murat. From that time I began to read all I could about the Napoleonic wars, and before long the glamour of Napoleon had seized upon me. Since then everything connected with that most wonderful of men has had for me, as it has for so many, an absorbing interest.

I have now in the room where I am writing a remarkable picture of him. It is a copy, but the original belongs to my brother, Sir Edward Durand. The picture was, I believe, painted from life by an Englishman, Mr. Bertie Greathead, who was travelling in France when the Peace of Amiens came to an end, and was detained. The story is that he was kindly treated by the Bonaparte family, and that Napoleon's mother eventually induced the First Consul to let Mr. Greathead paint him. Napoleon is represented in uniform, with his hand thrust into his waistcoat. The mouth is somewhat straighter than in many of the known pictures by professional artists. The painting descended to my brother through Mr. Greathead's daughter and heiress. Unfortunately no first-hand account of it remains on record. I remember reading twenty years ago a manuscript journal by Mr. Greathead, mentioning amongst other things a review and reception held by the First Consul at the Tuileries, and, if my

memory serves me right, Napoleon was therein described as walking round the circle of guests after the review, and speaking pleasantly, but looking "more like a greasy little Italian priest than a conqueror." I think I remember these words correctly, because they offended me.

At the death of the then owner of the picture the journal had disappeared, and though I have often tried to recollect what was said in it about the picture, I cannot do so. I have only a vague idea of Napoleon as being pressed for time and very restless under the infliction; and this is an idea one would be apt to form for oneself without any description by the artist.

Mrs. Charles Bagot mentions the picture in her interesting book, "Links with the Past." She adds, "It is said by contemporaries to have been a striking likeness, and 'Madame mere' said it was the best portrait there was of her son."

On leaving South Africa I decided to go home by way of St. Helena, and see the place where Napoleon spent the last years of his life.

As one approaches the island its form is bold and striking. The cloud-capped hills seem to rise straight from the water, and there are some fine out-lying rocks. Running along the coast towards the landing-place, Jamestown, one passes close under dark cliffs of igneous rock cloven by bare narrow gullies.

Jamestown itself lies at the foot of one of these gullies, hemmed in by stony hillsides which rise at a very steep angle. Looking at it from the sea, one feels as if one could throw a stone across the "town" almost anywhere. To the right, above the town, is the old military station, now abandoned, to which leads a straight cliff "ladder," said to be 800 feet high.

At the top of the gully in which the town stands one can see from the

ship's deck some gardens and cultivation. Beyond these, a little to the left and nearly 2000 feet above the sea, are some dark trees and a straight-topped plateau—Longwood—Napoleon's last home. Landing in a boat, I found some carriages drawn up on the narrow quay, and selecting one with a sturdy-looking black mare, I started for Longwood. The road runs for a few yards through the town, passing on the left a little courtyard, where are the Governor's offices, and then turns sharp to the left and climbs the bare hillside. As I went up I saw among the buildings of the town below a few palms and bananas, also some oleander in flower and one or two other trees and shrubs. The hillside itself was not quite so bare as it had looked at first. One soon came upon some prickly pears with yellow or pink flowers, and some aloes and Cape creeper and wild geranium. Still, the whole aspect of the place was dry and barren. As one nears the head of the gully it broadens out. Below, to the right, is an old house with a garden, the "Briars," where Napoleon is said to have lodged when first he arrived. Some distance above it a little waterfall comes down into the green top of the gully.

To our left were some willows and pines, mostly stunted, among which were flying some doves and minahs, and beautiful little birds with scarlet heads and breasts and backs. I saw none of the canaries which are said to exist on the island.

On the steep zigzag ascent I overtook a white man wearing the uniform of the ubiquitous Salvation Army, with two negroes, belonging to the same service, who were carrying trombones.

Bearing to the left, by a roughish muddy road, past some rather melancholy looking houses, we passed from the top of the Jamestown gully to another and much broader one. The

lower part of this, the "Devil's punch-bowl," is rocky and bare. The wide upper part has some pine-trees and grassy slopes, on which a few red cattle were grazing among furze-bushes and other shrubs. There was a little gorse in bloom. Many of the pine-trees, when not in sheltered ground, had been bent and distorted by the perpetual tormenting of the south-east wind.

This is the spot chosen by Napoleon for his grave.

Diverging to the left from the road, which runs round the head of the gully, we drove down by a track cut across the grassy slope until we reached the gateway of the little enclosure in which his body lay for twenty years. The place is much changed—very unlike the pictures one used to see. The familiar willow-tree is gone, and the grassy hollow in which the grave was dug is now surrounded by a ring of tall pines of various kinds, with other trees beyond them. In the centre of the ring is the broad stone slab which covered the grave. A few red geraniums were growing round it, and it was enclosed by a rusty black iron railing, with two or three broken points. Some ferns grew on the bank at one side of the hollow, and below was the caretaker's house, with a small kitchen-garden. Overhead among the pines the wind made a sound like the distant murmur of the sea—a sad sound. The sky was gray, and the mist was drifting about the hill-tops.

Writing my name in a little shed above the tomb, as desired by the English caretaker, a native of the island, I got into the carriage again, feeling depressed; and we climbed back to the road by a zigzag track up the farther side of the gully. As we emerged from it upon the Longwood plateau I saw before me some trees and low buildings, among them Napoleon's house, which is approached from the side.

The carriage stopped outside the entrance, a narrow gateway between stone pillars, topped by cannon-balls; and I walked into the little grounds. The pathway leads to a door at the end of the house, on the left.

Walking up two or three low steps from a gravel path you find yourself in the "salon," a bare room with a small fireplace. From this you pass on to a similar room, in which, to the right, is a railed space, where Napoleon died. It is surmounted by the well-known laurelled bust, taken, but evidently altered, from the cast made after death.

These two "salons" project from the body of the house.

Going on from them, you enter Napoleon's dining-room, a dark room seven or eight paces long, which lies at right angles to the other two. Facing you is a small fireplace.

To your left is another fair-sized room, Napoleon's "Bibliothèque"; to your right a room about five paces square (Lord Rosebery, I see, says 14 feet by 12), and then beyond it another of the same size, with small fireplace and windows.

These two rooms to the right were Napoleon's private apartments, the farther one being his bedroom. They are about ten or eleven feet in height, and quite bare of furniture or pictures, as is the rest of the house. The paper on the bedroom walls is the same as Napoleon had, a light-yellow.

Leading out of the bedroom is another marked "chambre de bains," and beyond it the offices, with some rooms above.

Just outside, in the angle formed by the "salons" and Napoleon's private rooms, is the little garden patch in which he used to work, and on the other side of the salons, a small reservoir which he built for storing water.

The French Consul now in charge of Longwood told me that after Napoleon's death the room in which he had

died was used for a chaff-cutting machine. This statement was confirmed by Mr. Deason, the English farmer whose family has held the neighboring farm for many years. He now lives in the house which was General Bertrand's. The Consul also said that when the great Emperor's body was removed to France in 1840, Napoleon's bedroom was being used as a stable. The empty squalid little house was sad to see, and the outlook from it inexpressibly dreary. A dull gray sky; dark rocky hills with mist hanging about their tops; a wind-swept plateau, with few trees, and those mostly stunted and warped. What a prison for the conqueror of Europe, and for a sun-loving Italian!

But I was there in February. At other times of the year sky and sea are probably blue enough. Wellington, according to Lord Stanhope, "thought the aspect of the country very pleasing." Nor did he apparently see that the house had much the matter with it. It was, he said, "the second best house in the island," and Napoleon must "a thousand times in his life have been very much worse lodged in his own headquarters." The Duke doubtless referred to Napoleon's headquarters as a general in the field and the remark is instructive.

No doubt in Napoleon's day people were accustomed to small private rooms, as witness, for example, Marie Antoinette's rooms at Versailles; and though the house is a poor one, the public rooms were certainly large enough for the few members of the fallen Emperor's household. As to the bareness of the rooms, one can only hope that no injudicious attempt will be made to furnish them. From all I could hear, there are very few relics of Napoleon's time now to be found on the island, and it would be impossible to make any collection such as the Americans have made in Washington's

house at Mount Vernon. Better leave the empty shell than alter it still further. It is saddening, but it is better left alone.

When I came out of the house I found that my friend of the Salvation Army was trying to hold a meeting in the open just beyond the gateway. The meeting consisted of the two black men with the trombones, and three or four native boys, who were lying on the grass. Napoleon, if he had come out of the house, would no doubt have entered into conversation with his fellow-soldier, and shown much interest in his religious views, and laughed at him a little, and pinched his ear, and gone away, leaving behind another devoted adherent.

The controversy about Napoleon's treatment, and the character and conduct of Sir Hudson Lowe, is painful reading. Lord Rosebery's book in particular fills one with indignation against our Government and its chosen representative. No doubt Lowe was placed in a difficult position, and had very strict orders. If the solitude and responsibility of his post warped the judgment and sense of proportion of a man to whom nature had evidently given no sense of humor, it was hardly surprising. Napoleon, too, could be very tricky, and very offensive to a man he disliked. And he had desolated Europe for many years, so it was perhaps no wonder that our Government had come to regard him rather as a criminal than anything else; or that in their anxiety to prevent any further disturbance of the peace of the world, they showed themselves vindictive and pitiless. It is easy for us to be more generous. We have felt the glamour, and we have not felt, or feared to feel, the weight of his yoke. Still, when one has tried to make all conceivable allowances, it seems to me impossible not to be ashamed of the way in which he was treated. If our

Government had been only pitiless one could have forgiven them; but it was all so small and spiteful, so unworthy of the nation which had fought him so well.

The whole thing was a tragedy beyond words; but to me it seems the most pathetic fact of all that through those six years of long-drawn death Napoleon should have been denied the certainty of enduring fame. Nothing else was left to him. Fallen from a height of power such as perhaps no man had ever attained; separated for life from the child who had been his joy and pride; knowing that the wife who had deserted him was openly unfaithful; not allowed to see the mother to whom he had been so good a son; brooding always over the triumph of his enemies, and the defection of the comrades who owed him so much; ravaged by an agonizing and hopeless disease; without any religious belief to help him,—he had to bear a punishment such as few men have borne. If only he could have known what his place in history would be, his sufferings, dreadful as they were, would have been more endurable. It seems wonderful that he could have had any doubts about it, but he did doubt it. "I shall soon be forgotten," he said. "History will hardly mention me." To him, who had set glory above all, this must have been the very crown of sorrow.

XVIII.

HOME AGAIN.

At Las Palmas, in the Grand Canary, an Englishman who sails into the harbor will see a long white town, rather mean in appearance, remarkable only for its cathedral of dark gray stone. When he lands, the native guide will, if allowed, take him to see the criminal courts, and will show him various instruments of torture, with some swords and knives illustrious for having been used by murderers. Then

the man will point to a dirty white-washed ceiling covered with scribbled names, and say—let us hope without sarcasm—"English nation."

Why will the English nation do this thing wherever it wanders over the seven seas? It is horrible to find English names scrawled over every spot however sacred—over the lonely grave of Cecil Rhodes, on the very cross which marks the spot where Colley fell.

It is a little thing, no doubt, but it really is a bad thing—one of the signs of a certain roughness of thought and feeling which combines with other causes to make us disliked by foreign nations. For we are disliked; and the dislike is due not only to envy of our good fortune, but also to some qualities on our part which are not altogether pleasing to others.

And yet, when all is said, one never returns from a voyage to distant parts of the Empire without feeling prouder of one's countrymen. However unattractive the Englishman may be to other nations, there is a power about him which no one can help recognising. It does not strike one nearly as much in England as it does when one sees the Englishman dealing with strange conditions in strange countries. In England one is at times tempted to fear that he has changed, that he is no longer the Englishman who stood up for so many years against the might of Napoleon; and one's heart sinks at the thought of what may be coming upon a nation which seems to put play before work, and will not prepare for self-defence.

See the Englishman in strange lands, and all is right again. Crossing the ocean seems to bring out the old spirit, which is there after all. You may find him—you do find him too often, if he is fresh from England—a man of indifferent physique, and unused to manly exertion; and you may doubt

whether he is fit for anything but to scrawl his name upon some better man's grave and go back to the gazing crowd in the football field. You will be wrong. He is scrawling it with his life-blood upon all the waste places of the earth. We can point to many a spot which he has made sacred in our own day, and say with the little Spaniard, "English nation."

The old spirit is there still, thank God.

But is that enough? The old military spirit of France was not dead in 1870. The Frenchman was still what all history has shown him to be, the best natural fighting-man on the Continent. And yet that did not save France from the bitterness of seeing her armies marched away into captivity and her capital in the enemy's hands. Is all really well with us in England, and in the Empire upon which England's continued greatness depends? Are we doing all we can to hold that Empire together, and to keep the heart of it sound and safe from attack.

Perhaps; but our birth-rate is declining rapidly, and at present our people will not face the burden which foreign nations face, the burden of making themselves fit to defend their country. Empire cannot long be retained by a race whose women will not bear children and whose men will not bear arms. Granted that the old spirit is still alive, there does seem to be in England, among all classes, a certain carelessness about the things which really matter, an apparent want of patriotism, which are disquieting.

There has no doubt been a revival or a new birth of Imperialist feeling in the course of the last few years. The pernicious influence of the Manchester school appears to have been shaken off. Many good men are working in all sorts of ways to awaken the nation, and arouse in us a sense of our dan-

gers and responsibilities. Still much remains to be done.

The contrast between the intense patriotism of the American, taught from his babyhood to worship the Stars and Stripes, and the apparent indifference of the Englishman, who too often hardly knows his own flag, is not pleasant to see. Patriotism does not consist of flag-waving? True, but symbols and forms are not to be despised. Indifference as to forms is apt to be combined with indifference as to the things they represent. I do not mean to say that in all things we should imitate the Americans, but in this respect, as in their attitude towards women, they certainly set us an example.

South Africa has shown how easy it is even for small adjacent communities to become separate, almost hostile, nations, and how hard it is to cure the evils of disunion. What happened in South Africa can happen elsewhere, and the longer we delay in bringing about the closer union of the Empire the more difficult the task is likely to prove. If small adjacent communities tend to drift apart, it is evident that great and distant dominions like Canada and Australia and the rest must tend to differentiate and crystallize even more quickly and more completely.

Englishmen who remain in England have perhaps a difficulty in realizing how strong the tendency is. There is much talk of the "loyalty of the Colonies," and rightly. The very foundation of British Canada, for example, was the passionate devotion of the United Empire Loyalists, who gave up everything they had in the world to stick to the flag. And the same feeling has been shown over and over again. Yet we deceive ourselves if we imagine that great communities, separated from England by thousands of miles of sea, with varying conditions

and varying interests, do not in time come to look upon the land of their birth as the country to which their first loyalty is due. The "Colonies" recognize that Great Britain has defended them stoutly in the past against foreign attack, and is ready at any time to do it again; and in communities of British blood there is much real affection for the Old Country. But still the feeling of patriotism tends to attach to the soil, and as the Colonies develop into great nations that tendency must get stronger and stronger.

What did we see in the American Civil War? Even a man like Robert Lee, perhaps the foremost officer in the United States army, felt that his first loyalty was due to Virginia, not to the United States. The parallel is not exact, but it is instructive.

A South African talking to me when I was in South Africa said, "My father was an Englishman who came and settled here in Cape Colony. He was an Englishman first and last. To him England was always 'Home.' Well, it is less home to me. I am English too; I was at Oxford, and I served through the war, and would serve again; but still South Africa is really my home. England is less to me than it was to my father, and it will be less to my sons than to me." He went on to advocate the old proposal, apparently so difficult to work out, of an Imperial Council, in which the various dominions could be represented, so as to bring them all into touch and keep up in them the idea of belonging to one Empire; but he was very clear as to the first point—that the loyalty of an Afrikaner was given primarily to South Africa, not to England; and he believed that this local loyalty would go on growing as the National spirit increased.

Surely that is natural enough. Englishmen are the best pioneers and colonists in the world, because of their

independence of character. They are ready to go into a new country and settle down in it, without perpetually looking over their shoulders to the old home. But that very quality makes them, when they have settled down, less inclined to regard themselves as mere colonists, as just Englishmen in another country. They rapidly develop views of their own, and begin to resent "interference."

This may not be an easy thing for us in England to understand and accept; but it is well to face facts, and make no pictures for ourselves.

It is to be remembered also that as national feeling and a national type develop there arises a certain want of personal sympathy between the country-born man and the British emigrant. The town-bred Englishman, whom our commercial system has brought into being, is not altogether acceptable to the sturdy "colonial." Though he has inherited many of the qualities of his race, he does not seem to the Canadian or the South African farmer—and often he is not—a very fine specimen of physical manhood. He seems rather soft and helpless. Something disagreeably like contempt begins to enter into the "colonial's" feelings, and in time it must act to some extent upon his sentiment for the Mother Country.

Again, we English, or certain classes of us, are apt to be supercilious in our attitude towards the "colonial," and this detestable habit of mind arouses extreme resentment. Even if not supercilious, we are often ignorant to an almost inconceivable degree about the geography and circumstances of the oversea dominions. For example, I lately heard of a case in which an Englishman, who was supposed to be an educated man, talked to Canadians, knowing them to be Canadians, about their President, naming the President of the United States. The effect of that

upon men descended from the United Empire Loyalists can be imagined.

Altogether we must bring ourselves to understand and recognize the fact that the "loyalty of the Colonies" may in time be tried too far. It is not safe to assume that an Englishman wherever he may go remains simply and wholly an Englishman. America is always before us to teach the painful truth that a large proportion of Englishmen, whenever their material advantage is concerned, seem to care no more about changing their flag than about changing their sky. Some care—very much—but many do not. We can hardly expect the man born in Australia or the Cape to care more about the flag than the man born in England, though as a fact he often does.

Times have changed, and the old conception of a Colonial Empire is no longer suited to them. That the dominions beyond the seas are loyal to the Empire there is no sort of reason to doubt. They have given the clearest proofs of it. But we must be

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loyal to the Empire too, if we expect their loyalty to continue. There must be an end to the supercilious and false assumption that the man born in England is in some way superior to the man born in Canada or Australia or the Cape. There must be an end to patronizing of all kinds. There must be a real knowledge in England of the Empire as a whole, and a real pride in every part of it. Finally, if Great Britain is to remain Home to all the People of the Flag, we must see to it that the Home is secure, and that for them the way to it is open at all times—in peace or in war.

There are signs which seem to show that men like Lord Roberts and those who work with him are not working in vain; that we are rising to our responsibilities; that our Navy will not always have behind it a defenceless nation; that before long every Englishman capable of bearing arms will be doing his duty. Then the whole Empire will feel safe, and, as they say in South Africa, "All shall come right."

CONCLUDED.

AN EFFECT IN LIGHT AND SHADOW.

The woman's cheeks were scarlet; the man smiled sheepishly. Clifford Broome took in the situation at a glance.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured, conscious that it was Saturday afternoon, and that he had returned somewhat unexpectedly.

"I trust"—

"Not a word, Miss Eden—not a word, if you please," stammered the lawyer, the prospect of explanations adding tenfold to his embarrassment. "I left some papers behind me.—Thank you, Mr. Sale. Good-afternoon."

With that he turned in precipitate flight, and was half-way down Bedford

Row before it struck him that his behavior was scarcely logical. After all, there is no need for a man to apologize for entering his own private office. Yet, though head of the firm of Clifford, Wyld, & Broome, he had always found it a matter of some difficulty to realize his position; save for his secretary and an office-boy of seraphic demeanor, the pet also of a North London choir, there was not a member of his staff of whom he was not secretly in awe. To the managing clerk, a white-haired old gentleman who had been engaged by the founder of the practice, Broome was no more than a boy; even the junior

clerk was senior in years to his employer, who in self-defence laid claim to being five-and-forty, though in reality a chicken of thirty-eight. Mr. Staplehurst, the manager, of course was not deceived by this pious fraud; he recalled a day on which the then junior partner had stalked up Bedford Row proud in the birth of a son who now sat in his office-chair.

Clifford Broome had been born and bred in the sober atmosphere of Bedford Row, and among his earliest recollections were heavy, decorous dinners at his father's house in Queen's Square, at which those kindly, decorous gentlemen whose salaries he never paid without a blush had on occasion been guests. Years before he had been articulated to the younger Mr. Wyld—Mr. Broome, senior, had died while his son was at the university—he had revered those clerks, and though past middle age, it was with a certain diffidence that he rang his bell to summon one or other of them from the outer office. They were antiquated in their ideas, wedded to the routine of other days, jealous of precedent, slaves to a conservatism in everyday affairs; he realized their limitations, and time and again had spent hours of an evening in simple, if laborious, drudgery rather than offend them by engaging an extra clerk versed in up-to-date business methods. Daily he admitted the absurdity of the position, but made no effort to free himself from his shackles, content to leave it to time to rid him of the burden of those four reverend old-men-of-the-sea. A bachelor of simple habits and ample private means, he accepted the situation and made the best of it; he was proud of the practice which, thanks to old connections and personal initiative, held its own in spite of modern competition; and, being of eclectic tastes, congratulated himself that his staff should be in such perfect keeping with their eighteenth-

century surroundings. Their snowy linen and sombre black matched the dark oak panelling and still darker furniture to perfection; indeed, in the twilight of a winter afternoon the picture of the old gentlemen immersed in some legal question, with books and documents about them, and their ivory features standing out in mellow relief against the depth of shadow at their backs, filled the solicitor with the joy of a connoisseur before a portrait-group of Rembrandt.

No City church breathed an atmosphere of greater calm than that office, in which the clerks might have passed for cathedral clergy, and were certainly every whit as antagonistic to change; and it had cost Broome days of misgiving and nights of unrest ere he had summoned courage to inform his staff that pressure of business had decided him in making an addition to their number in the person of a lady secretary.

Upon each of his clerks the tidings had a different effect. Mr. Staplehurst's attitude was that of a parish priest the chief of whose flock has lapsed into heresy. Earnestly, but with admirable decorum, he remonstrated against the innovation, reasoned with his principal; and, argument failing, had adopted an air of passive disapproval. Mr. Beeching, whose sixty-five years had not cooled the fires of youth, was for handing in his resignation; Mr. Pierce, though but just threescore, was prepared to ruin his prospects in life by a similarly drastic course. Both gentlemen expressed a fine contempt for the pusillanimity of Mr. Stephen Sale, the bald-headed junior clerk, in bending the knee to Baal. Even the office-boy so far forgot his dignity as alto soloist as to whistle when apprised of the news. Mr. Beeching could count on his fingers the previous occasions upon which the peace of the office had been broken by a whistle of such levity.

Neither principal, clerks, nor office-boy are likely to forget that Monday morning when Miss Florence Eden entered the service of Clifford, Wyld, & Broome. The staff masked their sense of dissatisfaction beneath a dignified reserve, their employer his nervousness by an attempt at nonchalance. Both parties failed of their object, Clifford Broome with ignominy.

"Poor dears!" sighed Miss Eden as she took her way down Bedford Row, at five o'clock, some ten days after her arrival.

A week passed, a fortnight, and the attitude of the office underwent a gradual change. Even Mr. Beeching the ultra-fastidious, apart from the metallic click of the unspeakable machine she operated, could find but little fault with Miss Eden. She was commendably quiet, her voice soft and subdued, and she seemed at pains to dress as if in deference to the tastes of those about her, in harmony with the style of her surroundings. Broome was duly appreciative. More than once he had caught himself gazing abstractedly at the woman as she bent above her work; the clean-cut features silhouetted against the mahogany bureau dark and lustrous as her chestnut hair, the tone of her skirts blending with that of the wainscot, the play of the light upon the snowy blouse to which a bunch of crimson carnations gave a vivid splash of color, appealed to his artistic perception.

"Satisfied, Mr. Staplehurst?" The managing clerk had sought some expression of his employer's views as to the result of the new departure. "Satisfied? I am charmed." Let it be said that each individual member of the staff in his heart of hearts was prepared to sacrifice principle and endorse Clifford Broome's opinion.

It was the junior clerk who wrought the mischief, and at his presumption it seemed as if a spirit of unrest had en-

tered the office. Broome for the first time in his life showed signs of irritability. Mr. Staplehurst's reserve developed into settled gloom, high words had passed between Messrs. Beeching and Sale, while Mr. Pierce, hitherto regarded as a man of mildly sarcastic wit, was transformed into a cynic. Stephen Sale, blind to a state of things for which he was responsible, developed the most alarming symptoms; he bullied the seraph, worried his fellow-clerks, got upon his employer's nerves, and meanwhile, as was shrewdly suspected, made love to the confidential secretary.

The solicitor realized that what he had seen that afternoon fully confirmed the general surmises. Obviously Mr. Sale had proposed; it was as obvious that Miss Eden had accepted him; and the solicitor had not reached the end of Bedford Row ere embarrassment had given way to emotions vastly different. Here was a pretty ending to an experiment which had held such promise of success, and yet Broome could not blame himself for being blind to the possibility of such a dénouement. The junior clerk was five-and-forty, the secretary but half his years; Stephen Sale was bald as a coot, Florence Eden in the heyday of womanly perfection. And yet, when he came to consider the matter more closely, he admitted that of late there had certainly been much that was strange in Mr. Sale's manner. He remembered having heard the latter discussing with his friend Mr. Pierce the merits of two rival preparations for the hair; and had remarked that the gentleman in question had, without apparent reason, taken to lunching rather later than had been his custom, and, most suspicious of all, had on occasion returned to the office about the same time as Miss Eden.

Apart from the absurdity of it, Sale's conduct was unpardonable. It was an affront, a personal injury, which his

employer felt justified in resenting. What right had the man to rob him of one who had already become an integral part of his office? A successor to Miss Eden was out of the question; there was not another woman in London capable of attaining the high standard the secretary had set. The holder of the position must be self-effacing, must recognize that she was no more than a detail in an harmonious whole. A blonde was impossible; a tartan blouse, a check skirt, would ruin the atmosphere of the office. There were women who affected such abominations. Besides, in all probability he would lose Mr. Sale as well, and be faced with the necessity of employing some youth of up-to-date ideals, whereupon the spirit of the office would vanish before a whirlwind of blatant modernity. Wing-collars, brown shoes, and obtrusive socks that matched as obtrusive neckwear would destroy the prevailing scheme of coloring. Broome hated fancy waistcoats, and a junior clerk's wardrobe, he knew, invariably contained a unique selection.

The lawyer passed a wretched weekend, during which he realized the futility of attempting to reason with his love-lorn employ  s, and on Monday arrived at his office with the gloomiest forebodings. The morning passed slowly. Miss Eden sat with bowed head above her typewriter; while the man, after dictating a dozen letters in rather disjointed fashion, relapsed into silence. When the secretary prepared to go out to lunch an hour earlier than was her custom, her employer, who had been watching her furtively the morning through, noticed something unusual in her manner.

"Mr. Broome"—the man shuddered in anticipation of the worst—"I wish to leave, if you please, as soon as"—

"My dear Miss Eden!" Broome rose with every sign of embarrassment. Though the girl's words had but con-

firmed the fears that had haunted two sleepless nights, he seemed hardly to realize their meaning. "My dear Miss Eden, but why?"

"Something has happened, Mr. Broome." The oval face flushed; the clear voice sank to a whisper. "I think you will understand. I'd rather say nothing"—

"As yet, of course, Miss Eden." The lawyer felt it was incumbent upon him to accept the situation in as gracious a spirit as was possible. "As yet, of course. I quite understand. I am sure I am"—

It was his intention to congratulate her. After all, Stephen Sale must be an eligible parti; but as he glanced at the girl, who had suddenly raised her head, the words stuck in his throat.

"I am sorry to lose you—very sorry," he stammered, conscious that it was imperative to say something.

"Thank you, Mr. Broome. I, too, am very sorry. I have been very happy here—very happy indeed. Every one has been so kind—so very kind." She paused for a moment, and then came a deepening of her color, a little deprecating movement of her hands, as she added, "And if you please, you must not blame Mr. Sale. You won't, will you?"

Not blame Mr. Sale! Till that moment he had never realized the enormity of that gentleman's conduct; yet what could he do or say in face of the appeal in those dark, wistful eyes? He laughed, or rather made an ineffective attempt at doing so.

"Of course not. Let me say that in a sense I am in sympathy with Mr. Sale. But I trust you are in no very great hurry to leave us?"

"I should like to go, if you please, as soon as you can find some one to take my place."

"A matter of sheer impossibility." Again the lawyer tried to rise to the occasion, but his tones, though em-

phatic, were despondent. "But you would do me a great kindness if you could manage to remain with us all for another week."

For a moment the woman stood silent, with clouded brow, and then murmured as if with an effort, "As you wish, Mr. Broome. I will try."

She turned rather swiftly; and the other fancied there were tears in her eyes as he held wide the private door which opened directly upon the landing.

Clifford Broome leant back in his chair with a groan and stared blankly at his junior clerk. He had scarcely recovered from the shock of his brief interview with his secretary ere Mr. Stephen Sale had bluntly informed him of his desire to resign his position.

"My dear Sale, this is wholly unexpected," gasped the solicitor, whose manner bore witness to the truth of the statement. "Surely you cannot have any real reason for wishing to leave the firm after more than twenty-five years' service."

"I am sorry to do so, sir; but there are private reasons which prompt me to the step I am taking. Perhaps you will understand"—

"Yes, yes, Mr. Sale, I understand perfectly." The whole sorry business was only too obvious to him, and his state of mind did not permit of congratulations in the case of his clerk. "I am indeed sorry that you should take such a course so unexpectedly, and I think I am entitled to ask you whether you cannot reconsider your decision. Perhaps Mr. Staplehurst might give you some advice."

"I have mentioned the matter to my colleagues—to the managing clerk, to Mr. Beeching, and Mr. Pierce—and they have approved the course I suggested. Indeed, I may say they have acted most kindly, most generously in the matter."

Stephen Sale spoke with feeling, and

his employer noticed that the blue eyes beneath the heavy gold spectacles were unwontedly bright. So the staff had given their approval to this piece of folly. Broome had no patience for such a pack of old fools. Were they blind to the absurdity of their junior's conduct, of this ill-assorted match?

"Well, I must ask you to study my convenience to the extent of giving me a few days in which I can consider my future arrangements. You cannot fail to understand how much I am upset by this event, which is unparalleled in the history of this office. Would you be so good as to tell Mr. Staplehurst I should like to see him before he goes out to lunch?"

Even Clifford Broome admitted that his junior clerk seemed conscious of his shortcomings; no man looked less the successful suitor than Stephen Sale as he stole out of the private office without another word.

"It's a very painful matter, Mr. Clifford"—the managing clerk was privileged in the form of his address—"and you will understand my feelings."

"I do, Mr. Staplehurst." The other's manner was sympathetic, and Broome was duly appreciative. "Sale made a serious mistake, and, I think, will do nothing towards bettering it by leaving the firm."

The old gentleman nodded gravely. "That is what I told him when he first informed us of what had happened; but Mr. Beeching and Mr. Pierce were strongly of the opinion that there was nothing for him to do but to resign; and, after all, his feelings in the matter must be considered. And there's Miss Eden, who is quite one of us, Mr. Clifford," he continued. "As I said to Mr. Beeching only a week ago, I don't know what the office would be without Miss Eden."

"And she leaves us on Saturday. She has made up her mind."

"Personally I had hoped she would

not do so," sighed Staplehurst gloomily. "It is the one thing that Sale feared."

"Well, I don't know what he expected," snapped Broome. "He might have thought of that before he made a fool of himself. He has acted disgracefully."

"Ill-advisedly, Mr. Clifford. Sale, let me tell you in confidence, having committed this error of judgment, has done all that lies in his power. Indeed, he has acted nobly, as I'd have had a son of mine act; and his friends Mr. Beeching and Mr. Pierce have most generously given him their help. Believe me, Mr. Clifford, Miss Eden will not leave this office with her future unprovided for."

"I understand, Mr. Staplehurst; and you've had a hand in it, I know." Broome knew his managing clerk's generosity, and when it came to a wedding present, felt sure no expense would be spared. "Of course, Miss Eden shall have some token of the high esteem in which I hold her. It is largely for her sake that I wish Sale could be persuaded to stay with us."

The wrinkled old face brightened.

"Then perhaps, Mr. Clifford, you might ask her to use her influence with Sale. The last thing in the world she would wish is that he should leave."

"Thank you, Mr. Staplehurst; I'll see what I can do," said Broome; and the other went out to lunch. Surely there never was a match that occasioned such general depression.

Florence Eden laughed. She had to; time and again within the past four days she had been on the brink of tears, and now her laughter rose unbidden.

"Mr. Broome, what made you think that?"

The lawyer colored.

"But I saw you—you and Mr. Sale"—

Miss Eden was serious in a moment; she spoke rather hurriedly.

"Yes, yes, I know. He did ask me to; but, you see, he is so much older than I am, and—and—though I like him, I don't think I ever could"—

Broome felt as if the room was reeling round him; but, as the other paused, his relief found vent in words. He rose nervously and took a turn of the office.

"It was stupid of me; and I am glad, as far as I can see Miss Eden, we need not lose you after all."

"But there's Mr. Sale. It is not fair to him that I should stay. He has more claim upon the firm than I."

Her employer was silent, and for the first time made some feeble attempt at a definite analysis of his feelings; he was conscious of an overwhelming joy at the prospect of the possible retention of his secretary, and a sudden inspiration seized him.

"But we want you, Miss Eden—all of us, including Mr. Sale, I am sure; I, perhaps, more"—

"You, Mr. Broome!" The woman's glance was down-bent; her employer had paused beside her chair.

"Yes, I." The lawyer spoke slowly, very gravely.

"For the sake of the office?" There was a note of petulance in the question. "You are always thinking of the office."

"I am thinking of myself—of you."

A hush fell upon the room; the other did not raise her head.

"And you want me to stay in the office?"

"Yes—no," stammered Clifford Broome, "with me."

What immediately followed is known to two people only; but when, half-an-hour later, Mr. Staplehurst entered the room he was amazed to find Miss Eden seated in the principal's chair and its owner stooping above it.

"Pray come in," stammered Broome. "You wish to see me?"

The managing clerk cleared his throat.

"The staff wished to see Miss Eden."

"I am sure she will be delighted. Am I in the way?" answered Broome with a guilty air which struck Messrs. Staplehurst, Beeching, and Pierce as inexplicable, and the woman stepped forward, somewhat puzzled.

"Miss Eden"—the old gentleman's voice had the suspicion of a quaver in it—"you must pardon us if our conduct savors of an unwarrantable liberty; I hope our good intentions will serve for an excuse. It is with the utmost regret that we heard that you were leaving us; it was with regret even greater that we learnt from our good friend Mr. Sale, whose absence you will understand, of the reasons that prompted you in making this decision. Of the personal feelings of each one of us present I'll say nothing, but we are unanimously of the opinion that the staff of this office owe you amends for the circumstances which have compelled your resignation. You have won our esteem, Miss Eden—may I say it? our hearts—the hearts of four lonely men who now ask you to accept a token of their regard."

The speaker paused and handed the woman a folded sheet of paper.

"It is good of you; it really is," she stammered. "What is it?"

Clifford Broome bent beside her for Chambers's Journal.

a moment. When he rose there was a mist before his eyes. The shadows were deepening, and the last glow of a crimson sunlight lit the three earnest faces.

"An annuity of fifty pounds!" He spoke as if to himself.

"Oh, Mr. Staplehurst, Mr. Beeching, Mr. Pierce, how very, very kind! But I don't think I can take it. I don't think that I shall want it now. You see, I am not going away after all—at least not very far away."

The three faces were blank, and then their principal spoke, much after the fashion of an urchin who has been caught in wrong-doing.

"Miss Eden is going to be married. but"—he stammered—"but, if you can understand me, will not entirely sever her connection with the firm."

Mr. Pierce nudged his friend Mr. Beeching, who in turn looked at the managing clerk, upon whom the situation dawned but slowly.

"Miss Eden," he stammered after a moment's hesitation, "we brought what we feared was a farewell gift; we trust that instead you will accept it as a wedding present."

"You old dears!" murmured Florence Eden, and took each outstretched hand in turn.

Clifford Broome gazed at the group in silence, conscious that he had never set eyes on a finer effect in light and shadow.

Norman Innes.

A NOTE ON THE CENTENARY OF HORACE GREELEY.

I first made acquaintance with Greeley in a ridiculous story by Artemus Ward of "Horace Greeley's Ride to Placerville," and nowadays I can never see Greeley's name without recalling that tale. After referring to the enthusiasm with which he was

greeted everywhere when he went lecturing through California, the story proceeds to relate how Greeley made a journey of forty miles in a ramshackle coach to keep an important engagement at Placerville. At the outset, the leader of the coach warned the

driver: "Now, mind, this great man must be there by seven sharp"; and the driver pledged himself, "He shall." They started so slowly that Greeley put his head out and admonished the man, who only answered stolidly "I know. I've got my orders." Presently, however, the whip cracked, and the horses began to get up speed and went on getting it up till they were tearing at ever so many miles an hour over one of the worst, bumpiest, ruttiest roads on earth, with Greeley bouncing about helplessly inside. By a superhuman effort he steadied himself sufficiently to look out again and suggest that they need not go quite so fast, but the driver cracked his whip and replied implacably, "I've got my orders. Keep your seat, Horace!" and so the wild ride continued, Greeley still bouncing about violently till one terrific jolt shot him up and he burst through the roof of the coach with his head.

At a village a couple of miles outside Placerville, they were met by a huge procession, including the Mayor, with banners, a brass band, and a wagonful of beautiful maidens in white who were prepared to start singing something on a given signal. Some of the astonished citizens saw the crumpled and damaged orator huddled inside the coach as it slowed down, but before they could ask questions, the driver demanded the time, roared, "My orders is to get him there by seven. Clear the way! Whoop! *Keep your seat, Horace!*" and off they went again, scattering the procession, dashing through and leaving it to straggle in pursuit and be startled at intervals by the apparition of Greeley's bald head bobbing up and down through the hole in the top of the coach.

The outrageous absurdity of this story left me in doubt—for it was many years ago—whether Greeley was a real person, or merely a character created by Artemus Ward. But very

soon after these doubts were resolved, for I found him meeting Dickens in Forster's Life, and I came upon an allusion to him in Bayard Taylor's "Divisions of the Echo Club." There, at the club's first meeting, Zollus reads a composite parody of "The Bells" and "The Raven," which refers to a penal scroll on which a mystic fifty was written:

And the days have passed, the three,
Over me!
And the debit and the credit are as
one to him and me!
'Twas the random runes I wrote
At the bottom of the note,
(Wrote and freely
Gave to Greeley.) . . .

And at the conclusion, Galahad asks, "What do you mean by the reference to Greeley?" and Zollus explains, "I thought everybody had heard that Greeley's only autograph of Poe was a signature to a promissory note for fifty dollars. He offers to sell it for half the money." Then a chance reading of Greeley's own "Recollections of a Busy Life" sent me to some of the books that have been written about him, and I realized how great a man he was.

Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, New Hampshire, on February 3, 1811. He was the son of a farmer, who seems to have made nothing out of farming but debts. Before he was three he was sent to the primitive district school; as soon as he was old enough he worked in the summer on the farm, and only went to school in the winter. His first books were the Bible and "The Columbian Orator," which latter was presented to him by an uncle whilst he was laid up with measles. The Greeley household was continually in embarrassed circumstances, and in 1820 the home was sold up for debt, and the father took to flight to avoid arrest. When it was safe to do so, the family rejoined him

at Vermont, where Horace, at fifteen, was apprenticed to a local printer.

Five years later, bent on bettering himself, he tramped a long journey to New York, picking up odd jobs by the way, and arrived at his goal with ten dollars in his pocket. After many disappointments, he was taken on by the foreman in a small printing establishment, and the first day he was there the head of the firm, seeing such a raw, simple-looking country lad standing at the cases, growled, "Where did you get that fool? Pay him off to-night!" But the foreman kept him on, and he proved more capable than he looked.

His looks were always against him. He was a weedy youth, his face expressing neither character nor intellect; one of his gentlest friends was constrained to admit that his countenance was "not expressive." This is amply borne out by his portraits, those showing him in his latter days, a round-visaged, placidly beaming old gentleman, with clean-shaven upper lip and a fringe of white beard under his chin, being distinctly disillusioning.

Howbeit, before he had been ten years in New York, whilst he was a young man of thirty, he founded the *Tribune*, which under his editorship became the leading and most powerful American journal of his generation. In an illustrated "Comic Life" of him published when he was a candidate for the Presidency, it is said that "at the outset, he began to pitch into every body, like a boy with a popgun," and it is true to this extent, that he was a social reformer in grain a man of ideals with old memories behind him that prompted him in striving to ameliorate the lot of the poor; he was never afraid to print his opinions and was always on the side that fortune had not favored. He made vigorous war on what he considered corrupt in American journalistic methods; advo-

cated education and temperance reforms; took up the gage for the down-trodden, and was defying "the priests of the god Cotton" and fighting for the emancipation of the slaves whilst Lincoln still hesitated, thinking the freedom of the blacks a less important matter than the preservation of the Union.

In the 'forties, Greeley became one of that famous Brook Farm brotherhood of which Emerson was the prophet. His wife was a friend of Margaret Fuller; and though he never lived in the Farm Colony, he was intimate with the transcendental enthusiasts who did, shared to the full their altruistic aims and passion for right living, and was among the contributors to their official journal, the *Harbinger*.

But he drifted away from them, fell in with certain food-faddists, dabbled in spiritualism, and got a reputation for being eccentric, and his dietetic experiments and natural carelessness in dress and appearance involved him in a good deal of ridicule. He was considered an uncommonly bad businessman; there are amusing stories told of his absent-mindedness, and certainly his creditors appear to have taken advantage of his easy habits; but throughout he remained a hard worker and his influence went on increasing. Turning to public speaking, he became as successful on the platform as he was in the press, and found so much pleasure in oratory that, after a while, when he was run down with overwork, the only way to induce him to take a holiday was to start him off on a lecturing tour.

In 1849 he was elected into Congress, and I imagine it was whilst he was writing and lecturing for the abolition of slavery that he may have made the journey to Placerville that Artemus Ward burlesqued. On the platform, his appearance was ungainly, his voice unmusical and monotonous, but he suc-

ceeded as a speaker because he was sincere and in earnest, was clear, concise, logical, as he was in writing, and "never said a foolish thing." It was his speeches, his leaders and open letters in the *Tribune* that roused Lincoln to a decision, and influenced him at last to issue his momentous Emancipation Proclamation.

Greeley was himself nominated for the Presidency in 1872, and entered upon a tumultuous and bitterly contested election. He stood as an uncompromising social reformer, but the interests he attacked were too strong for him, and he emerged from the struggle "the most thoroughly beaten candidate who had ever run for the Presidency." It was commonly believed that this, coming as the culmination of the ridicule, slander, and misrepresentations to which he had been mercilessly subjected during the contest, broke his heart, for he died within a few days of his defeat.

He crowded an enormous amount of good work into the sixty-one years of his life. Whittier aptly named him "our later Franklin," and he stands out inevitably as one of the few great
The Bookman.

figures in the history of American journalism. He edited three other newspapers whilst he was conducting the *Tribune*; wrote *Histories of the Struggle for Slavery Extension*, and of the *War between North and South*; a book about farming, one on social reform, and prefaces to many books; but his greatest work went into the columns of the *Tribune*, and his highest claim to fame is as the champion of the slave. In that business, he was the man behind the President, and he had been the man before him. At the time of his death, one of his critics spoke the right thing when he said, "The colored race, when it becomes sufficiently educated to appreciate his career, must always recognize him as the chief author of their emancipation from slavery and their equal citizenship."

But his own simple claim on posterity, whether it includes the other or not, bespeaks the true journalist. "I cherish the hope," he wrote, "that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future ages the still intelligible inscription: 'Founder of the New York *Tribune*.'"

A. St. John Adcock.

THE ALTRUISTS.

CHAPTER I.

The Manager knocked at the door of the editorial sanctum and came in briskly.

"Ah," said the Editor, "here you are. Good. Help yourself."

The manager sat down and helped himself.

"Well," said the Editor, "you see how it is. Our campaign on behalf of Standard Butter, including the—er—" he glanced at a copy of his paper—"ah, yes, the salt and the yellow ochre, has certainly done an immense amount of good to the country—"

"And to ourselves," put in the Manager tactlessly. "The butter advertisements last week came to—"

The Editor looked at him blankly.

"But there comes a point where one's influence ceases."

"Yes," sighed the Manager. "This week they only came to—"

The Editor coughed and turned to his desk. "I sketched out a little idea this morning," he went on, "which might keep up the interest for a few days longer. It's just an imaginary conversation and goes like this: 'The following dialogue was overheard at

a well-known West-end dairyman's yesterday afternoon:—

Lady Blank. Will you send up six pounds of butter to Berkeley Square to-morrow, instead of the usual four?

Dairyman. Certainly, my lady. (*To Assistant*) Six pounds of butter for Lady Blank.'

"And then we could put a little note underneath, something in this manner: 'The above is typical of what is going on every day in the West-end of London. The denizens of Park Lane, Curzon Street and Cadogan Square are as insistent upon Standard Butter as are families in less fashionable parts of the Metropolis.' You see what I mean?"

"Good," said the Manager.

"It was just an idea," said the Editor modestly. "It occurred to me in the train. But it is time we thought of something else. Something entirely new. Now have you any ideas?"

The Manager thought profoundly.

"What about Standard Jam?" he said at last, "including the raspberry and eighty per cent. of the splinters."

"No, no," said the Editor impatiently. "Something on entirely different lines."

The Manager thought again.

"Of course," the Editor went on, "we can always fall back on a competition of some kind. You increase the intelligence of the country—"

"And the circulation."

"But the chief question is, what sort of competition?"

"Ah!"

"Well, there it is. Think it over, will you? And ask Parsons. He's full of ideas. Hallo, I must be off." And he went out to lunch.

CHAPTER II.

"Well?" said the Editor next day.

"How do you grow carrots?" asked the Manager.

"I don't know," said the Editor coldly. "I suppose in the ground. Why?"

"It was Parsons' idea. He said we might give a prize for the best bunch of carrots. I don't quite know what he meant."

"If Parsons tries to be funny again in this office he'll have to go. We've warned him once before."

"Still," persisted the Manager, "there is something in the idea. Carrots come from seeds, don't they?"

"I dare say," said the Editor indifferently.

"Well, if we give a prize for the best bunch of carrots—of not less than twelve sprays, Parsons says—then the people who went in for it would naturally want to buy seeds and—and loam and things. And so the people who had seeds and loam to sell would naturally want to——"

"I see," the Editor interrupted hastily. "You mean that we should stimulate the small gardener and instil a love of nature in the hearts of the people?"

"Er—yes. That's what I meant."

"It had better be a flower, I think."

"Buttercups or chrysanthemums or something," said the Manager vaguely.

"What did we decide was going to be the Coronation flower?" asked the Editor suddenly. "Was it the pansy?"

"Rose, wasn't it?"

"Well, we can find out from—Ah, now I remember. The carnation."

"Why carnation?"

"I haven't an idea. These things have to be decided somehow. Well, then, there we are."

CHAPTER III.

"The announcement we made yesterday of a prize of £1,000,000 for the best bunch of carnations, including not more than twelve spikes, has been received with startling enthusiasm by all the seedsmen of the Empire. A very pleasing feature of the correspondence which poured in yesterday was the number of congratulations

from well-known firms. A still more pleasing feature, however, was the number of advertisements.

"The competition is especially one for the London grower, carnations being notoriously partial to smoke. It is even more especially one for the country grower, who can give his carnations the open air and exercise of which they are so much in need. It is generally considered, however, that the suburban gardener will stand the best chance, as this delicate flower, with its fondness for animal society, thrives most strongly in the neighborhood of cats.

Punch.

"It is hoped that a feeling of loyalty (carnations being the Coronation flower) will induce everybody to enter for this competition. You may not win the great prize, you may not even win a medal, but our advertisers will at least have the consolation of knowing that you have bought a packet of seeds."

The Editor put down his proof and rang the bell. "Who wrote this and gave the whole show away?" he asked the Sub-editor sternly. "Parsons? Thank you. Will you say I should like to speak to him?"

A. A. M.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION IN LITERATURE.

"When Eulenspiegel," says Schopenhauer, "was asked by a man how long he would have to walk before reaching the next place, and gave the apparently absurd answer 'Walk,' his intention was to judge from the man's pace how far he would go in a given time. And so it is," continues the philosopher, "when I read a few pages of an author, I know just how far he can help me." Nearly every serious reader or book-lover will, no doubt, agree with this, and recall to his memory some dozen or score or, possibly, a larger number of books, of which, after reading a few pages, he immediately knew that he had discovered one more of those books which are so much more than books, which break new ground in one's psychic and intellectual development and become an integral part of experience. It is as if, without knowing it, one had always been seeking this book without quite knowing what it was that one had been needing, until something at once arresting and familiar, half new and half strange, forced the attention. Perhaps this is the psychology of all

reading, which is like a search for some object or quality that one has half forgotten, and cannot recall until it again meets the eye. A man may read fifty, or even a hundred, volumes and find more or less pleasure in each. But one day someone lends him a book of which he may have often heard with indifference. After reading a page or two, or encountering a particular thought, the book startles him into new attention: it was for *this* that he had been looking, although he did not know until it came along. It seems to him as if the book had been written for him, and might have been written by him.

Possibly no book deserves to live which does not give its *right* reader this sense of newly awakened wonder, of familiarity and surprise; and, if one does not feel this quality in a work, then it either was intended for someone else and has come to us in mistake, or, otherwise, was not seriously intended for anyone, and might as well have never been written. He alone understands a work of art who half believes, as Holman Hunt did of "Mod-

ern Painters," that it was written for him. If there is no such significance of appeal, the book may be very instructive, and give the reader a certain amount of real satisfaction in having read it; but he has not taken in its whole significance. The book which, in this way, strikes the sense is something like those portraits, the eyes of which always seem to follow one looking at them from whatever angle they are observed. With the book of the kind referred to there is a similar sense, as if the author always had his eyes upon the reader or as if one heard his living voice: there is a quality of life and intelligence in almost everything that is written; and, for this reader, he can hardly say anything which does not interest him strangely, even if to others it does not seem otherwise.

The fact is, indeed, that the psychology of all reading is the same as that of all personal predilections and antipathies; one cannot escape the personal equation. Books are in essence the living spirit of their authors; and, if one well consorts with it, one does not too rigidly weigh a writer's words in an artificial calculus of literary values, and will read his private journals or correspondence with the same feeling that one reads his essays or more public works. The girl who receives a letter from her lover prizes the communication even although it does not contain any terms of endearment or traces of those qualities in himself for which he is loved. And the psychology of the relation of the artist to his favored and favoring readers is of precisely the same personal or psychic quality. The best books are those which seem to live or to contain that unnameable quality of personality, that "ethereal and fifth essence," which is the soul of its writer. In this book the artist is himself; he transfers his spirit into it, just as, it is said:

" . . . the Arab sage,
In practising with gems, can loose
Their subtle spirit in his cruce
And leave but ashes."

By means of this book the author communicates himself to all his correspondents or unknown friends. Literature is, indeed, like the telegraph or telephone, simply a means of exchange or communication, a means of achieving psychic contact with friends at a distance. But literature, as art, differs from the post or telegraph, in that it is not merely words or messages which are transmitted, but the very stuff of life, or personality itself. A book is in this respect not unlike an exchange by which many thousands of people who will never see one another are put into communication, without aid of "wireless" or wire. The artist establishes a kind of guild, uniting all sorts and conditions of men, or, at least, he brings together all those who have something in common (for we may see in common experience most opposite kinds of people becoming friends). The poet's song or the critic's essay is but a kind of open letter circulated and distributed in public places or at various book depots in order that it may reach by this means all the author's unknown friends or correspondents; just as when a man seeks to find a lost relative he often advertises in the personal columns of the Press.

And there is a similarity, too, in that as the advertisement in the newspaper is intended for, and will primarily interest only a few individuals concerned, so, by the same principle, the writer of any book only addresses those whom his words may concern; and others will find in them no import or special meaning.

This, no doubt, at a first impression seems a narrow and singular interpretation of the psychology of literature. But it could be proved to apply as well

to the most abstract or dramatic forms of writing, to the poet and philosopher as well as to the autobiographical artist or familiar essayist. Pursued into its last recesses, the works of the man of genius are the expression of his personality, and, if these seem objective or impersonal it is because the artist's own soul is outward looking and impersonal. The most universal dramatist can but continue to manifest himself, and cannot trespass upon the province of any other artist. It is not the best of a poet's works which are, as a rule, of doubtful authenticity, but the worst—or those in which he is least himself; and his best works are those moments in which he comes nearest to perfect and complete expression, or in which he is most himself.

And the same is true of all literature and philosophy. A philosopher attempts to solve the problems of life presented to him by always remembering, in spite of all obstacles and false lights, to remain *himself*. He is, he knows, a new "method," an original and fertile hypothesis, a selective process and principle constantly at play with experience; and the result, where there is genius, is in every case something new, something which has never been witnessed, something which has never even happened before. And this *happening* is his thought, his expression or *art*. The world is a new world for him because he is something new, he brings something new, he is a pioneer. He is a kind of truth which continually unlocks and discloses other truths, a key to hitherto unopened doors. When he and Nature meet, one never knows beforehand what the result will be. His comment on encountering any new problem is always more or less unconsciously: "Now, how may I best remain myself in this difficulty? What does that monitor which is myself suggest?" He is himself a key. And this is his lifelong aim and func-

tion, to be and still to be himself despite a thousand metamorphoses and voices urging him to be something else. He will be tempted to yield to a thousand temptations, to habit, to counsel, to sympathy and reason; but if he is to remain an artist, he must react upon and assimilate, must choose and reject, and thus remain himself.

This is often an explanation of his apparent inconsistency, centrelessness, insincerity, for he obeys a higher consistency and sincerity. All literature, indeed, is autobiography, and so is all philosophy, and even science. It all comes back if we go far enough, to personality. Personality is, indeed, the *plot* of philosophy from which all the action arises, just as it is of the drama or fiction. The thought or incident arises in each case precisely in the same way from the play of character with circumstance, of personality with experience. All true thought is indeed, in this sense, action, and may best so be defined. In the same sense all *action* in the drama, or in fiction, is but thought illustrated, philosophy in picture.

If, therefore, to resolve all literature into personality seems at first to limit the range of expression in art, it is because personality is too narrowly interpreted. For to say that all literature is autobiography is only another way of saying that all literature is life. And to autobiography, art and the artist are as necessary as to the drama. It is no easier to make a self-portrait than to make any other portrait and the painter in either case must be an artist. It is only the artist who can be said to have any history. The best autobiographies have been written, not by men who simply told their own story and then had nothing else to say, but by men who had already proved themselves creative artists. Hence, we are likely to have to wait long for that human document,

the plain, unvarnished narrative of life as it is experienced by an entirely unsophisticated, simple-minded man, for which critics have so long been pining; because, if he could do what is required of him, he would prove himself not so very unsophisticated after all, and would be dubbed immediately an artist, and thus discount his own performance; as, no doubt, Mr. George Meek and the writer of "Marie Claire" have of late discovered. Has not this, indeed, been the aim of the artist from the beginning, and, to name but a few writers only, have we not such human documents, more or less true, in the novels of George Elliot, George Gissing, Thomas Hardy and Mr. Arnold Bennett? In asking for a work of art from one who is not an artist the critic is desiring an impossibility, and indeed, his requirement is a contradiction in terms. If any man could write his own history in such a manner, there is no reason on earth why he should stop at that point, for he

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would be also able to write criticism, fiction, or, possibly, even poetry. For any man's soul is but a point in the infinite having only position and no magnitude; or the centre of a circle, the circumference of which includes all created things. Was not this Montaigne's own discovery, as he testifies frequently in his essays? No man, indeed, can write of himself and his own experiences without writing also of everything; for each man in essentials but copies the experience of all other men. Hence, self-expression is the aim of all artists between the two poles of the subjective and objective—Montaigne and Shakespeare; and, if the latter leaves no portrait of himself, it is because his work is but a fragment. Time did not allow him to finish so prodigious a design. And, doubtless too, if Montaigne had lived he would have gone on writing new essays, so that the Montaigne we know is but a fragment of Montaigne.

MODERN MEN OF THE STONE AGE.

A community of primitive people, wearing no clothes, unable to count beyond three, and to-day making and using the implements and weapons of the Stone Age, was found in the unknown interior of Dutch New Guinea by the British Ornithological Expedition. The expedition was organized in 1909 to celebrate the jubilee of the British Ornithologists' Union. In the party there were 12 Europeans—Mr. Walter Goodfellow, the leader, Dr. Wollaston, Mr. Shortridge, Captain Rawling, Dr. Marshall, Mr. Stalker (who died a few days after the landing), and six officials lent by the Dutch Government, besides ten mountaineering Gurkhas, 60 native soldiers, and 80 convicts. They landed in

Dutch New Guinea in January, 1910, and after extraordinary difficulties in crossing a country which resembled a network of river, swamp, and delta, they reached the mountains at the head of the Mimika River. Mr. Goodfellow, who was invalided home last October, and recently arrived in England, communicated to *The Times* an account of his experiences, from which the following extracts are taken:—

The natives whom we met with on the Mimika average 5ft. 8in. to 5ft. 9in. in height. Their color is light compared with that of the natives of some parts of New Guinea. They are, indeed, of an ordinary bronze color, although one sometimes comes across individuals who are black. Albinism

seems to be rather frequent with them. I saw a child who was perfectly white, with tow-colored hair and pink eyes. The father and mother, who were dark skinned, were particularly proud of their child. Some of the people are quite handsome, especially the men. None of them have any power of counting beyond three. We spent hours in trying to get them to go beyond that number, but they were unable to do so. When we wanted to imply a large number we put our hands together with the fingers touching, and sometimes put our hands to our feet. They seemed to understand what was meant by this method of indicating multitude. They wear nothing that we understand by the word clothes. So far as we could ascertain they have no religion. They are practically monogamous, for although a man may have more than one wife, this is not usual; and I have known men of 20 or 30 years of age who were unmarried. A man marries a wife in order to make her work—she is a beast of burden, absolutely. Occasionally the men will go hunting, if they want meat, or will catch fish; but in general all the labor is done by the women, and the gathering of sago is entirely done by them. The men only help to build the huts of the community, to make their canoes, and to fashion their weapons. The women go out early in the morning in the canoes, under the conduct, perhaps, of one or two men, and return in the evening with the sago and firewood they have collected during the day. Meanwhile the men lounge about in the village, waiting for the women to return to feed them.

When we arrived in the country the natives were living in the stone age; they had no iron or metal of any description at all. They used stone axes for cutting. The beautiful carving on some of their weapons was done with bits of shell and pigs' tusks. Each village seemed to possess at least one old man, whose duty was apparently to sharpen their stone axes for them. These implements present very little difference from those which have survived from the stone age in England. When they began to under-

stand the use of our iron axes their sole idea was to possess an axe of that kind. In some instances they were only too ready to give up their stone axes when we gave them an iron axe, which we sometimes did in exchange for a canoe—if it was a very fine canoe.

We did not find the people down by the coast nearly so tractable or companionable as those at the head waters of the river. They were also much more quarrelsome among themselves. They tap a species of sugar palm up the river, and make fermented drink out of it. On this they get fearfully intoxicated, and wild orgies take place all day. Parties of them would go off in canoes and sit under the palms from which the drink was obtained. In the morning they would return extremely drunk, and fights used to be the result. Sometimes these fights lasted for two days at a time. In our vicinity they more often than not took place at night. The natives then made such an indescribable din with their howling and their noises that we could not sleep at our base camp. Spears and showers of arrows were discharged in all directions, and one could hear the sound of their axes dealing blows on the bodies of the combatants. After a time the women would join in the fray, and their shrill voices added to the babel, making the noise greater than ever. When they became involved in the fights they seemed to be worse than the men. The cries were not like sounds emitted by human beings, but rather like the cries of animals. The voices of the men are naturally very loud and harsh.

Yet these people are very musical, and when they sing their voices are most pleasing. They sing part songs beautifully, and they are also very fond of choruses. Some of these choruses are quite rollicking. They have only one instrument—the tom-tom. The singing is confined to the men; I have never heard a woman join in it at all. Moreover, the drum is played only by the men.

I have said that the natives wear no clothing, but this needs to be qualified in the case of widows in mourning. At

such times a woman is very much covered up. She wears elaborate grass clothes, like a long mantle, and has a thing resembling a huge poke bonnet over her head. She also paints her face with yellow ochre. The natives mourn for men but not much for women. At the moment of death a great wailing and screaming is set up, and everybody covers himself with mud. The dead are always buried in the morning about an hour before daylight. During the night the whole village evidently sit up wailing. One would start off in a quavering voice high above all the other voices, and they would keep this up for hours and hours. The dirge or wailing song which they chanted was most impressive during the silence of the night, and the tap, tap, tap of the tom-tom accompanying it added to the effect. About an hour before daylight they would take the body off to bury it, and one heard this wailing with the regular tap, tap, tap of the tom-tom gradually dying away in the distance.

We got to know the natives dwelling close to the mountains very well indeed, and we got on much better with them than with those on the coast; but then we had much more to do with them. The bashfulness and shyness of the former and their children quite disappeared. When we first went among the upper river natives they appeared to be very honest, and they would religiously return to us small articles left outside the tents. This, however, was only deception on their part, I think; because a little later on they developed into arrant thieves. I have known men sometimes to make a dash into our camp, seize something and make off with it.

In their huts they preserved the skulls of their relatives. Dr. Wollaston and I went down another river and visited a very large village where we desired to collect some skulls. It was always rather difficult to establish trade at first; but after the first shyness had worn off we found the natives

only too ready to sell the skulls they had. One woman brought out the skull of a child which she said was her own child, and wished to sell it to us. Presently, the whole village street looked like a Golgotha, all the people having put the skulls they owned outside their huts. They did not ask us to buy them, but they evidently hoped we should do so. Every house had three or four skulls set out in front of it. Another time a man brought the skull of his young wife to sell. It struck me as being a particularly gruesome sight, because he stood there for a long time with the skull under his arm. The natives seem to attach no importance to the lives of the women. We once saw a man drowning a woman and rescued her. We got her on to the bank, where she lay for some time before she was sufficiently recovered to get up and crawl away to the village. I could cite other examples to show that this is not an isolated instance of cruelty. Cannibalism is not practised by the Mimika people as a general custom, but enemies killed in warfare are eaten, and I have reason to believe that before our arrival in their country raids on other tribes were frequently made for that purpose. Our presence among them of course put a stop to this to a certain extent.

I have seen numbers of the pygmies, the discovery of whom has been reported in England. We never saw any of their women or children—only their men. They seemed to be extremely stupid people. We used to strike matches in front of them and do other things which we thought might interest them, but they would not look; they turned their heads away. The older men have thick bushy beards. These people have a much lighter colored skin than the lowland natives. Their skin is of a very light brown color. One or two of the younger men we met were strikingly handsome, but one or two of the older men were just the reverse—repulsively ugly.

GREAT AMATEURS.

The late Sir Francis Galton was a strong advocate of the view, which his own investigations did much to support, that heredity is more effectual than environment, or, in his own words, that nature is stronger than nurture. His scheme of tabulating "worthy" families and of assigning "marks" for life-histories involves the principles of a sort of biological aristocracy with which, perhaps, the *Who's Who* of future ages may be in line.

Galton and his hobbies—we use the word for a purpose—are a perfect example of a rather curious tendency in the history of knowledge. The example is rendered all the more instructive by his own personal attitude. Thus, in the actual *Who's Who* of to-day—a compilation which he may have regarded with ironic contemplation in view of his own ideal—this man of science and original thinker did not give himself the style of "investigator," or "student," or "author." The style he chose to wear before the world was that of "private gentleman." Read in connection with the list of achievements which follows, itself manifestly perfunctory, the significance of "private gentleman" is distinctly pointed. And no doubt it was meant to be. Galton, perhaps, might have said that England and the world owe most to their private gentlemen.

Now the tendency of which this particular private gentleman was a notable and brilliant example is this: that new developments, new lines of inquiry, new points of view, come more often from the amateur than from the professional. In the matter of "original contributions" the outsider is dominant over the academician. Generally speaking, the work of the latter may be "sound," but that of the former is brilliant." It is as if those inside the

ring possessed, like the interior of a circle, no independent capacity of motion, but merely inertia. Only the application of outside forces can produce velocity in the system.

Here is a case in point. The most fruitful hypothesis upon the origin and development of primitive civilization was framed by a historian who had no previous acquaintance with the subject. In the course of an historical inquiry he found it necessary to have a working hypothesis of this evolution as a prolegomenon. The current hypothesis on examination failed to satisfy his judgment. Accordingly he went into the subject himself, and evolved an hypothesis of his own. Examples might be multiplied. But the greatest example, perhaps, of all, is Galton's cousin. Darwin might have styled himself a "country gentleman." *That*—and the fact is more than a coincidence—is just what he looks like in his most characteristic portrait.

It is still interesting to read of the flutter raised in academic and professional dovecotes by the famous paper at the Linnean and by *The Origin of Species*. Here was a new and startling hypothesis claiming to undermine the foundations of established theory. It was the work of an amateur in biology, and it has revolutionized the whole of scientific thought. The critic's last weapon against an original view which does not satisfy his judgment is to suggest that the view is "unsound." Cases have been known where a trained and professed student of a subject was, in military parlance, "broken" on account of an unsound publication. Whether the work was sound or unsound is here not the question. It may be a fact that the fear of imputations of unsoundness and of the practical consequences of such a

charge has deterred men from publication, but it is not likely that many of these carry to the grave the secret of some tremendous discovery. But when the author of an original work is an outsider, an amateur, the adverse critic's last weapon has a second edge. This is a demand for the "qualifications" of the writer.

In the case of Darwin this demand was made at once, and was perpetually repeated. There was no answer (except an appeal to the future) to the plea that his biological qualifications were "unsatisfactory." He had no "training" in zoological or botanical laboratories; he held no degrees of science; he had not even sat for, much less passed, any examinations in the subjects on which he claimed a hearing. On his side it might have been argued that he had studied the subjects for love of them, and had enjoyed the advice and assistance, unprofessionally given, of great authorities. But there was nothing official, nothing to show as formal proof that he was anything more than a "self-taught" man. And to that plea there is a time-honored proverbial counter. Similarly it was a frequent complaint against Napoleon by the generals who failed to defeat him that he knew nothing of the science and art of war, and that he won battles simply by ignorance and by breaking the rules. There is, of course, much to be said for this plea. Hypotheses must be tested. But the danger is that professional inertia, the excess, that is, of caution over imagination, may clip the wings of truth, which, as Mill long ago observed, has no mystic inherent power to command success.

What is the secret of this prepotency of the amateur? Is it merely that, as compared with the professional, he enjoys "a position of greater freedom and less responsibility"? In crude terms, does he owe his force to his "independent means"? Yet one often

bears amateurs of some sport regret the absence of the stimulus of "the battle for food." Ultimately, of course, the presence or absence of a material choregia has only a secondary importance. But has the amateur nothing else to lose? There are amateurs and amateurs, and the multitude of cranks is large. The amateur's character for sense and intelligence is always at stake. Complex though it is, his "mechanical advantage" is composed of moral and intellectual elements. We may take it that his energy—a quality, by the way, which Galton was fond of placing first in his lists of merit—is not blunted by routine and that his enthusiasm is not damped by secondary anxieties. He has, above all, the advantage of coming fresh to his subject; of approaching it with a full measure of that wonder, curiously tinged with reverence, which is the key to understanding. Something of this was in the mind of Plato—himself proud of his "amateur definition"—throughout his favorite topic. For him, knowledge was a form of love. It was not without irony that he represented the ideal ruler as loth to be dragged back into the Cave to do his share of governing the Cave Men. The onlooker sees most of the game, and the onlooker who comes to it fresh is a potential lover. Cases are not unknown of suggestions, pregnant with possibilities, resulting from the fresh vision of outer eyes. The case of the amateur turned professional is really a corroboration of the point. A man like Luther Burbank, who as a child preferred flowers to toys and nursed a cactus, remains an amateur to the end, though he may incidentally have become the greatest plant-breeder in the world.

The acquaintance thus begun between the amateur, the "lover," and his subject, his "beloved object," is continued "with love," as it began "for love." At a great age Darwin wrote

about flowers, Galton created a new science, Dr. Wallace sees a new vision of the world—each with the sincerity and abandon of a child, with the devotion and worship of an ideal lover. Psychology has made a great deal out of the impulse of “play” since Schiller wrote that man is only completely man when he is playing. On this freedom of the soul the greatest achievements depend.

The Spectator.

In some such way we conceive the relation of the amateur to the play which he makes the work of his life. It serves to illustrate Galton's belief in the preponderance of “nature,” just as he himself and his great contributions to knowledge, in meteorology, psychology, anthropology, and genetics, illustrate our debt to the amateur.

ON WEATHER LORE.

“Changement de temps, entretien de sots,” says a French proverb. To us it seems the proverb that is foolish. There is an extraordinary dignity, for instance, in the rustic weather lore of old-fashioned village people, coming down from days without newspapers, without the modern hurry and bustle, with little knowledge of the outside world, when men's interests were, perforce, centred in the natural operations going on around them, and the great framework in which they were set, which last, as each time the earth went round the sun, was enriched by its association with the events and persons of a supernatural year. How restful are the old saws and proverbs of the weather, now everywhere dying out, once continually on the lips of country people, the garnered wisdom of centuries of observant toil! Those rustic proverbs have been repeated for centuries, and nobody knows how old they are, or who made them. Talking about the weather seems a broadly human recreation, suited to days of a large leisure, like attending funerals, playing old-fashioned whist, or drinking hot elderberry wine.

The story of St. Swithin is a bit of saintly weather lore still universally known in England. It belongs to a time when everybody knew the dates

of the saints' days. The old rhyming weather proverbs still extant speak of Candlemass, of St. Paul, of St. James, of St. Barthlemy. Everyone talked familiarly of these days. In Russia, no doubt, the Moujik still reminds his wife of the severe trouble her slanderous tongue got her into last Three Holy Children, and she retorts by mentioning his fall from a ladder while under the influence of vodka two years comes Elias the Prophet. It is well known that in Russia the number of holidays is positively scandalous. The Eastern Church, moreover, commemorates the saints of the Old Law as well as of the New. *Quam magna est domus!* In England the memory of saints' days, else forgotten, is still occasionally kept alive by weather rhymes.

The first bit of weather lore we ever remember to have heard is:—

As the days lengthen
The cold strengthens.

or, in a version rhyming more correctly:—

As the days being to lengthen
Then the cold begins to strengthen

All January weather rhymes insist on the cold of the lengthening days after Christmas. Keat's picture of that St. Agnes' Eve, when it was so “bitter

chill" that "the owl for all his feathers was a-cold," may have been influenced by these old sayings. The Old Style St. Agnes' Eve would be the last day of January. The weather rhymes are all in favor of the early months of the year being cold. If they are not, we shall suffer for it afterwards. There is one that says

If the grass grows green in Janiveer,
It grows the worse for it all the year.

and another muses:—

March in Janiveer,
Janiveer in March, I fear;

"I remember when the old people always called it Janiveer," an old body told the writer the other day. "A warm January a cold May" is to the same effect, and, once more:—

Who doffs his coat on a winter day,
Will gladly put it on in May.

The first three months of the year are the time when cold weather is expected, and may be cheerfully endured. French proverbs tell the same tale: "*Si février est chaud, Pâques aura froidure,*" and again, "*Quand mars fait avril, avril fait mars.*" With good luck, the worst of winter may be done with by St. Vincent, but, on the other hand, it may then set in with renewed severity. The old time St. Vincent's Day would be at the beginning of February. "*A la St. Vincent l'hiver se reprend on se rompt les dents.*" The people who made such saying as this last knew well the deadly grip and bite of winter. It was indeed a wolf at poor men's doors.

According to a rhyme we heard an old lady quote a week or two ago, a prophetic character seems to have been attributed to St. Paul's Day. It runs:—

If St. Paul's day be fair and clear,
That betides a happy year.
If blustering winds do blow aloft,
Then wars will trouble us full oft.

And if it chance to snow or rain.
Then will be dear all sorts of grain.

The writer looks out from his window on a great and splendid church. Few things must have so much impressed our forefathers as the sight of such a church, filled from end to end in the frosty February morning with the twinkling lights of Candlemass Day. This feast is one of the great dividing lines in weather lore.

If Candlemass Day be wet and foul,
We shall have winter half the year.
If Candlemass Day be wet and foul,
The half of winter's gone at Yule.

Another adage says:—

If the wind's in the East on Candlemass Day,
There it will stick till the second of May.

"February Fill-Dyke," by the way, always strikes us as a descriptive phrase, beautiful in its acquiescent tranquillity.

"March Many-Weathers," again, comes from days when everything was personified. March is one of the easiest months to think of as a person: one sees her shaken locks, her brown young brow, her sea-blue eyes. She dances; she is in a red cloak; the laughter of new life is in her whirling gusts. March is the month of wind and sunshine; if she fails to give us these the coming months must pay:—

As many mists in March you see,
So many frosts in May will be.

The March proverbs are full of the joy of living, and the goodness of her keen shrill winds. "A peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom."

March winds, April showers,
Bring forth May flowers.

They delight in her quick changes, her coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb, her irresponsible gaiety. "Marzo matto" Tuscans say.

"Lent" means spring and a Lent

proverb may be put down here. It sounds as old as Chaucer:—

If the sun shine on Shrove Tuesday,
It shines each day in Lent, men say.

The budding of the trees was thought to be an index of the coming year. The following is a very prosaic version of the saying about the oak and the ash known to everybody:—

If the Oak's before the Ash,
The farmer's pockets are full of cash.
If the Ash is before the Oak,
The farmer's hopes will end in smoke.

The good time begins in April, when winter's ruins and rains are over, and all the season of snows and sins. Now it is right to expect sunshine. There is a time for everything under the sun but frost and cold are unseasonable now: and mean harm. "Fogs in April, floods in June." Again, they say in France:—

Gelée d'avril ou de mai
Misère nous prédit, au vrai.

But when things go well there is no praise too great for the sun and dew of April and of May. "Rosée de mai vaut chariot de roi." The folk-lore of all Christian lands by the way, is full of the sacredness of the rain falling on Ascension Day.

The French equivalents of our St. Swithin are St. Médard and St. Protals. Both of these occur in June, St. Médard on the eighth, St. Protals on the nineteenth:

S'il pleut le jour de St. Médard,
Il pleut quarante jours plus tard.
S'il pleut le jour de St. Protals,
Il pleut quarante jours après.

All over Europe there are sayings which note, with a certain healthy pleasure, the storms of a fine summer, and the times when they may be looked for. "San Giovanni e San Pietro gran mercanti di grandine" is from the Italian Lakes. Still, in spite

of hail or thunder, "juin bien fleuri vrai Paradis."

In our West Country they say that the rain on St. Swithin's Day "christens the apples." The forty days of rain are from St. Swithin to St. Bartholomew, July 15th to August 24th. The rhyme tells us:

As many tears as St. Swithin can cry,
St. Barthlemy's mantle shall wipe them dry.

Long days of hot sunshine with brief thunderstorms are looked for from a well-conducted July. "Juillet ensoleillé et en grand tonnerre remplit cave et grenier." Another saying is:—

If the first of July be rainy weather,
It will rain more or less for four weeks together.

The fate of the year is not decided till late in July:

Till St. James's Day be past and gone,
There may be hope or there may be none.

St. Bartholomew, again, is a decisive date.

If St. Barthlemy's Day be fair and clear
Hope for a prosperous autumn that year.

A French August proverb says:

Quand il pleut en Août,
Il pleut miel et bon mout.

After harvest, the weather proverbs become few and far between. The peasant's interest in the year is practical not æsthetic, and when once all is safely gathered in he has no longer the same motive for watching the weather and its changes. There is always the same dislike to unseasonable things. So we hear:

Winter thunder,
Poor man's hunger.

or again:—

If there's ice in November to carry a duck,

There'll be nothing after but sludge and muck.

or, once more:—

A green Christmas, a white Easter.
The Nation.

For the peasant holds that there is a season and a time to every purpose under the heaven, and that of its kind and in its season everything is good.

THE STOLYPIN COUP D'ETAT.

There can be no mistaking the gravity from every point of view, constitutional, national, and international, of the Act of State by which the Tsar has decided in favor of the Premiership of M. Stolypin. We have no intention of passing any fixed judgment upon the act. But it deserves to be studied in almost every aspect, as evidently one of the most far-reaching measures conceivable on the part of the Sovereign of the Russian Empire. We shall endeavor to represent with impartiality as well as accuracy the principal features of the great controversy. Never, it may be said, has a monarch intervened more dramatically and more decisively for a Minister than Nicholas II has intervened for M. Stolypin. But yesterday the legislative measure which constitutes the Minister's most vital ambition at the moment had been rejected by an overwhelming majority of the Senate or Upper House of the Russian Legislature; and the Minister himself was a suppliant to his Sovereign for permission to resign. To-day M. Stolypin is more than ever the Prime Minister of Russia, his rejected project of law is legalized and applied by Imperial order, and the leaders of the successful opposition in the Senate have received a contemptuous "leave of absence for nine months," practically equivalent to their expulsion from the Senate for a prolonged period. To prevent even a protest from the opponents of M. Stolypin in the Duma, that representative assembly of the Russian electorate has been suspended for a number

of days required to bring into execution the Stolypin law over their heads and without their concurrence. "Russia has no longer a Parliament nor a Constitution," said the President of the Duma, as he read with emotion the Imperial Order. We only register the indignant outburst of the sorrowing dignitary. We shall understand more exactly later the true scope of his declaration. At any rate the Imperial Will has declared itself at the expense of everything which was in the way of M. Stolypin, and the First Act of the Parliamentary drama has come to an end.

There is good reason, we must remember, for the Tsar's devotion to M. Stolypin, for the Empress Marie's appeal to him to withdraw his resignation of a premiership which has been illustrated by such immense services to monarch and monarchy. M. Stolypin has been called the conqueror of the Russian Revolution. We are afraid that in the twentieth century revolutions, even in countries more equably constituted than Russia, continue to require a good deal of watching even after they have been annihilated. Nor is Russia likely to be able to dispense with very careful observation and very careful handling for a long time to come. But the fact remains that M. Stolypin accepted the Premiership when the revolutionary violence was at its worst, and that he has not only driven violence under the surface, but he has introduced and largely established measures of conservative recuperation and orderly development which

do the very highest credit to his statesmanship as well as to his resolution and courage. Recognizing, as many of the highest minds of Russia had recognized, the impossibility of developing personal initiative and progress under the semi-socialist system of the village commune, he established a great plan for converting the village joint-holders into peasant owners. He has made the reorganization of the army, shattered after Manchuria, a primary object of his policy; and his financial administration has supplied the army reformers with the means for the great success which every military critic must admit to-day. He has led the Duma from the verge of revolutionary excess and failure to the comparative dignity which it has maintained of late. His friends declare that he is "as Liberal as possible" under an autocracy indispensable to Russia. The Poles and the Jews accuse him of compassing their destruction by roundabout methods more efficient than the rude despotism of his ultra-Muscovite predecessors. He has convinced his Imperial master that the authority of the Crown is not only safe in his hands, but the supreme object of his policy.

There can be no doubt that M. Stolypin already deserves the name of a great Russian statesman. Still the fact is patent that he has brought the whole governing system of Russia into a condition of crisis, which may justify itself by success, but which is grave and menacing in many respects. He is a Nationalist Russian. That is his pride and his power. Need Russian Nationalism involve the systematic oppression of other nationalities within the Russian Empire? We merely note the difficulty. He has almost fallen, and he has risen anew, on a Nationalist question. Desirous of introducing the Russian system of local government into the Western pro-

vinces of Russia, which were formerly Eastern provinces of Poland, he found their population Russians in the lower classes and Poles in the higher, including the owners of land. Zemstvos on the usual lines would place their administration in Polish hands. He brought in a Law, or as we say a Bill, for giving separate representation to the Russian masses and separate representation to the Polish upper classes, which set race against race to the advantage of the orthodox Muscovites. He provoked a double opposition. Ultra Russians wanted no representation of Poles at all. Poles and Liberals protested against discriminating treatment of any kind, and asked why the peasantry should be roused against the proprietors in Polish districts more than Russian ones. The Bill barely got through the Duma. In the Senate the coalition of the opponents who said it went too far one way, with the opponents who said it went too far another way, ensured its rejection by an overwhelming vote. M. Stolypin offered his resignation to a Sovereign who knew of no possible substitute, and, in reply to the entreaties of the entire Imperial Family, sternly named his conditions.

We know M. Stolypin's conditions from their fulfilment. The Duma was prorogued by the Tsar for four days, so as to bring into operation a clause of the Constitution which enables the Tsar to pass Laws when the Duma is not sitting. MM. Trepoff and Durnovo, the heads of the Conservative opposition to the Zemstvo Bill—men of devoted loyalty who stood by the monarchy in the blackest days of the Revolution—have been suspended from their places in the Upper Chamber. What is the impression or opinion? It is felt universally that the prorogation of the Duma under such circumstances is equivalent to a declaration that the Duma has no real rights

of legislation. The punishment of two distinguished members of the Senate for having exercised their legal right to vote in the Senate, amounts to a prohibition of the Senate's right to an independent existence at all. Would it not have been wiser, as well as more constitutional and legal, to reintroduce the Bill in the Duma with an Imperial Message urging its acceptance? Neither Senate nor Duma would have proved recalcitrant, even though they might have suggested amendments for the Imperial consideration. It is inevitable that both the persons of the Tsar and the Minister come under general criticism in the actual course which has been recommended by the Premier and executed by the Crown. The personal punishment of the senatorial votes of distinction.

The Outlook.

guished Senators is also resented as a petty humiliation of political opponents. To suspend the Duma is resented as equivalent to the disfranchisement of the Duma. The President of the Representative Chamber has flung down his office, in indignant sympathy with the affronted Assembly. The Western Provinces have not had any sort of Zemstvos since the Flood. Many dispassionate observers ask whether they might not have waited even a year or two longer in their immemorial condition, rather than outrage both Houses of the Imperial Parliament together. There are victories which are too dearly purchased. Has M. Stolypin achieved such a triumph? He has brought the Tsardom into political debate.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

To be scientific without being technical and to be practical without being too elementary is the aim of Mr. A. D. Hall's "The Feeding of Crops and Stock" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). It considers the composition of the regular field and garden crops, the fertility and proper treatment of the soil, the utilization of the crops in the feeding of animals, commercial foodstuffs, the use of fertilizers, and the chemistry of dairy products. The author's experience has been gained at the Rothamsted Experimental Station in England, of which he is Director, and his work is adapted to the needs of practical farmers quite as much as to the use of students of agriculture. There are twenty or more illustrations.

Jeanette Marks's new volume, "The End of a Song," is in the same vein as "Through Welsh Doorways," but adds to the picturesqueness, pathos and

quaint humor of the earlier sketches the interest of continuous narrative. The song is sung in old Nan Roberts's high, lilting voice at a village concert for the benefit of Mair Morris's twelve orphans—"grand babies"—and two of the twelve play important parts in bringing the very satisfactory end. The village characters are a delightful group—Will Morris, the forlorn father, Mrs. Jenkins the Inn, Mrs. Morgan the Shop, Mr. and Mrs. Coach, and Mrs. Glyn, the baker's bride, who through all her young life has not "neglected one single mood or tense of the conjugation of the verb *care*." But Miss Marks's finest work is done in the portrayal of Shon Roberts, Nan's loving, devoted, soft-hearted, penurious old husband. To have united the diverse traits and made a real man, not the simple caricature so often found in fiction, is a genuine triumph. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The twelfth and final volume of "The Works of James Buchanan," edited by John Bassett Moore, and published in a limited edition by J. B. Lippincott Company is, in a way, the most interesting of all, for it is wholly biographical or autobiographical. A large part of it is taken up with Mr. Buchanan's own account and defence of his administration "on the eve of the rebellion," published by him soon after the close of the war, at a time when he felt himself the subject of unjust aspersions. This personal narrative deals only with public events and public papers and includes no private correspondence. It affords the reader an opportunity to see just how the incidents which led up to the civil war presented themselves to Mr. Buchanan himself. Of less importance though not without interest, is an autobiographical sketch of Mr. Buchanan's earlier career, and a brief biographical sketch by his secretary and nephew, Mr. James Buchanan Henry.

The publication of Sir Frederick Treves's "The Cradle of the Deep," in a new and popular edition, puts this vivid and diverting narrative of West Indian travel within the easy reach of the average reader. History, adventure, tales of pirates and buccaneers and first-hand sketches of the various West Indian islands as they are to-day combine to make a book which has no dull page in it. The first edition of the book was published only two years ago, and the author's observations come down to a date later than the Kingston earthquake. The West Indies are increasingly a lure for the beguilement of American travellers; and henceforth no one who takes one of the many tempting cruises among them, on rest or pleasure bent, should fail to carry with him this comprehensive and

up-to-date narrative by a traveller who knows both how to see and how to describe. There are 54 illustrations from photographs and four maps. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The many readers whose knowledge of Russian fiction is limited to some acquaintance with Tolstoi, and perhaps a little knowledge of Turgenev and Gogol, will find Professor William Lyon Phelps's *Essays on Russian Novelists* a guide into hitherto unrecognized realms. If they do not, even after accepting Professor Phelps's guidance and reading the books to which he directs their attention, altogether adopt his dictum that "Russian fiction is like German music, the best in the world," they will at least have possessed themselves not only of certain really great literary creations, but of marvelously vivid portrayals of Russian life and character and social and political conditions. For it is chiefly with his own country and people that each of the great Russian novelists concerns himself. He has indeed no need to go far afield for tragedies of the deepest poignancy or for events of the swiftest dramatic sequence. Lovers of gentle and pleasant tales may as well hold aloof from the Russian novelists,—Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Tolstoi, Gorki, Chekhov, Artsybashev, Andreev and Kuprin—of whom Professor Phelps writes in these essays: they will find them too sombre and too intense in their realism. But it would be difficult to find a book which, within equal compass, furnishes the reader who wishes to know Russian fiction as it really is, a more sympathetic and satisfactory guide. A complete list of the publications of the nine authors who form the subjects of the essays is given at the close of the book. The Macmillan Company.

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LI.

No. 3486 April 29, 1911

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

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NOW GOES OUR LADY TO THE WOODS.

Now goes our lady to the woods:
 Not that she needeth to take flight:
 Her soul hath its own solitudes—
 Its stars, on the most starless night,
 Its light, on the most sunless day.
 She takes not flight—she goes away
 As quiet, queenly, rare, as here,
 In Babylon, when days are drear,
 She moves about. She does not fly;
 She does not haste; she merely goes—
 To where the dreaming poplar rows
 Look upward to the Milky Way;
 Where men have bliss of stars by
 night,
 Behold the gorgeous sun by day,
 The colored seasons drifting by:
 She takes not flight—but none the
 less
 Doth she rejoice again to catch
 The spaces to her soul, and match
 Her quiet soul with quietness.

F. N.

The Academy.

And he felt in his heart their strange-
 ness,
 Their stillness answering his cry,
 While his horse moved, cropping the
 dark turf,
 'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
 For he suddenly smote on the door,
 even
 Louder, and lifted his head:
 "Tell them I came, and no one an-
 swered,
 That I kept my word," he said.
 Never the least stir made the listen-
 ers,
 Though every word he spake
 Fell echoing through the shadowiness
 of the old house
 From the one man left awake;
 Ay, they heard his foot upon the stir-
 rup,
 And the sound of iron on stone.
 And how the silence surged softly
 backward,
 When the plunging hoofs were gone.
Walter de la Mare.

The Saturday Review.

THE LISTENERS.

"Is there anybody there?" said the
 Traveller,
 Knocking on the moonlit door;
 And his horse in the silence champ'd
 the grasses
 Of the forest's ferny floor;
 And a bird flew up out of the turret
 Above the Traveller's head;
 And he smote upon the door again a
 second time;
 "Is there anybody there?" he said.
 But no one descended to the Traveller,
 No head from the leaf-fringed sill
 Leaned over and looked into his gray
 eyes,
 Where he stood perplexed and still.
 But only a host of phantom listeners
 That dwelt in the lone house then
 Stood listening in the quiet of the
 moonlight
 To that voice from the world of men;
 Stood thronging the faint moonbeams
 on the dark stair
 That goes down to the empty hall,
 Harkening in an air stirred and
 shaken
 By the lonely Traveller's call.

A LAMENT FOR YOUTH.

From the forests of the night,
 From the palace of the day,
 He hath winged a distant flight;
 No more looms he on our sight,
 No more bows he to our sway.
 He was cunning in the mart,
 He was mighty with the sword,
 He was skilled in every art,
 Like a king he dwelt apart,
 And we fathomed not his word.
 Weep for him, each denizen
 Of the valley and the hill,
 Of the forest and the fen!
 For he cometh not again
 To our glory or our ill.
 Wake the echo of the lyre
 And the melody of song
 With a full and tragic fire!
 For our yearning shall not tire
 Till it mourneth sweet and long,
 Till the weary desert's verge
 And the shaggy mountain's head
 And the quiet-crooning surge
 Hear, and answer to the dirge
 Of our Youth that now is dead.

R. T. Chandler.

The Westminster Gazette.

WHAT IS IMPRESSIONISM?

L'admiration de la foule est toujours en raison indirecte du génie individuel. Vous êtes d'autant plus admiré et compris que vous êtes plus ordinaire.—Zola.

The most recent sale of impressionist pictures was held in Paris, in April, 1910, when the widely-known Pellerin collection was dispersed. The prices attained must have come as a startling revelation to people whose attitude *vis-à-vis* this style of painting has hitherto been that of the unbelieving scoffer. Buyers from every civilized country attended, and many and keen were the competitions in bank-notes ere the day closed. Pictures were acquired for the art galleries of the cities of Paris, New York, Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, Dresden and Munich, at prices ranging from £1,200 to £15,000. No less a sum than £71,000 was paid for sixteen pictures by Manet alone, many of which were of quite small dimensions, half a dozen of them being pastel drawings.

Twenty years ago, when I first advocated the formation in British galleries of collections of impressionist pictures, these identical works could have been acquired for a fraction—perhaps a fiftieth part—of their present value. Magnificent paintings which literally went a-begging thirty or forty years ago are now changing hands readily at prices up to £20,000. The final test and consecration of excellence—the seal of the Bourse—is thus set upon work around and about which has raged by far the fiercest battle of art and interests which history records.

Naturally such an event as the Pellerin sale has attracted world-wide attention, and has aroused the keenest interest in artistic circles. Feeling that a brief account of the inception and development of impressionist painting might be welcomed by your

readers, I here set down the following lines. Yet to advocate the claims of living painters and present-day art is a thankless business, and no truer words were ever penned by the sage of Brantwood than that "he who would maintain the cause of contemporary excellence against that of elder time must have almost every class of men arrayed against him. The generous, because they would not find matter of accusation against established dignities; the envious, because they like not the sound of a living man's praise; the wise, because they prefer the opinion of centuries to that of days; and the foolish, because they are incapable of forming an opinion of their own."

The subject of Impressionism is one which I have much at heart, and with which I have for the past twenty years been closely associated. It is a subject which, I think readers will agree, requires wider ventilation and consideration than has hitherto been accorded to it in this country. An injustice remains to be righted, for men of super-fine talent and grand achievement—foreigners though they be—still await that degree of respect and approbation which is undoubtedly their due, and which English-speaking people, when once the true facts are placed before them, will not be slow to grant. England is, strange to say, the only civilized nation which has hitherto steadfastly refused to recognize the claims of this style of painting. Even the Barbizon school, for sixty or seventy years ostracized, is only just now beginning to make its presence felt in our public art galleries and museums, and that principally through gifts of patriotic people whose pride is touched by the lacuna. Truly, in the matter of aesthetics we are a slow-moving folk.

To be labelled "impressionist" was

once the surest sign of an artist's unpopularity, and the surest and quickest route to poverty and obscurity. Possession of an impressionist picture was held to denote eccentricity greater even than his who should fling his purse over the Tower Bridge and expect to net bank-notes in return.

Art helps us to see. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can see. It has been said that to see clearly is "poetry, prophecy and religion all in one." If that be so we ought all soon to develop into poets, philosophers and saints, for no other form of art is so capable, I believe, as impressionist painting of opening our eyes to the feast of beauty so lavishly spread by Nature.

"Impressionism," says Georges Le-comte, "is worthy our utmost admiration, and we can rationally believe that in the eyes of future generations it will justify this century in the general history of art."

There is a sequence of advance in the art of landscape painting as clearly defined as that which, in the sister art of shipbuilding, has led to the production of our *Dreadnoughts*, *Olympics* and aeroplanes.

To Claude undoubtedly belongs the honor of having been the first artist who ever thought of trying to render upon canvas effects of natural sunlight, or who ever conceived the idea that Nature unadorned might be worthy of study as an art apart. Claude, Poussin and Salvator may be regarded as the inventors of landscape painting, which is therefore but a stripling of some two hundred and fifty summers.

The accomplishment of those three pioneers is, however, incomparably inferior, from whatever point of view regarded, to that of our own countryman, J. M. W. Turner, the refulgence of whose genius has illuminated with undimmed vigor the art of landscape painting for the past century. In fact,

he practically created the art of which he still remains the greatest master. From 1773, then, being the natal year of that colossus amongst artists, dates all that is worthy of emulation in landscape painting.

Now since the greatest triumphs of Impressionism have been won on the field of landscape, it naturally follows that Turner, and in less degree his friend John Constable, are the true inspirers of the school. It derives from them as naturally and as easily as does the river from its mountain source or the flowers of the field from the sunlit sky. Truly has time fulfilled Ruskin's prophecy when he wrote of Turner that "Every day that he lies in his grave will bring some new acknowledgment of his power, and through those eyes, now filled with dust, generations yet unborn will learn to behold the 'Light of Nature.'" For who before Turner "had lifted the veil from the face of Nature? The majesty of the hills and forests had received no interpretation, and the clouds passed unrecorded from the face of the heavens which they adorned and of the earth to which they ministered."

We shall presently see how France, through Turner's eyes, did awake to the beauties revealed by this same "Light of Nature," and how, through France, the world at large has been enlightened. Whilst in England Turner and Constable were striving after light, and more light, ambitious to imprison the sun's very rays upon their canvas, their cross-Channel neighbors were just as ardently engaged upon a system of painting of their own invention, and far removed in objective from that of the Englishmen. They resigned themselves to the impossibility of sunlight and atmospheric painting, and took refuge in obscurity. Incredible as it may seem to us, it is nevertheless a fact that no artist's outfit in those days, be he figure or landscape painter,

was complete without its little black convex mirror. Regarding the object to be painted through this instrument, they in very truth rendered Nature as seen through a glass darkly. All the pioneer impressionists even, at the outset of their career, painted in this manner, as their works attest, and Ruskin is not the only art critic who has noted the fact. In proof of this important point, please regard, when chance offers, any pictures by Delaroche, Courbet, Flandrin, Regnault or Couture—who, by the way, actually started his pictures upon a canvas grounded in pure black. This obscurantist Couture was for six years Manet's professor—years marked by continual bickerings between pupil and teacher. All the more credit is, then, due to Manet for having so effectually emerged from the bituminous fog of his time and triumphantly led the van of sun worship in France.

Now Manet was the recognized leader of the impressionists from the year 1860 onwards, and the movement was the consequence of a schism which took place amongst a certain section of French artists, young men of intelligence and high aspiration, endowed with great artistic capabilities. They believed that the principles upon which art was being taught in the schools of the period were wrong, root and branch, and that in consequence the pictorial output of those schools had become unworthy of France's best traditions. Therefore, throwing down the gauntlet, they set themselves the colossal task of proving their theories by convincingly putting them into practice.

After superhuman efforts and with lapse of time they succeeded, and have actually transfigured not only the art of their own country but that of every nation wherein art obtains. The sun now penetrates where gloom held sway, its blessed rays bringing joy to

the saddest of lives and surroundings.

The story of its doing is profoundly interesting. It is a history fraught with all the elements of a dozen thrilling novels, and which for adequate treatment requires a far more skilful pen than mine. For a score of years or more these artists were as evangelists crying aloud in the wilderness—a wilderness of the unbelieving, the envious, the timid and the malicious, whose sole response was mockery, with all its dire consequences. Deaths in the madhouse, from the suicide of despair and from sheer starvation, have marked the progress of impressionist painting, and rightly did Zola say, from the bitterness of his own experience, that "the history of literature and art is a sort of martyrology which recounts the abuse that has covered every new manifestation of the human soul."

Well might Theodore Duret,¹ one of the few enlightened and gallant supporters of the noble band write, from the fulness of his heart: "I think there will be nothing sadder to recount in the whole history of art than the long persecution inflicted upon truly original and creative artists of this country. There is not one of these great painters who has not been misunderstood and followed by taunts and injuries. They have all, without exception, in order to live by the fruit of their labors, had to experience a cruel struggle which has been a real martyrdom, embittering their whole lives." How profound is the wisdom of the Latin adage, *Patitur qui vincit*.

Baudelaire also was more than justified in saying that "Nations have great men in spite of themselves, as do families. They are not desired by either, so that the great man, in order

¹ A far-sighted connoisseur and art critic who with purse and pen has done yeoman service in the cause. His prophetic book, "*Critique d'Avant Garde*," should be read by all, as also should "*Mes Haines*," by Zola.

to exist, must needs possess a power of attack greater than the force of resistance developed by millions of individuals." That is a law of Nature, yet evidently there must be an enormous loss of fine temperaments in the process, to the detriment of humanity and injury to the State. France, ever in the van of enlightenment, is now foremost of the nations to recognize this culpable and nationally mischievous waste of genius, and is attempting reform.

Still "art will out," and we have cause to be thankful that it has been reserved for this generation to witness a quite phenomenal artistic revolution. We see the successful issue of a long, acrimonious and desolating struggle between a small band of devoted painters and the world of prejudice and disdain. The artists simply claimed freedom to propagate ideas such as have since so radically changed and enlarged the practice of landscape painting and the right to live modestly by the fruits of their talents and labors. Yet for years those primal necessities even were denied them, and both they and their art would have perished of starvation had not a small body of intelligent critics and far-sighted friends come to their aid. With the conviction of true inspiration, and for close upon half a century, those outsiders resolutely stemmed the tide of public obloquy. Happily a truce is now declared; the *Sturm und Drang* has subsided, and the world acknowledges that these artists have indeed something to show well worth the seeing.

The last barriers of official resistance to impressionist painting in France were levelled during my student days in Paris, when, in 1894, the Government accepted for the Luxembourg Gallery the Caillebotte legacy of some forty pictures, comprising examples by all the leaders of the Impressionist movement.

The exciting incidents of that acceptance and victory for the new school will be long remembered by those who took any part in it, and its history will form interesting reading some day. Eminent writers assure us that this movement alone, this group of most gallant painters, have more than justified their century in the tale of art achievement. Plutocrats compete for possession of their works at fabulous prices; the Luxembourg enfolds them *en masse*, enlarging its galleries for this purpose; whilst the Louvre itself has now its quota. We are therefore in the piping times of peace and goodwill, and appreciation is the order of the day.

At this point may I ask those to whom the matter of impressionist painting is entirely new, and who yet desire enlightenment, to come to its study with minds disabused of prejudice. Pray do not pay too much attention to the effect produced upon you by the manner in which some of these modern pictures are painted. They appear strange, and their quality of surface is apt to repel at first sight; mere pigment, however applied, is but the messenger of the sentiment of the subject; a welcome missive is acceptable despite the manner of its conveyance, and Gray's "Elegy" would still charm though written in the veriest schoolboy's scrawl. Bear in mind also that immediate appreciation is the gift of the few, and that the complete signification of impressionist painting can only be conveyed to faculties already receptive and refined.

To how many of us has it been given fully to appreciate a Wagnerian opera upon first audition? Taste and education are necessary preparations for such a feast of the soul. So it is with impressionist painting, whose consideration demands, besides culture, that tolerant and broad-minded spirit of criticism without which progress can

neither be made nor expected. Go again and again to study the pictures, and, remembering that *la peinture sent mauvais*, do not approach too closely the works under review. Given these necessary and none too exacting conditions, and you are assured of finding such new sensations and æsthetic pleasures in impressionist painting as will fully recompense the time and effort given to its study.

Sir Joshua Reynolds did not hesitate to express his conviction that in the future "so much will painting improve that the best we can now achieve will appear like the work of children." Let us hope that our powers of enjoyment will increase in like proportion.

Impressionist painters emanate from no school, and form no school, in the sense which implies master and scholars. On the contrary, being men of strong character and marked individuality, they must be regarded as independent co-workers in a common field of ideas and industry, banded together by friendship and inspired by a common sentiment, each one striving to solve the same eternal problems of light after his own manner.

This independent co-partnership forms one of the most characteristic features of the whole movement. Here we have men as dissimilar as Cézanne and Manet, as Sisley and Monet, Pissarro and Renoir, assiduously pursuing an ideal, without present hope of fee or reward and in face of the most violent public opposition and consequent personal privation.

At the outset of their crusade, and for long years afterwards, those men were, with one single exception, minus friends and fortune, power in the State, in the Press, or in the mart. All that, and much more, had to be created, together with their art itself. Surely it was no ordinary idea which could so irresistibly have moved them to such

tremendous efforts and sustained them in their tribulations! Nor was it. Regard their pictures, for the proofs are there; the idea has crystallized and is at your service.

Now the pioneers of Impressionism are constituted much as the pioneers in any other vocation. They have been especially equipped by Nature for the task which they have been moved to undertake. A casual glance at their physiognomies alone will amply suffice to prove that. They were strong men, physically and mentally, endowed far above the average with talent, and with that indomitable conquering spirit so necessary for original discovery and its development.

The following names are those of some of the painters, poets and writers constituting a remarkably talented coterie of men who, during the winter seasons of several years prior to 1870, nightly foregathered in the Café Guerbois, Paris, for discussion of a new manifestation in art, destined to be known in later years as Impressionism. After the war of 1870 their reunions were held in other cafés of the Montmartre district, notably La Nouvelle Athénée. In those early days they were dubbed "L'Ecole des Batignolles," for the name of the quarter in which their café was situated. Of painters there were Edouard Manet, Claude Monet, Jongkind, Cézanne, Degas and Fantin-Latour, whose life-sized painting of a group of the principal members of the club now adorns the Luxembourg Gallery. As time passed came Harpignies, Pissarro, Henner, Alfred Stevens, Sisley, Raffaelli, Renoir, and many others. Whilst busily at work outside, though ever under the direct influence of the club, were four of the most talented women painters who ever existed: Mesdames Berthe Morisot (a Parisian beauty), granddaughter of Fragonard and Manet's sister-in-law, Marie Bracquemond, Eva

Gonzales, and Mary Cassatt, an American.

Amongst the numerous literary men of talent who also frequented the café and took part in its deliberations were Emile Zola, Baudelaire, Gautier and Duranty, joined from time to time by Theodore Duret, Gustav Geffroy, Philippe Burty, Albert Wolff, and scores of others. A truly brilliant constellation of genius, you will admit, and all for the upbringing of an art as fascinating as it was in the land of its birth despised—a veritable Cinderella of painting, as events have proved.

Whistler, commonly known in this country as an impressionist (though not so on the Continent), occupies a place apart and outside Impressionism proper. He ranks in the same distinguished category as Carrière, Pointelin, Alexander Harrison, and many another, as a painter of tonal values, whose effects are not gotten by the division of tones and the juxtaposition of pure color, but by flat tints of broadly-applied palette mixtures. Whistler, so far as I know to the contrary, never even attempted sunlight painting; certainly, with his habitual sombre palette, such a feat would have been impossible. His use of paint and outlook upon Nature were practically the negation of Ruskin's teachings—hence the great critic's anger; and, paradoxical as it may seem, it is not too much to say that in their famous duel-at-law Ruskin was the real impressionist and Whistler the Philistine.

As Impressionism is a fine product of art which appeals only to the intellectual, so it requires for its successful manifestation, the possession, in the highest degree, of the imaginative, analytical and synthetical faculties, coupled with power to feel and to express the strongest spiritual motion and *élan*. Its object is to picture an abstract or *resumé* of the general aspect of things

rather than the mere photographic delineation of actual observed fact.

In a real impressionist picture is found just that quality which is inevitably absent from the work of the mechanic in art. It embodies a comprehensive, all-embracing glimpse of some chosen bit of Nature, glorified in rare and beautiful atmosphere; the impression of some fugitive accidental effect, a poem in color, an almost unbelievable vision of things transitory, seldom given to the ordinary mortal to behold and hitherto denied the greatest of landscapists to portray.

Impressionists endeavor adequately to realize the infinitely beautiful, ever-changing effects of atmosphere. *They affirm the sovereignty of light*, and, if title be necessary, that of *Luminist* would better indicate their aims than that of *Impressionist*.

True artists, and such these impressionists are to a man, will not so paint a flower as to lose sight of the garden, or the twigs of a tree missing the landscape. They have learnt to represent the *ensemble*, to select and summarize, and to subordinate detail to the effect of the whole; to get at the pith of a scene, ignoring the thousand and one distracting elements of prolific Nature which puzzle and distract the average painter of things *that are*. As the wizard of the "Butterfly Mark" has observed: "To say to the painter that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player that he may sit upon the piano."

Impressionists are consummate draughtsmen, as innumerable portrait and figure pieces, etchings and pastel drawings amply attest. They have passed years of their lives in academic study, and are in every possible way a fully equipped and intellectually capable body of men. Finding themselves greatly hampered with the palette of colors fashionable in their day, they gradually reformed the same by

the exclusion of all blacks, browns, ochres, and muddy colors generally, and abandoned the use of bitumen, asphaltum and siccatives. The colors retained were those nearest approaching the prismatic tints, as being best capable of rendering the shimmer and palpitant of dazzling sunlight.* They sought in Nature simple compositions, and these they set down upon canvas more by the modelling of the mass than by actual lines and spots. Values and envelopment are especially studied. Flat tints having been found insufficiently convincing, impressionists made the great discovery (which alone renders painters for ever indebted to them) that strong light dissolves tones; that the sun's rays, reflected by objects, tend, from their very brilliancy, to dissipate the prismatic tints, and that therefore only by juxtaposition of pure colors could sunlight effects be adequately rendered.

When you take your next constitutional in the country, please observe and compare the effect upon your mind of some chosen bit of landscape in the natural coloration of a gray day and the same scene illuminated to discoloration by the sun's too ardent rays. In the utilization of this discovery extraordinary results have been obtained.

The distinguishing feature, then, the hall-mark, as it were, of impressionist painting is the analysis and division of tones and their application to canvas by means of dots, dabs, twirls or lines of pure color, juxtaposed in such a manner that they will at a certain distance recompose themselves in the eye and mind of the spectator and produce a vividly strong resemblance of the particular atmospheric effect which it has been desired by the artist to convey.

* Here is a palette of colors, which, although simple, is capable, in the right hands, of doing anything. Three tints of cadmium (or chrome). Three tints of madder. Vermilion. Cobalt. Cobalt violet. French ultramarine. Emerald oxide of chromium. Blanc d'argent.

A startlingly effective example of the justification of this method came under my notice in London a little time ago.¹ The new Lumière color photography was under demonstration, a man's portrait being the object-lesson upon the screen. His collar stood out particularly bright and white, yet no white was there. Upon close examination of the screen the effect was found to be due to the presence of some thousands of juxtaposed dots of three pure colors, viz., grass-green, scarlet, and bluish-violet. These three tints had combined, and formed in the eye and mind of the spectators the effect of dazzling white, thus establishing beyond shadow of doubt the accuracy of that chief fundamental law of impressionist painting which has hitherto been most ridiculed, namely, the principle of the juxtaposition of pure tints of color.

Modern painters acknowledge that the sun shines for them also; that he is, indeed, their greatest benefactor, no longer to be treated as the arch enemy which, until quite recent years, the masters would have us believe him to be. Before the days of Turner and Constable you will search the museums in vain for any proof in the pictures therein of consideration of light for light's sake, or of any enjoyment in the poetry of the sun. Only in Turner at his best can be seen anything approaching these modern miracles of sunlight painting.

Just as the pictures of these luminists are things apart, immediately distinguishable wheresoever met with, so is the technical method of their production extraordinary. We are particularly struck by two salient features of the methods of the school. First is the simplicity of the subject-matter—the skeleton, as it were, upon which the effect desired to be conveyed is

¹ New Gallery, Royal Photographic Society's Annual Salon, September 25th, 1907.

hung; and, secondly, the number of repetitions upon separate canvases of the same composition or set of lines under different atmospheric effect—the painting by series, in fact. Yet this is by no means a new idea. It was advocated by Ruskin long years ere Manet or Monet appeared upon the scene, as may be read in the preface to the second edition of "Modern Painters"—the artists' Bible.

France has been called "the interpreter of England to the human race." It is, of course, a highly debatable point as to whether or no we can allow that astute axiom of Macaulay's its full face value. (Pregnant subject for debating societies.) The first impulse of those who know France best is to deny the imputation *in toto*, and to set it down as simply another proof of insular egotism. Yet the more one reflects upon the matter, the more one searches the files of time for proofs of confirmation or refutation, the more strongly is it borne in upon one that in writing those words Macaulay acted neither in haste nor in malice, but with profound conviction of their veracity and in fearlessness of disproof.

In the domain of literature, particularly upon its philosophic side, independent and authoritative writers claim that from the days of Shakespeare right down to modern times the preponderance of original talent has lain with this country. A recent convert to this opinion appears to be Monsieur Emile Faguet, who, after noting Richardson's enormous influence upon the French novelists, writes as follows in his instructive "Literary History of France." The latest English idol of the French is John Ruskin. "For ten years Ruskin has been read in France with passionate eagerness; he is translated, commented upon, paraphrased, re-arranged. It is not beyond the range of possibility that the influ-

ence of Ruskin in France has created a new religion, which may be called Kalolatrie." Why this extraordinary title I cannot say. Now this brings me to the starting-point of my hypothesis with regard to the very intimate connection which exists between English ideas and impressionist painting. I desire to point out certain interesting and important facts of origins which appear to have been almost entirely overlooked.

I was led to inquire deeply into all this through a chance remark let fall by Claude Monet during an interview in the Café Royal, London, in February, 1900, I being at the time engaged upon the preparation of a series of magazine articles upon the subject of modern painting, whilst Monet was dally absorbed, at the Savoy Hotel, the St. George's Hospital and elsewhere, in the production of a remarkable series of Thames pictures.

We were discussing Turner's and other British artists' inadequate appreciation of the scenic and atmospheric splendors of London, when he turned to me and said, "Have you ever studied Ruskin or read George Moore?" Startled by the question, I briefly replied that I had done both, and immediately fell into a mood of reverie, linking up in my mind the connection which might or might not exist between Ruskin's writings and Monet's paintings, for up to that time I had always regarded Ruskin as strongly antagonistic to Impressionism. Yet not so, for what do we find? Simply this, that *ninety per cent. of the theory of impressionist painting is clearly and unmistakably embodied in one book alone of all Ruskin's voluminous output, namely, in his "Elements of Drawing."*

That book forms a magnificent compendium of the art of impressionist painting, and ought to be in the hands of every art student and connoisseur, especially as it can now be possessed

for the insignificant sum of one shilling—maybe even for one penny. It is worth the ransom of kings. The very title with which the public has seen fit to designate the efforts of the artists composing the movement under review derives from Ruskin.

Three years after the Café Royal incident, namely, in December of 1903, Robert de la Sizeranne alone, of either native or foreign critics, noticed the close affinity of Ruskinism and Impressionism in the *Revue de l'Art*, wherein he styled Ruskin the "prophet" of Impressionism, giving very cogent reasons for so doing.⁴ Indeed it is not too much to say that had Ruskin set himself the task of illustrating Manet and Monet as he has done Turner, or had those artists set themselves to exemplify and justify the philosopher, neither could have better succeeded. Upon the one hand stands Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing," upon the other Manet's "Olympia" and Monet's "Haystacks": the two are indissoluble complementaries.

Furthermore, had Ruskin been gifted with the ability to paint as well as he could write, to put into practice æsthetic theories he expounded with such extraordinary clairvoyance, there is, in my mind, little doubt but that he would have ranked as first and foremost of impressionist painters. Facts all point to that conclusion. As things stand he has delegated to Frenchmen the Turnerean mantle which might easily have fallen to his lot. "The Elements of Drawing," issued in 1857, may be regarded as an enlarged epitome upon the practical side of the axioms and teachings scattered throughout the various volumes of Ruskin's writings issued from 1843 onwards.

The publication of those books created a tremendous European sensa-

tion, and it is perhaps too much to suppose that such informative and suggestive volumes would be entirely ignored by wide-awake intellectual giants as were Edouard Manet and Claude Monet. Whether or no either "Modern Painters" or "The Elements of Drawing" existed in translated form I cannot say, and the point is of little consequence.⁵ English reading and speaking Frenchmen and English artists *confrères* have existed in Paris since time immemorial. Manet at least was a college man and Bachelor of Arts, and so would speak our language, and it is upon record that Ségantini founded his art upon Ruskinian principles.

At the time of the publication of "The Elements of Drawing" Manet was painting in gray-black tones, a result of Couture's influence, whilst Monet was still working under Boudin's lead and producing pictures of harbors and shipping in and around Honfleur, which, compared to subsequent work, are black as the proverbial hat.

The sight, however, of Turner's and Constable's pictures, frequently exhibited at the Paris Salon and in London, coupled in all likelihood with the study of Ruskin's clear exposition of their underlying principles, and the sojourn of Monet, Pissarro and others in London in 1870, were undoubtedly the foundation and starting-point of the brilliantly successful phase of art

⁴ Just on the eve of publication of this article, the following interesting and most significant information has become known to me.

In 1864 Mons. Gerault-Bailière, of Paris, published a book under the title of "L'Esthétique Anglaise—Étude sur M. John Ruskin, par M. J. Milsand . . . donne sur le préraphaélisme anglais des vues générales et une intéressante critique.

Readers will remember that the Impressionist movement proper germinated in, or about, 1864. Furthermore, in 1900 Mons. H. B. Cross published a translation of Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing," a book which, he says, every artist ought to be acquainted with. Mr. Cross is one of the founders and chief exponents (in company with M. M. Signa and Seurat, now styled Post-Impressionists), of the "Neo-Impressionist" school of painting.

⁵ See also pp. 256, 258 of this author's "Ruskin et la religion de la Beauté."

now known to the world as Impressionism.

So that, by way of proof of Ma-caulay's axiom, France has once again, and this time in the field of the art of painting, become "the interpreter of England to the human race." Yet to the Ruskinian creed of Impressionism must be added a strange and exotic ingredient, for to the art of England was added a pinch of that of Japan. From Japanese color prints and the gossamer sketches on silk and rice-paper which for the past half-century have permeated French commerce the impressionists learnt the manner of painting scenes viewed from an altitude, with the curious perspective which results. Pissarro, in particular, has successfully applied this. They grasped the significance of elementary subjects and of fewer gradations of tonal values. By these means they found confirmation in actual practice of Ruskin's suggestions in "The Elements of Drawing" and elsewhere for simpler lines and homelier subjects.

We cannot, I think, go far wrong if we accept John Ruskin's guidance in matters of taste. He possessed the artistic temperament, and fortified it by a lifetime's loving study and devotion to matters æsthetic, coupled with an inspired diction unequalled since Shakespeare's time. England may well be proud of him. No man more than he understood the value of words. Every sentence he wrote is meaningful, compact, and lucidly stated in phrases, words and stops which constitute veritable legal documents of art teaching. Into these sentences no two interpretations can be read or supposed even by the malevolent. The Bible, it has been said, can support a hundred conflicting religions; not so the gospel of art according to Ruskin, which is one law, fiercely final and irrevocable.

In briefly tracing the extraordinary

analogies which exist between Ruskin's theories, founded principally, it must be remembered, upon Turner's practice, and Impressionism, I shall confine myself almost exclusively, for brevity's sake, to the great critic's wonderful book upon "The Elements of Drawing." Students will easily be able to enlarge upon this in the same author's "Modern Painting," "Stones of Venice," "The Oxford Lectures," and elsewhere.

As the matter is too technical to interest lay readers, I shall but indicate the direction of a few leading analogies. Ruskin clearly perceived that "if any production of modern art can be shown to have the authority of Nature on its side, and to be based on eternal truths, it is all so much more in its favor, so much further proof of its power that it is totally different from all that have been seen before."*

It must be admitted that impressionist painting comes under that heading; certainly nothing before has been seen like it, and it distinctly has the authority of Nature on its side. Every great master of art creates his own style, which, differing from others, can neither be fully understood nor copied by the uninitiated. He has also to create his own audience, a still more difficult feat. Therefore quite an education is needed, and education is a matter of time. No less than forty years have been required for public acceptance of impressionist painting.

Five of the basic tenets of these modern painters may be summarized as follows. Naturally there are many others, but space is limited:—

First, the painting by the mass, which comprises simplified light and shade.

Secondly, colored shadows, including notation of the purple tints in Nature.

Thirdly, atmospheric effects and the

* See Preface to Vol. I, "Modern Painters."

use of opaque color in purest tint juxtaposed.

Fourthly, composition, with its rhythm of line and roundness of touch.

Fifthly, sea and tree painting and the rendering of herbage and foliage.

Hear, then, what the great critic has to say regarding the first of these—the painting by the mass. It reads precisely as though, after scrutinizing some picture by Manet or Monet, he had set himself to write as follows:—“A good artist habitually sees masses, not edges, and can in every case make his drawing more expressive by rapid shade than by contours, so that all good work whatever is more or less touched with shade and more or less interrupted in outline.”

The quotation is too long to give in its entirety, but its significance is great. I will not labor the point, but if what I have just read and its context does not in a marvellously clear manner define the artistry of Manet's “Olympia,” amongst many other examples, then I am at a loss to find a better analogy, and my contention falls to the ground.

I do not single out this picture as typical of the impressionist practice, for it does not even exhibit the most characteristic mark of the method, viz., that of the division of tones of color. I mention it as being one of the earliest, most noticeable, and most easily reachable of Manet's works, wherein for the first time in French painting are exemplified Ruskin's teachings in the matter of subordination of shadow detail and the apparent attenuation of all shadow values. In fact, the “painting by the mass” in light tones of color.

Claude Monet was the first, and is still the chief, of those who use the idea in landscape painting. I refer particularly to his snow and ice scenes, and all the haycock, poplar and cathedral series of pictures. That exqui-

site piece of painting, the “Olympia,” created an extraordinary sensation at the time of its appearance, and was the *casus belli* of some of the most violent battles of interest ever engaged upon in the field of art. It was contemptuously thrown out by the Salon jury, and came near to causing the murder of its author. Open ridicule and insult met him at every turn in the street and in every café he entered, culminating in a duel with his one-time literary friend Duranty, out of which the artist emerged victorious. All this for having had the audacity to perpetrate a *chef d'œuvre* of painting. Yet the strain of the long-continued hostility galled him to the quick, and he died prematurely on the very threshold of triumph—a brilliant soul ruthlessly sacrificed to the Juggernaut of art.

However, taste has improved since then, a more tolerant spirit prevails, and “Olympia” now hangs upon the line in the galleries of the Louvre, close by several of Ingres' masterpieces of painting of the female nude. Comparison between Manet and the Ingres forms one of the most instructive lessons in high art to be found in the whole of that superb museum. In brief, Manet completely and triumphantly eclipses his rival.

Now as to the second special quality which has been noted as distinguishing impressionist painting—colored shadows, to wit. Impressionists have noted sunlight's emphatic insistence upon shadow and how that shadow is invariably colored, despite the teaching of the careless or the color-blind, who, ignoring modern science and the research of men of genius, would still have us paint these shadows black as night and sharp as steel.

Hear what Ruskin has to say about this as far back as 1843, thus proving conclusively, even had not Turner's work exemplified it, that the theory existed long before it was put into

practice by the impressionists. "It is an absolute fact," said Ruskin, "that shadows are as much color as lights are, and whoever represents them by merely the subdued or darkened tint of the light represents them falsely. I particularly want you to observe that this is no matter of taste, but fact." There is much more writing to the same effect, but at that emphatic statement I think we can leave the matter.

Impressionists are frequently found fault with on account of their painting of violet shadows and the general purplish tint of many of their pictures. Yet, if truthful effect is to be given, that purplish tinge and those violet shadows are demanded. Sisley, amongst others, has captured many such charming effects.

Ruskin well knew this, for he says: "The quantity of gray and purple in Nature is, by the way, another somewhat surprising subject of discovery." Had the critic lived in France he would certainly have remarked this phenomenon in much greater degree there than here. I myself, together with all the French innovators, have noted and painted the fact for years.

I remember distinctly, during the summer of 1901, at Les Andelys-on-Seine, that upon two days and for two hours during the afternoons of those days all Nature, animate and inanimate, bore the aspect of things seen under a strong glare of violet light, exactly as though a tinted glass were suspended between the sun's rays and the earth. The effect was most curious and disturbing. Nature appeared to be toneless and flat. High lights and shadows were attenuated almost to extinction, whilst in this dull purple glare the heat became more intense than ever, possibly through lack of wind, for all was still.

With regard to the third distinguishing quality of impressionist painting—

color—pure, brilliant, harmonious coloration. Here again the analogy between Ruskin's teaching and the impressionist practice is absolutely amazing. "You may," says Ruskin, "in the time which other vocations leave at your disposal, produce finished, beautiful and masterly drawings in light and shade. But to color well requires your life. It cannot be done cheaper. Nothing but the devotion of a life and great genius besides can make a colorist. If you sing at all you must sing sweetly, and if you color at all you must color rightly. Noble men learned their lesson nobly. The base men also, and necessarily, learn it basely. The great men rise from *color* to *sunlight*. The base ones fall from color to candlelight."

So it would appear from the foregoing that the greatest art of the greatest colorists must be applied to sunlight painting. It is also clear that Manet, Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, Renoir, and subsequently those artists whom they have most strongly influenced, such as Le Sidaner, Gagliardini, Besnard, Montenard, Chabas, La Touche, Twitchman, Sorella, Emile Claus, Mark Fisher, Childe Hassam, Segantini, Liebermann, La Thangue, G. Clausen, Arnesby Brown, Edward Stott, and many others, have risen to the occasion and have succeeded in imprisoning in paint many beautifully convincing manifestations of sunlight effect.

Now, however, comes a paragraph which completely epitomizes one of the most characteristic features of impressionist painting—that of the juxtaposition of pure tints of color. Ruskin wrote it years before the appearance of impressionist pictures as we now know them. The Pre-Raphaelites alone, of all the artists in the world, were at the time partially applying the system, as follows:—

"In distant effects of rich subject,

wood, or rippled water or broken clouds, much may be done by touches or crumbling dashes of rather dry color, with other colors afterwards put cunningly into the interstices. The more you practice this, when the subject evidently calls for it, the more your eye will enjoy the higher qualities of color. The process is, in fact, the carrying out of the principle of separate colors to the utmost possible refinement: *using atoms of color in juxtaposition*, instead of large spaces."

For striking examples of results to be attained by this method see Monet's series of "Poplar Trees" and "Haystacks in Sunlight"; observe the darkened edges of the trunks and leaves where the highest light pours around them, and note also the quality of paint by which that light is arrived at, and particularly study the shadows cast by those leaves, trees and stacks. All this must surely come as a revelation to most people, even to professional artists.' Never have Ruskin's theories been more convincingly put into practice than by Monet's practice, and never has pioneer artist's practice been so triumphantly vindicated and confirmed as by Lumière's scientific demonstrations in color photography.

I am compelled to cease my analogies here, but the student who will trouble to dig into "The Elements of Drawing" will discover how, in the matter of composition, of touch, of tree drawing, and the rendering of sea and sky, Rus-

kin's theories form the very foundation of impressionist painting; and no better origin can be desired.

To sum up and rebut much irresponsible criticism. An impressionist picture worthy the title is highly finished—for that which is completed is finished. It is definite as the solution of a problem of Euclid. It is so full of knowledge that only people of cultivated taste can fully appreciate its merit. It is subtle, refined and of infinite resource. It is a vital art.

It is a cheerful, optimistic picture, nobly uplifting, good and healthy to live with—a veritable antidote to the blues. Indeed, so charming is it that throughout a lifetime's association it retains its power of evoking pleasurable emotion. It never palls. One is attracted by its freedom and freshness, for at a single glance one perceives the art to be the outcome of a joyful spirit, untrammelled by fetters of tradition or the theories of schollasts.

Finally, we have in impressionist pictures an unconventional rendering of Nature. We almost feel the vibration and palpitation of light and heat; they are fresh, radiant and sweet as a nosegay of spring flowers, and give a marvellously deceptive appearance of open air and movement which must be seen to be believed. The cult of sun- worship, of joy in sparkling color, of pure health-giving open-air art must, sooner or later, predominate in England as it already predominates throughout the world. The mission of Impressionism is to depict beauty that elevates, light that cheers.

It may be said that we are all impressionists now. Certainly of art students, the future directors of taste, that is a fact, for practically all those who take up landscape painting as their life's work follow with admiration the route laid out in such peril and privation by the great pioneers of impressionist painting. All honor to them!

Wynford Dewhurst.

¹ Readers who are interested will find many collections of Impressionist pictures readily accessible in Paris (as, in lesser degree, they will find them in every great art gallery throughout the world). The principal Parisian collections which I recall to mind are the following (there are very many others, some perhaps even more important than the majority here listed):—The Count Comandó, Baron H. de Rothschild, Monsieur Durand-Ruel, of 16 Rue La Fayette and owner of the comprehensive Rue-de-Rome collection, Georges Visu, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, M.M. Bernheim et Fils, of the Avenue de l'Opéra; the Caillotte legacy of the Luxembourg Gallery (by no means the best, even of the earlier collections but historically interesting); and, lastly, the most recent and most magnificent gift ever received by the Rouen Art Gallery, namely that of the late Monsieur Dupeaux, The Contemporary Review.

"THE NEW ERA IN HUNGARY."

Hungary is witnessing the dawn of a new era. As a Hungarian living in England, I think it may interest the British reader to hear from an unbiased source the scope and the significance of this new era. To understand fully the present situation we have to look back to the recent history of Hungarian politics.

After the conclusion of the compromise between Austria and Hungary in 1867, a strong "dualistic" party—the Liberal party—took in hand the reins of government of Hungary. The leader of this party, Koloman de Tisza, ruled over Parliament for fifteen years. His successors followed in his footsteps, and the Liberal régime saw thirty years of power. In 1905 a swing of the pendulum swept the Liberal party away. It seemed as if it had been annihilated.

Instead of the Liberal party with its overwhelming majority in Parliament, several other parties came to the front. The hitherto small group of Independents, whose creed is that of the Revolution of 1848, viz., the severance from Austria and the creation of an Independent Hungary under the rule of the Habsburgs, became a party to be reckoned with. Another party was that of the adherents to the compromise of 1867, the "Constitutional Party," and another the "Clerical Party," also adherents to the union with Austria. None of these parties were strong enough to play a leading rôle, and the King, who would only entrust the government to a party which stands on the basis of the compromise with Austria, had to resort to expedients, which, however, proved unsuccessful. Crisis followed crisis, Parliament was dissolved by military force, endless negotiations between the Crown and political groups led to no result. Mean-

time the government has been carried on in an unconstitutional way, namely, without a Cabinet having its root in Parliament, the Exchequer having no Budget—in one word, that state of affairs prevailed which is called in Hungary "ex-lex." In April 1906 there was a change for the better. Between the Crown and the parties a compromise was effected, and the different parties having agreed to a working arrangement, the Coalition Cabinet came into power.

This Coalition Ministry led by Dr. Wekerle, Francis Kossuth, and Count Andrassy accepted office on the understanding that the demands of Hungary relating to the Army—the main cause of an endless crisis—were to be shelved. Though these were the terms of the understanding between Crown and Coalition, there was an inclination to believe that the Independence party, with its absolute majority in the Coalition Government and in Parliament, would be able to stamp the new Administration with an "anti-dualistic" tendency of its own. These beliefs were not realized. The Coalition was unable to carry out any reforms tending towards the economic separation of Hungary from Austria, one of the main points of the Independent programme. The Independent party was anxious to make a stride in this direction, and seized the opportunity of the expiration of the Charter of the Austro-Hungarian Bank of issue, as an opportune moment for the creation of a separate Hungarian State Bank.

This question, affecting, as it does, the principles of "dualism," provoked discord in the ranks of the Coalition, for the "sixty-seven" parties, especially the Constitutional party, as a staunch supporter of the compromise of 1867, opposed it. Dissension broke out in

the ranks of the Independence party itself; the foremost champion of the immediate establishment of an independent Hungarian Bank of issue, Mr. de Justh, conspiring against his leader, Francis Kossuth, hoisted his own flag and split the Independence party in two. This new ultra-Independence party, with some 140 followers, threw down the gauntlet, and by means of a violent campaign for month after month paralyzed the activity of Parliament. Count Andrassy, Francis Kossuth, and his more moderate supporters were unable to save the situation and the Coalition Government was plunged into a protracted crisis, and though for a time it still remained in power, yet the course of disintegration became more and more evident. A state of "ex-lex" again ensued, and a new conflict with the Crown was imminent. Numerous attempts were made to form a Cabinet, but they remained unsuccessful, as there was no reliable majority to support it. The Coalition had lost credit with the Sovereign and with the country alike. The Government formed from its ranks was, however, unable to leave its post, while there seemed to be no prospect of a new Executive. It seemed as if the seven-year crisis had absorbed the whole supply of Hungarian statesmen. Wekerle, Kossuth, Apponyi, Andrassy, had fallen; the attempts to entrust the premiership to Ladislas Lukács and Count John Zichy failed; there seemed to be no way out of a chaos which was reaching its climax.

At this juncture, in the middle of January 1910, Count Khuen-Héderváry accepted office as Premier, on a strictly dualistic basis. This statesman, who during his long tenure of the Governorship of Croatia has given ample proofs of eminent administrative qualities, and of unswerving loyalty to the dynasty, was also known to be an unflinching supporter of the compro-

mise (*Ausgleich*) of 1867. He has had, too, some experience as a parliamentarian, owing to the fact that some fifteen years ago, after the great crisis in connection with the clerical reforms, as a confidential man of the Crown he was premier designate; again later, in 1903, after the fall of Kálmán de Széll, at the time of a serious crisis raging concerning the military questions, he was for a few months Prime Minister of Hungary. This time Count Héderváry again took office at a critical moment. His first object was to restore order in Parliament and to start it to work, in order to re-establish the finances and the administration of the State to their normal constitutional condition. At the same time, he aimed at the re-establishment of good relations between the Crown and the country, between Hungary and Austria, thus consolidating afresh the principles of dualism, which were threatening to collapse. And finally, he wished to place the Dual Monarchy on a firm basis as a great Power. The new Prime Minister began his work by making an endeavor to obtain a majority in the existing Parliament, elected under the régime of the Coalition. He could achieve only a partial success. The Catholic People's party looked upon him as an ultra-Liberal, and showed no inclination to join him at the cost of renouncing their political creed. Count John Zichy, who was subsequently appointed Minister of Public Instruction, succeeded in bringing one-half of the Constitutional party into the ranks of the followers of the Premier, whilst the other half, following their leader Count Andrassy, did not accept either the military reforms proposed, or the whole political programme of the new Cabinet, and consequently remained passive, joining neither the Government nor the Opposition. In the Lower House itself, Count Khuen-Héderváry repeatedly endeavored to prevail upon

the House to vote a Budget, so as to avoid an "ex-lex" state. He was not only unsuccessful, but the Radical Independents, who had up to that time entertained hopes, that the King would entrust them to form a Government under the control of a "sixty-seven" politician like Mr. de Lukács, or Count John Zichy, when totally disillusioned, became so exasperated, that they delivered an attack in Parliament against Count Khuen-Héderváry and his fellow Ministers, bombarding them with ink-pots and other missiles. This incident aroused indignation, not only amongst the cooler-headed parties in the Opposition, but also in the country, and thus sealed the fate of this Parliament. It had long been ripe for dissolution, and it only survived through the internal weakness of the Wekerle-Kossuth Cabinet. Count Khuen-Héderváry did not hesitate to dissolve a Parliament, which showed no inclination to work, and appealed to the country.

The general elections were held in June 1910, and Count Héderváry obtained a large majority. The "National Work" party has been constituted, its very name indicating that the party meant to work in Parliament. The members of this new party were recruited partly from the ranks of the once powerful Liberal party. Count Stephen Tisza, a worthy son of the former great leader of the Liberals, Koloman de Tisza, gave Count Héderváry very valuable support during the electioneering campaign. A considerable number of the adherents of the "Constitutional party" also joined the new party, and Count John Zichy, a politician of great authority with the Catholics, and a *persona grata* with the King and the Crown Prince Francis Ferdinand, has, by joining the new Cabinet, greatly strengthened the Premier's position. The victory at the polls was also facilitated owing to the sympathy of public opinion being alien-

ated from the Coalition, mainly through the agitation which Mr. de Justh, who wrecked the large Independence party, carried on with ever-increasing violence in favor of the Independent Hungarian Bank.

So the Coalition has been shattered to pieces. It came into power four years ago amid an excess of national enthusiasm, but its loose organization soon began to tell. It was clear that with its undermining internal strife it is impossible to do continued constructive work. Indeed, the elements constituting the Coalition were too heterogeneous. The mainstay of the Coalition, the Independence party, had obtained in 1906 a majority, by indulging in catchwords of political radicalism, but when once in power, they were obliged to shelve their "forty-eight" aspirations and revert to a "sixty-seven" basis. If there is any proof of the practically indestructible vitality of the "sixty-seven" programme, and the unsuitability of the "forty-eight" principles, as a basis for government in a dynastic country like Hungary, it is this reversion of the Independents to the principles professed by the "sixty-seven" parties. While in office, Mr. de Kossuth himself, although when addressing the people or his fellow Independents, he emphasized his adherence to the "forty-eight" policy, was at the same time compelled to confess that in practical politics, in the possession of the Executive, there is no other alternative but to follow the line of possibilities, and that the "sixty-seven" dualistic basis, so highly respected by the Crown, cannot, and in the interest of the State ought not to, be weakened. It is this very reason which brought the great bulk of the "forty-eight" electors to the conclusion, that the principles of the Independent party exclude those who profess them from being entrusted with the national government. This conviction struck deeper

and deeper amongst the masses during the closing months of the Coalition régime, as a result of the destructive character of the agitation in favor of an Independent Bank, that led to a complete stagnation of parliamentary activity. This was the "psychological moment" which Count Khuen-Héderváry, with the intuitive foresight of a statesman, grasped, and which prompted him to enter the electioneering campaign at the right moment.

An analysis of the results of the last polls gives a clue to the change of public opinion in Hungary. At the elections of 1901 under Kálmán de Széll, of 754,702 votes polled, 558,158 (that is, 77.7 per cent. of the whole) were recorded for "sixty-seven" candidates. At the elections held under Count Stephen Tisza in 1905, out of 800,982 votes polled, only 500,105 (63 per cent.) were obtained by "sixty-seven" candidates, and of these no more than 297,941 were recorded for candidates put up by the Liberal party. At the elections conducted by the Coalition Government in 1906, the proportion of "sixty-seven" votes was still further reduced. Out of 839,830 votes polled, only 316,165 (37.7 per cent.) were secured by "sixty-seven" candidates. And the result achieved by Count Khuen-Héderváry at the elections last June was, that out of 847,512 votes recorded, 555,968 (65.6 per cent.) were polled by "sixty-seven" candidates, a considerably larger proportion than that secured by the "forty-eight" candidates in 1906. This is a clear proof that public opinion has been alienated from the "forty-eight" policy, for which as recently as 1906 no fewer than 520,026 votes (61.9 per cent.) were polled, while last June only 33.4 per cent. (282,791) of the total number of votes fell in favor of "forty-eight" candidates. The electorate of the country gave its sanction to Count Khuen-Héderváry's chief objects, namely, the

re-establishment of good relations between the Crown and Hungary, and by strengthening the "sixty-seven" principles, to eliminate the ever-recurring constitutional conflicts, which seriously threatened the time-proved policy of "dualism." The approval of the electorate of these is of weighty significance.

When Count Khuen-Héderváry entered Parliament last July with his large majority, he at once set to work to carry into effect the main points of his political scheme. The activity of the legislative body was restored, thus the country was saved from the disastrous state of "ex-lex," the finances and administration of the country having been promptly put in working order again. The Opposition, leaving their bag and baggage behind at the election contests, was reduced to disunited fractions without physical or moral force to enable them to make a stand against the Government. During the debate on the Address they made a faint show of displaying some energy, reproaching the Government with having obtained its majority by illegal means. The Government, however, proved conclusively that, although some excesses might have happened on the Government side, such as will happen in the heat of any contest, the Opposition themselves were none too discriminating in the choice of their measures, and that a considerable number of civil servants agitated and voted openly against the Government candidates. After the debate on the Address was concluded, other urgent questions were settled, and in the space of a few weeks the provisional Budget and the Army Bill, granting the supply of recruits, were voted. The Opposition was compelled to bow before the superiority of the Government majority and the verdict of the electorate. Although the immediate objects of the Government have thus been accom-

plished, its more difficult task remains still to be fulfilled. There is great need of carrying into effect the proposed reforms in the internal administration of Hungary, and the development of the common army is also imperative, in order to safeguard the position of Austria-Hungary as a great Power. There are other questions too, in connection with establishing a system of perfect parity between the two States of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

Public opinion abroad is, I believe, mainly interested in the internal affairs of Hungary, so far as it concerns the peace among the different nationalities, the problem of social reform, and the franchise reform. Count Khuen-Héderváry and his Cabinet will have no easy task to grapple with these questions. From the speeches of the leading statesmen it appears that in solving these problems the Government intend to act upon its repeatedly declared principles.

As to the Nationalist question, it is understood that the Government's desire is that there should be perfect harmony between the Magyar and non-Magyar inhabitants of Hungary, and that these latter should enjoy the same rights and share the same duties with their Magyar countrymen. This does not mean any renunciation of the preservation of the Magyar national character, with which the conquerors and preservers of Hungary have stamped the country. Any effort to change this constitutional basis would be resisted to the utmost as an infringement of the right of the Magyars, who constitute the greater half of the population, and who, not only by their numerical superiority, but through their historical past and eminent political qualities have always been the upholders of the Kingdom of Hungary. The underlying principle of this policy is based upon the "dualistic system" created by Fran-

cis Joseph I., Francis Deák, and Count Andrassy in 1867. According to this principle, it is of absolute necessity that in polyglot States like Austria and Hungary there should be one predominant race. This predominance was to be held by the Germans in Austria and by the Magyars in Hungary. It is true that in Austria the Germans have to a certain extent lost their opportunity of playing the leading part, for which they are themselves to blame, but the weakness of the Austrian-Germans does not imply that the Magyars should follow lead and renounce their predominant rôle in Hungary, to which they are entitled. There can be no doubt that the administrative system of Hungary is obsolete and its disadvantages are felt alike by Magyars and non-Magyars. The existing franchise system is also out of date and has to be reformed.

At this juncture it is not inopportune to return to the charge brought forward by the Nationalists, that at the last general election they were hampered in the exercise of their political rights. They attribute their defeat to a policy of "oppression" pursued by the Héderváry Government. The Nationalist members were decimated at the elections; only three Slovak and five Roumanian members obtained seats, not a single Servian or German was returned. The defeat of the "Nationalists," however, is not due to any campaign of persecution organized against them, but to the turn of the tide, which shattered also the two Independence parties, the Catholic people's party, and the democratic fraction as well. The real cause of this defeat was, that the electorate as a whole was imbued by the desire that Parliament should be purged of all the extreme elements. They condemned the extreme political tenets of the Independents and the clerical tendencies of the Catholic people's party, just as much as they

were tired of the subversive racial policy of the "Nationalists." They have voted for the sober and moderate policy of the new party's platform.

The attitude of the "Nationalist" constituencies in supporting the Government is deserving of particular attention. It is a striking proof that the great bulk of the non-Magyar nationalities in Hungary do not approve of the extreme policy of "racialism," and of the means the Nationalist agitators have adopted in furtherance of their aims, but that they are desirous of living at peace with the Magyars. They have no reason to be discontented, for the Magyars respect the right of the non-Magyars to their mother-tongue to such an extent, that in all secondary and borough schools German is an obligatory subject, and the Servians, Roumanians, and Transylvanian Saxons have their own elementary and secondary schools, where the language of instruction is Servian, Roumanian and German respectively; and in the University of Budapest there are ordinary professorships for the Servian (Croatian), Roumanian, and German languages. If anything, this is a proof that the charge so frequently brought forward abroad, that the Hungarian Government Magyarizes the non-Magyars by force, is totally unfounded. Indeed, there is not a shadow of truth in this accusation. In fact, the number of Slovaks, Roumanians, and Servians is not only not decreasing, but in several parts of the country a not inconceivable number of the German-speaking population is continually being absorbed by the Roumanians and the Slovaks. This is the case in Transylvania and in Upper Hungary. The sober elements of the Nationalists have always recognized that they are bound to go hand in hand with the Magyars, as even the Independent Saxon people's party in Transylvania have always professed their allegiance

to the idea of a Hungarian State, without any detriment to their own Nationalist individuality, and have as a consequence supported the predominant Magyar party. Another instance of quite recent date is that the Servian group, without in any way prejudicing their individuality as Servians, were able to contract an alliance with the ultra-Magyar, chauvinistic Justh party. This must have been present to the mind of Count Stephen Tisza when, during the summer session of the Lower House, he delivered an important speech, in which he condemned the separatist tendencies of the Nationalist policy, and called upon the Roumanians in particular to relinquish their independent endeavors and to join one of the Hungarian parties. Count Tisza was evidently thinking of the new Government party, which includes a larger number of Servians, Roumanians, Germans, and Slovaks than were ever comprised in any separate Nationalist group. As a result of Count Stephen Tisza's speech, negotiations were opened with the leaders of the Roumanians, the majority of whom are evidently in favor of peace, for they know that of all nationalities in Hungary their situation is the most advantageous. They enjoy complete autonomy in respect of their Church and of their schools. Moreover, particularly in Transylvania, they have so wide a scope in the field of agriculture and banking affairs that even the most superficial observer cannot fail to notice the gradual elimination of the Saxons and the "Szeklers." The Roumanian bishops and many members of the educated Roumanian classes are Magyarophile, and are working in the interests of peace between Magyars and Roumanians. It is to be hoped that before long these efforts will be crowned with success.

A series of important measures are before Parliament, the passing of

which is imperative as well for the welfare of Hungary as that of the Dual Monarchy. Of course, the paramount question of Hungarian politics is the reform of the franchise. The new Government's attitude is "More haste, less speed." It is the intention to wait for the data of the census, which began on January 1 this year. This is intended to be taken as a basis on which the Reform Bill shall be drawn up. It seems that the Government's programme does not embrace Count Andrassy's system of plural voting. There is a plan of distributing the constituencies in such a manner as to prevent the natural supremacy of the Magyars being impaired or weakened by "Nationalist" or "Socialist" tendencies. As a corollary to the Reform Bill, the Government proposes to reform the administrative system on a centralistic principle, in order to put an end to the prevailing abuses, preserving, however, as far as possible the autonomy of the counties in local affairs. These questions, requiring, as they do, a large amount of work, are not likely to be realized until the autumn of the coming year.

The matters receiving immediate attention of the Government are those referring to the bank and military questions, especially the latter, which has to be settled before the bringing in of the Army Bill (supply of recruits). These are the two cardinal points in Hungarian politics, causing many a crisis and obstruction, and it is by no means impossible that during the present winter session they will again provoke violent scenes in Parliament. Both sides of the Dual Monarchy are equally concerned that these questions should be peacefully settled without delay.

In connection with the renewal of the Bank charter, the Government intends to come to an agreement with the Austrian Cabinet that the principle of

payment in specie, which already exists in practice, shall be formally acknowledged. This would facilitate the quotation on foreign exchanges of Hungarian Government stocks, the issue of which is to a large extent dependent upon participation of foreign capital. The extension of the Bank Charter until the year 1917, is just under discussion in the Hungarian Parliament, and it seems likely that the measure will be passed at a very early day.

As to the "Military Question," time is pressing. During the seven-year crisis which has raged concerning this question, the Austro-Hungarian army and navy have been unable to be developed sufficiently to keep pace with the progress made by other Powers, and the state of things in the army and navy may be best gauged from the words used by Baron Schönaich, the Common Minister for War, who said: "Unless the obstacle which has hitherto stood in the way of the development of the army, namely, the demands of Hungary, are removed without delay, it is doomed to die of consumption."

Small wonder that the military question is weighing heavily upon the Government. To meet the expenses needed for the development of the army and navy, the Common War Minister requires huge sums of money, far in excess of the means provided by the normal War Budget for 1910. The Government, of course, anxious to maintain the position of the monarchy as a great Power and to enable it to pursue its policy of peace, is obliged to supply the expenses, so far as the resources of the country will permit. Consequently, it is expected that the new Army Bill, to be laid shortly before the Hungarian and Austrian Parliaments, while raising the number of recruits supplied by Hungary, will involve an annual increase in expenditure of a

permanent character. It is not doubted that the majority both in Parliament and in the Delegation (a council of delegates elected by the Hungarian and Austrian Parliaments to decide upon "common" affairs) will endorse the Government's views in this respect.

It might be of interest to say a few words, at this juncture, concerning the military reforms, so frequently heard of in connection with Hungarian politics. There is a strong desire that the Hungarian part of the common (Austro-Hungarian) army should be given a certain national character. The Government, though it stands on the basis of the "sixty-seven" principles, cannot ignore these demands, deeply rooted as they are in the Magyar population of Hungary.

To satisfy this popular wish, the Government feels it its duty to carry out progressively the stipulations contained in the programme formulated by a committee consisting of members of the former Liberal party in 1903—known as the "Committee of Nine." These reforms are not incompatible with the principles of parity enunciated in the Compromise of 1867, and do not prejudice the Constitutional prerogatives of the Sovereign as the head of the army, as to questions regarding the organization and supreme control of the military forces. The reforms tending to emphasize the political independence of Hungary as a State, refer to such matters, as military em-

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blems, the introduction of the Hungarian language in the army, and of a new military criminal procedure. The Hungarian and Austrian authorities are already discussing the details of settling these questions, and the Sovereign himself has given his consent, recognizing that they are not detrimental to the efficiency of the "common" army. It is to be hoped that after the solution of these contentious problems, which for the last decade have paralyzed the political life of the country, a period of calm and constructive work will set in.

Before a thorough clearing up of the political horizon, it is possible that the Hungarian Parliament will be the scene of some stormy debates, but the large and united majority of the Government is bound to come out victorious. The spirit of the "National Work" party seems to be confidence in itself and in its leader. Count Khuen-Héderváry's position at Court, his political past, and his charm of manner, fit him to play the part of a statesman who has to fulfil a great mission. He is also ably seconded by his colleagues in the Cabinet, which includes such eminent men as Mr. de Hieronymi, the Minister of Commerce. A Government composed of first-rate politicians and supported by a large, united majority augurs well for the resurrection of the high standard of parliamentary life, which characterized Hungary of the past.

W. de Ruttkay.

THE WILD HEART.

By M. E. FRANCIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

CHAPTER XXI.

AN hour or two later Sam arrived, very hot, dusty, and anxious; the horse, which he had borrowed, had managed to pick up a stone on the way, and Sam, being unused to drive, and ab-

sorbed in his own thoughts, had failed to notice this fact for some time, with the result that the poor animal was now lame. The thought of the blame which awaited him on his return lay heavy on young Sam's heart and

whetted his wrath against his sister. If she had behaved as a respectable girl ought to behave, he told himself, he would have been spared all this trouble and possible expense—as like as not he would be held answerable for the accident.

It was with a lowering brow that he tied up the horse to the gate post and strode into the house. Had he not been so much preoccupied with his vengeful thoughts, he would have noticed the familiar appearance of another horse which was browsing at the opposite side of the lane, and of the cart which stood shafts downward close beside the hedge.

He marched up the flagged path with his most manly stride, and burst in upon a peaceful family party assembled at tea. On Mr. Strange's right was seated Tamsine, and next her, dressed in his Sunday clothes, and looking perfectly happy and at ease, was shepherd Davidge; at the very moment that Sam entered his mother was replenishing the stranger's cup, while Tom Strange, with his blandest smile, was plying him with currant cake.

"What's the meanin' o' this?" cried the young emissary of justice, stopping short in the doorway.

"Why, 'tis Sam!" exclaimed Mrs. Strange. "I d' 'low it'll not be so much of a surprise to you as to we, Sam. Your sister Tamsine has been tellin' us about her young man an' brought en over to see us."

Mr. Strange cleared his throat and gazed sternly at his son.

"I be sorry," he remarked, "as this shouldn't be a joyful meeting for all parties, but I'll have a word or two to say to you presently, Samuel."

The wind was taken out of Sam's sails with a vengeance! There sat the culprits, whom he had come to denounce, in the full enjoyment of the family favor, while he, the avenger,

was threatened with "a rod in pickle."

"Maybe I'll have summat to say too!" he cried angrily. "'Tis all very well to talk about joyful meetings, but I think folks what does wrong did ought to be held accountable for it."

"True, indeed, my son," said the elder Strange severely; "I'm glad to hear you admit it."

"Come, Mr. Strange," observed David, with a pleasant smile, 'this is a happy occasion, as you did say just now, and I hope you'll let bygones be bygones. I'm pleased to make acquaintance wi' my new brother-in-law, and I'm sure if he has made any slips in the past he'll be ready to turn over a new leaf now."

"Come and sit ye down, my dear," cried Mrs. Strange in a pleading whisper. "There, I dare say father'll forget all about your foolishness, if ye don't go for to vex en now; an' 'twould really be a pity to spoil every one's pleasure this happy day."

She twitched him by the sleeve as she spoke, but he jerked away his arm, looking angrily from David to Tamsine.

"Brother-in-law!" ejaculated he. "I didn't know it had got so far as that, though indeed I heard o' Tamsine's going-on."

"Hush, for shame, Sam. You didn't ought to speak of your sister like that, and such a steady maid, one we do all know as is to be trusted anywhere."

"I will speak," cried Sam; "I——"

"Samuel," interrupted his father, with a threatening movement of the head and shoulders, "if you do so much as say one word more to insult your sister an' her future husband you'll just walk out o' this house an' never show your face here again. I must 'polygize for my son's forgetting' himself like this," he added, turning with a dignified air to David, "but there, he've been keeping low company of

late, I'm afeard, an' forgot his manners."

"Come out in the back kitchen and wash the dust off," urged Mrs. Strange, "and then you'll enjoy your tea better, my dear. I'll fetch you out a drop of hot water."

Sam suffered himself to be hustled away, more because he was anxious for an opportunity for private conversation with his mother than because he owned himself vanquished; and that good woman, having closed the door behind her, proceeded to attend to his needs, affectionately, yet with a certain reserve of manner which indicated wounded feelings.

"I'll fetch you down father's comb and brush in a minute, Sam. There, for goodness sake take off that cross face! If father an' me's satisfied I'm sure you did ought to be satisfied. 'Twas very ill-natured of ye to talk so disrespectful o' Tamsine— The soap's just there under your hand."

"Mother," said Sam, eyeing her sternly from out of the folds of the round towel. "I can't think whatever's come to ye all. Why, you do know nothin' at all about this fellow. He did come trampin' up to Strange's on the look-out for work."

"Well, there, my dear, nobody could think the worse for en for that. He had but just left his ship, an' 'twas to the man's credit to be wishful not to be idle. He've a-got a very good character. He did show us his bank-book and a letter from his captain, an' he's a stanch teetotaler, he says. Father were terr'ble pleased to hear that. A-a-h, Sam, poor father have a-been terr'ble upset about your going to work in a common public. He were a-goin' to travel over to talk to 'ee about it—an' about another tale what's come to his ears—but I'm sure that isn't true."

"What are you drivin' at now?" growled Sam.

"Why, about your takin' up wi' the

widow West, a woman what must be years an' years older than yourself. But as I did say to father ye couldn't be so foolish—'twould be downright nonsensical for you to think o' takin' a wife at *your* age, anyhow."

"I don't see why I shouldn't get wed as well as another!" cried the lad fiercely. "It's nobody's business but my own. I was going to tell you myself. Who's been gossiping about it beforehand?"

"Oh, gossipin'!—there's no need to talk about gossipin'—us did have a letter from Tamsine axin' us to be sure an' go up yonder to-week, as she were feelin' anxious about you, an' Tranter Haskell did mention as you was cwortin' the widow West."

"Well, it's true, then. Mrs. West an' I be promised to each other, an' ye did ought to be glad and proud, all of ye, as she should do me so much honor."

Sam's face emerged from the round towel, quivering with indignant feeling.

Mrs. Strange uttered a cry of anguish.

"Oh, Sam, ye never mean it! An' you not one-an'-twenty—an' earnin'—why, what can ye be earnin'?—not enough to keep yourself I'm sure! Oh dear, whatever will father say? Well, there, I did think we mid all ha' been happy together to-day—an' now—oh dear—oh dear!"

Her loud sobs were audible in the next room, and Mr. Strange, much alarmed, threw open the dividing door.

Mother and son entered upon a hurried and incoherent explanation, each contradicting the other, while the father, at first bewildered, and then angry, interposed an occasional query or comment, uttered in a kind of belated.

The other two remained in their places, David wearing his usual impenetrable air, but keeping his eyes fixed

on the cloth; Tamsine pale and nervous.

Sam, in his heat of indignation over the personal issue, forgot his original cause of complaint so completely that he presently turned to his future brother-in-law for support.

"I say Martha West's a woman as any man mld be proud and glad to take to wife," he cried. "There's nobody what can say a word again her. She've always kept herself to herself and worked hard, an' never had nothin' to do wi' nobody. You can speak up for her, Davidge——"

"What have I to do with her?" cried David quickly, and without raising his eyes. "I'm a stranger in Chudbury."

"Well, you've been lodgin' in the same house as long as I have myself," cried Sam, indignant and astonished.

"Is that the case?" interposed Tom Strange. "Well, I can trust you to speak out your mind like an honest man. Seein' as you're to be our Tamsine's husband, you'll be as anxious as ourselves to keep her brother from doin' a foolish thing."

David drummed upon the table with his long brown fingers and gave his head a little impatient jerk.

"I don't think it is my place to give an opinion on such a private matter," he said, after a pause.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Strange, with a sob; "I'm sure 'tis plain to be seen he doesn't think so very well o' the 'ooman. An' you be my eldest son, Sam, what I always was so proud on!"

"Speak out, Mr. Davidge," cried Tom sharply. "Let's have no beatin' about the bush. Tamsine, you tell him to give us a straight answer. Let him say plain if this Mrs. West is the kind o' 'ooman he'd advise your brother to take for a wife. Yes or no."

"You had better say what you think," urged Tamsine in her turn.

"Well, then," said David, raising his eyes, "if it's to be one word, 'Yes or no'—it's no."

He rose from the table as though to end the discussion.

"Tamsine, my maid, if we be to get back before dark, it's time we were thinkin' o' startin'."

"Yes," agreed Tamsine, also in haste to close this painful scene, "I'm sure we ought to be going. Good-bye, father. Do try and come over to Strange's soon. Good-bye, mother—there—don't ye cry no more. Try and persuade Sam to bide here for a bit," she whispered, drawing her mother aside. "He's doin' no good in Chudbury. I'm sure he'd soon give up thinkin' o' the widow West if they was parted. Don't ye fret no more. 'Tis but a boy; he'll get sense. Good-bye, Sam; don't bear malice. Davidge did have to speak out plain when he was axed, an' any man o' sense must see as that Mrs. West 'ud never make ye happy. She couldn't really mean to marry you—'tis best for ye to give up the notion."

But Sam rejected the proffered hand and turned sulkily away.

David neither looked at nor spoke to him; he was in fact thoroughly exasperated with the young fool who had forced him to play a part which he hated, but which was unavoidable under the circumstances.

Yet when they had left the little hamlet behind, and he found himself spinning gaily along the road with Tamsine beside him, he dismissed the unpleasing memory from his mind and smiled down at her with entire satisfaction.

The sun was setting as they turned off the main road, and the evening breeze had a grateful freshness. From every hedge and wayside plantation came forth the familiar incense of the evening. By-and-by a pale star or two twinkled in the sky, and a little

silvery crescent hovered as it seemed above them.

"The new moon!" exclaimed David. "The new moon a-shinin' on our new life—let's bow to it for luck! Afore the horns do p'int the other way, Tamsine, my maid, my ring 'ull be on your finger."

Martha, standing in her dusky garden an hour or two later took impatient note of the crescent moon and wished it were larger. The summer night was dark, even though the sky was full of stars; she listened, straining her ears for the footfall of Sam's returning horse. How late he was! His mission must surely have failed: if his mother had consented to return with him they must have reached Chudbury before this. Even if Sam had driven her straight to Strange's he himself would be bound to bring back horse and trap to the inn.

Presently, passing through the little gate she stood awhile in the road, looking up and down. Everything seemed unnaturally quiet; the village children were in bed, and the elder folk apparently indoors; there was not even a dog barking. Yes, there was one barking now—a long way off; and there at last was the beat of a horse's hoofs—a horse that was evidently proceeding very slowly, the footfalls being irregular, moreover. The sounds did not come from the direction of the downs, but from the main road. Without pausing to reflect Martha walked rapidly to meet the vehicle.

About a quarter of a mile from the village she came upon an empty trap drawn by a very lame horse, with a figure of a man trudging heavily beside it.

"Is that you, Sam?" she asked in a low voice.

"It's me," he rejoined, bringing the horse to a standstill. "I'm sorry you took the trouble to come out to meet me, Mrs. West, I've no very good news

to give 'ee. There, Tamsine an' that sailor chap have got the better of I. They've reg'larly took and turned father an' mother against us."

"Against us—you and me, you mean?"

"Yes, you an' me. 'Twas bad enough to find I had all my trouble for nothing wi'out bein' abused an' insulted."

"Tell me about it," said Martha.

"I ought to be gettin' on," groaned Sam. "The horse is dead lame an' they be watchin' out for me up at the inn."

"Tell me about it, then, as you go along," insisted she.

As they walked together beside the lame horse Sam poured forth his injuries, Martha listening in absolute silence until he described in a voice which trembled with wrath the manner in which David had responded to his appeal.

"He wouldn't say one word for me!" she whispered, almost voicelessly.

"He wouldn't say but the one word, an' that was again ye," rejoined Sam trenchantly. "He's a traitor, that's what he is—a traitor."

Martha made no audible reply, yet her heart seemed to shriek the word.

CHAPTER XXII.

Preparations for Tamsine's wedding went forward apace.

David's attractive personality and prosperous condition, as vouched for by the evidence of the bank-book, coupled with his captain's letter, and the fact of his being a staunch teetotaler, had firmly established him in her parents' esteem. Moreover, as Mrs. Strange said to her husband on retiring to rest that night, it was a mercy the girl had chosen so well, for she was her own mistress up yonder, an' if she had took a fancy to one o' they rowdy chaps up to Chudbury, nobody could ha' prevented her marryin' him.

They had had proof of the length to which the independence of the rising generation could go only that very day in the conduct of Sam, who in spite of his mother's tears and entreaties, and his father's exhortations and threats, had insisted on returning to Chudbury.

There was great scrubbing and cleaning at Strange's; the walls of the living room were whitewashed, or rather yellow-washed; Tamsine had chosen a pretty paper for the big bedroom upstairs, when David, who was constantly in and out of the house during those weeks, pronounced against it.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"Why, the best room upstairs," rejoined Tamsine, with a blush; "uncle Cosh's room."

"Where the wold chap died?" inquired he, wrinkling his brows.

"A-many Stranges have died in that room," announced Mrs. Cornick, from the back kitchen, "and a-many have been barn there too" she added sentimentally.

David stood fingering the paper until the sound of a running tap denoted that Mrs. Cornick had returned to the job in hand, and then crossed the room and closed the door.

"You don't like the notion of Uncle Cosh's room?" asked Tamsine.

"No, I don't," he rejoined bluntly.

"What have you an' me to do wi' all the wold folks what be moulderin' underground? I'd like us to keep your room wi' the white walls where I did see your shadow—and the window lookin' out on the stack."

"'Tis but small," said Tamsine, her face falling a little, "but if you do like it best——"

"I do like it best," he interrupted vehemently; "and I do like the white walls, just as they are."

To the scandal of Mrs. Cornick, therefore, the attic room with its sloping room and whitewashed walls was

converted into the bridal chamber; all was immaculately fresh and clean indeed, yet but few alterations were made since those early days when Tamsine had first taken possession of it.

Her wedding dress was of white silk with a little green sprig all over it and she chose a white hat of moderate size and trimmed it herself with white silk ribbon.

The banns were given out in the two parishes, for Tamsine had decided to be married from her old home, by the white-haired clergyman who had joined the hands of her father and mother.

David interviewed the Chudbury vicar himself to arrange about being "asked" in church on his side. It was the same who had long ago taken an interest in the clever lad while still at the industrial school, and who had afterwards caused the escaped convict such grievous disappointment.

"I do feel a bit nervous about your goin' to see him," murmured Tamsine; "I think it 'ud be safer to get somebody else to do it."

"No," said David; "I'll have to come across en one o' these days, an' 'tis best to begin straight off. Shall us go together? No, that truth-tellin' face o' yours mld make en guess summat. If he don't find me out first off, he never will," he added with a laugh.

"'Tis no laughin' matter, I'm sure!" exclaimed Tamsine, almost crying. "There, David, you do bring my heart to my mouth sometimes. A body 'ud almost think you loved the danger."

David appeared to reflect. "I don't exactly love it," he said, "but ye must admit it is excitin'. But I'll soon put parson off the scent if he do seem like guessin'."

He was prudent enough, however, to call at the vicarage at dusk, when it was the clergyman's habit, as he well knew, to smoke a meditative pipe in his

garden before retiring to his study to read. He was a bachelor, a fact which, as David gaily pointed out to Tamsine, was conducive to his own safety.

"Who's this?" enquired Mr. Ashley, when David came striding up the gravelled path which led to the summer-house.

"They told me up at the house as I'd find you here, sir," rejoined David, in a very deep voice. "I've come to ask you to put up my banns next Sunday. Miss Strange o' the farm up yonder on the downs—Tamsine Strange—her an' me is goin' to get married. The wedding's to be at Little Branston, where her folks do live, but she do tell me we'll have to be asked here as well."

"Let me see," said the vicar, rising and coming out from under the thatched roof of the summer-house, "are you a parishioner of mine?"

"Well, I've been a-livin' in Chudbury for three week or more," rejoined David. "I can't say I've been to church yet, but Tamsine 'ull make me go when we be wed, I've no doubt."

"Tamsine Strange is a very good girl," rejoined Mr. Ashley stiffly. "So you've been living in Chudbury—I don't seem to know you. Who are you?"

"My name is Davidge," announced the other firmly. "Jack Davidge. I was a sailor afore I come here. I've a-been lodging at Miss Strickland's till a few days ago."

"I heard Miss Strickland had two lodgers," said Mr. Ashley. "I was glad of it, for she has a hard struggle, poor soul."

"I've shifted to Cobb's now," said David quickly; "'tis nearer my work. I be under-shepherd up to Strange's."

"Oh," remarked the vicar reflectively: "that is how Miss Strange came across you, I suppose. It seems very sudden."

"'Twas a bit sudden," agreed David; "but once we do know our feelin's, 'tis

best to settle things straight off. There's nothin' to wait for. Tamsine 'ull be the better for a husband an I'll be the better for a wife."

The parson stroked his chin, feeling a little nonplussed by David's independence of manner, though there was no denying the truth of what he said. If they were sure of each other it was better to marry at once than to waste time in the protracted rustic courtship which occasionally ends in disaster.

"I wish one knew more about you," he murmured, half to himself.

"I've a-got good credentials," said David: "Mr. and Mrs. Strange are quite content and Tamsine's satisfied."

"Well, in that case I suppose I ought to be satisfied too," returned Mr. Ashley, smiling, "particularly if she is going to make you a good Churchman."

"She can make anythin' she do like o' me," responded David. "Good evenin', sir."

"Wait a bit," cried the other. "On Sunday, you say, Thomasine Strange and John Davidge—you said your name was John, didn't you?"

"I said my name was Jack," replied David, "and Jack it is. I don't want to be called by no other."

He turned on his heel and was gone.

"A singular man," mused the vicar, looking after him. "I trust Thomasine Strange has chosen wisely. A very singular man—yet there is something straightforward and attractive about him."

He ruminated as he returned to the arbor: his new parishioner reminded him of some one—of whom he could not think.

As he smoked he cogitated. Where had he before met with that unexpected mingling of independence and a quality which might almost be defined as charm, but that such an expression seemed out of place when applied to a man whose social level was little above that of a day laborer?

"He probably recalls somebody in quite a different station of life," he said to himself at length, and thereupon dismissed the subject.

As David walked away he smiled to himself, rejoicing at having so successfully concealed his identity, but presently he became grave.

"The old chap hasn't changed much," he said to himself. "I was uncommon fond of him once; but there, I can't forget how he failed me when I looked to him for help. If it hadn't a-been for the maid where should I be now?"

The image of his fugitive self rose up before his mind's eye; he saw the stooping figure creeping along by the hedgerow, dragging itself with fiercely-beating heart across the downs, crouching in the shadow of a gorse bush—dirty, ragged, faint with hunger and thirst. That was what he had been when Tamsine saved him!

Another vision rose before him. He saw himself divested of the dignity, almost of the outer semblance of a man; a human beast, herded with the vile, working out, with a bursting heart and a raging spirit, a meed of labor rendered horrible not so much by its nature as by the conditions under which it was enforced. Back again came the nightmare-like sense of being caged, tethered. He flung up his arms to the clear wide sky, where a great placid moon was already climbing; he had breasted the shoulder of the downs, and yonder in the hollow he saw a little twinkling light which came, he knew, from Tamsine's window.

The maid was there, thank God! He was safe, happy, free, through her.

He shook off his gloomy thoughts, as he would have shaken off the oppression of a bad dream, and strode gaily downwards to give his report of the interview.

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Tamsine migrated backwards and forwards between the farm and her parents' house during the ensuing three weeks, being careful to spend the Sundays at the latter place in order to fulfil, after the somewhat elastic rustic fashion, the obligation of residence in the parish where her wedding was to take place.

As it would have been unlucky, as well as disconcerting, to listen to the calling of her own banns, she absented herself from morning church, though she and David attended the evening service, using the same books and mingling their voices in the hymns; then they would take a little walk together down by the river or through the dewy fields, and Tamsine would point out familiar landmarks and relate anecdotes of her childish days. Her heart was brimming over with happiness, all the more because she could now enjoy these blissful hours without any pangs of conscience.

"'Tis so nice to feel as nobody can find fault wi' us now," she remarked on one occasion to David, passing her hand confidently through his arm, after she had given him her books to carry. "There's no need to feel afraid when we do hear a footstep, or hide ourselves away."

"Yes, but 'twas fun creepin' into the wold kiln," rejoined he, "and hearin' the steps go poundin' by an' the folks hollerin', knowin' they'd never find us. I did like those times very well."

"Not so well as these, though?" queried she. "You couldn't ha' liked them so well as these."

He made no direct answer, but after a moment or two pressed her hand to his side:—

"I'll like best of all when you an' me be joined together," he said irrelevantly.

(To be continued.)

ON SACRED DANCES.

The following lines are an almost literal rendering of a little bit of folk-song from French Flanders. They were sung to the accompaniment of peculiar ceremonies at the funeral of a young girl.

Up in heaven they dance to-day,
Alleluia,
The young maidens dance and play,
They sing as they dancing go,
Benedicamus Domino,
Alleluia, Alleluia.

'Tis for Rosalie they sing,
Alleluia,
She has done with sorrowing,
So we dance, and we sing so,
Benedicamus Domino,
Alleluia, Alleluia.

This was called "*La Danse des Jeunes Vierges*." So late as 1840, a traveller heard it sung by the lace-makers of *Bailleul*. He wrote:—

La cérémonie religieuse terminée, et le cercueil descendu en terre, toutes les jeunes filles, tenant d'une main le drap mortuaire, retournerent à l'église, chantant la Danse des Jeunes Vierges, avec une verve, un élan, et un accent rythmique, dont on peut se faire difficilement un idée, quand on ne l'a pas entendu.

"Alleluia" is, of course, the song of home-coming. "Alleluia" is Dante's beautiful verb. He speaks of the Blessed at the Resurrection,

La rivestita voce alleluando. (*Purg. xxx., 15.*)

The point, however, we wish to notice in this fragment of folk-song is the preservation of the ancient expression of religious joy by the image of a dance. There is no idea of motion allied to the endless music of the present conventional heaven. The popular hymns speak of it as a banquet, a feast, as anything you like, but never as a dance. But yet what simile for

blessedness can be compared with that of joyful motion? It is only since the sixteenth-century break with the inherited religious experience of mankind that the dance has been looked upon as profane, and unfitted to be the expression of worship and sacred joy. For instance, let us take Dante. A commentator describes the "dance" "as the rhythmic movement which Dante attributes to the Blessed as the index of their felicity." The reader will remember how, after the poet had been plunged into the water of Lethe to the strains of the "*Asperges me*," his Lady introduced him into the earthly Paradise

Dentro alla danza delle quattro belle. (*Purg. xxx., 103.*)

—her four handmaidens, who here were nymphs and stars in heaven. Again, the spirits whom he heard chanting the heavenly Sanctus, while they sang

*Mossero a sua danza,
E, quasi velocissime faville
Mi si velar di subita distanza.*

(*Par. vii., 7.*)

Once more, he describes the "carols" woven by the heavenly dancers. They danced in such various measure that some seemed to stand still and some to fly (*Par. xxiv.*). The word "carol," which Dante uses repeatedly, means, of course, a singing dance. Even in the restricted sense in which we now use the word, a carol is the purest expression of religious mirth and blitheness. In the Middle Ages, the angels of Christmas, for instance, as we may see in Fra Angelico's or Botticelli's pictures, not only sang, but danced. This came down from all tradition, Pagan, Christian, Jewish, and seemed to be, as indeed it is, the most natural thing in the world. To show that this danc-

ing of Fra Angelico's blessed souls or Dante's angels was no mere private fancy of their own, one need only mention the Preface of a Syrian liturgy, where the "dances of the Virtues" are introduced as a matter of course among the songs of the angels and all those other adorations of the Heavenly Host of which the Prefaces of all liturgies speak. The ancient world knew little of music apart from joyful, rhythmic motion, and did not banish the latter from its sacred solemnities. We have travelled so far away from this age-long religious sense of the whole race that we now smile at the tradition, supported by an apocryphal gospel, that our Lord and His disciples joined hands and danced in a ring at the Last Supper. To the Early Christians and to the whole ancient world there would have been nothing incongruous or profane in the thought. By those who first heard the story of the Prodigal Son, the "joy in the presence of the Angels" over the return of the penitent would, no doubt, be thought of as of a piece with the "music and dancing" that welcomed his return on earth. It is hardly necessary to refer to the Psalms. "Let them praise His name in the dance; let them sing praises unto Him with tabret and harp," and again, "Praise Him with the cymbals and dances; praise Him upon the strings and pipe" (Ps. cxlix.-3 and cl.-4). David himself, girded with a linen ephod, "danced before the Lord with all his might, leaping and dancing before the Ark" (II. Sam. 6). "How glorious was the King of Israel this day," said the scornful Michal, who had watched him from her window. He answered that the Lord had made him ruler over His people; "therefore will I play before the Lord." David, the dancer and singer and harper, was the "Joculator Domini." This dance of his was a true carol—Dante's "carola." It is pleasant to think that even the

carols which we know to-day, all, so to speak, spring from and belong to Bethlehem, David's town, where David was. To large sections of our own people "psalm-singing"—"psalm-smiting," we believe, is the opprobrious phrase—has come to be looked upon as a synonym for long-faced melancholy. But the Psalms are not tame. In a great Psalm of David there are trumpets and tambourines; "stellæ et lumen," there are stars and light; there are dark storm-clouds, "nix et grando," in the sullen masses of their angry blue. Long before David, we hear of a triumphant night, when "Miriam took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances" (Ex. xv.-20). "To play before the Lord"—how natural the idea must have seemed to simple-hearted, primitive religious people. In a strenuous, irreligious age, there is no place for the "jongleur de Dieu."

A few precious remnants of the old-world sacred merriment still exist in remote parts of Europe, but they are few and far between. The Spanish writer, Fernan Caballero, in one of her books describes a dance of children, in which, at every pause, they click the castanets before the image of the Divine Child with a devout exclamation. The dance of the Seises, also with castanets, is still performed on Christmas Day and Corpus Christi by the chorister boys before the High Altar of the Cathedral of Seville. The boys are dressed as pages of the time of Philip II. The above-named writer describes it as the most thrilling and touching sight it is possible to imagine. Let us hope that no reforming Pope, or rigid official clique, will ever sweep it away. If we are not mistaken, several attempts to do so have been made. The most ultra-montane Clericals often appear to desire to puritanize and rationalize the great

tradition into a religion of conventional propriety. A dancing procession takes place every year near Grenoble to commemorate the simultaneous recovery of all the invalids in the town during a procession in the sixteenth century. One sees the scene; the arrival of the joyful news, the benign and portly father clapping his hands, and saying: "Qu'on danse," the sudden striking up of flutes and fiddles, and the spontaneous outburst into joyful agitation. In the sixteenth century this would still seem a carrying-out of the apostle's advice: "Is any man merry? let him sing psalms."

As in Dante's heaven, so in the world we know, "rhythmic motion" is always the expression of joy. One must not talk of the flight of birds; indeed, one cannot do so. One is dumb before a swallow's flight; but is there anything in the world that gives a sensation of ecstasy like it? Or what shall we say of the fluttering of a red admiral butterfly over a clump of flowering autumn daisies, that sways and rustles in a silken west wind? Dante's image of the liberated soul, or, one should rather say, of the glorified human being, is the "angelica farfalla." Again, who has not watched the dance of the snowflakes, or upward flying sparks of this-tledown, of straws in gusty weather? The dancing of flowers is, in its way,

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as beautiful as the flight of birds. All that can be said has been said of this by Wordsworth in the poem of the daffodils. With some measure of his feeling, we saw recently an acre of snowdrops growing in green grass, every tiny bell a-quiver in the March wind. "They're very marvellous," said a little meek-faced man, "and very pretty." The poet and the writer and the little meek-faced man all felt in their degree the same emotion. One may very reasonably think the beautiful ancient myth of the moving, singing spheres to be true. The whole universe would thus perform a carol. This may be religiously thought of as the repetition of a sacred dance, of which the convolutions are reflected in the strange and graceful forms of creatures—the owl, the tortoise, the squirrel, the swan, the deer, the peacock, the giraffe—the color and expanse of skies and seas, the motion and the calm of wind and air, the rhythmic flight of birds and beat of waves, all the dancing play of the Divine Wisdom, "ludens coram Eo," now kissing a hand, now tossing a flower, making the movements that are caught by falling water and by leaping flame, by sea-gull and by butterfly and swallow, "per singulos dies" with changing shapes of beauty day by day, in a dance of infinite variations through unnumbered years.

THE REFERENDUM VERSUS REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.

Those who would adopt as well as those who oppose the Referendum have rarely considered, at all events sufficiently, two questions which may seem of little consequence to some so-called practical politicians—*i.e.*, those who have agreed to stop thinking. The answers to these questions may be decisive for those who are open-

minded and who seek for light. Would the adoption of the Referendum be a natural constitutional growth, or an innovation inconsistent with our Constitution, so far as such exists? Much the same questions have of late been sometimes put thus: Would the introduction of the Referendum be a mechanical or an organic change? Would

it come as an apt remedy for new maladies, a measure consonant with democracy as it exists here, or is it an institution fitted for a wholly different set of circumstances from ours? The complexity of our present Constitution is great. Upon the advocates of the Referendum it is incumbent to show that it is advisable still further to increase that complexity. Those who have denounced the Referendum, often in needlessly offensive language, as an "exotic," had, I suppose, in view the fact that it is with a nation as with an individual; character grows gradually if it grows at all; the Constitution of a nation, the embodiment of its political character, should do the same; the additions to it should be of a piece with that which exists. I venture to think that answers to these questions are of more importance than information as to how the Referendum works in Switzerland. The true Referendum may be defined as the power of the people (*i.e.*, the body of electors) to reserve to themselves the right of proposing and enacting laws or rejecting them independently of the Legislature, or of approving or rejecting any Act passed by the Legislature. The Referendum may be obligatory or optional; it may be applicable to all questions or to some; it may, as in some American States, be in terms inapplicable to "emergency legislation"; it may be confined to amendments in the written Constitution. It may be easily set in motion by a small number of electors, or it may be subject to conditions which render the use of it rare. But one essential it must have: it must be supreme over the Legislature. I do not therefore include in the category of Referendum such measures as those adopted in Illinois and Texas, which give facilities for the electorate to express formally upon proposals opinions to which the Legislature may pay no heed. The history of the measure

has been told by MM. Duguit and Monnier and by M. Esmein.¹ I will only mention one or two elementary facts. The Convention having adopted the principle of direct legislation, the Referendum was inserted in the French Constitution of 1793 and in that of 1795. It was the logical deduction of the "*Contrat Social*," the Bible of the party in power; the outcome of what its author called "*le simple droit de voter dans tout acte de souveraineté, drot que rien ne peut ôter aux citoyens*" (*Lib. IV., c. I.*). At present the Referendum forms part of the Federal Constitution of Switzerland, the Constitutions of certain cantons of that country and of certain States in America, and of the Federal Constitution of the Australian Commonwealth. Whenever the Referendum is found two or three conditions exist, of which the first is a purely democratic theory of government; the prevalence of a theory that political power is derived from the people in the sense of the majority of the electors; that the members of the legislative bodies are delegates with limited instructions, to which they are bound to conform; that so far as is possible that power should be exercised directly by the voter. I do not say that this theory is carried out anywhere to the letter; it is most nearly reached wherever the Referendum exists. It follows from this theory that when the "mandate" given to the representatives or delegates does not cover the particular question before the country there should be a reference to the electors in order that their instructions be obtained. A second condition is that there should be either a rigid constitution or a special set of laws, marked off from ordinary legislation (constitutional laws, organic laws), not to be altered except in a special manner prescribed in the Constitution,

¹ "*Elements de Droit Constitutionnel*," 280, *et seq.*

or by a reference to the parties to the agreement—i.e., by Referendum. Here, too, the Referendum is reasonable; at all events, there are distinct grounds for withdrawing such matters from the ordinary course of legislation.

I may add as a third condition: when the Constitution is—as all Federal Constitutions are—the result of an agreement between States. Here, too, the Referendum is the natural mode of effecting an amendment in which is a contract between independent Powers. As the commentators on the Australian Commonwealth Act remark: “A Federal legislation is a mere creation of the Federal Constitution; it is a mere instrument or servant of a Federal community; it is an agent, not a master” (Quick and Garran, p. 988).

So far none of these conditions exist with us. I take first the second point. The Empire, as distinguished from the United Kingdom, has certain chapters of a written Constitution. Each of the statutes establishing in Canada, Australia, South Africa, Parliaments and Governments is a constitutional measure just as much as is the Constitution of the United States. These measures may require to be amended. But for the Referendum in the sense of an appeal to the people of the United Kingdom there is no place. Theoretically the British Parliament might change these measures. Practically they can be changed only by the Dominions themselves. So far as the United Kingdom is concerned all our law stands in the same position. Parliament is supreme; the last limitation to it was removed when the conception of a law above Parliaments was abandoned.²

I take next the first named essential condition, which is the most important of all. Representative govern-

ment and direct legislation are not identical. On the contrary, they are, according to the great exponent of the latter, irreconcilable; there can be no representation with true democracy as he understands it. In a famous passage in the “*Contrat Social*” Rousseau says: “Les députés du peuple ne sont donc ni ne peuvent être ses représentants; ils ne sont que ses Commissaires; ils ne peuvent rien conclure définitivement. . . . L’idée des représentants est moderne; elle nous vient de cet inique et absurde Gouvernement dans lequel l’espèce humaine est dégradée et où le nom d’homme est en deshonneur” (“*Contrat Social*,” III., c. XV.). A system of delegates as distinguished from representatives may be the ultimate and necessary evolution of democracy; the sovereignty of the people may ultimately mean that and no less; there are signs that we are travelling to that end. But it signifies a transformation of the constitutional position of a member of Parliament, and in the long run of the House of Commons. There seems no escape from this; either the Referendum will be so rarely employed as to be of little account, or there will be a gradual impairment of the power of the House of Commons. The automaton M.P.—he who gets his opinions from the whip or his constituents—is, I am told, not unknown. He will be avowedly the normal member when the Referendum is in full operation; in regard to fundamental questions, those which elevate politics above the petty concerns of life, and which alone make them the worthy pursuit of high-minded men, it will be their business not to form opinions, but to take orders.

I add a further query. Those who have urged the adoption of the Referendum have not told us why, if the Referendum is desirable, is not also the Initiative; why is it not the more desirable of the two? The popular will

² See Meilwain's “Supremacy of Parliament.”

may be thwarted by lack of legislation just as much as by legislation. I am not sure that the case for the Initiative is not somewhat stronger than that for the Referendum, now that the constitutional right of petition is practically useless; that the power of the private member to initiate important legislation is at an end; that questions which do not give trouble to Governments are apt to be overlooked; that measures which do not bring fame and popularity to an Administration are not introduced or not pressed forward and passed; and that the power of minorities is probably more restricted than it ever was in parliamentary history. When one sees measures of great consequence pushed aside to give place to those lending themselves to party cries, the case for the Initiative seems the strongest.

The advantages claimed for the Referendum are mainly: (1) Its educational effect; "It is most favorable to the advancement of the education of the people" (Oswald, "Direct Legislation by the People," p. 9). (2) The supposed power of the people of judging of measures which are to their interest; "The experience of democracy teaches that a people can be more easily misled when there is a question of persons than when there is a question of things" (Oswald, "Direct Legislation by the People," p. 8). (3) The Referendum is the only means, it is said, of keeping the Legislature in touch with the people. (4) The separation of measures from men; "It (the Referendum) separates public issues from men and gets the people into the habit of considering the advisability of laws upon their merits" (Pierce, "Federal Usurpation," p. 104). (5) The Referendum would correct the anomalies of our electoral system; each voter would have one vote; each vote would have one value; a vote in Ireland would not count for more than a vote in London. (6) The

Referendum would be a protection against hurried legislation.

Some of these claims—e.g., No. 2—carry with them their refutation; at all events, whatever weight they may have in Switzerland, where no party system similar to ours exists, where Bills are short and simple, where the principle of a measure can readily be disentangled from a few details, and approval or disapproval of it can be intelligently expressed by a "Yes" or a "No," they have little bearing upon legislation in England, which is generally complex, full of details, often the result of complicated compromises between opposing parties. Probably the warmest admirer of popular government would not attribute to electors greater power of discriminating as to the merits of measures than their representatives. There are large classes of legislation of which they are notoriously bad or imperfect judges. Probably no recent statutes have done more good, physically and morally, to the people than the Public Health Acts. Yet it may well be doubted whether such measures would have met with the approval of the great body of the electors. They would have been repelled by the multiplied provisions interfering with personal liberty. The Referendum might occasionally prevent hurried legislation; it might also occasionally be the instrument of parties. But if it acted as a restraint upon precipitate legislation, at what a price would this be purchased! If there were withdrawn from the House of Commons the last word as to constitutional legislation—i.e., as to legislation affecting the Crown, the composition and powers of the two Houses of Parliament, the electorate and the component parts of the Empire—what would be left for Parliament? Besides, who is to determine what are constitutional questions? Not the Government of the day, an interested

party. If a body of judges, they would be invested with dangerous or invidious powers in excess of those of the Supreme Court of the United States; the latter construe a written document; the former would be free to launch out on the wide sea of constitutional law.

Whatever element of truth may be in these claims for the Referendum, most of them would be met by short Parliaments, by reforms in electoral distribution, and by some measure securing the representation of minorities. I will not dwell upon all the many disadvantages incident to the Referendum—*e.g.*, the expense of the system, the difficulty of amending measures which had been once approved. I mention only one vital objection. What is now the problem of political problems, the difficult conciliation to be made, if possible, here and wherever democracy exists? To maintain it while eliminating its dangers; to combine the power of the people with the just influence of knowledge; to unite free political life with discipline and self-restraint; to find protection not only against oppression, which is now rare, but also against ignorance, which is always common. The Referendum is no solution of this problem; it might make the combination to be desired rarer and more difficult.

In the writings of publicists there has been much refined discussion as to
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the true distinction between representative government and the rule of the many, direct and unqualified. The former has been described as a method of eliciting the collective will, the true will of the community. Guizot, the historian of representative government, sees in it a method by which prominence is given to the best elements scattered through society: "*Les organiser en pouvoir de fait, c'est à dire de concentrer, de réaliser la raison publique, la morale publique, et de les appeler au pouvoir.*" These are dark sayings, refinements not in touch with facts, abstractions which often conceal the advocacy or defence of class interest. The essence of the representative system, stated in simple words according with facts, is trust by the many in the worthiest available. It is this trust which gives to representative government what is best in aristocracy without its drawbacks. It is this trust, used on the whole honestly and wisely, which has so far confuted the oldest and most common accusations against democracy; and such hope as exists that the evils incident to democracy may be more and more avoided depends upon the continuance of a system under which the many repose confidence in a select few. And this element the Referendum and Initiative would weaken.

John Macdonell.

MRS. SMITH.

I had lived in London long enough, with no break but that of a brief yearly holiday and such short absences as I was able to steal from work for shooting with my friends. In winter I made a point of a day's hunting on a Saturday, and hunting by train is tiring and unsatisfactory. London will always have its charms for me. I

know it and love it. I can find my way about it in the densest November fog. I feel at home in a thousand odd corners of it. I have been blessed with many friendships made and cemented there. And yet I began to feel that I wanted to make my home in the

³ Guizot, "*Histoire des Origines du Gouvernement Représentatif*," II., 150.

country, more especially since it seemed likely to be a bachelor home till the end. I have seen too many old London club bachelors to wish to fossilize into one myself. Only the other day I saw in "The Times" the death of one of them. I had known him pretty well for twenty years, and liked him; but I had not heard he was ill, and I went to the lodging-house in Bury Street where he had lived. The landlord of the house opened the door to me himself, and I asked sympathetically about my old acquaintance.

"Was any one with him at the end?" I said.

"Oh dear, no, sir; just the nurse in the nursing home we had to take him to. She said he went off very nicely. I went up the next morning, and his cousin, Mr. Blackwell, came next day. We buried him this morning at Kensal Green, poor old gentleman. Thirty-three years he lived here, sir. I bought him with the lease—he had only a bedroom—had all his meals at the club. That's all he had"—turning and pointing to a portmanteau, a bag, and a hat-box, lying together in the passage. "We're sending them on to Mr. Blackwell's in Leicestershire to-night." And he laughed a little, not unkindly, at the meagre show the battered old luggage made.

Well, I turned away with a shudder. It mustn't come to this with me. Yet how easily it might! Here was a man who, twenty years before, had crowds of friends, was welcome everywhere, had good looks, good breeding, to commend him—and yet it came to this, a hired bed and a hired nurse at the end. Where was the woman he had loved and lost, whose arm should have been round him, whose lips should have been on his tired forehead?

Perhaps she read it in "The Times"—perhaps she missed it. She chose

otherwise years ago, and he became a London clubman.

Now, surely in the country there would be less risk of such a dreary exit. Some kindly neighbor would know my house and know that I lived there, and would hear that I was dying and come and see me. So the news would spread a little in my backwater, and the other denizens would surely come and ask about me, and perhaps come in and see me. And if I had a couple of servants they might attach themselves to me, and perhaps let my surviving relations, if I have any, know—and so on. Yes, the country is kinder then. It knows more than one wants it to know sometimes, but that makes for sympathy in the long run, perhaps.

I took a small house in the hunting country where I was wont to go, and where my horses were standing, and I furnished it and rebuilt the stables and moved in.

This was all tolerably easy, and there is no trouble about managing stables and stablemen.

But my domestic troubles in the other department of my household were really rather overwhelming at first. All my female relatives had taken the deepest interest in the question of my establishment. It was quite clear I couldn't "keep house" myself—I didn't know tapioca from sago, and don't know it now—and I hadn't the remotest idea how many pounds of meat or butter "went to" each person in the establishment per week, nor could I remember it for twenty-four hours when I was told.

One said I must have a "general," and she advertised at her own charges in her own local paper for a "general" for me. Another declared that "generals" were unsatisfactory, and that I must have a "cook-housekeeper." Another said I absolutely *must* have a man and wife, and get rid of Clarke.

Well, I began rather badly. My relations had all written voluminous letters on the subject, but not one of them had found me the woman she was seeking for me, and described with such insistence and graphic power. The less able they seemed to find me any one, the better able they were to describe the ideal I must strive for, and must on no account exchange for any other, even if I starved and failed to get my bed made in the meantime.

So when it was getting near the time for moving in, I went to an agency near my lodging and took the first woman they recommended to me. She seemed a pleasant sort of person, and the agent said she had a good character, and she came. I wrote to each of my advisers, and said I hoped I had found just the person she had been so anxious for me to have; and I invited them all to come and stay with me later on and see for themselves.

I had to put off their visits. I had quite a good dinner the first evening I went down to my new house. Mrs. Woolley had arrived earlier in the day. Before dinner she sent me a message through Clarke to say that there was no sherry to cook with. I didn't know one cooked with sherry, but Clarke said it was usual in "good houses," so I sent him to the kitchen with a bottle, and he came back and said Maraschino would be necessary for the ice. So I sent Maraschino. My relations all said afterwards that was unwise. Anyhow, breakfast was very unpunctual next morning, and I had reason to complain of other matters, and Mrs. Woolley left in tears, invoking alternate blessings and curses on me and my house, and escorted to the station by Clarke and my groom, who gave her a bottle of soda-water for her refreshment on the journey to her home and handed her ticket to the guard.

I dined for several nights at the mess—it was on the outskirts of a gar-

ri son town I had settled—by the kindness of my military friends, or at my club in London. And then I found Kate Cleary. She was a "general." A poor fellow I knew had married on two-pence a-year and no expectations, and his pretty little wife had died and left him stranded with a baby and a nurse and a small flat in Kensington and a "general." His mother took the baby and the nurse, and I took the general—at his urgent request. He said she was a treasure, and had been one of the comforts of his short married life.

I don't know why, but my bachelor establishment didn't seem to suit her. She was Irish and a Roman Catholic, and I think Clarke must have aired some offensive heretical doctrines at tea the evening she came, or have spoken disrespectfully of the Pope of Rome. She sent me up a beastly dinner, and I have a suspicion that Clarke made discourteous remarks about it when it became his supper in the kitchen later in the evening. Kate Cleary resigned the next day, and totally declined to stay even for the usual month. I dined out once or twice again, and then I went up to London for a day or two to think it over. And there I found Mrs. Smith.

I was dining with some friends of mine, and described my situation in such affecting terms to an old friend whom I had taken in to dinner, that she declared she must sacrifice something herself to help me, and that if I would like to have her housemaid, who had been with various members of her family, in various capacities, for years and years, and was an excellent cook, she felt sure I should never regret it.

She was quite frank about it all, and told me Mrs. Smith had been with her and her family so long that they recognized their obligation to pension her before many years were past, and would certainly do it, whether she

came to me or not, when the time arrived; that she was, however, still able and anxious to work, and that their only reason for wanting to part with the woman was that the rest of their household was banded together in arms against her, and the retreat of one side of the battle was necessary for the general peace and comfort. Obviously the retreat of the numerically smaller, if not the weaker, side would cause less inconvenience, so Mrs. Smith should come to me.

"Now, don't argue about it," Lady Colesden said. "You know I wouldn't send you any one I didn't think would really suit you, and the old soul is honest as daylight and as sober as a judge, and I'll send her down to-morrow to see you. If you are very nice to her and make the best of the place, perhaps I'll be able to drive her out of my house and into yours by next week, and then we shall both be happy ever after. If you find her intolerable, let me know at once and I'll take her away and send her to the country in some capacity or other, but I really believe she is exactly what you want."

So Mrs. Smith came, and my material comfort was assured from that moment. We didn't, however, take very readily to one another. It occurred to me that perhaps she thought I was more deeply concerned in the plot to eject her from Lady Colesden's than was the case; and I doubted her remaining with me long. But she was an excellent cook, never plagued me to order dinner or anything else, and she kept the weekly bills down to a figure that the most critical of my female acquaintances were fain to admit was miraculous.

And I couldn't help feeling an interest in the woman. She was remarkable to look at. She was very tall, spare, and muscular. And her face had evidently been of remarkable

beauty in youth. Even now in her old age her chiselled features and dark eyes would have attracted attention in a woman of any rank in life, and had a look of breeding that is rare in the humbler walks. Age and hard work had furrowed her features; the fire in the woman's eyes, one could see, would be unquenchable. Her thick gray hair was hidden away in a servant's cap. She was illiterate: her house accounts were miracles of laborious ill-spelling. Clarke hated her. He complained bitterly to me of the wrongs he suffered at her hands; but, whenever I investigated a complaint, it turned out Mrs. Smith was in the right and Clarke was in fault. So he soon gave up complaining to me.

It was during the investigation of some of these indictments that I came to know the woman better and to like her more. Her rigid devotion to my interests became apparent, as well as her loyalty to a fellow-servant, even under pretty difficult conditions. And I took occasion to tell Clarke that I thought him a poor-spirited individual, and that if he didn't work amicably with my housekeeper there were plenty of other valets who would. He wasn't a bad sort of fellow in his way, and he responded to treatment and got on better. But he was afraid of Mrs. Smith.

Now, in order to show the extraordinary character of Mrs. Smith and the influence she has had upon my affairs, I must go back to earlier years and relate certain circumstances that I have never cared to speak of to any one since they occurred.

And the three beloved people for whom alone I am writing this must understand that the whole course of events which followed my engagement of Mrs. Smith only became known to me afterwards: at the time of their occurrence I was kept in ignorance of them, and, as far as Mrs. Smith was

concerned, I should have remained in ignorance of them to this day.

We had played together as children, Helen and I: our homes were within a couple of miles of one another: our parents were intimate friends. My father was master of foxhounds and friend of all the county. Helen's father was in the diplomatic service, and only came home from abroad at rare intervals during her childhood. After her mother died, the little girl of four or five was sent home and lived there entirely during the five years of her father's widowhood and until his second wife—a cousin of Lady Colesden, mentioned before in this chronicle—came to take charge of her. During those five years my mother had had the child a great deal with her, and when I was at home for my school holidays we had hunted together on our ponies and together enjoyed all the fun and amusement that boys and girls can devise in an English country home. And Helen was happy on the whole—lonely at times, but with an intense joy in life and activity and the human sympathy of those she knew and loved; shy and reserved with strangers, afraid of her grave and silent father, whose caress was a cold handshake, whose vision was too short to see the love and longing drowning in the child's great brown eyes just for lack of a touch, a word, to draw them to him from those depths.

Then for six or seven years Helen lived nearly altogether abroad. I don't think I saw her more than once or twice during that time. I was grown to manhood; she was growing to womanhood. My father died, and our old home was broken up, and I only went back to its neighborhood when I could find time from my work to pay visits. Whenever I rode through Alderholt its blinds were down, its chimneys smokeless. Rumor told that Helen had

grown into a beautiful and gracious woman, tall and grave, but with a sweet smile, people said, that charmed all and sundry. It was reported that all the under-secretaries were her willing slaves, that foreign nobles risked their lives and limbs freely at the "*chasse au wild-fox*" when Helen rode and negotiated her fences as neatly as my father had taught her. *En amazone* she was irresistible; and the Marquis de Gallifet-Perpignan, who had never been on a horse in his life, but attended every "*rendezvous*" in a "*mail*," had a scarlet dress-coat faced with blue made at his tailor's, and gilt buttons adorned with his own coronet, and wore the thing at the Embassy ball, to his own intense satisfaction, feeling certain that the subjection of mademoiselle was then only a matter of moments to any one so killing and so altogether sporting in appearance.

Helen wrote to my mother an amusing account of it and of the poor little man's afterdoubts as to whether he shouldn't have worn spurs to complete the effect.

That Christmas she came to London, and stayed a little while with my mother, and I saw her again.

She was as cordial and friendly with me as ever, and we talked over all our old adventures and jaunts together, and laughed over our happy days, our rides, our long, cold waitings under the fir-trees for wood pigeons, when Helen had the chilly satisfaction of holding the next two cartridges for my gun, and hung between joy on the one hand and horror at the sight of the killed on the other,—a wounded bird was more than she could bear without protesting tears. But to my wondering delight she was no longer the child whose moods were as open to me as the air. She was a shy and lovely woman, trained in the ways of society to a *savoir faire* perfect for her youth and

position. With her gracious friendliness there was a serene and womanly reserve that seemed to compel courtesy and chivalry wherever she went.

My mother was charmed by her; the girl's attention to the elder woman was beautiful in its unostentatious and natural kindness and simplicity. When she went abroad again my mother openly lamented. She said she wished she had a daughter like Helen to comfort her in her old age. I didn't answer that rather wistful remark.

Helen was gone, and life seemed rather drab and work rather more than usually dry and uninteresting for a long time after.

Some few months later we heard of her stepmother's death. Helen wrote that her father was much broken, and had thoughts of retiring from the service and coming home, but she almost hoped he would not do so; she could not think what he would make of life alone with her at Alderholt. After some hesitation he chose, we heard, to remain in the service; and Helen did not come home that winter. Her father asked my mother if she would have her to stay in London during the following season, when her mourning might be mitigated, and she might see something of society in London; and my mother accepted the plan with pleasure.

Her father wrote again: he was infinitely relieved—he had of late been deeply concerned about Helen's future and prospects. He had the greatest anxiety as to her proper chaperonage and care. Situated as he was, he scarcely knew whether it was right she should be abroad with him at all with no other lady in the house. My mother smiled a contemptuous smile, and gave a little snort of impatience at the man's stupidity. "But he always was a selfish toad," she muttered with apparent irrelevance.

Helen's coming to my mother at the

earliest date that could be arranged was the most satisfactory way out of his "anxieties and difficulties," as he called them, as to his child, and he thanked her sincerely.

It was April before she reached London, and she came rather sad and troubled. Her father had decided to break up his household altogether and dismiss all his English servants to their homes. Helen foresaw that she would hardly prevail on him to let her collect an establishment again later in the year, and it meant either his coming home to England then, or living abroad without her, or without a settled home for her to share with him. Above all, she deplored losing her own especial Catherine, who had been her particular and attached guardian and body-servant since her childhood, ever since Helen's stepmother had brought her to the house. I believe Catherine was what is called a school-room maid. Anyhow, Helen loved the woman and valued her. She was to have a lady's-maid with all the accomplishments requisite in such a person, and Catherine was to return to Larks Lacey to her dead mistress's family—with whom she had lived many years. Helen was especially sad the day she parted with her Catherine in London. She came downstairs with her eyes very bright, and my mother gave her a watch on a little chain for her birthday soon afterwards, since from that afternoon Helen wore no watch.

Well, the season wore on and Helen enjoyed it. My mother, I think, enjoyed her own rejuvenation as she called it, as keenly as the beautiful girl. It was a delight to the elder woman to have so striking and altogether charming a companion to take about, to present to her Sovereign—Helen's high-bred beauty shone resplendent that day,—to talk to of all the womanly things that women love to discuss. My mother was womanly

to the core, though she took a masculine, and never a feminine, view of all questions, if there were such a choice of views.

I was never much of a ball-goer, but I went to balls that year just to see Helen dance and to help her, if I could, to enjoy them. We rarely stayed late. She liked her morning canter in the Park, and my mother made me get the most perfect hack I could procure for her to ride. I enjoyed taking her to the Row more than going with her to balls, and I think, on the whole, I preferred the young men who wanted to ride alongside her to the young men who crowded round her in the ball-room praying for dances. There were plenty of them in both places.

There was one who rarely failed to appear both at the balls and in the Row, and I know I didn't like him to be near her in either place. He was the handsomest man in his way I have ever seen, and a born actor. Of an old ennobled family, he was the eldest of a large number of sons, every one of whom was wild and ungoverned. He alone of them preserved a show of respectability and decorum, and did it very well. His pose was respectability and decorum under difficulties. He had the art of living in public with the appearance of wishing to be obscure and retired—of showing that he knew all his family's shortcomings while seeming to strive to hide them from the world. He belonged to good clubs, but had no intimate men friends. I had been at Eton with him and remembered him at Oxford too. Well, I wasn't his intimate friend at either place.

It was only after he had left those seats of learning that the actor's art had been brought to such perfection, though it had served him well with masters and others in authority in his boyhood. But then he had over-acted, and we, his contemporaries in age,

were perhaps more disgusted with his attempts to conceal his misdeeds than with his iniquities themselves. Youth will forgive most things to the ingenuous and sincere.

Now Helen liked him, and it worried me to see him about her.

Early in July she had a telegram from her father and was called abroad. He had had a severe accident, and Helen left us in haste in charge of a suitable chaperone for the journey.

Her accounts of her father were not reassuring. My mother wanted to go out to her, but Helen wrote they were up in the hills where her father had met with his accident, and there was no accommodation except for the necessary nurses and the doctor, and that she was well and was well looked after. Should need arise she would telegraph.

By degrees the injured man mended, and at last they were able to move him down to the sea at Bordighera, and there it was proposed they should winter.

My mother went to them in November and sent me news from time to time. Helen was well—her father very much failed. That man whose presence near Helen had troubled me was at Bordighera too, and they saw a great deal of him. He was kindness itself to the sick man; and his musical genius—as real as his facility in foreign languages—was a constant solace and pleasure to them all.

Well, it all ended as I knew from that moment it would end. Helen loved him, and in March, before her father died, she married this man.

For four years I never saw her at all, nor was she in England for more than fleeting visits, and I only heard of them when she had gone. And then I saw her again.

We met in Curzon Street by chance as she was turning to go into a house; and, after warmly greeting her, I

asked if I might come in and see her. I have never paid so sad a visit as this. Helen looked twenty years older than when she left us—a sad, broken woman, careworn and tired. I could scarcely believe it was our Helen. She opened the door of the room on the first floor, evidently a sitting-room in a private hotel, and seemed nervous and anxious on entering. But no one was there. We talked long about my mother and her recent death, and Helen's tears fell when she deplored her loss and recalled her friendship and affection.

"I am a good deal alone in the world now," she said—and I dared not reply. "You see I have lived so much abroad and seen so little of people here, and my relations are all gone: I never had many. Still, I mustn't groan, for those friends I have are near and dear." And she smiled very sadly, I thought, and half rose, as if she must be alone. So I left her. It was more than I could do to remain longer without speaking out and asking what was killing her. And all the time I was certain I knew the answer. I could have shot that man then.

I had a letter from her next evening telling me they were leaving London. They were to take a house there later on and live in England. She didn't know if she was glad or sorry. She hoped to see me when they came.

I could do nothing: I went to Lady Colesden and heard from time to time where they were, and where the house was they had taken, and when they were coming. I wouldn't ask Lady Colesden about Helen or what was wrong, and she said little, but enough to confirm what I felt before.

When they came to London I wrote and asked Helen if I should come and see her, and she replied I must come, and often, but I should not find the house very lively. She was not very well, and had lost the art of cheerful-

ness. I went as often as I could, but it was a misery and a torture to see my dear companion of the past so changed and ill. It seemed to do her good at first, and then later on I could see she was more wretched still. She kept a brave and smiling face, you must remember, and it was terrible to us both when one day I was shown into her drawing-room and found her whiter than a ghost, shivering and cold, though it was July, while on the parquet of the long inner room I heard a man's step—I knew it was her husband's—retreating towards the staircase.

What had passed I knew not, but I took Helen's hand and held it in both mine and told her I had always loved her as a dear sister—that her bidding was my law—that if there was any service in the world I could render her, then or ever, she must speak and it were done.

It was not many months after then that I left London. She had made me promise to keep away. She had promised that if I could help she would let me. She had begged me not to write.

I felt I could not ask Lady Colesden or any one else about her, but Helen's sad voice haunted me night and day.

To return to my bachelor home. I was away on a shooting visit for three nights. It was freezing hard and five o'clock in the evening. Mrs. Smith was alone in the house at tea in her tidy little kitchen and my old dog was comfortably curled up in front of the fire. Suddenly he lifted his head and a moment later the front-door bell rang. Mrs. Smith went to the door and opened it.

"Catherine, is it you?" said a trembling voice, and a trembling hand caught her arm; "but are you alone? Is this your house? Oh, surely I have made some mistake."

"My dearie, no, no mistake to come to Catherine. Oh, my lamb. Oh! my lady, no, no, it's all safe here. Catherine is all alone—there's no one else. Come to the fire—you won't mind the kitchen, Miss Helen, and here's tea, for you're cold and shivering."

"Are you sure you're alone, Catherine? I couldn't come in if you weren't. I only got your address to-day, and I thought you were in your own home. Whose house is it? I wanted to rest quietly for a little, and I've brought a handbag so that I might stay with you."

And Catherine told her whose house it was. "But you've come to see me, Miss Helen, nobody but me. I know that. And when you've had your tea and are warm, we will talk it all over and settle what you are going to do. Now don't cry, my dearie, it's only stupid old Catherine fussing about you and you're cold. Catherine is going to take your shoes off and warm those poor chilled feet. You must have come by train," and the poor woman talked on to hide her horror and distress, and to give herself time to think and plan for her dear little girl as she ever called her in her heart. She was the Catherine from whom Helen had parted years ago in my mother's house.

"No, now, Miss Helen, you must trust me. I'll never tell any one. We must get you warm and strong before the seven o'clock train and then we will go together. No one will come in till then; the stablemen have their tea in their own room and don't come in till supper-time, and then you and I will be gone. Now, rest in that chair," and Catherine turned down the gas and made the warm kitchen dim in the firelight to hide those tears that wrung her very soul to see.

And the poor tired girl rested for an hour in my house, tended by the

woman who loved her best in the world.

"But he must never know, Catherine. Oh, if I had only known you lived *here* I should have missed this happy hour you've given me, for I shouldn't have come! Now, I must go, and must go back to London."

"I am coming with you, Miss Helen. No, I *will* come. I couldn't let you go alone."

So the two women left the house. Mrs. Smith turned back after they had gone a hundred yards or so and went to the stables. There she gave my groom the house key, charging him to wait till she came back, and an hour and a half later her dear Helen was back in her "home" in London, lying dry-eyed in her bed waiting for the dawn.

I came home the next day. Life went on in its usual channels, and Christmas was approaching. It was unusually cold and wet, rain and snow alternating, till the river was in flood and the country almost too deep to ride over. The river runs past the back of my house, at the bottom of a steep hill, on which, sloping to the sun, is my kitchen-garden. There is a rough road that was formerly a tow-path between my garden wall and the river, and there is a door in the wall leading on to it by four or five downward steps. The poorer part of the town lies a little way up-stream; and, down-stream, the road leads to some brickfields and the railway embankment.

Late in December I was dining at the barracks one night, and was to dress there, to save myself the trouble of going home and turning out again. Clarke had taken on my things, and Mrs. Smith was alone in the house. There was a knock at the door, and in a moment she knew what had happened, and in another moment her dear Helen was in her arms again. She was very pale and very calm.

"Yes, Catherine, I knew this time whose house it was. I have to see him. Some one must protect me now, and I know nobody but him and you."

"Oh my dearie, come in and let us think what's best," and, supporting her, Mrs. Smith led this poor child into the kitchen again, and darkened it and fussed round her, searching and craving for some guidance in this hopeless trouble.

They had been there less than an hour when Helen started up as a man's footsteps passed the window on the gravel-walk and the dog rose growling and moved towards the front hall.

"Oh! Catherine, some one is coming. You mustn't let him in. What shall I do?"

Silent and absolutely calm, Mrs. Smith took her to the back stairs and pointed to the door of a room at the top. It was her own bedroom.

"Go in there."

Swiftly she went herself to the front door and opened it. Through the wet fog she saw the figure of a man she recognized. He asked if I was at home.

"No, sir, he is not. He is dining out and will not be home till late. Would you please to leave any message?" she asked, as the man hesitated and had no card to hand her.

He was silent a moment, and then, with an oath, said—yes, he had a message. "There is some one in this house I want to see. I don't believe he is dining out," and he strode into the hall. Mrs. Smith could see he had been drinking, and was livid with passion as well, but she kept very still.

"You must be making some mistake, sir. There is no one here. My master is dining at the barracks, and his servant has taken his things there. You will find him there if you like to call; it is not far. Or would you like to come in and write a note?"

He hesitated. Yes, he would come

in; and he passed into my sitting-room and looked round. Mrs. Smith had taken in a lamp from the hall, and then she opened the door that led into my dining-room; that, too, was dark and empty.

He cursed again as he took up a piece of paper from my writing-table and then threw it down. He got up and swung round to the door and out into the hall. There he listened a moment, and then Mrs. Smith's face paled, but she stood quite still. He cursed again, and asked the way to the barracks—no, to the railway station,—in that damned fog who could find his way?

"The station, sir? Oh, well, that's not far at all, but the road is full of turns; and if you would like to go a straighter way, I can let you out by the garden-gate. If you had a train to catch, it might be better. Would you come this way?" And she moved to the door leading to the garden. He followed her, and she passed rapidly on, down the slope of the garden, to the river door.

"This way, sir; you come to the railway a little way down. You can see the lights now. If you follow the road it brings you to the station." This was true, but it was to Tatfield Station, our junction, and three miles away.

She was holding the door open for him to pass on to the steps. He moved through it, looked down the stream, and, misliking the blackness of the road, he turned to repass into the garden, saying he would rather go by the way he came. In an instant the heavy door swung round with tremendous force, struck him on the outstretched hand and full on the face. He crashed down the steps, with an oath for every step, and as he collected himself and gained his feet, to find the door firm and blank, Mrs. Smith was coursing up the path swifter than one

can tell it and back into the house.

"Miss Helen, come at once. We can catch the train, and we must get to London and then think what to do. This is no place for you to-night, Miss Helen."

Swiftly she dressed for the journey. In two minutes she was with Helen in the road, and then went back to warn my men in the stable that she should be away till late; would they tell me if I came in before she returned.

When I got home at midnight Mrs. Smith was there, and hot soup was ready for me by my fire, and the house was as ordered and comfortable as she always made it.

It was a Friday night that I dined at the barracks: on Sunday morning I had a letter from Lady Colesden:

"I think I ought to write and let you know what is happening to Helen, since you and I are perhaps the nearest approach to real relations she has in the world. You know I have scarcely seen her for years. After my poor cousin died and that idiot of a father of hers let Helen make that deplorable marriage—of course he didn't know what he was doing, but any one but an idiot would have known: I never had any patience with the man—Helen has been more and more difficult to find, and for several years now she has kept away from us quite pointedly. She is a perfect dear and it broke my heart to think why it was.

"Well, last night, imagine my astonishment when I got home from dining out. There was a very untidy note scribbled in pencil, and Hicks said a street messenger brought it about ten o'clock. It wasn't signed, but asked me to go at once to Eaton Place to Helen's house, as some one should be with her.

"I didn't quite like it, so I thought I would take Robert with me in case

he could be useful—there are times, you know, when he really is a prop!

"When we got to the house the servant said Helen had come home about nine o'clock and gone straight to her room, saying she was tired and would not come down. She had been out since afternoon. He did not know where she had dined. She had left no message about me, and I was rather hesitating what to do, and Robert said, as she had gone to her room two hours before, she was probably sound asleep by then, and there must be some mistake about the note. That seemed reasonable, and just as we were leaving, a cab drove up to the door and there was a fuss and bother about getting something out of it. A policeman who had come in it was pulling and tugging, and presently there emerged the figure of Helen's husband.

"It was here that I began to be most sincerely thankful that I had had the foresight to bring Robert with me. We could see some of the trouble at once. The man had been drinking; he was drenched (you know what a night it was); he was covered with mud, and his face was dreadfully bruised on one side and his right hand damaged. Robert is capital when things get tangled, and he took charge of the situation at once. He found the policeman was a railway man—they had discovered the wretch in a first-class carriage of the train at Paddington, and he was just able to say he had come from Tatfield but could give no account of his injuries; but he gave his address.

"Robert and I both had misgivings while the policeman was speaking that the man was really ill as well as battered, and though I wouldn't have touched him with the tongs otherwise, that somehow did compel me to see what I could do for him when we had got him on to a sofa in the library. Robert simply enveloped that police-

man in the necessity for letting nothing get into the papers, and talked about the chairman of the railway whom he meant to see about it all in the morning; then he sent the footman for a doctor, while I prevented any one going upstairs to Helen till we knew what was wrong.

"Well, my dear friend, it was a positive relief to me when the doctor came and said the man was very seriously ill. I felt so dreadfully afraid he was going to say I was wasting my sympathies and energies on the animal's disgusting habitual state.

"Then we had him carried up to his room, and I sent for Helen's maid to tell Helen I was downstairs. There I sat wondering whether she had a servant in the house who was any sort of comfort to her, and grudging you old Mrs. Smith, who used to be with her, as I daresay you know, when she was a child, till Alice died and that senseless father of Helen's broke up the household and sent her back to Lark's Lacey and I took her as housemaid.

"Helen came down at last, but, of course, she had heard them moving in his room and had been in there to see. So she knew before I saw her, and it was evidently a fearful shock. I have never seen any one look so worn and broken, and she was so dear and nice to me.

"I came over to her this morning after I had been home for breakfast and a change of raiment, and here I am. Helen has been with him nearly all day. The doctor says he must have been in a bad state of health for a long time, and the chill he has had will be very hard to recover from. The shock of the injuries is severe, and that is what prevents him being clear enough to tell how he came by them and what he was doing at Tatfield—if by chance he wanted to enlighten us: perhaps he doesn't.

"Helen is well; that is to say, she

isn't ill, and you needn't be anxious about her at present. She is nursing the man as if he had been a model of all the virtues all the time.

"I will tell you if there is any change. I have written folios, and must stop and try to get the dear thing to rest a little. And you are not to come now, Helen says. She would rather see you later on. Also, I would rather not share her with anybody at present, so you see I am not loth to pass you on her order. I don't seem to have any time to attend even to Robert and the children at present.

"But who in creation was it that sent me that note telling me to come here??"

Mrs. Smith did not come for orders next morning, and, as there was some household thing I had to tell her about, I sent for her. Then I told her I had bad news from Lady Colesden of Helen's husband, and that I had heard for the first time that she had been Helen's maid long ago.

"Yes, sir, and I was very fond of the young lady, sir—very fond. And I am very sorry, sir, if she is in any trouble. I would be pleased if you would tell me if you hear again. And what would you like done with the woodcock, sir? Shall I cook them to-night, or keep them till next week?"

Mrs. Smith had changed the subject.

Three days later came another letter from Lady Colesden.

"It is nearly all over—the doctors say to-night must end it. Helen is very brave. She has been with him all day, and he is quite himself now and able to talk. They have been alone together, and she seems thankful and relieved, but inexpressibly sad. I suppose if I see much more of her I shall begin to be sorry he is going to die."

Summer came and went, and autumn

was fading into early sunsets and frosty mornings, and I was wondering whether I really took any interest in the General Election that was shaking the country, or not. Looking back, I know that I took none. But one day, having waded through the mass of election news in the paper, I came on a paragraph in the personal column saying that Helen had gone to Alderholt.

In ten minutes I had forgotten the meeting that evening at which I was to speak in support of our ardent Jingo candidate, and was on my way to—shire.

I found Helen, and told her I could wait no longer.

When we had settled one or two interesting matters, she told me the whole story of Mrs. Smith's—Catherine's—action of those fatal days. At the end her husband had recounted it all to her—his awful purpose in following her to my house, after he knew he had driven her by his cruelty to go; the servant-woman's treatment of the problem that faced her. He begged Helen's forgiveness, and she gave it. She had told him all that she did on that unhappy day, and how the loyal woman had shielded her from danger and from every breath of ill as far as lay in her resolute soul to do it.

And then—what could we do, we two together, to recompense such devoted service?

Just before we were married we made her come and see us, and told her we knew all she had done—that we owed her more than we could ever re-

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pay for her devotion and strength of purpose and loving care.

"You're not sending me away, Miss Helen?" (She never would call Helen by her first married name, or any version of it, if she could help it.) "Oh, don't send me away! I only came to you, sir, because I knew you were Miss Helen's friend. And if I may stay, don't, please, Miss Helen, ever talk about all that. You see, sir, I am just your servant, and hers, and if you were to make any difference with me I couldn't be still her servant. All I want is to stay and work for her. I've had trouble myself in my time. I knew, sir, that when a person's trouble is at its worst, there is something coming to help. It was like that with me. It was nothing I did—nothing. And please, Miss Helen, never speak of it again—oh, never, never!"

And the strong woman broke down, and we were fain to let her have her way.

So she stayed till she died; and I know that if Helen had a devoted husband—and I hope she had—she had an old servant-woman who loved her no less. And while that old servant lived, the story she would never bear to have told was heard by none.

Now it is written only that those three children of her beloved mistress—she nursed them all through childhood; and I can think of no one else to whom their mother would have entrusted them—may know how much they owe to Mrs. Smith.

C. H. B.

"THE SPECTATOR."

MARCH 1, 1711.

"It was," said Steele, recalling his first remembrance of his long friendship with Addison, and the warmest of welcomes accorded to the poor and fatherless boy at Lichfield, "It was an unspeakable pleasure to visit or sit at a meal with that family." And though during the last days of Addison's life a somewhat heated disagreement on the contemporary peerage question ruffled their old intimacy, the two friends never had any difference of opinion "but what proceeded from their different ways of pursuing the same thing," and when they met, "talked as unreservedly as ever, without pressing (what they knew impossible) to convert each other." The words come a little oddly, perhaps, from such an ardent partisan as Steele, but he was getting old when he wrote them, and less eager than wise. Addison was dead, and his own sun in the west. Friendships as loyal, though few more famous than theirs, have brightened the records of the irritable tribe of authors, but to none is the world under a pleasanter obligation. It made their few years' collaboration in journalism one of the most delightful things in literature. Day after day the two men, at one in their main object, without sign of jealousy, even of rivalry, kept the shuttlecock of the *Spectator* deftly bobbing over the net of public approval; and when the game was finished it fell as naturally to the generous and impulsive heart of Steele to give Addison all the glory as it has fallen almost with one accord to their countless readers since to share it equally between them.

Like most unusually happy achievements, that of launching and keeping afloat the *Spectator* seems in retrospect as easy as it was inevitable. But a

slow and groping process preceded the triumphant event. Nathaniel Butters, whom, oddly enough, no satiated victim of the Press has yet connected with the mystical number 666, had set the ball rolling far back in 1622 with his *Weekly News*, the first of that swarm of newspapers we read to-day with greediness but without respect. Hot-foot after him came all the entirely terrestrial *Mercuries*, until to John Dunton occurred in 1690 the happy thought of a sheet that should entertain the public with "all the most nice and curious questions propounded by the ingenious of either sex." Questions, that is, which will continue to be asked and answered until the last trump, or a very fat Blue-book, shall resolve them once and for all. In 1704 Defoe's *Review* appeared, with its "Scandal Club." In 1707 Steele was appointed editor of the *London Gazette*, and given the man and the office, the precedent and the opportunity all together, the *Tatler* was a foregone conclusion.

But many numbers of the *Tatler* were to go by before it took its ripe and final shape. Steele gradually dropped out mere news, even the tastiest piece of which "loseth its flavor when it hath been an hour in the air," and began to swell out his little essays until they took up whole numbers. Before the *Tatler* set to tattling practically all newspapers had been true to their name. They retailed in all its natural nakedness what meagre information they could procure, and left reflection, criticism, and commentary to their readers. "Isaac Bickerstaff" began deliberately peering into matters of public taste—discourse, dress, behavior; he took upon himself the censorship of Great Britain, and set out frankly to instruct men what to think, only a less

difficult and dangerous business than that of instructing them how to think. But though in his lucubrations he was a good deal more generous with his physic than most editors of a later age have had the courage or the funds to dare to be, he endeared and won over his readers with a judiciously generous admixture of jam. If, then, Defoe may be called the father, it is not straining a point to call Steele the god-father, of English journalism. And when with the eightieth number of the *Tatler* Addison joined his old schoolfellow, whose hand he had already detected in what had gone before, the infant was short-coated and well on its way to fending for itself; well on its way, indeed, to the usurpation of that editorial "We" that was to prove, as time went by, more powerful than Henry VIII., more capricious than Elizabeth.

So far as Steele's immediate purpose was concerned, he was in one thing at a real but easily avoidable disadvantage. All his life he was a strong and fearless, occasionally an extreme, party man. He could not, in his own strength, succeed in keeping politics out of his paper. And so in part, perhaps, for personal reasons connected with Harley, and in part because Addison clearly perceived that a dispenser and critic of what is common to all sociable humanity and nourishing to both sexes is apt to lose in persuasiveness and acceptability by any obvious bias to a particular party, on January 2, with its 274th number, the *Tatler* came to a calm but glorious end. A few weeks afterwards, on March 1, two hundred years ago, introduced by Addison, now at leisure after the fall of the Whigs, the Silent Man, the Looker-on, the quiet, attentive frequenter of all the humming Coffee-houses, the Stander-by who had never espoused any party with violence, who was resolved to observe an exact neu-

trality, and was "very well versed in the Theory of an Husband, or a Father"—Mr. Spectator himself, in fact, made his bow to the world from Little Britain, and his ghost, canonized and beloved, has never since left the stage.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the old *Spectator* to a reader of the present day is its admirable continuity. Number after number may be read at a sitting, on subjects ranging from Babylon to Bouts Rimes, from Platonic Love to Rope-dancing, from "Tom, the Tyrant at the Coffee House" to the Mohocks in Fleet-street and the Tombs in Westminster Abbey; and the same rippling philosophy bears them all on, with the same equable ease. Shrewd good-humor is the keynote, their score the heart of man, "from the Depths of Stratagem to the Surface of Affectation." "Is it not much better to be let into the Knowledge of one's Self than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland?" This, the least wearying branch of all human knowledge, they treat of without pomposity or flippancy, and, above all, without "the least impropriety of language." They are rarely hurried or professional. They scold without heat, preach without anathematizing, satirize without bitterness; and so much of a length they are, so dexterously they oscillate between grave and gay, that one might almost talk of a Spectatorial metre. Brilliance is constitutionally intermittent, and many a newspaper has flared its unreturning way into extinction. But both Addison and Steele had talent in abundance to ballast their genius. So sure and deft was their guiding hand that the *Spectator* could without danger afford to be rather ponderous now and again with poor Budgell, could burst into a transitory limelight with poems by "a great genius not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker," and could thin itself out oc-

casional with the namby-pambyisms of that minor poet, loyally befriended by Addison, of whom the same "great genius" was afterwards to remark:—

"Twas all the ambition his high soul
could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine
with Steele.

Even Steele himself could at times venture to thump the cushion a little more lustily than usual, and Addison enjoy a few halcyon hours of lofty criticism. In the long run all was in keeping.

It is a curiously blended personality that is the secret of it all. And first and last, what held the *Spectator* together and kept it going was the impulse and energy, the simple, frank, and understandable humanity of Richard Steele. He was now on the borders of forty, had seen and been seen by the world. Always an Irishman, he had been a Guardsman, had fought a duel, written perhaps the only play that has ever been "damned for its piety," had sought the philosopher's stone (afterwards discovered in the possession of Addison), and at one crisis risked his capital in an ingenious but unsuccessful effort to cheapen London salmon from an extortionate 5s. a pound. His was an earthly story, but it had a very real claim to a heavenly meaning. There is always in the world a numerous audience eager for such a story, and a select few not less eager to approve its sad lessons. And it is because in every sermon that Steele preached—often in haste, at length, and meanderingly—his absolute sincerity is childlike and clear; because, whenever he had need of a warning he would look within, was always self-concerned but never self-conscious, that his homilies may be tedious but are never thin and hypocritical, never hateful. Weaknesses that bring their punishment on this side of the grave are harshly judged only by the rigid mor-

alist whose rigidity must look to a hereafter for its full recognition. Swift and Macaulay, neither of them an exactly lovable man, had each his own contemptuous fling at that "rakish, wild, drunken Spark," "poor Dick," "the vilest of mankind." "He was only tolerable company when he had a bottle in his head." To be tolerable in any circumstances is not given to us all. And a man of whom it could be said warmly that he was a friend to the friendless, a father of every orphan, and the most agreeable, and the most innocent rake that ever trod the rounds of indulgence, a man, too, for whom the gallant young Lord Finch could fight but could not speak, need have no dread of the world's judgment while it remains human.

In judging Steele's contributions to the *Spectator*, the fact that on him lay the burden of getting his daily sheet out with promptitude and despatch must not be forgotten. Each was a web spun from within. The news of the day lent only a twig to fix it to. A few genuine letters from enthusiastic correspondents might be knit into a number. On one occasion a Mr. Barr, a dissenting minister, supplied a version of the "Song of Solomon" in rhymed couplets. But when supplies ran low Steele had often to write in haste, while Addison could pause and ponder and polish at leisure. If to this accident is due something of the formlessness and desultoriness, as well as the spontaneity, dash, and gusto, of Steele's work it is also an additional testimony to Addison's exquisite literary gift. For though Addison in his show-pieces could, and undoubtedly did, take his time, we know from Steele himself that he could dictate his contributions "with as much ease and freedom as anybody could write them down." Addison's was the very rare grace of facility without thinness. Style is born, not made. A man may

labor to clarify and disencumber; he cannot create his style. It is a personal emanation. And if Steele's is the warm bodily presence in the *Spectator*, the *spirituelle* is Addison's. Both were indispensable. We may talk of the *Spectator* and bless Steele; but when it comes to reading it, we read for the most part Addison. Without him—its daintiest, its airiest, keenest, wittiest, its most searching, most blandly satirical—its bouquet is gone. Steele is companionable, face to face with us, hearty and downright. Addison is the artist—subtle, economical, aloof. Steele's easy, inventive mind frequently sowed the seed, Addison brought the bloom to perfection.

The jolly, careless "sketch in chalk" in No. 2 of Sir Roger, for instance, will not bear too close a scrutiny. It is not quite of one piece; Sir Roger is as yet only a stalking horse. Addison, in No. 106, receives an invitation "to pass away a month with him in the country," and at once the Squire steps out of the page to greet us, with a presence and individuality as living and real as any in English fiction. In a dozen lines he is an old friend, in a page he is immortal. Not even Steele, who had conceived the Knight, could refuse Addison the privilege of killing him off at last "to save him from being murdered." The wonder is that either could have tolerated any kind of meddling with him. That limpid water-color, Will Wimble, again, is Addison's; his is the quintessence of the old beau, Honeycomb. The rest of the Club, Sir Andrew Freeport, Captain Sentry, the Batchelour of the Inner Temple, are only phantoms of the half-created. An ever-surprising purity of vision, a keen, whimsical insight, and a nimble, methodical faculty of observation characterize Addison's most trifling papers. His satire is simply a deft method of presenting his facts. He embalms the poor fly in the

flawless clarity of his prose, detesting "the authors who by obscurity take pains to be ridiculous." By some miracle his fastidiousness and sensitiveness never betray him into prudery. The thinnest ice carries him without a creak. His sharpest censure is a suave irony delivered with a fastidiously affable *sangfroid*. Even in his atrocious gallery of Widows there is nothing sour, nothing vindictive. Whatever his subject, he is free from sentiment, self-possessed, and however much in earnest, in earnest with a finish. Steele's pulpsteering might sometimes convict the sinner; Addison's better served to reassure and re-establish the righteous.

"Delicacy, virtue, and modesty" were his avowed aim in his writings, but it was not merely an afterthought that added "discretion." The Secretary of State "who was born to be a Bishop," of whom it was said, too, that "when he turns to heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind," often appears in full canonicals in the *Spectator*, as also does the critic who in spite of their "horrifying habits" borrowed freely from the French, and the scholar who had written a Latin signal belauded by Boileau. To this cultured side of Addison are due the rather shallow essays on that tiresome old tandem, Imagination and Fancy, the elaborate appreciation of "Paradise Lost," and the eloquent but somewhat dispiriting description of the Pleasures of the State of Bliss we call Heaven. These, the dreams and the allegories, and the Oriental fantasies, "the saturnine" may best enjoy. "The mercurial," the other of the two categories into which Addison divided his readers, will prefer the more approachable Mr. Spec, almost sheepishly shy before strangers, open and charming to intimates, and certainly on paper "the best company in the world." This is the Addison who so frequently

deserted his Bayle's Dictionary "to go abroad in search of game," who with all his seriousness did not know what it is to be melancholy, who used to go on from Button's to sit for five hours at a stretch, and often far into the night, among his cronies at a tavern. On his own confession, it was odd and uncommon company that delighted Addison, and, fortunately for posterity, to that serene philosopher at least nine-tenths of the world must have seemed both. Nothing in life, from area to attic, from buckle to wig, that concerned social man in the social London of that most social age came amiss to him.

But far beyond everything else it was the "most beautiful Pieces in Human Nature" that never, never came amiss to the *Spectator*. Twenty thousand copies of it were sold in its heyday every morning, and Addison reckoned that each of these beguiled at least twenty readers. Of that two-fifths of a million, how many, we wonder, were of the fair sex? Without them the *Spectator* would have been Eden without Eve, Punch without Judy, Dulcinea, Hecattissa, Orestilla, and the rest, fortune and unfortunate, their dress, their manners, their morals, tongues, hair, paint, vapors, caprices, "dangers," naked shoulders, and shrunken souls were one perpetual and inexhaustible inspiration. Whether tired of marriage, irked with spinsterhood, or crossed in love, they are preached at, flattered, warned, cajoled, made fun of at least six days of the week.

This intensive culture makes the atmosphere a little spent and rarefied. "What men or gods are these? what maidens loth?" Human nature becomes a little marionettish. We step indoors to the *Spectator* into a long, low, pretty parlor, and look at the

country and listen to the great world without from behind a window. It is getting towards evening; candles are gleaming in these teacup times. Gone beyond recall is the glorious morning of the Elizabethans. The bullion of their noble prose has been thinned and twisted into an exquisite filigree. The comparison is difficult to avoid, though not less ungracious than it is unfair. The *Spectator* deliberately set itself up to be the genial but candid physician of a sophisticated age, and even those who had no need of its advice paid tribute to its skill, the vastness of its practice, and its immense success. It cannot entirely be acquitted of nursing its public, of innocent log-rolling, of occasionally matching its morals to its advertisements. But all its main policy was based upon conviction. "Much might be said on both sides," was Mr. Spectator's famous verdict on the sign of the Saracen, and the aphorism held good for him in all problems where "virtue" was not concerned. The *Spectator* stood soundly and bravely for wholesomeness and common sense; its constant effort was to shine like a cheerful beacon above the shoals and quicksands of life, to make a scarecrow of the vicious. England, in the words of Coleridge, has been through the throes of three silent revolutions—when the professions fell from the Church; when literature fell from the professions; when the Press fell from literature. So far as literature is concerned, the *Spectator*, with all its limitations, marks high tide. Its eight volumes can be read to-day with almost as much freshness and delight as they had for their readers from one end of England to the other two centuries ago. How will our really popular contemporary journalism answer a like test two hundred years hence?

THE STAFF OF LIFE.

Mrs. Jeremy's face grew more and more startled as she read the indictment to herself at breakfast. She cast a glance of loathing at the innocent piece of bread in front of her, shuddered and pushed the plate away.

"Dear," she said earnestly, looking up from her paper, "we must get some Standard Bread in at once."

"Bread," said Jeremy, looking up from his. "Certainly, dear." He pulled the board towards him and cut a large slice. "Your bread," he remarked, and held it out to her.

She looked up again in surprise and, seeing the bread, shrieked.

"I didn't ask for it, Jeremy. In fact I simply daren't touch it now. Doesn't it say anything about it in *your* paper?"

"What's the matter with it?" said Jeremy, taking an immense bite. "It's ordinary bread."

"It's Poison."

"Then I think you might have said so before. I've been eating it steadily for half-an-hour." He got up with dignity and stood in front of the fire. "At least you could have saved me that last bite. Doctors will tell you that it is always the last bite which is fatal. We'd better have Baby down. She might like to say good-bye to me."

"Don't be absurd. It can't really be as bad as that. Only haven't you noticed anything about the bread? I can't bear it. It suddenly seems horrid to me."

"What is there to notice in bread? I always notice if I haven't got any, and sometimes I notice if you haven't got any, but——"

"Well, there's too much starch in it, the paper says."

"That accounts for it," said Jeremy, feeling a piece. "I thought it was

simply stale. Well, tell them not to put so much in next week."

"There isn't going to be a next week. We're going to start Standard Bread to-day. You're going out on your bicycle to buy some. You'll have to go to Hillborough—they'll never have it in the village."

Jeremy prowled round the room in search of his tobacco, found it, filled his pipe, and returned to the hearth-rug.

"What is Standard Bread?" he asked between puffs.

"You won't ask when you've once eaten it. It does you twice as much good as this stuff. I'm longing to try it."

"But how is it different from this stuff?"

"It contains," said his wife, who knew it by heart now, "at least eighty per cent. of the whole wheat, including the germ and the semolina."

"Including *what*?" said Jeremy sharply.

"The germ and the semolina."

"Oh!" He paused for a moment. "I'm not at all sure that I like germs," he announced.

"These aren't those germs, dear," said Mrs. Jeremy soothingly. "These won't hurt you at all."

"I don't see how you know that. Besides, it's very easy to make a mistake with germs. They're tricky little things, I can tell you. The baker may think he's putting in quite a harmless one, a slight cold or something of that sort, and then, just while he's turning round for the semolina, in hops a diphtheria germ looking as innocent as you please. And, anyhow, that reminds me—I loathe semolina. We've been married two years, and you ought to know that I always refuse semolina."

Mrs. Jeremy walked over and patted his head gently.

"We'll just *try* a loaf, and if you don't like it——"

"If I don't like it I shall live entirely on nuts. You've unnerved me. I've been eating bread—except for a few months at the start—for nearly thirty years, and now you tell me suddenly that it's poison; and that unless I include eighty germs and the whole of the semolina——"

"There, there, get on your bicycle like a good boy and go into Hill-borough. I know Cobb won't have it here."

Jeremy grumbled, jumped on to his bicycle and rode off. Having arrived at the baker's he walked firmly in and gave his order.

"I want," he said "a loaf of Standard Bread."

"Standard bread, Sir?"

"Yes. There's a lot about it in one of the papers. *The Standard*, I suppose. It's a new loaf that they've invented."

"We never see the papers, 'cept a Sunday."

"To-day's Wednesday—that's awkward. We can't wait. But, after all, you're a baker; you oughtn't to want to look up things about bread in papers. It's different for me."

"What's it like?"

"I've never seen any. As far as I am informed it's just like ordinary bread, only it has to contain eighty per cent. of something which I have just forgotten." He put his hand to his head and thought. "Wait—wait—it's coming back. Microbe and tapioca . . . microbe and tapioca . . . mi——"

"Whatever——"

"No, it isn't actually that, but that's what I remember it by. Ah, now I've got it!" He cleared his throat impressively. "It's got to include the germ and the semolina. *And* the semolina,

mind. Now does that convey anything to you?"

The man scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Maybe I'm wrong about the paper that invented it," said Jeremy. "Now I think of it we don't take in *The Standard*. My wife takes in somebody's *Home Dressmaker*, but it wouldn't be that. And *The Times* still only sells books. How about *Black and White* bread?"

The man scratched his head again, pulled down a dark loaf and suggested it hopefully.

"Well," said Jeremy, "some people might call it merely brown, but I suppose it's near enough. Thank you. I'll take it with me. I've got a bicycle outside."

Mrs. Jeremy received him joyfully, but her face fell when she saw the loaf.

"Why, that's *brown* bread," she cried.

"Only where it fell off the bicycle," said Jeremy.

"And inside too," said Mrs. Jeremy, cutting it open. "Ordinary brown bread."

"That's the germ," said Jeremy. "They're all brown this year. Gregarious little beggars—just like sheep the way they follow each other. Simply no individuality."

"I wonder if brown bread is all right." She broke a piece off and nibbled at it. "It *is* ordinary brown bread."

"Is that poison too?"

"I—I don't know."

"Then let's ask cook—she knows everything . . . Oh, cook," Jeremy went on bravely, "about this new bread we're all talking of now——"

"I was just going to ask you, mum," said cook, wiping her hands on her apron. "Did you both like it? Cobb sent up a loaf to-day——"

"Darling," said Jeremy to his wife,

as he put his arm round her waist and led her to the baby's cradle, "let us all sing something together. Father is not poisoned. He lives.

Punch.

The family is re-united and goes on."

"I *knew* there was something funny about that bread," said Mrs. Jeremy.

The baby said nothing—only smiled.

A. A. M.

THE ITALIAN CELEBRATIONS.

It is only natural that England, whose Government led the way fifty years ago in recognizing the Kingdom of Italy, should share with a special sympathy the rejoicings of memory with which the creation of that Kingdom is now being celebrated. There is, perhaps, no series of events to which Englishmen can look back with greater satisfaction in the history of Europe than the series that resulted in making Victor Emmanuel King of Italy. Thanks to Russell, Palmerston, and Gladstone, and to the traditions they inherited, England, almost alone among the States of Europe, so acted from first to last amid the dazzling escapades of Garibaldi and the diplomatic master-strokes of Cavour as to reap a harvest of honor and gratitude. Waterloo is a magnificent memory; but if Waterloo marked the close of England's long duel with a giant who seemed invincible, it marked also the beginning, or, rather, the ratifying of a rule infamous for selfishness, corruption, and cruelty over a great part of Europe. Napoleon's rule was hateful till his successors combined to make it an amiable and honorable tradition. At least, if it had not been for the recollection of that rule, and the institutions it had founded, the peoples who were put back under this ancient servitude might never have learnt to rebel. And if Waterloo ushered in that kind of *régime* for Europe, no nation suffered so cruelly as the nation that had won the triumph. It is difficult to imagine a high-spirited people

reduced to such a condition of wretchedness and misgovernment as was the lot of the English people in the first twenty years of the nineteenth century. Even the spectacle of Waterloo could not romanticize their own bitter oppression.

The making of Italy leaves no such scars, and, in aiding it, England never helped indirectly the cause of tyranny. There have been few great events that have been accomplished with less bloodshed at the time, and there have been fewer of which it could be said that success brought such unqualified gain to the world. There were great sacrifices made, but they were not sacrifices of the freedom of other races. They were the sacrifices of Italians, who not only gave their blood, but, a far more difficult thing, postponed their special ideals and causes to the great aim of national unity. The greatest miracle of all was the power that combined for one purpose such diverse natures, sympathies, and talents as those that are found in the four men who between them made modern Italy. The results are seen in the nature of the rejoicings to-day. In no nation are the contrasts of riches and poverty more vivid; in no nation are the differences of North and South sharper or more difficult. Yet every Italian is recalling the same memories to-day in the same spirit of pride and patriotism, and the events of fifty years ago are a more undisputed sign and symbol of unity and concord to this nation than any event that can be clothed

with living interest and emotion in the history of any other people. No country can boast a past comparable with the past of Italy: a fact that helped to alienate Ruskin from all her modern life and interests.

When Garibaldi and Mazzini were flinging down the youth of Rome before the shameful guns of France, they felt that, if ever Italy was to come to life again, they must give her something to worship in place of the superb memories that had made Papal Rome draw half the world to her feet. That was the real fruit of the campaign of 1849; and it was, in this sense more than in any other, that 1849 was necessary to 1860. Their success was not only an inspiration for the hour, but an inspiration for the future. Italians who might look back only to frescoes, pictures, cathedrals, castles, and towers that seem to turn all modern achievements into something paltry and insignificant, have taken the more manly part of refusing to allow their imagination to be intimidated by the most tremendous past. Surrounded by the inheritance of that past, they have seen the romantic glories of their own struggle against Europe for the right to live, and they are not so full of classical and medieval poetry as to close their ears to the epic of Garibaldi and his comrades. Whatever we may think of the huge structure that is slowly throwing its audacious shadow over all the ancient treasures of Rome, it is impossible not to admire the courage with which modern Italy challenges her illustrious history. She has all the confidence and spirit of the Popes who rivalled the Cæsars, and we may hope that, with Signor Boni at her side, she will treat her treasures with a gentler hand.

Every nation needs these stimulating memories, and no nation more than one that has come into such a legacy as the legacy left by ancient Italy. It

sometimes looks as if nations may use up in a few splendid years the nervous energy that is needed for the ordinary troubles and cares of daily life. This kind of phenomenon is observable, for example, in the history of France, where a sudden blaze of vigor and imaginations is followed by long years of quiet, commonplace, and apparently effortless, existence. Some would see it also in the history of Italy, and ask whether there are successors to Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Cavour; and whether Italian public life can be maintained at the same high level tide any more than the public life in the cities that used to burn themselves out in mediæval Italy. But all these comparisons are superficial and misleading, for they ignore the difference in the conditions of national life. The problems of 1849 and 1860 were not the problems of modern Italy. The set of circumstances that called for a Mazzini and a Garibaldi have passed. When the first glory of the dawn fades into the light of common day, it is inevitable that all politics should seem impoverished, and that observers, watching a nation in the midst of quite different difficulties, should ask what is become of the race that produced heroes and martyrs who astonished the world. The difference between modern politics and the politics of the past is largely a difference of subject-matter, and the fact that men stand out less conspicuously does not mean, as pessimists often conclude, that we are breeding degenerate statesmen, but that great tracts of country that were formerly neglected are now being explored and redeemed. What a great field of human conduct and misery lies outside the world in which we watch such careers as those of Pitt, or Peel, or even Gladstone! The very nature of the work to be done means that the triumphs of the future will be less the triumphs of individuals and more the

successes of communities. Of the difficulties that beset all attempts to reconstruct national life, Italy has had more than her share. Her good fortune seemed to leave her with the miracles of 1860. The bad old political system survived Cavour by ten years, and Cavour was the one man of her founders who was still indispensable. Less than fifty years ago Rome was not the centre of Italy, but the asylum of any ruffian who defied her flag. No nation can overtake in half a century the results of centuries of bad, corrupt, and alien government. Italy put herself at a grievous disadvantage for that task when she caught the disease of her neighbors; but her mood of adventure was briefer than it has been in other countries, and she renounced

The Nation.

it with a moral courage that is not often displayed. With the strange, dramatic spectacle of the trial now proceeding at Viterbo, we are not likely to forget how far-reaching and powerful are the forces of evil and disorder in a State which can still remember so vividly the rule of Pope and Bourbons. But we remember also that the fact that this dreaded society has been brought to trial shows how far Italy has advanced since the old days; and the actual achievements of modern Italy, and the temper in which, under a King who has inherited the best spirit of The Risorgimento, she recalls the great events to which she owes her existence, embolden us to look forward to her future with a quiet hope.

THE LOQUACIOUS STARLING.

Environment, with which we may include their "bringing up," has so great an influence upon birds that many of them not only develop peculiar characteristics but retain them throughout the lives of generations until they ultimately become hereditary. Thus the domestic pigeon, when in the country, rarely sets foot on a branch, preferring the securer perch afforded by a familiar roof, yet, with a strange perversity, this bird when living in towns, where trees are few and roofs plentiful, often goes out of its way to find the former in which it may enjoy a temporary rest. One might multiply such peculiarities to any extent. The byways of the open country afford them at every turning and there is but little doubt in my mind that it is partly on account of the fact that the instincts and habits of animals, and even plants, are continuously in a state of transition that nature study is so fascinating. That

which we call a fixed instinct or characteristic to-day is to-morrow discovered to be plastic and as sensitive to outside influences as a barometer. It is the birds which share our habitations with us which are often, in this respect, the most interesting. It is they which owe the least allegiance to Mother Nature's apron strings, and it may be owing to the fact that they have so effectually broken away from the old primitive life, and joined us in what we presume to be a higher and more go-ahead plane of evolutionary development, that we feel towards them a certain sense of comradeship. Who can say but that the London sparrow, when horses and nosebags have gone out of fashion, will not acquire a taste for petrol and axle grease? But that is by the way.

Of the many birds which have thus thrown in their lot with us, the starling is perhaps one of the most interesting. This bird has increased enor-

mously of recent years. When some of us were boys the pale-blue eggs were accorded an honored place in the collection and, speaking from memory, I do not think the bird is even mentioned in that wonderful book White's *Selborne*. For this increase all fair-minded people have cause to be thankful. Practical agriculturists, who have the prior claim to express an opinion, are unanimous in stating the fact that there is no more useful member of our avifauna—the plover perhaps excepted—than the starling. We who have no crops to protect from the ravages of the leather-jacket grub and the wireworm may also, for reasons of quite a different kind, rejoice that the starling is more numerous than it was. For my part—and speaking for the nonce as a dweller in cities, though I have good reason to appreciate this bird's services to man in matters agricultural—I like our talkative friend of the house-top best when he cheers our hearts with news of spring. In the increasing sunshine of that season of anticipations and renewed hopes, when the cold gray slates glow again in a shimmer of iridescent reds and blues, and drowsy flies are making silly little trial trips of a yard or so, as though they would thaw the memories of winter out of their awakening lives, the starling comes as a blest messenger of good tidings. He is always there, on the chimney-pot near by, deeply engrossed with the intricate notes of his vernal proclamation, which, however, in the gaiety of his heart, and with a complete indifference for almanacs, he may sing all the year round. Of course the most imaginative ear could never consider the starling's song to be anything more than what it is. In our kindest moments we must confess that the bird is not a finished artist. An odd medley of other birds' notes—often the harshest and most unmusical—a rattle of castanets, blended with

wheezy ejaculations, a hurried conglomeration of sounds which can only be described as "beaky" and an occasional long thin whistle in a sinking monotone—all uttered in the order given or in dire confusion—comprise the starling's music. It is a song that often goes unregarded by the hustling crowd below, a voice which falls unheard upon the city's din. A very busy man once told me he thanked heaven for that! But in a more sober moment he readily confessed to owning a sneaking sympathy with the Sunday morning listener who, from the bed-clothes, could hear with delight, in the dim chimney-corner, faint snatches of that incoherent babel speaking to him of the sunshine on the roof. For although the starling may lay no claim to being a "vernal evangelist," or anything of that kind, although his message may not inspire a poet's soul or inflame a lover's heart, there is a garland of refreshing memories woven in his song which, from the sooty chimney-top, speaks to the sympathetic listener below of the gladness of those green fields which lie beyond the sombre world of roofs. Not the most charming æsthetic sparrow that ever whispered in cockney accents of life and love in a waterspout could ever do half so much as that.

There is one very distinctive feature belonging to all the feathered minstrels of our house-tops, but to the starling in particular, which is, they all love the sun. They worship the sun fervently, devoutly, and everyone who knows what it is to reverence that creator and sustainer of life—and most of us do so, though we do not always know it—as Richard Jeffries, for example, revered it, must extend a hand of sympathy to our friend on the chimney-pot. For whenever we hear the wild revelry of his pagan music sink down through the roar of great cities, it must send the thoughts back in imagination to that sun-bathed atmos-

phere of peace which ever seems to sleep in the lap of the green country, and most of all in the seclusion of those dear old English gardens where lichen-ed apple trees lean beneath the weight of kindly years, where there are borders of untended flowers, rich with their "homely cottage smile," and sun-warmed roofs under whose red-green tiles generations of little starlings have been born.

Witty and garrulous, the light-hearted starling has all the interesting attributions which belong to that race of ancient and noble lineage to which he belongs. His good humor—save when the pinch of winter makes him a little peevish with his neighbors—is in a perennial condition of effervescence. He is the jester among birds. Never at a loss for a topic with which to entertain his loquacious nature he will, with evident satisfaction, parody the
The Outlook.

conversations of his best friends and relations, proclaim from the housetops the gentle love secrets of the blackbird, or mimic amid the turmoil of Oxford Street the lonely cry of some moorland curlew. That he possesses a sense of humor few people who have studied his cosmopolitan ways can doubt and, like others of his tribe, he has been known to forget himself so far as to talk. Few birds could have so quickly adapted themselves to altered conditions of life as the town starling has done. Resourceful and clever to an amazing degree, he has climbed the ladder of that higher evolution which I have already mentioned with extraordinary rapidity and it seems as though he would, before very long, prove to be more than a match in the race for life for his compatriot the ubiquitous sparrow.

A. T. Johnson.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER III.—ON LEWIS CARROLL'S WORKS.*

BY VISCOUNT ST. CYRES.

1. Which of the various pieces of good advice given her did Alice find it hardest to put into practice?
2. Whose performance on what instrument reminded whom of his happy youth?
3. For how many haddocks' eyes might the Aged Man have bought a remedy for one of his ailments?
4. How may the apple inside a dumping be otherwise described?
5. Give a short and unlikely query addressed to one who has been offered undesired refreshment.
6. Which prominent character resembles
*I. "Alice in Wonderland."
II. "Through the Looking Glass," and
III. "Rhyme? and Reason?" comprising "Phantasmagoria" and "The Hunting of the Snark."

The Cornhill Magazine.

- bles in disposition which of the parts of speech?
7. Who moved even more delicately than the White Rabbit, and why?
8. In what respect did the Baker resemble the Fat Boy in Pickwick?
9. Who, by what transposition of a popular maxim, might have consoled the cook for the gardener's mistake?
10. What kind of an animal might Alice, who heard the Gnat talk long before she set eyes on it, have fairly imagined it to be?
11. Had the mouse possessed the talent of a dramatist, what might it have made of the Norman Conquest?
12. Whose lung capacity was inferior to the Knight Mayor's own?

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The latest addition to the "Wisdom of the East" series (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is "The Bustan of Sadi." This eminent Persian mystic is already represented in the series by his "Rose Garden" but this second volume is welcome. It contains many bits of ethical wisdom which are not outworn, though they were written nearly eight hundred years ago. This sentiment on the training of sons, "A boy who suffers not at the hands of his teacher suffers at the hands of Time," suggests curiously Solomon's more terse injunction, "Spare the rod; spoil the child."

Dr. William Jewett Tucker's little volume on "The Church in Modern Society" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is a suggestive and stimulating statement of the needs and possibilities of the church to-day. Dr. Tucker takes a hopeful view of the future of the church: the immediate necessities which he urges as paramount are the ministry of spiritual authority and the ministry of human sympathy. Incidentally, Dr. Tucker emphasizes both the duty which the churches owe to the immigrant, and the re-enforcement which the immigrant may be to the churches.

The recent tragic mining disasters at Throop, Pennsylvania, and Littleton, Alabama, lend special timeliness to Joseph Husband's "A Year in a Coal-Mine." This is a record of personal experiences in a coal mine in the middle West. The author, within a few days after his graduation at Harvard, began work as an unskilled workman in this mine, and for a year passed through all the adventures and hardships of the oddly-assorted gang of men engaged in working it. He encountered all the perils of the work,

—fire, explosions and the deadly gases; and he tells the story with singular directness and simplicity, with no attempt at literary embellishment. It is a story of vivid and compelling interest and every word bears the impress of truth. The Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mrs. Olive Schreiner's "Woman and Labor" (Frederick A. Stokes Company) is not merely a record but itself an expression of the growing unrest among women. That Mrs. Schreiner would be extreme in her views upon this and allied subjects might safely have been predicted. She is plain-spoken to the point of daring; her style is passionate, not to say pyrotechnic. To people of calm minds it may not seem that things are in quite so desperate a condition as Mrs. Schreiner depicts them; nor that the average woman is in quite the position of parasitism which she affirms. But for those who like frenzy in argument, this is the sort of book they will like; and, after all allowance is made for exaggeration of statement and excess of emotion, there remains a residuum of truth sufficient to give pause to the thoughtful.

J. A. F. Orbaan's volume on "Sixtine Rome," published by the Baker and Taylor Company, is a detailed and diverting study of the memorials and monuments by which the impress which Sixtus V. left upon Rome may be traced. It is written in a whimsically leisurely style, which suggests a writer thoroughly in love with his subject, yet not too much so to be unable to hold it off now and then and contemplate it with an amused exaggeration of its importance. A large part of the book, naturally, is occupied with the two chief memorials of the Sixtine

era, the Sixtine chapel, and the Vatican library; but the author extends his researches in various directions, taking in panels and paintings and streets and monuments and even subjecting to scrutiny the Pope's accounts. One chapter is devoted to the Pope's architect, Domenico Fontana, and his achievements,—in particular, the transference of the obelisk of the Vatican; and another to the destruction of Septizonium. Altogether the author gives us a charming picture of sixteenth-century Rome and the thirty or more full-page illustrations add to the attractiveness of his descriptions.

Biography now-a-days, like most other things, is done in a hurry; and a really leisurely biography has come to be so rare that Frank Frankfort Moore's "The Life of Oliver Goldsmith," with its nearly five hundred octavo pages, will seem to many readers almost appalling. But whoever will take the time to read it, even cursorily, will find it a discriminating and sympathetic study of Goldsmith's life and character and a just appreciation of his writings. Mr. Moore observes reflectively, as he nears the end of his story, that if one takes a bird's eye view of the career of a man of genius, he sees without difficulty the numerous mistakes which he made, the various pitfalls into which he went headlong, and the wrong turnings which he took. The course pursued by a man of genius, he goes on to say, in his walk through the world, is usually zigzag; but one has only to draw a pen from angle to angle to straighten it out, and when one has done this one sees in a moment the track that he would have followed if he had been a man of wisdom instead of a man of genius. Mr. Moore traces this track, but he loves the man who took the zigzag path too well to wish that his life had been different lest, haply, in that case, the

world would have missed *The Traveller*, *The Deserted Village*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *The Vicar of Wakefield*. From his point of view the name of Goldsmith is "the best beloved in the long roll of English literature," and it is in this spirit of unmeasured yet not indiscriminating enthusiasm that this charming biography is written. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The boy whose curiosity is piqued by the title of George Cary Eggleston's latest story for boys, "What Happened at Quasi," will find, on reading the book, that a good many things happened there, and that, although some of them had a flavor of peril, the group of four school chums who participated in them emerged from their experiences of camping and cruising none the worse for their adventures. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, who publish the book, publish also this spring two other books for boys: "Dave Porter and his Rivals," the seventh volume of Edward Stratemeyer's "Dave Porter" series, in which is a fresh instalment of boarding-school athletics and other boyish experiences; and "Camp St. Dunstan" by Warren L. Eldred, in which readers who followed the spirited and humorous account of the "Crimson Ramblers" in an earlier tale will find that group of jovial youths enjoying the delights of a summer camp in Maine. The book is cleverly written. It is full of incident and also full of fun. For small girl readers, the same publishers send out "Maise's Merry Christmas" by Nina Rhoades, containing three stories and constituting the tenth volume of the "Brick House Books"; and for older girls a new "Pansy" book, "Lost on the Trail," a tale of the far West, the small heroine of which makes her way safely through many dangers, physical and moral. A new and attractive edition of Mary Hartwell

Catherwood's story of the middle West, "Rocky Fork," comes from the same house. The illustrations are by Frank T. Merrill.

Professor Irving Babbitt's "The New Laokoon" is defined in its sub-title as "an essay on the confusion of the arts." It derives its first title from the fact that it is at once a discussion and an extension of Lessing's "Laokoon" published a century and a half ago. Lessing dealt with the confusion of the arts of the poet and the painter, and was thought, to have dealt a death-blow to descriptive poetry. But Professor Babbitt holds that the effect of his book was much exaggerated and that in fact "the nineteenth century witnessed the greatest debauch of descriptive writing the world has ever known" and that it witnessed more-over a general confusion of the arts. Studying first the "Laokoon" as a problem of comparative literature and describing the confusion with which Lessing dealt as a pseudo-classical confusion, Professor Babbitt proceeds to consider the confusion of the arts now prevailing, which he terms a "romantic confusion," and undertakes to discover and define principles which may be opposed to it. To this interesting study he brings the fruits of years of research, reflection and class-room experience. His view is that "a clear-cut type of person" will normally prefer a clear-cut type of art or literature, and will not care for theatrical sermons, or for a play that preaches, or for an historical novel in which history is travestied without any gain for fiction, or for a symphony which depends for its comprehension upon some picture or poem, or for a painting that is a mere transposition of a sonnet, or a sonnet that is a mere transposition of a painting. Professor Babbitt promises a further expansion of these views

in a book on "Rousseau and Romanticism." Houghton Mifflin Company.

Professor Simon N. Patten's "The Social Basis of Religion" (The Macmillan Company) challenges attention by this conspicuously-printed preliminary dictum: "Sin is Misery; Misery is Poverty; the Antidote of Poverty is Income." This series of moral equations will scarcely pass undisputed, for if sin equals misery and misery equals poverty, does it not follow, since equals of the same thing are equal, that poverty equals sin; and, further, that, if income is the antidote of poverty it is also the antidote of sin; and, further, that the greater the affluence of an individual, the greater his virtue? But that is a conclusion which is not sustained by observation or experience. Professor Patten's work, however, is not to be disposed of by criticism of this somewhat puzzling sentence which lies upon the threshold. His book is a serious and closely reasoned statement of the problems of life and religion as related to social processes and development. Religion, he maintains, does not begin with a belief in God, but with an emotional opposition to removable evils. Social activity assumes a religious form when men recognize that they sink through degeneration and may rise again through regeneration. "So long as men hope to be better and fear to become worse, religion cannot die out." And the conclusion which he reaches is that "A movement in thought is coming that will force religion to discard traditions and dogmas that separate it from other social ideals. The blending of all social aspirations is but a matter of time. When it comes, social religion will have its full growth and be the expression of the forces that up-build men and make social thought dominant."

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LI.

No. 3487 May 6, 1911

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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FORWARD.

"A thousand creeds and battle-cries,
A thousand warring social-schemes,
A thousand new moralities,
And twenty thousand thousand
dreams;

"Each on his own anarchic way
From the old order breaking free,—
Our ruined world desires," you say,
"License, once more, not Liberty."

But ah, beneath the wind-whipt foam
When storm and change are on the
deep,
How quietly the tides come home,
And how the depths of sea-shine
sleep!

And we that march towards a goal,
Destroying, only to fulfil
The law, the law of that great soul
Which moves beneath your alien
will,

We that like foemen meet the past
Because we bring the future, know
We only fight to achieve at last
A great re-union with our foe;

Re-union in the truths that stand
When all our wars are rolled away,
Re-union of the heart and hand
And of the prayers wherewith we
pray;

Re-union in the common needs,
The common strivings of mankind;
Re-union of our warring creeds
In the one God that dwells behind.

Then—in that day—we shall not meet
Wrong with new wrong, but right
with right:
Our faith shall make your faith com-
plete
When our battalions re-unite.

Forward!—what use in idle words?—
Forward, O warriors of the soul!
There will be breaking up of swords
When that new morning makes us
whole.

Alfred Noyes.

The Westminster Gazette.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Nothing there is on earth we may not
lose,
Nothing quite firm: we lose the spring
each year,
The sun each day, the flowers as they
appear;
But when that sure, sad voice its plaint
renews,
"Yea, it is possible that we may lose
Even our God." O infinitely near,
Far Spirit, I am struck with sudden
fear!
A fading falls across my thoughts. I
choose
All to forego, all to obliterate
Sooner than miss remembered joy of
Thee,
Who art alone most worth remember-
ing.
Break every hope, save of Thyself, in
me,
So that Thou fail me not, O Fount, O
Spring
Given in the desert to my bitter state!
Michael Field.

PRIMA VERA.

The Hand of God is on the harp of
Spring;
How else were there such music in
the air?
Music that makes the silent furrows
sing
With joy, and wakes the slumbering
seed they bear.

A golden veil burns like an aureole now
About the world's grim forehead old
and gray;
The lips of Spring salute her brooding
brow,
And April lifts the banner blue of
May.

My soul, an anchorite on Heaven's
wall,
Looks from its charmed and chosen
solitude;
Looking, I listen, hear the blackbird
call,
And know that violets wake, and
God is good.

D. M. S.

The Academy.

PEACE ON EARTH?

President Taft's offers (March, 1910):—

Personally, I do not see any reason why matters of national honor should not be referred to Courts of Arbitration as matters of private or national property are. I know that is going further than most men are willing to go, but I do not see why questions of honor should not be submitted to tribunals composed of men of honor who understand questions of national honor, to abide by their decisions as well as in other questions of difference arising between nations.

(December, 1910):—

If we can negotiate and put through private agreements with some other nation to abide by the adjudication of International Arbitration Courts in every issue which cannot be settled by negotiations, no matter what it involves, whether honor, territory, or money, we shall have made a long step forward by demonstrating that it is possible for two nations at least to establish between them the same system which, through the process of law, has existed between individuals under Government.

Sir Edward Grey's reply (March 13th, 1911):—

When agreement of that kind, so sweeping as it is, is proposed to us, we shall be delighted to have such a proposal.

The event of the month has been, without doubt, Sir Edward Grey's great reply to Mr. Taft's great overture. This is one of those strokes which, if they succeed, make a new world. Like all great strokes, it seems very simple when once struck. Only those who know the doubts and hesitations of Foreign Offices can realize how big this policy is. Only those who know that atmosphere can realize how difficult it will be to carry it through.

For the moment the world is lost in an admiration which is not without a touch of perplexity. Sir Edward Grey has not prepared us for so great a move. He has been a good Foreign Minister, because he has been a safe Foreign Minister. He has kept the peace at a time when peace has been most important for the world. He can say, after Napoleon III., but with far more sincerity—"the British Empire is Peace." For he has kept the British Empire free from that spirit of arrogance and aggression which, ten years ago, nearly led to a combination of the whole civilized world against her. He has kept us out of adventures, and freedom from foreign adventures is almost a necessary condition for a vigorous policy of home reform. But if he has been sane and safe, he has seemed to many ardent spirits to be also cold and slow. He has not hitherto shown much care for those vestal fires of freedom and humanity which, if they are to burn at all, must be kept alight on British hearths. His performance at The Hague Conference of 1907 came perilously near to failure, and proved a sore anti-climax to the very noble utterance of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman which immediately preceded it. It is not clear that he has used our understanding with Russia to advance the cause of freedom by a single inch at St. Petersburg. On the Congo and in Macedonia his course has been straight and steady, and with the help of events he has attained to something like success; but his best admirers have missed in his speeches and despatches the true Liberal touch—that touch of passion for liberty which inspired the British Foreign Office under Palmerston.

But Palmerston was not a safe For-

eign Minister; and Sir Edward Grey has proved himself in that respect more livable than Palmerston. No false pride has prevented him from withdrawing from false positions; no restless ambition, either for himself or for his country, has driven him to extravagant claims and pretensions. He has kept the peace, and it is, therefore, in the proper development of things that he should become, side by side with Mr. Taft, the pioneer of peace before the world. The whole British Progressive Party welcome him in this new rôle and promise him their best support in carrying it to success. For Sir Edward Grey has made no enemies. The feelings of the strongest critics on his own side have never gone further than the feelings of friends who were disappointed because his achievements had fallen short of their hopes. They rejoice now to see Mr. Gladstone's chosen apprentice rising to the heights of his great master.

Sir Edward Grey's proposal has had the rare power of at once affecting the situation both at home and abroad. Abroad it has arrested the attention of the whole world, now half-bewildered and half-fascinated by its novelty and daring. Some nations are suspicious; others are jealous; others are still blinking in the sudden radiance of a new ideal. Europe is too far broken to militarism to believe in release from her servitude; but she stirs uneasily within her iron cage. It is in the New World—in the United States and Canada—that the hope of support in this crusade lies. It is there that the challenge finds an echo, and the belief in peace, still a vital power, comes to grips with the invading menace of the war-spirit.

At home the speech came in the nick of time to ease a very awkward and difficult political situation. Throughout the months of February and early

March the supporters of the Government were suffering from a vague unrest. The rumor of a coming increase in the Estimates had gone forth; and it was received with a sudden, passionate, outbreak of impatience. It was not for this that the Progressive Parties had won a second laborious victory in one year. It was not for this that they had toiled day and night to carry through the great Budget of 1909—not merely to provide fresh food for the insatiable maw of the War-god. They saw ahead of them an Exchequer tied to the War Office and the Admiralty, the failure of the social reform policy, the increase of Imperialism abroad, the decline and division of the Progressive movement at home. The official apologists threw all the blame on Germany, but those apologies were gravely weakened by the revelation that in 1909 Germany had been right in her rejected explanations of the notorious acceleration of ships, and Great Britain had been wrong in her attitude of rejection. For the moment, at any rate, Germany seemed to be in the right, and the Admiralty to be saddled with the blame. So strong and deep was this feeling, that it seemed probable that the Government would be saved from defeat in the division lobbies only by Tory support.

It was at this moment that Sir Edward Grey opened a new vision which seemed to reduce all these quarrels to their proper place in the picture. The cynics called it a debating triumph; but it is the special excellence of Parliamentary government that a move be at once a debating triumph and a great international event. The difficulty of the Government in this case represented a real clash of great forces, and the speech of Sir Edward Grey represented a victory for the forces that make for peace. Into the midst of a squabble between those who would build four Dreadnoughts—the

Radical policy—those who would build five—the Government policy—and those who would build six—the Tory policy—came a proposal which might, in the end, reduce Dreadnoughts altogether to the vanishing point. Mr. Balfour, it is true, justified his support of the policy in the eyes of the war party by arguing that an Arbitration Treaty with America would have no effect on armaments. "We do not build against the United States." True, but Mr. Balfour there missed Sir Edward Grey's greatest point—the power of the example. Public opinion, greater than Mr. Balfour, has risen to it. The people know that war and peace cannot live together. They realize that the extension of the reign of peace is, in the end, the only road to a reduction of armaments. They know that a beginning must be made by some nation, and they are willing that that nation should be Great Britain.

At home, therefore, the effect of Sir Edward Grey's speech was to save the Government forces from a threatened cleavage on the details of the Naval Estimates, and to unite them on a new policy of peace abroad. For the moment the triumph has been complete. The debates on the Naval Estimates have sunk into insignificance, and the columns of the Press are filled instead with pæans on Sir Edward Grey's policy from Bishops and Ministers as well as politicians. But the Government will be wise if they take warning from their recent experience. Great as is the relief now, far greater will be the wrath of the party if they find themselves deceived. Having put their hand to the plough, the Government must not turn back. The new policy must be pursued with energy. There must be none of that fatal lethargy which fell on the Foreign Office immediately that there came a question of translating Sir Henry Camp-

bell-Bannerman's pious wishes into action. The Progressives in the country are not in a mood to be fooled again. They will look forward—I hope and believe with justification—to seeing the fruits of this new policy reflected in the Estimates of next year. But otherwise the policy is dust and ashes. For a peace policy is useless unless we are to have a peace expenditure.

It seems at the moment as if this expectation would certainly be fulfilled. From the point of view of immediate expenditure, the important matter is the effect of Sir Edward Grey's speech on Germany. Will it be taken there as a move towards peace or war? Some observers are of opinion that the German Government will see in the speech nothing but the threat of a new alliance against her. "Russia has failed England," she will say, according to this version, "and France is obviously a weak friend. England is seeking new alliances. Like Canning, when he met the Spanish invasion of Portugal by recognizing the independence of the revolted South American Spanish colonies, England is 'calling in the New World to redress the balance of the Old.'" In other words, the "Wilhelmstrasse" will see in Sir Edward's new move nothing but a reply to the far-bruited conversations of Potsdam.

Even if this were so, it would not necessarily be a bad result. If these interpreters have really formed a correct estimate of the German Foreign Office, if they are right in their familiar and frequent conjectures that Germany keeps no faith, respects no virtue, and fears nothing except force, then, along this beaten, worldly track, Sir Edward Grey has done a wise thing. It would be waste of breath to woo such a suitor. In such a case, the best course is always to show that you have an alternative. Just as in

the eternal play of the sexes, a man will often become more eager in the quest of a woman if he thinks that she has other wooers, so it is between nations. If Germany really rates us so cheaply, then an American alliance, though it loses its great moral significance, is still the height of worldly prudence and wisdom.

But there are those who take a different view. Their view is that Germany cannot be dismissed in a phrase, that she is made up of warring and conflicting elements, striving for mastery. According to that theory, Germany, like England, contains a peace party as well as a war party. She has a party which is in favor of great armaments, and a party which is against them. She has a great body of Liberal and Progressive thought and feeling side by side with a formidable military class and a Government very largely influenced by that class. The militarists in Germany try to play upon German public opinion very much as the militarists of England play on English public opinion. Germany has its "British Bogey" as much as England has its "German Bogey." We are represented in Germany as an ambitious, aggressive country, ruled by the passion to conquer and invade the peaceful shores of the Fatherland. This view has received some rude shocks of late. It has had to sustain the revelation that Great Britain has twice asked to discuss armaments with Germany, and twice been rebuffed. But it still feeds on captured spies, and it fortifies itself with the reflection that we have refused to abolish private capture at sea. It is now being sustained by the contemplation of the violent and unreasonable movement in this country against the Declaration of London. But Sir Edward Grey's speech, instinct with the high spirit of the peace-maker, is, from that point of view, the greatest blow that

the German war-spirit has yet received.

The immediate effect is to be perceived in the resolution which the Social Democrats have brought before the German Reichstag. That resolution is a portent in Germany. It is the most formidable move that the peace-spirit has made in that country since the Franco-German war. It is the beginning of a new movement which may have tremendous results. Germany is groaning under the new taxes imposed upon her in order to pay for these new armaments. There are several questions ready for asking. Why did the German Government refuse to discuss armaments with King Edward VII. at Cronberg in 1908? Why has the German Government left it to Sir Edward Grey to make the reply to Mr. Taft? Why should not Germany now join with England in that reply? Last, but not least, now that England has held out the olive-branch to the nations, is there any justification for an addition to the present German naval programme? We may be sure that those questions will be pressed by the German Social Democrats, and it is by no means certain that the German Government, sick of expenditure and full of the fear of the coming elections, will give an unfriendly reply.

The important fact to remember is that the British Government has now definitely promised that we will make no further additions to the annual average of our Naval Estimates unless and until Germany takes another step in naval construction. On the contrary, there is good reason to hope that if the present peace policy succeeds there will be a very substantial reduction in the Naval Estimates next year, when a very considerable sum of money will be required for social reform and Home Rule. The realization of that prospect entirely depends on

the spirit in which the German Government will take Sir Edward Grey's move. If they take it as a hostile demonstration, then we shall see a new Naval Act, and things will be worse than ever. But there are many signs that the better spirit is prevailing.

It is, I believe, the German view that now Sir Edward Grey is, for the first time, the real Foreign Minister. No British writer could ever persuade a German that Sir Edward Grey was really responsible for the foreign policy of this country from 1906 to 1910. The impression was all the stronger because Sir Edward Grey, whether accidentally or of set purpose, never accompanied the late King on his European visits. He did not go to Reval, and he did not go to Cronberg. He had no need to go to Paris, because the Entente Cordiale was arranged before that time. All these strokes of policy were placed in Berlin to the credit of King Edward; and rightly or wrongly they were all regarded as hostile to Germany. We know in this country that the Germans have been wrong in that view. King Edward was a pre-eminently constitutional monarch, acting on the advice of his Ministers. The same advice which led to the understandings with France and Russia has always been ready to accept an understanding with Germany. But here the idea is, and we must reckon with it. The result of this view is that at present Germany is showing towards Sir Edward Grey a cordiality which it never showed before. Sir Edward's Bagdad speech, which seemed to many of us on this side as remarkably stiff in tone, was received with something approaching to effusion in the German official Press. In the same way, the Arbitration speech, which might at another moment have been taken as a hostile move, has been accepted, almost with

enthusiasm, as an expression of friendship, not merely towards America, but towards the world at large, including Germany.

When we reflect that the American Fleet is now the third and almost the second in the world—when we remember that a combination of the British and American Fleets would inevitably lock up the German Fleet in the North Sea—when we recall the fact that an aggressive alliance between England and the United States would be the most serious conceivable peril to the trade of Europe, and was always the one danger that played on the iron nerve of Napoleon—then we shall realize the very remarkable change in the German attitude towards this country as expressed in this reception of Sir Edward Grey's speech. Perhaps it is not unfair to say that some of the more suspicious spirits see in England's new move a drift away from the French understanding—a point of view reflected in the fears and jealousies of the French Press. Perhaps the German mind feels itself here in the presence of something it does not understand, a sentiment against which all its teaching of the last thirty years has been directed, and yet a sentiment uttered by a man who has never been a sentimentalist. Suppose that the ideal were to become real? Suppose that the gospel of the material proved untrue? That "Blood and Iron" were out of date? Those are always the fears which haunt even the most confident disciples of materialism. What if the enthusiasts are after all right?

But why should we not accept the simple explanation which seems to emerge from the speeches of German Ministers—that Germany, like ourselves, is tired of the wrangles of the last few years, and anxious to come to an understanding with this country?

Putting aside all glosses on the text,

what is it that President Taft and Sir Edward Grey actually propose? Let us be clear on that point. For there is nothing new about arbitration treaties. Mr. Balfour had a perfect right to point out that the policy of arbitration treaties had been consistently pursued by his Government, not merely because Lord Salisbury was really a lover of peace, but also because he happened to hold office during the earlier days of this great movement. The first great impetus to arbitration treaties was given by The Hague Conference of 1899. An attempt was made at that Conference to bind together the majority of the conferring States with the tie of compulsory arbitration. That effort was not successful. But an article was inserted in the convention of that Conference recommending the various States to contract between one another special treaties of arbitration.

France and Great Britain were the first to carry out the provisions of that article when they signed the Arbitration Agreement of 1903. Their example has since been followed by practically all the Powers, both great and little. Over 130 arbitration agreements have been signed between the Powers since 1899, and nearly twenty of them have been renewed since they were first signed. Sixty of these treaties were made before the second Hague Conference in 1907, and under the stimulus of that Conference seventy have been signed since.

Now, these agreements have almost always followed the same model. The governing clauses have referred to The Hague Tribunal all differences "of a legal nature or relative to the interpretation of treaties," but this enactment has always been followed by a provision of great importance, as follows:—

Provided nevertheless that they do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor of the high con-

tracting parties, and do not concern the interests of other Powers.

—words which, it is clear, could be made to cover almost every case of international difference. Out of all these treaties only two have omitted these words, and those have been treaties between Denmark and the Netherlands in 1904, and Denmark and Italy in 1905.

Now the proposal placed before the International Arbitration Leagues by Mr. Taft last November, was that two of the great Powers should follow where little Denmark has led—though it may be observed that little Denmark has not received the tribute of a mention in the course of this affair. Mr. Taft's address has since been published, and it is a very remarkable document. Among other sentiments set forth is that the United States would refuse to have a great army, even if such a refusal exposed her to the risk of invasion. She would prefer that risk to the certainty of the evil that would come to her from possessing a great army. But the governing sentence in the speech is this:—

I do not see why questions of honor may not be submitted to a tribunal composed of men of honor.

Mr. Taft's proposal was that all differences between States, whether of honor, territory, or money, should be submitted to arbitration under treaty. It was quite clear from the deliberate manner in which he threw out this suggestion that he was inviting a reply. It is to this speech that Sir Edward Grey has replied, and it is this extension of the arbitration doctrine which is now the proposal before the world. It is a proposal which was practically before both Hague Conferences, but relegated to the future. But if Britain and the United States led the way, then we might see the next Conference make a serious move-

ment towards its extension to all the Powers. That is one of the possibilities which make this event of such supreme moment.

But lest we should be too sanguine, we must remember that the United States is, owing to her Constitution, not entirely master of her own fate in the matter of foreign treaties. Like ourselves the United States has a Second Chamber, and, like ourselves, the United States has her troubles with that Second Chamber. In this matter of foreign treaties she is almost worse off than we are, for it was a quaint and curious provision of those very cautious men, the founders of the American Constitution, that all foreign treaties should have to pass through the Senate by a two-thirds majority. We have recently witnessed Mr. Taft's difficulties in his attempts to secure the approval of the Senate for his Reciprocity Agreement. A two-thirds majority, as every student of politics well knows, is very difficult to achieve. It is a very strong barrier against change.

Unhappily, it is not superfluous to remind ourselves of this fact at the present moment. For we have to remember that we have gone through all these emotions before, only to meet with defeat and rebuff at the hands of this American Senate. In 1897 Lord Salisbury and Mr. Olney drew up, with the help of Lord Pauncefoot, an Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States, which was practically the same proposal as is now being made by Mr. Taft and Sir Edward Grey.

This treaty was received with high hopes on both sides of the Atlantic; but what happened? The Senate took the treaty in hand, and, quite after the fashion of our House of Lords, they inserted amendments which practically nullified all its governing provisions. Their principal amendment was a pro-

vision that each subject of arbitration should be approved by the Senate before being sent to the arbitral tribunal, a provision which would have left the law very much where it stands now. Great Britain refused to accept that amendment. On May 5th, 1897, the Senate refused to ratify the treaty as agreed between the Powers, and from that time to this nothing more has been heard of it.

Now, it is no secret that this decision of the Senate, which was arrived at by an overwhelming majority, was largely influenced by the Irish vote, a very powerful factor in the Senatorial Elections. The Irish-Americans took the view that the treaty was proposed by a British Government which strenuously opposed the grant of Home Rule to Ireland. They determined that the United States should not be bound by such close bonds to a country which was resolved to refuse the chief aspiration of the Irish race. In 1911, indeed, we have a different situation. The American people will have to deal with a Government which has staked its existence on the grant of Home Rule. It is possible that that fact may make a great difference in the attitude of the Senate. Mr. John Redmond has urged, with statesmanlike perception, that these two great changes may help one another. Ireland will be more friendly to England because she has entered into closer ties with the United States, and the United States will be more inclined to enter into those ties with England because she is giving justice to Ireland. Let us hope that this great and generous forecast will be fulfilled.

There are great elements of hope. By a singular and happy coincidence, the arbitration idea comes in the nick of time to help the Reciprocity Agreement. It will remove from the Canadian mind the one fear which creates

any doubt as to the safety of the Agreement—the fear of annexation.

A Government that could bring us even nearer to such results would have left a great mark on the history of mankind. The victory over a faded and obstructive aristocracy, necessary and urgent as that victory is, in order to clear the way for social reconstruction at home, would fall into its place as part of the larger whole. Such an achievement would be a mighty blow to all those tremendous and growing forces in the world whose sport and whose profit is war, the classes who live on and by war and wish to keep the peoples chained to its chariot. Those forces are becoming more and more formidable. They threaten the world with colossal disasters. It has become the duty of all who care for the race to resist them.

For the issue is great. Civilization or barbarism—that is the least important aspect of this matter. A bright future for this Western world, or a sudden irretrievable downfall in blood and fire—a fair field for our new machinery and our new discoveries in the abatement of toil and suffering—an opportunity for carrying on the fight against poverty to possible success, for perfecting our new organization of law and industry, still in its first infancy—shall we have this, or a sudden smash-up, greater and more

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sudden than that which befell the Roman Empire? That, and nothing less, seems the choice before us. Surely of this we may say, in Carlyle's favorite lines:—

Choose well, for your choice is
Brief, and yet endless.

Some will say that we are pursuing a vain shadow. The ideal is so far off. Man has always loved war and always will. It is the way he advances—by mutual slaughter. He is a fighting animal, the worst of the fighting animals, for he is the only animal who wages systematic war against his own fellows. These will say with the old man in that poem of Tennyson's earlier and more hopeful period, *The Golden Year*:—

Ah, folly! For it lies so far away,
Not in our time, not in our children's
time;

'Tis like the second world to us that
live:

'Twere all as one to fix our hopes on
Heaven,
As on this vision of the Golden Year.

To which we will make the speaker's own reply to his own craven fears:—

But well I know—
That unto him who works, and feels he
works,
This same grand year is ever at the
doors.

Harold Spender.

A COUNTRY PRACTICE.

BY A DOCTOR'S WIFE.

One day at tea in a country house I was talking of some of the occurrences of our daily life, when my host said, "You ought to make an article out of these things; it would interest people to hear something about the life of a country doctor. And," he went on, "here is a ready-made title for you—

'A Country Practice,' " This advice has been in my mind for a long time, and now I am putting it to the proof.

I had no practical acquaintance with a doctor's life until my marriage, so that the first time I heard the ring of our night-bell was a memorable one to me. One can never hear it with in-

difference. The custom that stales most things can never make that sound anything but a shock to mind and body. There is no escape for the doctor from the tyranny of other people's illness. Often the need of him is sudden as well as imperative, but not always. Country-people are very dilatory, and this sort of thing may happen: Old Mrs. Griffin has been ill for a day or two, and she and her neighbors know that she ought to see the doctor, but they do nothing. Then one evening she feels worse, and a neighbor arranges to sit up with her. As the night goes on they gradually get more and more frightened, until the neighbor, Mrs. Vowles, can bear it no longer, and runs home to wake her husband to "go for doctor." When Vowles rings the night-bell at about two o'clock in the morning, and the doctor says to him "What is it?" the answer is, "You'm to come at once to old Mrs. Griffin, in Frog Lane. sir." "When was she taken ill?" "Oh, she've been bad for two, three days, and my missus did say, as how you was to come at once, please, sir." There is nothing to be done but to go, for Mrs. Griffin is a very old woman, and old people and children must be attended to quickly. When the doctor has seen Mrs. Griffin, he probably says to Mrs. Vowles, "Why on earth didn't you send for me yesterday?" and the woman will answer placidly, "Well, sir, we did think on it, and when we seed 'ee go by in the motor, I said 'twould be so well to stop 'ee as 'ee did go back, but there, us didn't trouble, as we thought the ould lady 'ud be better like, but I was put to it when I seed her so bad, and in the night, too, so I said . . ." and so on indefinitely, till the tired doctor gets into his car and goes home.

But this is easy work compared to a whole night spent in a cottage. Many poor people (and richer ones, too)

have no idea of the meaning of time, and a man will come in a great hurry at ten o'clock at night, saying "Please, sir, you'm wanted at once for my wife," and when the cottage is reached there are still many hours of waiting for all concerned, and to the doctor's question, "Why did you send for me so soon?" the woman's reply will very likely be, "Well, to be sure, sir, Ben were going for the nurse, and I told him to ca' in to say as there worn't no great hurry, but seems like he forgot." If the cottage is near the doctor can go home again, but if it is several miles away he must remain, as patiently as he can.

I remember one night of peculiar mischance. The doctor had been twice in and out, and on his second return at five o'clock he hoped for a little sleep, but at six the bell clanged again. He got up wearily, and asked the usual "What is it?" to which the answer came in a man's cheerful voice, "It be only I for Jimmy's medicine, sir; I thought I'd have it on my way to work, and I've brought the bottle." I am glad to say that the doctor's reply was, "You can't have it till surgery time"; but even so the little rest he had hoped for was lost.

One of the worst symptoms of the oppression of the night-bell is that of bearing it when no one has rung it. The time came when my husband would get up in the middle of the night, go to the open window and say "What is it?" and get no answer. Though it was a relief to think that he need not go out that time, a phantom night call is in fact a much more serious matter than a real one, as it is one of the warnings of a more or less imminent breakdown. But until the breakdown comes the doctor must work on. Even if he takes a holiday the disturbed nights continue, at any rate, for the first week or two, and a country doctor's holiday is seldom longer

than that, so that he is rarely completely free from anxiety. We have heard passing carts or footsteps under our hotel rooms a thousand miles from home, and my husband has waked up with a start, believing it to be a message for him.

The uncertainty of a doctor's life is its hardship. He must be as alert at any summons of the bell as if he had had an eight-hour night's rest behind him, instead of perhaps a long drive and hours of a stuffy cottage bedroom, of which the windows are not even made to open. The inhabitants may not much regret the fact that the picturesque casements under the thatched roof are not made with hinges, but the effect on the doctor of the air he is compelled to breathe is, of course, very bad. I say nothing of the harm it does the patient, because that is not so obvious, at the time, at any rate. No doubt the bodily result of fresh air would be excellent, but the mental discomfort endured by many a farmer and cottager at the mere suspicion of a draught is so great that a feeble person might really be made very ill by a little fresh air. This also applies to washing. A substantial layer of dirt is a warm covering, and when people's food is not nourishing and heat-producing enough, they instinctively shrink from water. Also, perhaps for the same reason of economizing their natural store of warmth, it is not the custom for cottagers to undress as we do when we go to bed. They generally wear more clothes than we in the daytime, and at night content themselves with taking off the top layer, sometimes adding a nightgown as a finishing touch over the remainder of their garments. It seems a very uncomfortable plan, but it is no doubt a warm one. But clothes must wear out unduly fast if they are worn night and day, so that our method has economy, as well as cleanliness, to recommend it.

I have lately read a striking short story, by one of the masters of the art of literary realism, in which he tells of a double murder committed at night in a cottage bedroom. The author shows us the minds and thoughts of the actors in the tragedy with wonderful skill, but when he describes the appearance of the peasant-woman his realism melts into idealism to a reader who knows something of the class to which she belongs. One may live for years on friendly and even intimate terms with the country-people, and yet know but little of their real ways. It is almost an intrusion for anyone but the doctor to ask questions about the food they give their children, for instance. There does not seem to be any good tradition among women as to the suitable feeding of babies. Woman is the only creature, as far as I know, who will give miscellaneous food to her young ones. A cat does not catch mice for her kittens until they are old enough to digest them, but a woman will give her baby green gooseberries or plum-pudding, according to the time of year, and will be mildly surprised and quite incredulous when the doctor tells her that a baby should be fed on milk, and milk only. "The children allus has some of what we'm eating. Poor little things, it 'ud seem hard not to give 'em a bit, when there's summat tasty-like." If the natural-milk supply is available the baby will no doubt do well enough, but when the contents of a dirty bottle are supplemented by cheese and pickled onions it is not to be wondered at that the doctor is sometimes sent for in a hurry, to correct, if it may be, the results of this foolish diet. The difficulties in the way of more sensible feeding, though, are at times almost insuperable. Many people think that the country is a land flowing with milk, if not with honey; but this is far from the case, in a dairy-farming county, at

any rate. Literally all the milk is made into cheese and butter, or sent away to the towns, so there is none left for the laborers' children. Occasionally, and as a great favor, a farmer will spare a little for a sick baby, but not by any means always. So little are the country-people accustomed to milk that they rather dislike it, and they and their children rarely drink it from choice.

When my husband came to this practice, some years ago, he used sometimes after dark to walk to a hill village a couple of miles or so away, and when he had finished the work in hand the man who had fetched him would say, "I and my mate 'ull walk back with 'ee, doctor," and seem surprised when he was thanked, but his offer declined. For a while my husband used to wonder why he was considered almost foolishly brave for walking across fields in the dark, practically in sight of a village; but when he got to know the West-countrymen, he understood that they lived in constant dread of ghostly enemies, and that a man would never walk by himself in the dark, if he could possibly help it. They do not even like sleeping in a dark room, and constantly burn a lamp all night long. This gives a village a curiously alert appearance after dark; but though nearly every cottage seems to be full of wakeful people, the light is merely a protection against evil spirits, and not a sign of sleepless energy. A small room, with shut windows and a lighted lamp, seems a terrible place to spend a night in, and the want of air may perhaps account for the withered look of many of the young cottage-women.

The doctor is expected to give advice on all sorts of matters quite unconnected with his profession. He is asked to find places for the boys and girls who are leaving school, or to decide on the desirability of places they

may have found for themselves. Sometimes an anxious mother will consult with him as to the suitability of her daughter's "young man," and the girl will ask his advice as to accepting or rejecting a suitor. There is hardly an aspect of village life on which he is not called upon to give a decision at some time or other, from repairs to a mowing-machine to re-papering the best parlor. I remember that he once got a note from a man who had lately come to live in a house near by, asking him to be so good as to lend the writer his clinical thermometer (for which the bearer was waiting) to take the temperature of a hot bed! This was more than the doctor could stand. "He certainly shan't have my nice clean thermometer," he remarked with decision. So we sent a politely worded refusal.

Some of the poor people are very particular as to the exact color and consistency of their medicine, and even as to the shape of the bottle it is dispensed in. The old sexton of the next village has a bottle of a peculiar size and appearance, which he always brings round to the surgery to be filled. One day my husband thought it well to give him a small quantity of some special medicine, and put it into a bottle which exactly contained the dose. But the old man remonstrated at the non-appearance of his old friend, and after that his medicine was always put into the favorite bottle. He is getting what his friends call "wandersome," and the other day he was found by the woman in whose house he lodges cutting open a mattress with a knife, under the impression that he would find sweets in the stuffing.

I occasionally see a very old woman whose conversation generally turns on events that happened seventy or eighty years ago. She has described to me, with a vividness that I cannot hope to equal, how my husband's third predecessor in the practice used to drive

about in a thick fawn-colored great coat, plentifully supplied with immense pearl buttons. "There, 'a had such a jolly red face, 'a were most like a farmer." She became his cook, and was, according to her own account, a famous one. The doctor's wife one day gave a fine party, of which the chief dish was a raised pie, that still lives in the old woman's memory as her *chef-d'œuvre*, and a thing of wonder and beauty.

The old man with the jolly red face was of a romantic turn of mind. He farmed a few acres of land, and each summer, when his hay was ripe for cutting, he was to be seen wearing a suit of clothes that had evidently been the height of fashion in his youth. The villagers all knew that he had wooed and won his wife in a long past June, and so when they saw the old man in the dress of a gallant of forty years before they would smile sympathetically, and say to each other: "Oh, there goes doctor in's owd clothes. He be cutting his hay, surely. He do be one to remember old times, he be; and he's allus well forrard with his hay, too. Be'est thinking of cutten thine yet, Jarge?"

It used to be the custom for country doctors to make a good many of the raw materials of their medicines, and particularly a stuff called "pill mass," at home; and as nasty medicines are more appreciated than tasteless ones, I have been told that the smell that pervaded the house in old days when certain drugs were being prepared was quite fearful. Luckily that is now a thing of the past.

By means of some of the older inhabitants of the village we occasionally get into touch with history. The grandfather of some of the present inhabitants was cook on board Nelson's ship at Naples, and he used to tell one of his granddaughters that he could remember Lady Hamilton coming on

board, and that she used to call for a cup of soup "without an eye of grease in it." This man's son, who died not long ago, also went to sea—not in the Navy, but as cook on board a ship belonging to a West-country port which traded to the Bight of Benin. This man used to relate strange experiences of landing cargos of cutlasses and rum, which formed the somewhat piratical British export of those days to the native tribes. There are dark stories, too, of the trade in "blackbirds," for which this West-country port was used as a half-way house between Africa and the West Indies. The underground passages and vaults in which the wretched "blackbirds" were kept till the ship was ready to take them on can be seen to this day. And to the houses of one of the merchant princes of the old port clings a legend which, though nothing but the rattle of chains—the music of the slaver—is as soul-shaking as anything in the whole lore of hauntings. The trade with Africa still goes on; but now we send out our red earth as paint for the young bloods of the tribes, and the older chiefs get much pride and satisfaction from the cast-off liveries of the local mayor's footmen, for which, I am told, there is a steady market. But fashion must be attended to, even among savages, and the red earth was once nearly lost to our village when the man who was responsible for mixing the paint, inadvertently put too large a proportion of yellow ochre into the vats.

When we have a new parlormaid the first thing I say to her is: "If a message comes when the doctor is out write it down on the slate, and be sure and get the person's name and address." The last part of this direction is sometimes quite difficult to carry out, as I know from experience. I have often interviewed a messenger, and after a great deal of irrelevant conversation the question "Where do

you live?" is met by the smiling answer, "Oh, doctor do know I very well, and the missus too; you tell 'un to ca' in soon's he can, and it'll be all right: he do know us well." I persevere till I get more of an address than this, but the maidservants do not always do so, and then the confusion is great, unless the man can be identified in some way.

Telegrams are often very indefinite. It is not at all unusual for the doctor to get one of this sort, "Come at once; Jones." Educated people generally give some indication of why they want the doctor, as they realize that he will be more useful to them if he comes prepared for the particular accident, or illness, they are suffering from. But poor people are quite as likely to send a peremptory telegram for a case of chronic rheumatism as for a broken bone. An urgent message must be attended to first, and sometimes a whole day's arrangements are thrown out of shape in consequence of it. It is then very vexatious to find the sender of the telegram sitting comfortably in an armchair, and be cheerfully greeted by "There, but I didn't look for 'ee so soon, doctor; tidn't very much the matter with I now, but I did feel terr'ble bad yesterday, and as I hadn't seen 'ee all the week, I thought I'd best send." If the doctor asks with some asperity why such an urgent telegram was sent, the answer will probably be, "Well, I sent little Dicky there to the post-office, and of course he didn't rightly know what to put, look 'ee, so I expect he asked the young lady to help 'un, didn't 'ee now, Dicky?" "Yes, 'a did," says the little boy, and so the doctor's time and strength are again needlessly wasted. Telephone-calls are better than telegrams, as it is sometimes possible to get more details, but they have their own great drawbacks.

Written messages are often very remarkable. Dialect spelt phonetically

is not easy to read, and though the writing is generally legible enough, it is far removed from the artificial copper-plate productions of the village school. When one considers that the child's book learning stops abruptly at thirteen or fourteen, it is not to be wondered at that the man's power of expressing himself on paper is limited. One worthy man used constantly to send a little note asking for more "metsam," and a woman once wrote to complain of some medicine that she thought disagreed with her baby, that it "made un wretch trebble."

At first my husband found our West-country dialect puzzling. It is not only that the pronunciation is unlike that of ordinary English, but the meaning of many words and phrases is quite unexpected. What can be the appropriate treatment for a woman who says, "I do feel all over alike," and who either cannot or will not give any other description of her symptoms. "He be main rough this marnen," means that the patient's friends think that he is very ill indeed, and not that his manners leave something to be desired. One day the doctor ordered beef-tea for a boy who was recovering from pneumonia, to be met by this curious form of objection, "I baint terr'ble wropped up in beef-tea." A Wessex peasant will very seldom give a direct negative or affirmative, so that if he says that he is not "wropped up" in anything it really means that he has a great dislike to it. If, on the other hand, he says, "I don't mind if I do," it means that he is very anxious to do whatever it may be that he is talking about, and not that he is indifferent to it, as one would naturally suppose. Another curious piece of dialect is the use of the word "frightened" with the meaning of "surprised." If a person who had been ill made a more rapid recovery than his friends expected, the doctor would very likely be told "John

be a sight better to-day, sir. We was fair frightened to see 'un looking so well."

Though the West-country man has not kissed the Blarney Stone with the passion of an Irishman, yet he seldom foregoes the pleasure of saying smooth things, whether the facts warrant this indulgence or not, though perhaps without much intention of being actually deceitful. This desire to please makes him an easy person to get on with, when you know, and can therefore make allowance for his peculiar mental attitude in regard to fact and fiction.

Two important parts of a country practice are the club and Poor-law appointments, which are both underpaid. A year or two ago there were still some clubs in this district whose members paid the doctor 3s. a year for advice and medicine, but this has now been raised to 5s. Even 5s. does not allow any margin of profit unless the club is large and the members are young men. A laborer cannot perhaps afford more than this, and the doctors do not grudge their charity to poor people. But among the members of the large friendly societies are to be found men who, though they might have been earning very little on joining the club as young men, have since reached a better financial position than the doctor himself. These people may, at any time, require a great deal of attention, and are more exacting than an ordinary patient, as they have no bill to consider. They would not like to be told that they were receiving charity, but what else is medical attendance and medicine for 5s. a year? On the other hand, there is no cheating about this sort of transaction, as too often happens when the doctor's bill is in question. Some well-to-do people will send for him constantly and consume quantities of medicine, with no intention of paying his fees, or

if they do eventually pay it is very likely after several years have elapsed.

The famous old Latin epigram is as true as ever. Here is Timothie Kendall's sixteenth-century version of it:

Three faces the Phisition hath;
First as an Angell he,
When he is sought; next when he helps,
A god he seems to be;
And last of all, when he hath made
The sicke, diseased, well,
And asks his guerdon, then he seems
An oughly Fiend of Hell.

However, there are a good many honest people who pay their debts faithfully, and these are by no means always the richest. Payment in kind is a fairly common occurrence in the country, but it is an unsatisfactory plan. The things that are sent to pay a bill are not always as good as those which would be sent to market, and they are charged at the highest possible rate. But with all its drawbacks a "contra" is better than nothing. Another peculiarity of money transactions with country people is, that even when a "warm" man comes to pay a bill, he will not scruple to ask that a few shillings should be given back to him, and will accept half-a-crown or a florin with alacrity. To set against this, the doctor himself sometimes gets a present—a bit of china, a bunch of flowers, some plants for his herbaceous border, or the loan of a horse—from a grateful cottager or farmer. These little kindnesses are very pleasant. Often when people are ill they and their friends treat the doctor as a machine, that requires neither food nor rest, and that works for their exclusive benefit. But a doctor is really a very "human man," and occasional kindness and personal consideration go far to lighten a hard day's work.

Children make fast friendships with "Doctor." A little girl whom he had cured used to ask her mother to send for him whenever anything in the cot-

tage was not quite to her liking, in the firm belief that he could put everything right. Only a few days ago a small boy came bravely to the surgery to have a tooth pulled out. This was more painful than he had expected, and when he told his mother all about it, he added, "But I know Doctor tried not to hurt me." One day a little girl who had just recovered from a bad illness, and who lived higher up the river on which lies our village, was found throwing flowers into the stream, to float down to "Doctor," she said. He was ill himself at the time, and she was very anxious to do something for him, and she was too young to do anything else.

Grown-up people sometimes express their admiration for "Doctor" with considerable picturesqueness. Not long ago a woman, who wished to show that she appreciated his skill and kindness, assured him that she was sure he had all the qualities a doctor ought to have, and which she proceeded to define as "the 'and of a lady, the eye of an 'awk, and the 'eart of a lion." Though one smiles at the quaintness of the woman's way of expressing herself, there is much truth in the underlying thought.

Once in the middle of a bad epidemic
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of influenza, I happened to say to an old woman, who had been my nurse, that I hoped the doctor would not catch it himself. She smiled reassuringly, and said there was no danger of that, as all doctors had a certain powder that they used to guard themselves from infection, and I quite failed to convince her that they had no such thing, and that if they had they would give it to their patients.

But, unhappily, the doctor has no charmed life. When he falls ill the practice and the patients appear in a new light. The work goes on as usual, guided by another hand, and the club or parish patient who at ordinary times would ring the bell violently and stump into the surgery with a clatter of hobnail boots, then creeps in on tiptoe, and speaks in a whisper, and those who are too ill to come out ask first for news of "Doctor" before they begin to recount their own symptoms to the new medical man.

After all, in spite of the hard work and small pay, there must be something attractive about the life of a general practitioner, as men who are not forced to for economic reasons often bring up their sons to succeed them, even in a country practice.

THE WILD HEART.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

CHAPTER XXIII.

Tamsine's wedding day dawned at last—a golden glorious August morning, without so much as a speck in the sky.

Sam had absented himself from the festivities, having refused to assist at his sister's nuptials unless Martha West were also invited, a concession which his father resolutely declined to make. The other boys were in a

state of great excitement. They had all been tubbed overnight in honor of the occasion, and Edwin, clad in a new suit of blue knickerbockers, was tied firmly by the waist to a chair while his elders were inducted into garments of corresponding splendor.

Tamsine assisted her mother in performing these complicated toilets, giving a final polish to more than one chubby countenance and a final brush

to all the curly heads before donning her own pretty gown. Mrs. Strange was in the act of fastening the last collar round the sturdy neck of the lad who came next to Sam, when Mrs. Cornick arrived from Chudbury in Tranter Haskell's cart, having made herself very fine with a red flower in her bonnet and a pair of white cotton gloves, short enough to allow a strip of wrist to appear between them and the sleeve of her best Sunday gown, which wrist, partly by effect of contrast, vied in hue with the flower aforesaid.

"'Tis you, Mrs. Cornick!" exclaimed Mrs. Strange with a mixture of agitation and condescension. "Time must be gettin' on, I'm afeard. I haven't so much as begun to dress myself yet. It do take such a martial time to get the lads ready."

"Well, it's not so very early, mum," rejoined Mrs. Cornick. "I do think your clocks here do seem a bit slow, and Tranter's horse did seem to take a terrible time to get here. I'm sure I don't wonder you do find it hard work to get all they gurt bwoys dressed. But they do look nice, jist about—yes, I'll say that, mum."

Mrs. Strange cast a gratified glance on her little tribe; she desired them, however, with some sharpness to sit down and not move a finger while she and sister were dressing.

"'Ees," continued Mrs. Cornick, as the macon turned to leave the room. "you have a long family, mum, to be sure; but the Lord fits the back to the burden, don't He? I did never have but the two."

"I'm sorry neither of 'em could come to-day," returned Mrs. Strange, from the doorway.

"Well, I could ha' wished it, too. But, there, things haven't fell out as I'd a-hoped for, but very like every-thing's for the best. My darter, she is but a poor nesh creetur at the best o' times, Mrs. Strange, an' she's a-

seeln' to things up to the farm, so as to have all ready when they do get back. An' Tim—well, there, he did say he wer' busy too, but I d' 'low the truth is he hadn't the heart to come."

Mrs. Strange had not waited to hear this lengthy explanation, and indeed by the time that Mrs. Cornick had reached the long-drawn sigh and shake of the head with which she concluded, was already vigorously sponging her flushed face in an upper room.

Tamsine's bridesmaid, a rosy-cheeked, fair-haired girl, who had been her playmate in former days, was assisting her to dress, and now stood in admiration before the image which she presented, clad all in her rustling silk and with the white hat delicately poised on her dark tresses.

"Well, there, ye do look vitty, jist about!" she exclaimed. "There was some thought ye'd be wearin' a wreath an' vell, Tamsine: 'tis more fayshlonable, they d' say, an' your havin' such a nice place o' your own, ye'd have a right to wear en. But I d' 'low the hat's very becomin'."

"Yes, I like the hat best," agreed the bride. "I should feel funny dressed up as mld be jist for show in things what I could never wear again, but this hat 'ull do me nice for Sundays, an' I can wear the dress now an' again of a very fine day or when we've company."

"I do think Mr. Davidge is a very handsome man," said the other girl. "an' so pleasant too. How he did make us all laugh last Sunday, didn't he? Every one hereabouts do say you're in luck."

"An' so I be," rejoined Tamsine simply; "an' I've a-thanked the Lord for it—there's times when I do feel a'most too happy."

"Tamsine, love, could ye jist fasten this 'ere collar for me?" cried her mother, appearing in the doorway. "There, thik bodice do seem a bit

tight-like, an' I can't manage this new-fangled way of fastening it up on the shoulder. Oh, never mind, I see ye've got your gloves on. Maybe Rose 'ud do it."

"No, I'll do it, mother—I'd like to help to dress ye on my weddin' day. Why, you've hooked it wrong to start with! There, ye be a-pantin' like anythin'. There's lots o' time—don't ye go worryin' yourself like that."

Mrs. Strange's honest brow and even her smooth hair were indeed damp with agitation, and she panted to such an extent that her daughter could hardly adjust the folds of the new-fashioned, plum-colored bodice across her ample bosom.

"Sit ye down an' rest a minute before putting on your bonnet," said the bride, kissing the ruddy cheek. "I don't want ye to go upsettin' yourself this day of all days."

As Mrs. Strange sank into a chair Tom's voice sounded from the adjacent room—

"Will anybody come an' put my tie right? The dalled thing do seem to set all crookedy."

"Shall I go?" inquired Rose, making a step forward, but Mrs. Strange caught her by the sleeve.

"No, my dear, though I'm sure it's terr'ble kind o' ye; but Strange mid very like have his coat off, an' he's a very particular man."

Rose drew back, somewhat abashed, and feeling she had committed a solecism. She had frequently seen Mr. Strange in a coatless condition without observing that his delicacy was shocked thereby, or sustaining any injury to her, but doubtless on such occasions as these a higher rule of etiquette obtained.

At last all was ready. The little ivy-grown church was but a stone's throw away from the door, and though Tamsine would have been well content to have walked thither, she con-

sented to drive in accordance with a request from her mother.

"There, my dear, I do think as it 'ud seem more respectable-like—more particular for a maid in your position wi' a farm of her own. As you do know very well, everybody hereabout do think it fittin' to drive to a weddin', an' I wouldn't like 'em to think you grudged the expense."

A carriage, therefore, with two gray horses drew up beside the little wicket gate, and Tamsine, her parents, and bridesmaid took their places therein, while Mrs. Cornick marshalled the younger members of the Strange family and drove them before her like a flock of chickens, bringing up the rear with little Edwin.

The ensuing ceremony "passed off" as the neighbors said—and many of them were present—"so nice as could be." Only one unusual incident occurred: when the clergyman pronounced for the bridegroom's edification the words of the marriage vow beginning, "I, John, take thee, Thomasine," the young man altered the formula to "I, Jack Davidge, take thee, Tamsine," and continued this method of procedure throughout.

The bride's head was modestly drooped, as was but becoming, and her voice was almost inaudible; but the bridesmaid subsequently announced that she had followed her lover's example, and instead of echoing the words of the rector, murmured, "I, Tamsine, take thee, Jack Davidge."

David subsequently congratulated his new-made wife on her quickness in following his lead.

"You see, love," he said, "I couldn't abear to think us midn't be married right, and I didn't know how 'twould be if I did use a false name; but David's is Davidge, ye see. Each time I did say Davidge I was thinking David, so us be man an' wife as fast as Church an' law can make us."

Tamsine had assisted in preparing her own wedding feast, and, had it not been for the current superstition, would have made her own wedding-cake. She superintended the operations of her mother, nevertheless, and that good woman compounded and baked it under her auspices. It is the nature of wedding-cake to be heavy and indigestible, and if the cake in question was extremely black and luscious within, while the outer coating of sugar was of plasterlike weight and hardness, the guests felt that all was as it should be, and complimented mother and daughter alike.

The rest of the preparations were on a corresponding scale. No less than three pairs of chickens had been slaughtered, while the goose, which would in the ordinary course of events have graced the table at Michaelmas, now stood at the head of the board, resembling in form some unusual quadruped, owing to the difficulty Mrs. Strange had found in duly arranging the wing-bones.

Mr. Strange made a speech which was rather long and rather involved, but contained such touching sentiments that not a few of his listeners wept. Even Tamsine's blue eyes were dim for the moment; it was true she had left the family circle three years before, and would continue to abide in the same home which she had then made for herself, nevertheless when her father talked so feelingly about losing his only daughter and making a sacrifice for her greater good, she would have possessed a harder heart than was hers in reality had she remained unmoved.

But when David rose in his turn and spoke a few of his gay, well-chosen sentences, behold they were all laughing, and Tamsine wiped her eyes and laughed too.

Then came the cutting of the cake which Tamsine achieved with some

difficulty. Everybody had a piece, the young girls retaining a portion of theirs "to dream on," and little Edwin laying up stores of future anguish which would culminate in the shape of doses from the shiny blue glass bottle that lived on a corner of his mother's chimney-piece.

Now it was time for the couple to depart, their health having been drunk in the best old brown sherry and port wine supplied by the Branstons grocer.

The newly-married pair had declined to return home in the magnificent equipage which had carried them to church, and Bob and the gig were in waiting—Bob very smart with harness all a glitter with polishing, and with white favors at his ears, while the trap was newly painted and re-cushioned.

"Good luck, my dear!" cried Mrs. Strange, melting into tears as she folded Tamsine in her arms.

"Take care of her, Davidge," said Tom, almost fiercely as he grasped his son-in-law's hand.

"Where's the rice?" asked Rose, giggling.

The boys, laughing and shouting, pelted their sister as she climbed into her place; handfuls of the grain rested on the brim of her white hat and ran down David's neck. Edwin running into the road threw an old shoe after the gig, as Bob, startled at the noise, threw up his head and trotted briskly off. He kept up this unusual pace as long as they remained on the high road, but on turning aside into the less frequented tracks soon dropped into a walk, and even paused now and then to nibble a grassy bank; for indeed the couple had so much to say to each other that they took little note of his proceedings.

Though Martha West had not been present in person at the wedding, that fiercely rebellious spirit of hers

had throughout the day hovered round the unconscious pair.

Each time the clock struck she pictured to herself their doings. "Now they are on their way to church. . . . Now they are being married." When she and her aunt sat down to their very frugal meal she thought of the plenty enjoyed by the wedding guests, and heard in fancy their jests and laughter. Towards the afternoon she grew even more restless, and at length, stealing away, ensconced herself in a birch copse skirting the lane, which the wedded lovers must traverse on their way from the high road to the downs.

There she sat, while the long glowing day drew to its close, hugging her knees and brooding, her impatience growing with every moment that the expected pair tarried; her cheeks burning feverishly, her parched tongue cleaving to the roof of her mouth. Becoming conscious suddenly of its dryness, she laughed bitterly to herself; they would be drinking the bride's health down yonder at Little Branston.

At last the sound of an approaching vehicle fell upon her ears, and she crouched low beneath the hedge, glaring through the interlacing boughs and straining her ears. The linked thuds of the horse's feet denoted that he was proceeding at a walk; now came an occasional bump of the wheels on the rough track, the creaking of harness—now the sound of a woman's laugh, then a man's tones, low and deep.

"Here they are," she said to herself, and clenched her hands tighter; how slow they were!

The hoof-beats—muffled because of the grassy surface of the lane—drew nearer; she could hear the careless slap of the reins on the horse's back, meant, as the animal very well knew, to punctuate the driver's discourse and not to accelerate his own progress.

Now, as the horse's head came round the corner she could see the white favors streaming in the sun, and at length the long-expected sight met her gaze. David and Tamsine sitting side by side, his arm encircling her waist, her head resting upon his shoulder. Tamsine had taken off her hat, and as the vehicle jolted past the copse, the level rays of the sinking sun sliding between the slender birch saplings rested on her uncovered hair—"the most beautiful hair in the world!"

Martha bit her lip to prevent herself from screaming aloud. The blood hammered so violently in her brain that she could not distinguish what they were saying to each other, but after they had passed her place of ambush and begun the ascent of the downs, the words came floating back to her, spoken by Tamsine:—

"'Tis that what do make me feel so proud and so joyful—that you should never have loved any woman but me."

Again a cry rose in Martha's throat, and in the effort to suppress it she lost David's reply; but she could imagine it. She could imagine how he would smile and drop his voice and look deep into the eyes of the girl whom he was deceiving. Ah! but she was to be envied for being thus deluded! Another woman, older and wiser, would gladly have taken her place and basked in those false smiles.

Standing there amid the gently swaying, silvery-stemmed birches, the leaves of which, already yellowing after a hot summer, were fluttering in a light breeze, while the grasses at her feet sighed and rustled, she stood so motionless that the innocent denizens of the wild disregarded her presence. Little rabbits frolicked scarce half a dozen paces away, a bird balanced itself on a twig of the hedge which she could have touched with her hand; yet that hand, like its fellow, was so

tightly clenched that the nails were embedded in the palm.

Shepherd Cornick was waiting for the bridal couple when they drove into the yard of Strange's, and came silently forward to take the horse.

"I give 'ee joy, Mrs. Davidge," he said, huskily, after the girl had alighted.

"Thank you, Tim," said she, holding out her hand.

Cornick shook it, making odd contortions of the face the while in order to conceal his emotion; and then turned to David.

"An' I give ye joy, too," he said gruffly.

"I'm obliged to ye, mate," said David, grasping his hand warmly.

Cornick's brow cleared. All that day he had been schooling himself to patience against the moment when the whilom shepherd Davidge should begin to come "mester" over him; but his mistress's husband had grasped his hand with neighborly warmth and hailed him from the outset as "mate."

Tim felt re-established in his own estimation; he had sometimes taken himself to task during the preceding weeks for being so poor-spirited as to dread leaving the spot where he had labored all his life and the service which was still dear to him for Tamsine's sake.

David's tactfulness had rendered it possible for him to work side by side with him without loss of self-respect.

Meanwhile Tamsine had gone indoors, Mrs. Hathaway, Tim's sister, had prepared everything with the exception of making the tea.

"I could bide and do that if you do wish, she said in a melancholy tone.

She was a long-faced, sallow-complexioned woman, very unlike her mother or brother, and still more unlike her famous namesake. There were no Shakespearian scholars in the village to comment on the freak of fate which

had led plain Anne Cornick to marry a person of the name of Hathaway.

"No, no," rejoined Tamsine hastily. "It is late; I am sorry to have kept you so long as 'tis. You had best go home with Tim."

David wheeled the gig into its place, eager to assist Tim, in order that the latter might have the less reason for lingering, for he was in haste to be alone with his bride, and by the time that Anne came out of the house bonneted and cloaked, the shepherd was waiting for her at the gate. Cornick nodded to David without speaking and strode away so rapidly that his sister had some difficulty in keeping pace with him.

When they had disappeared from view David went into the house, making fast the door behind him. He stood still for a moment just within the room. Thus had he stood hesitating when he had first crossed that threshold. Then, as now, he and Tamsine were alone in the house together, but to-day the house was his home and Tamsine was his wife.

He could hear her moving about overhead, and presently went upstairs very softly.

Tamsine, ever thrifty and daintily careful, was in the act of fastening a big apron over her bridal gown before putting the kettle on to boil. She looked round at the sound of his light tread; but he paused on the threshold of the little white room, and did not speak when she came towards him. When she was close to him she saw that his eyes were full of tears.

"David!" she exclaimed in a low voice, and stretched out her arms.

He took her hands in his and held them gently, still leaning against the lintel of the door.

"What is the matter?" she asked then, tremulously—"Aren't ye happy, David?"

"I'm too happy," he said brokenly.

"I'm so happy—that I'm afeared. Tamsine, love, I don't deserve it! If I had my rights I ought to be lyin' out there under the sky, as I lay the first night when I watched this window."

"No, David, don't say such things," she interrupted quickly. "Wherever I am, there you have the right to be, now."

But he shook his head:—

"D'ye mind that first day when you were helping me to hide from shepherd Cornick? Ye bld me hide here, but I didn't dare to cross the threshold. I'm not fit to cross it now. You are so good, Tamsine, I'm not fit to take ye in my arms—a white angel like you!"

"Oh, David," said Tamsine, with a great sob, "I'm not an angel. I am just—just a poor girl—your wife who loves you."

And she flung herself upon his breast.

CHAPTER XXIV.

By mutual consent the young couple spent their honeymoon at "Strange's." Tamsine's family were much surprised that they did not take a trip to Weymouth or "Bourne," or even London, but David and Tamsine were so happy in each other's company that they wanted nothing else.

"We must be quite by ourselves, though," said he.

"That's my vlew too," she rejoined. "I want nothin' and nobody but you."

Once more, therefore, Mrs. Cornick migrated to her little cottage in the dip, coming up to the farm for some hours each day to accomplish the housework, for though the newly-wedded pair remained at home they made holiday.

It seemed as if they would never tire of wandering over the golden downs or sitting in the dense summer shade of the wood, sometimes in silence, sometimes making confidences to each other.

David would perhaps relate chapters from his own adventurous life, avoiding that dark page which, since their wedding day, both had tacitly agreed to look on as turned down and done with; or, having been an omnivorous reader in his boyhood, and even when occasion offered in later years, he would tell her "things out of a book." In either case Tamsine found him the best of company, and would gaze at him with serious rapt blue eyes, catching her breath now and then over some especially exciting detail, or uttering a little phrase indicative of interest and admiration.

So absorbed were they in each other that they took little note of external things, and Mrs. Cornick was suffered to work her own sweet will in the establishment.

On a certain Saturday, however, about three weeks after the wedding, Tamsine's orderly soul was stricken at the condition of her living room, in which she detected a general appearance of disarrangement and an unusual accumulation of dust.

"I really must turn this out to-day," she said to David. "There, 'tis scarce fit to be seen. Mrs. Cornick, poor soul, do do her best, but she can't keep the place as it should be kept. You an' me 'ull have our dinner at home for once, and you'll see what a nice tidy place I'll have ready for ye when you come in again."

David sat down on the edge of the settle, and looked at her.

"And what am I to do?" he asked discontentedly.

Tamsine took a pin out of her mouth and fastened together her skirts, which she had turned back. There was a certain joyous activity in her movements, for she belonged to the order of women who love work for work's sake.

"Well, what would you like to do?" she asked briskly. "I should think

Tim Cornick 'ud be glad if ye'd step up to the top field an' give a look round. Him and Jimmy are shiftin' the hurdles again," she added.

David stretched his long arms and laughed a little ruefully.

"Ye think, maybe, I ought to be helpin' to shift 'em too," he suggested.

"Well, o' course the work 'ud get on faster," returned Tamsine. "There, isn't it nice to think ye'll be workin' for ye-self now when ye do lend a hand? You be the master, and when the master do help a bit it do seem to put more heart in the men. All the time I'm workin' here, I'll be thinkin' I'm workin' for you—an' all I do do 'ull seem twice as easy."

She pulled up her sleeves, and David, catching one arm, kissed it just below the elbow; then he rose slowly and went sauntering out.

Tamsine looked after him with a smile that was almost maternal in its indulgent tenderness—"He doesn't half like breakin' into our holiday," she reflected; "but a bit o' work is good for us all, an' he'll enjoy a walk with me all the more this evening."

It was rather past the usual dinner hour when David came back, to find the house swept and garnished and a savory smell issuing from the covered dish by the fire.

Tamsine, a little flushed, but betraying no sign of fatigue, awaited him with a smiling face.

"You're late, but I've got ye jist about a good dinner," she announced cheerfully; "you do deserve it arter working so hard."

She set his food before him; everything was well cooked and smoking hot, but he ate little, and his glance kept wandering towards the window.

"This is the first proper dinner you've a-had since we've been married," remarked Tamsine, as she filled his glass with freshly-drawn water from the well. "You and me," she added, laugh-

ing, "be reg'lar staid old married folk now, an' can feel as we'm settled in our own home."

David took a deep draught from his glass, and then sat looking at it meditatively with a half-smile upon his lips.

"'Tis nice an' cold, that," he said, "but it doesn't taste so good as the water I gave ye in the big leaf yesterday out o' the little stream at the back o' Holl Wood. D'ye know what I'd like?" he added dreamily. "I'd like you an' me to go wandering off an' live in the woods for a bit. Us could take some food wi' us to start wi', or I could catch things for ye to eat, an' there'd be the berries and nuts o' course, an' we'd drink from the stream same as we did do yesterday. I'd make ye a little hut o' branches to keep the heat o' the sun off ye, an' we'd have a bed o' fern——"

"David!" cried Tamsine, astonished and alarmed; then presently beginning to laugh unsteadily—"You are talking nonsense-talk for a joke. Ye'd never like us to sleep out-o'-door?"

"In this lovely weather I would," he rejoined. "You've never tried it, so ye don't know, but I can tell 'ee there's nothin' like wakin' up and seein' the stars twinklin' down at ye, an' the branches movin' between you and the sky—an' then turnin' over an' fallin' asleep again, an' wakin' up next an' findin' the birds singin' an' the sun shinin'—an' then goin' off to look for a meal."

"If I didn't know you were making fun, I'd think—I don't know what I'd think," said Tamsine tremulously. "I don't like to hear ye go on like that."

David set down his glass and turned towards her smiling.

"Well, if ye didn't like the notion of sleepin' in a wood—we mld have a little van," he said. "'Twould be nice—that—we'd take old Bob to draw us and Carlo, and we'd roam about from

place to place, bidin' here a bit an' there a bit, till we got tired, an' then movin' on—jist us two, with nobody to interfere with us."

"A van!" she exclaimed, almost inarticulately. "Same as common gipsy folk! You couldn't wish that! Why, David, I've taken such pains to make this house nice for ye, an' I'd ax nothin' better nor to serve ye all the days o' my life. It do cut me to the heart to think you do want to leave everything what I was so happy wi' gettin' ready for ye."

"No love," cried he, rousing himself and coming round the table to lift her tearful face to his. "I didn't really mean that. 'Twas but nonsense-talk, as you did say, an' 't isn't that I didn't value this happy home of ours. 'Twas just the notion of you an' me wanderin' together what did fill my mind for a minute—but we'll talk no more on it now. There, to think I've made ye cry afore we've been a month married—I wish I'd bit my tongue out first."

Tears were still hanging on Tamsine's thick black lashes, but she dashed them away and smiled, and David, going back to his place, took up his knife and fork and disposed of his plateful of stew, with many words of praise and much simulated appetite.

After the meal they sat for a little in the shade of the house wall, and Tamsine's eyes wandered to the garden. From where she sat she could see the thick growth of weeds which had sprung up between the rows of cabbages. David followed the direction of her eyes and laughed:—

"You are a hard-hearted little woman!" he exclaimed; "nothing would please you better than to see me breaking my back this terrible hot day weedin' they cabbages!"

"I was only thinking—I mld do it," rejoined Tamsine with a blush. "There's such a lot o' weeds, and this is Saturday. They'll have seeded

themselves all over the place by Monday."

"On Monday morning," announced he, "I'll go reg'larly to work at 'em; but you an' me is goin' a-fishin' this afternoon; I did think o' that all of a sudden while I was workin' up yonder wi' the hurdles. It'll be lovely for fishin' after tea. It will be too bright for a bit yet, but they'll rise like anything towards dusk. Go indoor and pack up a basket, an' we'll stroll down to the river and wait in a shady place till tea-time."

"But I don't think we've any right to fish in the river," objected she. "Not without we go a long way from here."

"You go an' pack up that basket," said he, pinching her cheek softly. "I'll show you where we can fish."

She gazed at him hesitatingly for a moment, and he gave her one of his odd bright irresistible looks, whereupon she smiled and sighed and went into the house to obey his behests.

"Shall I take milk as usual?" she called presently from within.

"Only a little; but pack some tea and sugar, I'll boll a kettle while we're waitin'—'twould be nice to have real tea for once."

"We have to cross the high-road and go through the village to get to the river," said she; "we mld meet somebody—'twould look so funny to be carrying a kettle."

"We'll tell 'em we're picnicking," rejoined David. "Come now, are ye nearly ready? The time's goin', goin', goin'! Cornick 'ull be down in the yard directly; let's get off before he comes."

Tamsine presently appeared in the doorway, and he took the basket from her and darting into the house possessed himself of the kettle, with which he emerged in high glee; his face was as excited and eager as a schoolboy's.

"Take care it doesn't black your clothes," urged Tamsine.

"I'll carry it all right," said he.

He drew a long forked stick from the faggot heap, and fashioned it into a crook as he walked; on this he slung the kettle, carrying it over his shoulder and swinging the basket in his other hand.

The afternoon sun was scorching in its heat, and he set his hat a little sideways on his head to ward off the glare. He whistled as he walked, but Tamsine, following him, was conscious of a sudden sinking of the heart; there was something wild and rakish in his aspect which filled her with dim forebodings. Tamsine came of a line of peaceable, law-abiding, thoroughly "respectable" folk, and she had no inclination that was not in accordance with the traditions of her race. The thought struck her as she paced just one step behind the careless, almost fantastic, figure, that if she were to meet one of her kinsfolk now she would feel ashamed; but immediately her faithful heart reproached her; she crimsoned with shame, not on her husband's account, but for her own momentary want of loyalty. Quickening her pace she passed her arm through his, and he, smiling down at her, exchanged his whistling for song.

"The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be.

Yo ho! we go across the sea."

He almost danced as he walked, and by-and-by Tamsine, infected by his light-heartedness, and also as a kind of atonement for her own passing inclination to criticize his doings, fell into step with him, and they skipped along the road like children escaping from school, the crockery rattling inside the basket in time to their movements, and the kettle hammering on the stick.

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As they rounded a sudden corner they came upon two figures standing by a gate. Tamsine at once slowed down, but David, still singing, jerked her elbow so that she only identified them as man and woman.

"The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be," carolled David lustily, as he waltzed round with Tamsine.

"Well," cried a loud voice, which Tamsine instantly recognized as Sam's, "well, I'm just about disgusted! That *my* sister should make such a mountebank of herself!"

"Not mountebanks," said his companion—and as Tamsine was hurried past she had a vision of Martha's pale face and glowing eyes—"they're gipsies, that's what they are! Look at the man! 'Tis a gipsy from head to foot."

"Well, a gipsy's is a merry life," retorted David carelessly over his shoulder. "Come on, love."

He dragged Tamsine along with good-humored force, and she was glad to find herself out of sight of Sam's angry, contemptuous face and those furious eyes of Martha's.

"Oh," she panted, obliging him to pause at length, "I do wish we hadn't a-met them! That woman do fair hate me, David—an' I do feel hurt to think she's turned Sam again me as she've a-done."

"Now, don't you let them spoil our outing," said David. "Put the thought o' them out o' your mind—that's what I do do—I do never think of anything what hurts. Come, cheer up! Here's you an' me same as we were before, an' the blue sky an' the lark a-singin'."

But Tamsine, though she endeavored to obey, could not efface the memory of Martha's scornful look and the gibe which she had flung at them.

"Gipsies! Look at the man!"

(To be continued.)

THE SEAMY SIDE OF TRAVEL.

In the man or woman of middle age at the present day there are usually two personalities at war within the same brain when it is a question of leaving one's home surroundings to see the world beyond it. One half may be still enthusiastic in its appreciation of scenery, of architecture, of strange or new peoples, of historical scenes, world wonders, or great achievements in art and industry. The other half charges the mere bother of *déplacement* to a debit account to begin with, and generally is disposed to resent with increasing emphasis the unnecessary discomforts and risks of travel. We are the more captious, perhaps, because in the age in which we live the numerous persons who do travel with camera and notebook, and who make cinematograph and phonograph records to illustrate their lectures, and collections to enrich our museums, public and private, enable many of us to travel with our minds, without the expense and the discomfort of leaving our own fire-sides or shaded gardens.

Yet, except to those who are incapacitated by bodily ailments, mental or monetary limitations, travel is even more interesting and more profitable than it has ever been, and in some respects safer and more comfortable. But inasmuch as it might be made (especially where British agencies are concerned) so much more comfortable less risky, and less expensive than it is, this article has been conceived and written, not without some thought of private revenge in addition to its altruistic humanitarianism.

There is scarcely a railway station above or below ground in the United Kingdom without a poster which spreads before us the Magic Carpet of the Arabian Nights. On this, happy looking men and women have stationed

themselves whilst a hideous jinn supplies the motive power underneath the carpet, and is seen carrying them from one European capital to another—an intelligent anticipation, perhaps, of the perfected airship.

So much for romance; but those who stop to think and who "have been there before," know that there is no magic carpet as yet provided by any tourist agency which enables any but an alert and watchful, pushful tourist to travel in safety, or without discomfort, from London to Paris, or Paris to London: to say nothing of longer journeys. Indeed, in some ways these tourist agencies have either become too specialized in the matter of yacht cruises and winter sports, or too old, prosperous and unenterprising to attack any longer the hydra-headed tyrants of railway directorates, Customs control, steamship-management, hackney-carriage or hotel owners.

Perhaps the most glaring instance of their indifference, or their powerlessness, one of the most startling anachronisms of the twentieth century, lies in the management of the South Eastern Railway. If I may seem to approach this and other grave subjects with a certain naïveté, it should be premised that it is only of late years that I have had the opportunity to consider things nearer home than Africa, that my departures to and arrivals from Africa were usually connected with Liverpool or Plymouth, and that if I came or went by way of Paris, it was invariably by the no-longer-independent Chatham and Dover Railway Company, or by the Brighton and South Coast. In fact, fate so willed it that it was not till the opening of the present year of grace that I had the unforgettable experience of arriving at Charing Cross Station from the Conti-

nent with luggage to be passed through the Customs. In this recent experience (preceded by a departure from Charing Cross for Germany in which I fulfilled all that was required of me, but my luggage nevertheless was incorrectly labelled and went wildly astray) I have realized more fully than before what it means to land at Dover late on a wintry afternoon, with the temperature below freezing point, fresh from all the luxuries now to be found in Continental railway travel, including carefully warmed railway carriages, and to travel for two hours up to London in an unwarmed first-class compartment. And then, to realize for the first time that although Charing Cross has been the principal terminus of our Continental traffic for something like forty years, it is actually without any special accommodation for the work of Customs examination (unless, of course, such buildings were destroyed at the time the roof fell in, and have not been replaced). On the occasion of my recent personal experience, the luggage from all parts of the Continent, possibly even from India as well, was shot out on to one of the platforms, and left there, higgledy-piggledy. Here the mob of passengers, to which had been added a mob of porters armed with iron-mounted barrows which they drove into one's legs, had to pick out from memory its various items of luggage, get them somehow or other clawed together, and then in its utter despair plead with H.M. Customs to take for granted that its declaration of no dutiable goods was a true one. For what would have happened on this last occasion (January 31, 1911) if the Customs had insisted on any opening of the luggage, I tremble to think. An icy wind was blowing in through the great open funnel of the station, two defeated football teams had arrived from France, and

wanted their luggage straight away to catch trains for the north, several fellow-passengers with broken limbs (the result of Alpine sports) were surrounded by beves of pitying relations and hospital nurses; engines were screaming to drown the human clamor, or letting off steam, which temporarily eclipsed all clear vision: in short, it was an indescribable babel of noise and misery, and the Customs officials being, as they always are, true gentlemen, simply scabbled a passport on all pieces of luggage they could see and left the passengers and their porters to help themselves. I selected my own quite honestly, of course, but there seemed to be no question of my registered receipt, though I did my best to force it on the porter that helped me.

Now, surely, this is unworthy of the principal railway route to and from the Continent, at the principal continental-traffic station of the capital of the British Empire, in the year 1911? At Victoria Station, both of the Brighton Railway and of what was once the Chatham and Dover, there is a spacious enclosed room of very large size in which all the luggage is ranged on benches, and, if I remember rightly, is placed either according to its label number or the first initial of the owners' name on the label. You enter these places without rush or scrimmage, you identify and claim your luggage without difficulty, and if it has got to be opened it is opened under comfortable conditions.

Then, if you are so satisfied with the two Victorias, why travel to and from the Continent in connection with any other station?"

But the Brighton Victoria involves the Dieppe route, of which more anon; and as regards the South Eastern, the continental trains connected with Victoria are either too expensive with their supplementary charges, for the tourist who is not actually a rich per-

son; or they depart or arrive at inconvenient hours. The plain fact remains that Charing Cross is connected with the most-commonly-used section of the direct traffic with the Continent; and Charing Cross remains to this day as utterly unequipped for dealing with the luggage on arriving, as it was apparently forty-five years ago.

There is no doubt that the absence of any proper shelter and refreshment rooms at Dover Pier is a disgrace to the British nation. Why cannot Dover be as well equipped as Calais? What is the use of putting forward the fact (which may not be a fact) that you are never detained at the quay, and that somewhere up in the town of Dover there is a railway station which has got decent waiting-rooms and a refreshment department? Seeing that the boat trains never stop at such a station, the existence of its alleged comforts has no bearing on the question.

Folkstone is a little, but not much, better. But some mystery, some slur, which I have never been able to understand, seems to lie on the Folkestone-Boulogne route; by which I have once or twice travelled (with, if I remember rightly, great unpunctuality). Far and away the main bulk of passengers travelling between London and the Continent go by way of Dover and Calais.

Now: as to the crossing of the Channel at its narrowest part—Dover to Calais. This is constantly advertised as being achieved in a few minutes over the hour. On the smoothest day in my own experiences, it never takes less than an hour and a half, and it would be interesting to learn how often the trains connected with it at Dover leave for London at the advertised time. The railway that controls this route advertises with a flourish of trumpets the splendid steamers which meet the trains, though even their ad-

vertised speed—nineteen to twenty-two miles an hour—does not come up to the speed of the steamers plying between Denmark and Germany, Denmark and Sweden, or similar short-journey steamers between Hamburg and the Dutch coast. But the principal trains between Charing Cross and the Continent are not (in my experience) often served by any one of these advertised steamers, but by the *Pas-de-Calais*, a French boat, which I should think scarcely did more than seventeen knots an hour, and which is certainly *not* the last word in comfort and conveniences, but about dated in that respect "1880." I never remember to have crossed the Channel in any boat connected with the South Eastern trains which seemed to me in comfort and speed worthy of the position in the world of the United Kingdom. I am aware that added comforts can be had for extra payments ranging from 1*l.* to 12*l.* (for a journey which ought to take no longer than an hour), but this is only part and parcel of the general policy of the continental traffic of this line, which makes it more and more difficult for people of modest means (as are most travellers) to avail themselves comfortably of the shortest sea route. The one thing, however, rich people cannot buy on these Channel steamers, is the right to leave them comfortably; no matter how great, rich or distinguished you are, you must take part with perhaps 100 fellow-passengers in struggling to leave the ship by a steep gangway which admits one person at a time. As most of the persons who leave carry two or three articles of luggage, the scrimmage inflicts many bruises and scratches. The reason why this shoving and excitement takes place is in order to secure comfortable seats in the waiting train.

On most of the big expresses abroad, at any rate during the seasons when there is much traffic, every seat in the

first and second class is numbered, and passengers wishing to make sure of a seat in the train must apply beforehand with their tickets for a number. In many ways this is an excellent system and might be (perhaps is) adopted by the Brighton line in connection with its continental traffic from Dieppe. But I think it unfair that the railway companies and the tourist agencies should make the charge they do for booking these seats. The mere taking of a ticket for a specified date should entitle one to a specified seat in a particular train. However, if the system of numbered seats could be adopted right through between London and the Continent, if on landing at Dover or Newhaven you knew your seat was inevitably allotted to you, there would be no need for this pushing and elbowing along a narrow passage to get first to the train.

It is some years since I made use of the Brighton line for reaching Paris. I used at one time to travel frequently by this way, and liked it. But I changed my mind a few years ago, as in certain ways I did not find the Channel steamers comfortable,¹ and, above all, after landing at Dieppe it was difficult to keep one's seat in the train except by sitting in it, and as this precluded the whiling away of an hour's waiting by taking refreshments or walking about, it made the journey tedious. Again: the St. Lazare terminus at Paris of the State Western Railways is, or was, badly supplied with cabs. I have several times arrived there and had to wait half an hour whilst a cab was being specially fetched from outside the station. Then

again, the accommodation and the arrangements at the St. Lazare for the Customs examinations are far less pleasant and convenient than they are at the Northern station.

Why cannot all railway companies throughout the civilized world follow the example of Germany, and arrange that passengers on arrival shall be handed a metal ticket with the number of a cab or motor, which is unchangeably assigned to them and must wait for them till their luggage is ready to leave the station? Such a convenience in Germany greatly assists nervous and fidgety people. At most of the London railway termini at the present day it is almost due to a personal favor on the part of the porter that one succeeds in getting a motor-cab at all.

Marseilles is a most ill-equipped port in this respect. There are plenty of motor-cabs in the town, but they are, I am told, "afraid" to approach the quays where the steamers disembark their passengers, and such passengers landing at Marseilles from various parts of the world, though they may by telegraphing beforehand get an omnibus from the station (but this is an appeal not infrequently ignored), can only get away from the waterside to the inconveniently-placed railway station in the most tumble-down, miserable little victorias to be found anywhere, with dirty, shabby cushions, and no capacity for carrying luggage—carriages that are wrenched from side to side in the tramlines, and which impose a cruel strain on their poor little horses in climbing up five hundred feet to the station. Why was the great terminus at Marseilles apparently placed without any regard to the fact that Marseilles is one of the greatest seaports in the world—a seaport as important to the United Kingdom as much as to France, for it has become really the outpost of Great Britain on the Mediterranean? There is this preten-

¹ I am since assured by a great Tourist Agency that the points I complained of have been completely remedied. If the *Etat-Ouest* would wake up a little, the Dieppe route to Paris should become the favorite one, but the State mismanagement of the Western Railway is becoming a serious concern to the friends and lovers of France. I am told by one who ought to know that the cause of the numerous accidents and the great unpunctuality is an unwise economy in upkeep.

tious terminus built on the edge of a cliff at the height of about five hundred feet above sea level, and at a distance of two or three miles from the quays. I believe there is a line of rail that goes by a circuitous route down to the quay where the P. & O. steamers call, and I imagine that it is possible thus occasionally for P. & O. passengers to go straight from their steamer to their train and vice versa, though such has never been my experience in my journeys by the P. & O. boats. But, of course, Marseilles being what it is—and it is nothing else, for apart from its importance as a seaport it is one of the few really uninteresting towns in all France—its great expresses to and from Paris and Calais should start from a new station on the quays in close touch with the landing of passengers from steamers from all parts of the world.

In connection with this, consider the importance of Algiers or Tunis as winter resorts. Algeria is among the wonderlands of the world, and one of the most interesting countries known to us. The beautiful town of Algiers itself ought to be within forty-eight hours of London. In fine weather, even the unremarkable steamers of the *Transatlantique* do the journey between Marseilles and Algiers in twenty-two hours. Instead of there being a train to meet the arrival or departure of the boat at Marseilles, there is a gap of many hours and a most disagreeable journey by a ramshackle conveyance between the far-away station and the dirty, obstructed quay. If Marseilles does not wake up a little, attempt to fill up some of its gaps, in time and distance, and keep under control the unruly population of its quays, a large part of its custom will leave it and will possibly be transferred to Genoa, which under German enterprise is going ahead to a remarkable extent. A noteworthy

point might have been observed in the North African press of the last week in January 1911: the cordial, not to say enthusiastic, welcome accorded by the French colonists at Bizerta (Tunis) to the arrival of the first steamer of a German line which is to open up a direct route between Genoa and Tunis. Similar newspapers had announced just before that another German line was taking away much of the passenger traffic from the *Transatlantique* boats in connection with the town of Algiers. I scarcely wonder either at the French enthusiasm for a German steamship line to Tunis, or the preference shown by English and American tourists for reaching Algiers by way of Genoa and German boats. The German boats are big, powerful, steady, and extraordinarily comfortable. The French boats on most of the lines that ply between Marseilles and North Africa are small, very much inclined to roll, and in most cases not speedy. Not only that, but their cuisine, which used to be so good and atoned for so much, has fallen to a type altogether unworthy of France.

Some of the great English steamship lines keep well to the forefront as regards speed, cleanliness, comfort, and good food. I have little but praise to utter in regard to the great lines of the Atlantic and the Royal Mail. A cruise in the big steamers of the last-named line is *really* a pleasure cruise; the same may be said about the Orient line to Ceylon and Australia and (though I have no personal experience) of the lines which cross the Pacific between Australia and Vancouver Island. I dare say there has been a corresponding improvement and bringing up to date in the African steamship lines under the British flag, but my experience of them in the closing years of the 19th century was such that I generally sought a French, a German, or an Austrian steamer in preference, if I could find one. I never forgot one journey

home from South Africa, in the early nineties, when I had to share a first-class cabin with three other passengers, one of whom was a dipsomaniac, another scarcely took his clothes off or washed, and slept clothed on his bunk, and the third was far gone in consumption, and spat blood at intervals during the night into the wash-basin. It is curious to think that these horrors and outrages on civilized ideas took place not so very many years ago. The fact is, that it should be made *illegal* by the maritime laws of all nations to oblige persons to share their sleeping compartment. There might be double-berthed cabins made for husband and wife: otherwise, all cabins, cubicles or bunks, should be allotted to single occupants, unless, of course, the vessel is of such a character and going on such a short journey that it is convenient to turn all her sleeping accommodation into one large dormitory, much on the lines of the sleeping accommodations on an American train.

I know that certain steamers still ply from port to port on the Indian Ocean and its tributary gulfs and seas, which swarm with cockroaches and with rats. The African steamer to which I have already referred, besides the three unpleasant human companions, swarmed with bugs; and I have not so many years ago been severely bitten by these disgusting insects on the steamers of a well-known Channel route, and have had the melancholy satisfaction of calling credible witnesses to testify to their existence. Other steamers equally plying across the Channel have—or had—the unsuitable plush coverings of their first-saloon couches full of fleas. Down to my experiences of a short while ago, only one line of steamers plying to and from Holyhead across the Irish Channel could be regarded as free from fleas. I do not mean by these statements to imply just a little nip here

and there, but attacks which completely robbed one of sleep and caused one to leave the boat puffy and unwell.

My recorded experiences of Ireland were that it was only in Ulster, in Ulster hotels and on Ulster railways, and steamboats plying to and from Ulster ports, that one could be confident of cessation from the flea persecution. The indifference to fleas over all the rest of Ireland is lamentable. As a rule, their existence is denied. I remember not many years ago—within the present century—complaining of this to a guest who breakfasted with me at one of the leading hotels at Dublin (an hotel in every other way first class). He denied the imputation somewhat hotly, though an Ulsterman himself. "In this hotel, for example," he began, . . . At that instant a large flea hopped from the *ewigkeit* into the marmalade. I pointed voicelessly to its dying struggles. Yet Ireland is one of the most picturesque countries in the world, and with a far better climate than it has been given credit for. Dublin, so far as its architecture is concerned, is a truly noble city. But if Ireland wishes to have the annual troops of tourists which she is interesting enough to deserve, there must be a national movement for getting rid of the flea.

Needless to say, this same pest interferes greatly with the amenities of travel in Southern Italy and in Russia. Southern Spain and Portugal are bad so far as the churches and places of public resort are concerned, but the hotels in those countries are often irreproachable. The hotels in Algeria are remarkably clean, and considering this is a portion of Africa the conveniences and even comforts of travel are well up to date.

In India, though my experiences are not very recent, the flea pest was a great deterrent; but the scenery, build-

ings, and the general life of India are of such unapproachable picturesqueness and interest that, as in Egypt, one is led almost to forget the presence of insect plagues. One great lack on the Indian railways, however, as compared with similar long-journey trains in the United States, is the difficulty of getting good iced water. Soda-water of a very inferior quality and alcoholic drinks (ditto, ditto) are freely offered at the stations, but I hold that the travellers on the trains (as in the United States) should be supplied gratuitously with pure iced water, to combat the terrible thirst which is the chief affliction of Indian travel.

The most comfortable and the cheapest railway travelling in the world is in Germany. The most comfortable of the world's steamers are those under the German flag. Railway travel in the United States, proportionately to the immense distances covered, is very well up to date in convenience and consideration of the passenger, and American hotels would deserve a very high meed of praise were they not so terribly expensive. For the excellence of their accommodation and their food, probably the hotels of France, Germany, Austria and Holland should be bracketed together as being the cheapest in the world, the opposite pole to the costliness of hotel life in the United States. The only fault in British inns and hotels lies in the food. In the simplest of these, in remote country places, the food is at any rate wholesome, though simple—just plain meat, a few very plain vegetables, tarts and puddings. But the average hotel, in contrast to the inn, supplies a meal that is not always wholesome and is generally insipid because its components are various preserved foods or things out of tins and bottles, or substances that have lain so long on ice that they have lost all flavor, or are preserved from decay by boracic acid.

If the typical "railway" hotel would apply itself to furnishing quite simple meals of fresh *home-produced* vegetables, meat, fish, fruits, and pastry, it would attract and satisfy a much larger clientèle. Both in France and in Germany hotel proprietors are beginning to realize that not all, or even many, guests desire, except on extraordinary occasions, meals of many courses. They have grown to tolerate guests who will lunch or dine off a bowl of good bouillon, followed by vegetables, fruit and pastry, or at any rate require but one meat dish not too complicated in its cooking.

I cannot help thinking that if a congress of tourist agencies (railway and steamship companies represented) were called, something might be done all over the world to remove the petty and avoidable discomforts—the seamy side—of travel and bring not only to those who are wealthy, but to those who are not, the chance of finding in travel and change of air a remedy for many ills—of the mind as of the body. Most of us do not want to be personally conducted, to be dry-nursed by an obsequious courier or led about like a grown-up school with total strangers of facile acquaintanceship. We prefer solitude—*à l'un, à deux, ou à trois*—and separate tables: we like such isolation in steamer journeys as you get in the Hamburg-Amerika, the Austrian Lloyd, or the Royal Mail; and not the yacht cruises whereon every shred of privacy and restful reserve is torn from you. We—if I may speak for kindred souls—gratefully acknowledge that the conditions of life on the French and Italian Rivas are all that the most exaggerated poster makes them out to be; climate on the whole very good, railway arrangements of the Nord and P.L.M. excellent, hotels cheap for the sound comfort or luxury they provide, scenery matchless. But often the good wrought by the stay on the Côte d'Azur

is undone by the experiences between Calais and Charing Cross.

We do not ask that the State should take over the South Eastern Railway—the mismanagement of the State-Western Railway in France and of the State Railways in Belgium is a warning against such a policy. But we do ask (for example) that there shall be better accommodation on Dover pier station, and that all the long-distance (over twenty miles) trains on the South Eastern, Brighton, and South Western lines of our own country should be really warmed in all classes between December 1 and March 1—not merely fitted with a warming apparatus “which is not in working order, sir,” or with 1840 foot-warmers which, if not tepid, warp the boots of the one or two persons able to reach them.

We think that if Charing Cross is to continue to be used for continental passenger traffic it should be fitted with ample accommodation for Customs examination.

We consider that if the future overland route to India (a supreme blessing to mankind) is to be through Germany and Russia and not via Germany, Austria, and Turkey, Russia will have to modernize her passport and Customs strictures: that steps might well be taken with the new Portuguese Government to render the Customs examination at Lisbon less harsh and the port dues less heavy, so that the capital of Portugal might be the quickest escape from the Bay of Biscay and the down-Channel fogs, and the chief calling-place of West Indian, South American, West and South African steamers. (Many a sick West African passenger dies from the miseries of the Bay of Biscay who, if he could be landed at Lisbon and continue his journey overland, might recover and attain to old age.)

The unnecessary rigor of the Customs at Italian ports requires attention

from the same international congress as I have summoned in imagination: so also do the disgusting condition of Italian railway lavatories, and the threatening touts and noisy beggars of Naples (Rome in all respects, especially in its railway station, is an admirably managed city—perfect from the tourists' point of view). The French Government might be invited to save tourists much annoyance and petty robbery by taking measures to seize and destroy all the *non-valable* or bad two-franc and five-franc pieces in circulation. Finding so many un-French pieces having legal currency in France, the mystified foreigner accepts without question a coin with a Greek, Italian, Bulgarian, or Baratarian device; and then not only finds he has been cheated, but is himself denounced as fraudulent if he tenders such a coin to a railway clerk or a cabman.

Taxi-motor-cabs should be in numbers in every big town in close connection with every large station or quay; and they should be so constructed that they can carry a moderate amount of luggage.

It should be forbidden in all countries for the public guardians of museums, picture galleries, and cathedrals to follow strangers about with a view to a tip, thrusting on them unasked-for and usually fatuous information, and thus spoiling many a first fine rapture.

Good iced water should be supplied free of charge on all long-distance trains as it is in America and (I think) in Germany. The names of all stations should be painted clearly in prominent places as they are in the United Kingdom. It should be easier than it is for intending railway travellers to purchase their railway and steamer tickets beforehand. They should not be obliged to stand for half-hours or more waiting their turn to reach the wicket, and then be pushed in the back while they are hurriedly telling their life-

story. And tickets issued beforehand for serious journeys should carry on them the right to a numbered seat in a specified train, and not require re-stamping or some such foolery, obliging this same vexatious attendance at the wicket before departure.

I write this article not from mere captiousness or because I am still con-
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fined to the house from the last chill caught on the South Eastern and Brighton Railways (a right and left barrel, so to speak, on the same day), but because anything which can be done to promote and facilitate travel is the most effective working in the cause of international peace and goodwill.

H. H. Johnston.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF "PICKWICK."

While the public is being reminded by the issue of the Dickens Centenary stamps of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great novelist next year, there is also interest attaching to the fact that the close of March marked the seventy-fifth year of publication of the *Pickwick Papers*, probably the greatest, and certainly the most popular of all his works. *Pickwick* has an engaging history. On March 26, 1836, the following advertisement appeared in the *Times*:—

THE PICKWICK PAPERS—On the 31st March will be published, to be continued monthly, price One Shilling, the first number of the *Posthumous Papers* of the Pickwick Club, containing a faithful record of its Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by Boz. Each Monthly Part embellished with four Illustrations by Seymour. Chapman and Hall, 186 Strand; and of all Booksellers.

Three years previously the first of the *Sketches by Boz* had been published in the *Monthly Magazine*, and, with subsequent contributions from the pen of Charles Dickens, had attracted some attention. At that time, Dickens, a young man of twenty-one, was earning a fair income by newspaper work, sketches and stories; and he was only two or three and twenty when Messrs.

Chapman and Hall approached him with the proposal that he should write the history of a quaint set of sporting characters, to which illustrations would be furnished by Seymour, the work to be issued in monthly parts. The publication, it seems, was really to be a vehicle for displaying the art of Seymour, who had become famous by his delineation of Cockney sporting characters. Dickens was instructed to record the adventures of members of a "Nimrod Club," and thus provide the letterpress which Seymour needed. But the young author was not keen to fall in with this idea; his contention being that the plates of Seymour should be subservient to the text. It says much for his force of character and for the confidence which the publishers had in his ability that he finally overrode all opposition and was allowed to have his own way in the matter. Seymour accordingly made his drawings from the description of the Club and its founder, Mr. Pickwick, as set forth by Dickens, while Mr. Winkle was introduced, as the novelist informs us, for the use of Seymour. Each number was issued in a green wrapper bearing an appropriate design by the artist, representing fishing, shooting, and other sporting scenes, and contained twenty-four pages of text and four illustrations. But a melancholy

event occurred before the issue of the second number—the death of Seymour—and it was necessary to send the *Pickwick Papers* to press with only three plates. A new artist had now to be found, while the publishers were obliged to rearrange the whole work. R. W. Buss was selected to succeed Seymour, the letterpress was increased to thirty-two pages, and the plates reduced to two in each monthly part.

Buss failed completely as an etcher; indeed, so incompetent did he prove that the two plates produced by him had to be cancelled when only a few copies of the work had been circulated. Ultimately Hablôt K. Browne stepped into the breach, and the genius of "Phiz" set the seal of success upon the *Pickwick Papers*. It is not too much to say that this gifted artist is in a large measure responsible for the popularity which the work has since attained.

With the death of Seymour the sporting element in *Pickwick*, which had yielded some of its most amusing situations, was dropped. The publication from a financial point of view had not been a success, the sales only averaging fifty copies of each number. In the fourth number appeared the famous illustration of Sam. Weller, in which that worthy is depicted by "Phiz" in the act of cleaning boots. Mr. Weller Junior immediately caught the public eye: the *Pickwickians* began to be talked about, and the sales of the monthly parts went up by leaps and bounds. "Phiz" had caught the spirit of Dickens: *Pickwick* was a huge success, the circulation at the completion of the work being from forty to fifty thousand copies. Needless to say, Messrs. Chapman and Hall were highly delighted with the sudden turn in the fortunes of their publication—so much so, in fact, that they sent Dickens a cheque for £500 when the twelfth number was reached. The

author, as the work progressed, received other cheques from the publishers, amounting in all to £3,000, in addition to the fifteen guineas per number which it was agreed should be paid to him. It is said that the sale of the *Pickwick Papers* returned a clear profit of £20,000 after the author's fees had been paid.

The association of "Phiz" with "Box" proved to be the beginning of a highly successful collaboration, for having both attained fame through the production of *Pickwick*, they continued to work together, with such results as the world in general and book lovers in particular have learned to appreciate. The humor and art of Hablôt K. Browne will always be identified with the first editions of Dickens's novels.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that Browne's appointment as illustrator to the *Pickwick Papers* prevented Thackeray, who had also made an application for the post, from completely abandoning his literary talents for those of the pencil, for it is possible that had Thackeray been appointed to the position, *Vanity Fair*, *Esmond*, and *The Newcomes* would never have been written. The Fates, however, ruled otherwise, and ten years later Thackeray was challenging Dickens for popularity, the *Edinburgh Review* having lauded *Vanity Fair* to such heights that its author was brought immediately to the front rank of fiction writers. Henceforward the art of Thackeray was destined to rival that of Dickens. But Thackeray never forgot the great genius of the author of *Pickwick*, and, as his correspondence shows, he was never tired of dilating on the charm of Dickens to others.

That so youthful an author as Dickens should be subjected to adverse criticism on the part of the reviews, while his popularity was reflected in fashionable plagiarism by inferior writers, was only to be expected. On both

sides of the Atlantic critics fumed and sneered at the new work. At the same time there came into being a large number of productions dealing with the further adventures of Mr. Pickwick. Reputable authors caught the fever and wrote stories round Dickens' hero—an audacity which was naturally resented by the novelist.

The popularity of *Pickwick* is not confined to the Anglo-Saxon race; it has been translated into every Continental tongue. Three years after the issue of the first edition, it was printed in Van Diemen's Land and sold with lithographed copies of the original illustrations at a small price. In England *Pickwick* has been issued in paper covers at a penny. What a first edition, complete in twenty parts, would now fetch it is impossible to say. The

The Outlook.

plates—including the two which were executed by Buss ("The Cricket Match" and "The Fat Boy Awakes") and which were afterwards suppressed—are in themselves of considerable value.

As for the original Mr. Pickwick, he is supposed to have been a coach-master at Bath. It is recorded that Dickens saw the name of Moses Pickwick, Bath, Coachmaster, painted on the door of a stage coach and that he immediately appropriated it for that of his hero, substituting Samuel for Moses. Old Mr. Weller and his son certainly existed in the flesh, an interesting worthy of the name of Thomas Weller having once kept The Granby Head in Chatham. In the novel The Granby Head became The Marquis of Granby.

THE INSPECTOR OF GOZ DAOUD.

I.

The night before I started on my annual tour of inspection up the Blue Nile I dined with Fortman, the Civil Secretary, kindest and best of men. After dinner he said—

"By the way, will you be stopping at Goz Daoud?"

"Yes," I said, "I think so. The boat takes in wood there, and I believe we stop for a night."

"I wish you would look up Aveling," said Fortman. "You know him, don't you?"

"Oh yes," I said, "I know him. Melancholy beggar, isn't he?"

"Well, he always used to be," said Fortman; "but Billy Graham, who saw him not long ago, says that he's now quite a cheerful bird. He's a jolly good man at his job, anyway. We got a note from him on the taxation of rain-lands two or three months ago which was really excellent: the Sir-

dar thought it was quite a good scheme, and I believe it's going to be adopted. So I wrote to Aveling and congratulated him, and said I was glad he was taking such an interest in his job, and hoped he was getting to like the life here, and all that sort of thing. Because, you know, he always used to be so fearfully depressed: he did his work all right, but he never seemed to get any fun out of it, or out of anything else: and in this country a man doesn't do much good unless he's a bit enthusiastic. Well, the reason I want you to look him up is this. He wrote me a very nice letter, but a most awfully queer one. He said that he knew he had always been a bit of a wet blanket, but that the most amazing thing had happened to him which had made him the happiest man alive. He said he couldn't tell me the story then, but he hoped some day he might be able to explain it. I suppose it's

all right, but it's a bit odd, isn't it? He used to be profoundly depressed, and now he's extremely cheerful: and the change, whatever caused it, has made him one of the keenest and best men we've got. But I must say that I should like to know a little more about it."

"Why bother?" I said. "It's all to the good, isn't it?"

"Oh, it's not idle curiosity," said Fortman. "But I rather distrust these sudden changes, especially in this country. The climate and the life have such a queer effect on some people; and one has to keep an eye on fellows who are all by themselves, like Aveling. Of course, I don't want you to report, or anything of that kind: but you might just look him up, and tell me if you think he would be the better for a spell of civilization. He's doing so well where he is that we don't want to move him. All the same, if you think he wants a change, we could easily manage it."

So I promised to look him up, and next day I started off on my tour. To tell the honest truth, I didn't think much of Fortman's story. Aveling might quite well have had news that he was out of some mess about which he had been worrying; and anyhow, it didn't seem to be any one's business except his own. Besides, I didn't take much interest in the man: he was such a gloomy beggar, as I knew him.

II.

It was a week later, and one of the hottest afternoons I ever remember. The little stern-wheel steamer, kicking her way up against the Blue Nile in flood, seemed to be baked through and through by the sun, like a cake in an oven. It was too hot to read, too hot to shoot crocodiles, too hot even to smoke. One could only lie and pant, and wait for the setting of the sun.

Even Abdou, my fat Berberine serv-

ant, seemed to feel the heat. He v-late with my afternoon tea, and he appeared to have something on his mind: for he stood about, when he had put down the tea-things, looking distinctly uneasy. At last he said—

"After an hour and a half we get to Goz Daoud."

"Yes," I said sleepily.

"Does your Excellency land there for dinner with the Inspector," he asked. "or will the Inspector dine with us on board?"

"I expect I shall dine with him," I said, "and very likely I shall sleep there to-night. The boat won't go on till to-morrow morning."

Abdou seemed more embarrassed than ever. "Better your Excellency stop on board," he said; and when I asked him why, he replied, "Who knows if the tale is true? Yet a tale is told which I do not understand. It is said that his Honor the Inspector, Aveling Bey, has always with him a Djinn, who tells him of things unknown to mortals."

"Nonsense," I said; and Abdou said—

"As your Excellency pleases. This is the story. Who knows if it is true?" and he waddled off.

After he had gone, I remembered my conversation with Fortman, and Aveling's letter about the "amazing thing" which had happened to him. Had this anything to do with Abdou's yarn? Of course, one thinks nothing of stories of Djinns or "Afreet" in the Sudan: according to the natives, they are everywhere. One, I remember, used to haunt the road leading down to the river past the Adjutant-General's house in Khartoum. The boldest donkey-bry would never think of going that way after dark. But I had never heard before of an Afreet or Djinn befriending an Englishman. I puzzled over it for a bit, and then gave it up. It was too hot to worry over anything.

sun was setting as we came into Goz Daoud reach. The Blue Nile lay out there for two or three miles and the scene was one of those so print themselves on the brain is impossible ever to forget them. The westward sky was full of that laved fantastic splendor which seems so far to the Sudan: the wide river was red as blood with the reflection. A great herd of breeding camels had come down to drink, and lay dimly on the western bank: behind them a row of palm-trees stood black against the blaze of the sun, and above the palms hundreds of specks flew in long lines across and across, like some strange pattern marked in black on a background which changed each moment through every shade of orange, scarlet, and purple. Slim Arab girls, in their dull blue robes, stood along the bank, balancing their water-jars on their heads, and greeting the steamer with their high, quavering cry. We see such gorgeous pictures sometimes in the Sudan, and forget for a moment the green hills and the soft gray light of England, which at other times are never very far from our minds.

As the steamer drew up to the Goz Daoud landing-place, I saw Aveling waiting for us; and he came on board the moment we tied up. Never in all my life have I seen a man so completely changed as he was in the six months since I had last met him. The hard lines had all gone out of his face, and he looked at least ten years younger; but the startling thing was that his settled melancholy seemed not only to have disappeared, but to have been replaced by a happiness too complete and absolute to be described as placid. He simply radiated happiness. The Sudanese soldiers on the lower deck became one vast grin the moment they saw him. His manner, too, was completely changed. Formerly he had

seemed to make an effort to take his part in conversation, or even in the most ordinary interchange of civilities; but now he was the perfect host, genuinely glad to see his guest, and conveying his pleasure naturally in every tone of his voice.

As we turned to walk up to his house, I noticed at once that all was well with Goz Daoud from an administrative point of view. They say that the experienced general can form a very good opinion of the military value of troops merely by seeing them march past on the parade-ground. We who are engaged in the business of government soon get to know at a glance whether the machine is working smoothly or not in any station we visit. When Aveling gave the usual evening greeting, "May your night be happy, oh Sheikh," the answer, "And may yours be happy and blessed, oh Master," came with a readiness and enthusiasm which left no doubt of his popularity. The Sudanese Arab is always polite, but he is not always very hearty in his greetings. The sheikhs and notables of Goz Daoud evidently thought Aveling a gentleman and a good fellow, and were glad to let you know it.

Something had happened to Aveling, and it had improved him out of all knowledge. So much, at least, was evident. But I could form no sort of conjecture as to what it was. However, after all, it was no affair of mine: I had no right to cross-examine him about rumors, and no sort of wish to do anything of the kind. All seemed to be well, and I dismissed from my mind Fortman's anxiety and Abdou's foolish tale of the Djinn.

He gave me a surprisingly good dinner, and the more we talked the more I liked him. Towards the end of dinner, something he said reminded me of the latest Cairo story which had drifted down to Khartoum. It was a typical Cairo story, rather amusing,

rather improper, very malicious, and probably not in the least true. I began to tell it to him, but when I was halfway through he leaned over and touched my arm. "Would you mind," he said, "not finishing that story." I suppose I looked surprised, for he laughed, and went on. "Oh, I'm not so squeamish as all that, you know: I daresay I should be a good deal amused, if we were alone. But, you see, we aren't," and he laughed again.

"What do you mean?" I said, "there is nobody here but ourselves."

"Yes, there is," he said. "My little Doll is here, though you don't see her. She came down with me to the boat to meet you; but I could see she wasn't visible to you."

Frankly, I thought the man had gone clean off his head; and I suppose he read my thoughts, for he said, "Really, you know, I'm not in the least mad. Doll's here all right, though you can't see her. I sometimes wonder whether any of the natives can: I've a sort of idea they think there's something unusual, but they don't say anything. I see I must tell you the whole story. I meant to, really, all the time: in fact, I made up my mind that I would, as soon as I heard you were coming, for a reason you will soon understand. But it's a long yarn; let's get into more comfortable chairs while I tell it. The drinks are by you."

III.

"Did you ever hear of some people called Marinier—Colonel Marinier, of the Indian Army, and his wife?" asked Aveling.

"I remember the name," I said. "Wasn't there some tragedy?"

"I'm coming to that," said Aveling, "but, in order to explain a rather unusual story, I must begin with myself. My father and mother both died when I was quite a little kid: I don't even

remember either of them. I was brought up by a guardian, who was kind enough, but really, you know, didn't care much about me. Nobody did, much, that I can remember: I rather liked one of the grooms myself, but he thought I was a little nuisance. Then at school I got on all right with everybody, but I never had any particular pal. There were several fellows who were pretty friendly—asked me to stop with them in the holidays, if two or three fellows they liked better couldn't come, and all that sort of thing—but no one who was really an intimate pal. I should have liked one, but somehow they didn't seem to come my way.

"It was pretty much the same at Sandhurst; and then, just after I was gazetted, I got a letter from Colonel Marinier, saying he was an old friend of my father, and had just left the Indian Army and settled down in Hampshire, and asking me to go down and stop with him whenever I could get away. I went down, and somehow from the very first I found myself liking them much more than any one else I ever met. Marinier himself was a very good sort, and his wife was simply and entirely delightful. She was the best-looking woman I ever saw, I think, and, quite apart from that, she was the sort of person every one liked, because no one could possibly help it. They had one little daughter, and she was Doll, who is here now, though you can't see her. She was about nine then, and we took to each other from the start,—didn't we, old lady? I remember she announced the first evening I was there, first, that she liked me, and secondly, that she was going to call me Dick, which isn't my name; and Dick I was to all of them from that time on. I was there a week that first time, and before I went I was much fonder of that kid than of all the rest of the world put

together—which sounds absurd, but it's true. And when I was going away she came and hugged me, and said, 'I wish you were stopping here for a month. I wish you weren't going away at all, ever.'

"I can't tell you how much those people were to me, and Doll in particular. I used to spend pretty well all my leave with them, and Doll and I were always knocking about the country together, when she could get away from her governess. Wasn't it Charles Lamb who said, 'What a lass to go gypsying over the world with'? That just describes Doll: she was the best companion you can imagine. As good as gold, too, and such a wise little beggar.

"One day, when she had been very silent for a good time, and seemed to have been doing some serious thinking, she said, 'When I'm a grown-up person, do you think, Dick, that perhaps you'll like to ask me to marry you?' I told her I didn't think anything about it, and that of course I was going to marry her when she grew up, whether she liked it or not. She said, 'I think I'd rather you asked me, Dick, though of course I should say yes.' Mrs. Marinier laughed at us, and said Doll was too young to think about such things. So we didn't talk about it any more; but I was quite determined in my own mind to marry her just as soon as she was old enough.

"Then came the South African War, and we were ordered out. I got a couple of days' leave, and went down to the Mariniers to say good-bye. The last afternoon Marinier and I went out to shoot some rabbits: I hadn't a gun with me, and he lent me an old one of his. We were coming back, and I had taken out my cartridges and given the gun to the keeper, when he called out, 'Stoat, sir, there in the spinney,' and gave me back the gun. I couldn't see anything, so after a mo-

ment we went on. Marinier was talking about outposts, and I was very much interested, and wasn't thinking about the gun, which I didn't give back to the keeper. At the corner of the wood we met Doll: I hate going on with this story; it almost makes me sick to think about it, even now. I said, 'Hullo, there's another rabbit!' and pointed the gun at her, and it went off and killed her stone-dead on the spot. Stone-dead, that's one comfort: she can never have known what hit her: she was not three yards off, and was shot right through the heart. There's no possible defence or excuse for ever pointing a gun at anybody: and I knew that as well as any one else. Of course the keeper had slipped in a cartridge when he saw the stoat. If I had thought, I should have known that he wouldn't have given me an empty gun. But I suppose something in my brain stopped working: one can't account for these mad follies.

"I don't remember much what happened next. I wanted to shoot myself, and the keeper, very properly, wanted to shoot me; but Marinier stopped us both. He picked up poor little Doll, and started to carry her home. I asked him if I might carry her, but he said, 'No.' Then, when we were half way home, he said, 'I must go on and tell Mary. Take her, Dick,' and gave her to me to carry. That was the kindest thing any one ever did. I think.

"Then, when we were near the house, Mrs. Marinier came running out, very white and fierce. She said nothing, but took Doll in her arms and carried her indoors; and I wandered into the garden and wished I could wake up from this horrible nightmare. I sat down on the step of the school-room door, and wondered in a dull sort of way what would be the best way of killing myself. I hadn't the least idea or intention of going on living. Pres-

ently Mrs. Marinier came out of the house and Marinier after her: he said something to her which I didn't hear. She came towards me, and then turned and walked two or three times up and down the lawn, trying to control herself. Then she came to me and began, very coldly, 'My poor boy——,' and then she stopped and sat down by me on the step and cried and cried. 'You poor Dick,' she said, 'you poor old Dick, it's most dreadful and horrible for all of us, but it's much worse for you.' She took my hand and held it, and we both sat there crying like a couple of babies. At last I said, 'I can't go on living, you know; I really can't: I must go out.'

'Marinier had come up, and was standing close to us. He said, 'You're a soldier, and war is declared. You've got no right to go out.'

'Mrs. Marinier kept tight hold of my hand, but she didn't speak for some time. At last she said, 'Dick, my dear old boy, I'm sorry for you, but you must go on living till your time comes. What would Doll think of us if we let you kill yourself? You must promise me not to, Dick, for Doll's sake: you will, won't you, Dick?'

'So I had to promise; and I went to say good-bye to Doll, my little Doll that I had killed; and I told a coroner's jury of my damned folly, and I rejoined my regiment, the unhappiest man, I suppose, that God ever made.'

IV.

'I remember well that first day on the transport. Martin commanded the troops on board—Conky Martin, who afterwards did so well in the war. He was looking through a list of the officers on board when I came up, and when he got to my name he said, 'Aveling, Aveling,—isn't that the damned fool who shot Marinier's kid?'

'There was an awkward silence; and then I said, 'Yes, sir, I'm the damned

fool, only the expression isn't nearly strong enough.'

'He looked at me for a minute, and then he said, 'I entirely agree,' and went on with his list.

'All that voyage I kept looking at the sea with a sort of sick longing to jump overboard and have done with it; but I couldn't because of my promise. If only someone would have fallen overboard and given me an excuse, I could have gone in after him: but nobody would. My colonel talked to me like a father about my depression. 'Damned silly thing to do, of course,' he said, 'but, after all, a pure accident. We all do silly things sometimes. Why make a song about it? What?' But, of course, neither he nor any one else realized that Doll had been anything more to me than just a kid, like another. My old color-sergeant also did his best to console me. 'If I might take the liberty, sir,' he said one day, 'my advice to you would be, sir, do not be down-hearted. "What is the use of ree-pining?" as the song says. You take this regrettable incident too much to heart, sir, I do assure you.' But that's just what it was: to them it was a regrettable incident, while to me it was a tragedy which had wiped all the happiness clean out of my life.

'We had a long spell of dull work when we first landed, and I brooded over my disaster more and more. Then at last we suddenly found ourselves in the middle of some hard fighting in the north of Cape Colony. Martin turned up to command the force to which we were attached; and shortly after he came we had a sharp brush with brother Boer, who attacked us in force. The bullets were falling pretty thick, and I thought my chance had come: I jumped up from behind the entrenchments, and began observing the advance and waiting for a kind bullet. 'Lie down, that officer,' came Conky's angry voice from the rear: as

bad luck would have it, he had come for a look round. I hesitated, but I couldn't well disobey, and I wasn't touched. When the scrap was over. Conky Martin sent for me. 'Look here,' he said, 'young fellow my lad, you aren't paid and transported out here to spoil my casualty returns, so don't you think it. If you want to get killed, I'll give you a chance later on. But if I see you standing up again to be shot, by God I'll have you broke for cowardice in the face of the enemy.'

"I will say for him that he did give me some chances, though none of them came off. All I wanted was decent death and burial, so of course no one could hit me, though I used to go in bald-headed for every chance of a scrap. After one hot thing, later on in the war, my Colonel wanted me recommended for a V.C.; but Conky wouldn't hear of it, and quite right too. I found I could forget my troubles when the fighting was actually on, and really at moments I quite enjoyed life: but it was as bad as ever when I got back to camp. When Conky got a big command he took me on his staff, to my great surprise, and he worked me hard and gave me lots of exciting jobs. But I couldn't get hit, and I was never sick or sorry all those three years.

"I used to write constantly to Mrs. Marinier, and she to me. We talked quite freely in our letters about Doll; and nothing could have been kinder than the way she wrote. She told me that she had known that I was really, seriously devoted to Doll; and that Doll had been quite as devoted to me. She said that I wasn't to think her too miserable, because she had a consolation, about which she would tell me when I got home. Then her letters stopped suddenly: and a month later came a letter from Marinier to say she was dead. When I read that, I

thought it really was the last straw: but Marinier went on to give her last message to me. He wrote: 'An hour before she died she said that she had just seen Doll, who was very happy. She also said: "You must write and tell Dick that I have seen her, and that some day he will see her too: and tell him he must wait, and not be so miserable. Mind you tell him."' She kept on insisting, and I promised to write.'

"That message consoled me a good deal, though I didn't then understand what it meant. I had got to stick it out somehow, and something would happen some day; but how I could hope to see Doll again was more than I could understand. When the war at last came to an end, I was one of the very few who regretted it, on personal grounds. My regiment was going home, and I didn't much look forward to life in an English station, as you may imagine. I asked Conky if he could get me a hard job. He said, 'I think I can get you into the Gippy Army, my old show. They're a very good crowd. When you get to the Sudan, ask to be transferred to the Civil Administration. They'll give you four men's work to do, and there are always plenty of chances of pegging out in the Sudan, if that's what you're after.' He went on, 'I can't quite understand your case, Aveling. There seems to be more in it than meets the eye. Any one would be pretty sick who had shot a kid by accident: but I should have thought you'd have got over it by now, after all this fighting and seeing facts as they are. You didn't shoot the kid on purpose, did you?'

"I suppose I looked rather savage, for he said, 'All right; don't shoot me, any way. I know you didn't; only I can't explain you. How old was she?'

"'About eleven,' I said.

"'Well,' he said, 'it beats me alto-

gether. Go to the Sudan and work yourself right again, if you can; but I doubt it. I think a good clean death is what you want. Pity, too; I could have done something with you. If you come out all right, just write to me any time, and I'll find something for you.'

"Well, he got me the job here, and went off to India himself. Good man, Conky: I liked Conky. You know him, don't you? Long, thin man, with a big beak and hollow cheeks, rather like a hungry wolf. A bit of a terror, but a good man."

V.

"Well, you know what I've done here. The work always interested me a good deal, but I never could get really excited about it. I took no leave last year, except a month's shooting up the White Nile, where an old bull-elephant nearly got me, but not quite. What was the good of going home? Marinier was away, travelling somewhere, and I had no one I much wanted to see. But those long hot afternoons, when you can do nothing but wait for it to get cooler, got on my nerves a good deal, and I began seriously to consider whether I was really bound to go on with it. Mrs. Marinier was dead, peace be upon her: she knew much more about things now, and probably wouldn't keep me to my promise, knowing what a burden life was. Marinier's objection was gone, now that there was no war. Why shouldn't I put an end to the whole thing?

"There is a convenient eddy half a mile down the river from here, which takes you right under and only lets you up again a mile and a half down. We lost several black soldiers there when we first came up. I could easily engineer a little boating accident, which would do the trick.

"Well, about five months ago I had

got all my affairs pretty well settled up, and had made all my arrangements. I was to go out by myself in a small sailing-boat about five next morning to shoot duck, and I was going to do a heavy gybe and upset just above the eddy. I turned in early the night before, feeling quite light-hearted, like a schoolboy just going home for his holidays. I woke up at dawn, and there was Doll sitting on the foot of my bed, and positively grinning at me. I thought it was a dream at first; but there I was on the roof as usual, and it was light enough to see. I said, 'Have you come to say good-bye, my dear, my dear?' She said, 'Don't be an old duffer, Dick. You're not going to drown yourself.' She always used to say 'drown', and insisted it was right, in the face of all argument. I was glad to see her again, by Jove; but I hardly dared move, I was so afraid she'd disappear. But she said, 'It's all right, Dick. I've come to stay and keep you company till you come over to us. It won't be very long now, Dick.'

"Well, well, I can't tell you much more, you know. Ever since Doll has been here I've been perfectly happy. We don't talk much to each other nowadays, because we can understand each other quite well without words. I wanted her to tell me about her world, and now, I think, I do understand it pretty well; but I could never explain it to you, because there are no words that apply. Doll and her mother are together, and yesterday she told me her father had 'come over' too; so I suppose he's dead. They are all perfectly happy—that I'm sure of. Doll always laughs about having been shot by me, as if it had been a rather amusing incident. That is their view of most of our tragedies, so far as I can make out. They talk about them much as we talk about the little disasters we had when we were

kids. The other world is all quite simple, really—much simpler and more natural and much better than we imagine; only there aren't any words to describe it.

"I fancy my time must be pretty well up, and I'm quite ready to go. Doll says it will be very soon. I wanted to tell some one all about it, because there may very likely be lots of other miserable beggars, as I used to be, who are worrying themselves about nothing. I don't say you don't have to pay for wrong-doing; but it's what you are that matters most in the end, not what you have done. Perhaps my story may be some use to some of them."

"Pretty late, by Jove: we'd better turn in. You'll sleep here, won't you? I've told them to make you up a bed on the roof."

VI.

A fortnight later I stopped again at Goz Daoud on my way down. To my surprise I saw Billy Graham, who belonged to another district, waiting on the landing-stage.

"Hello," I said, "what are you doing here?"

"Taking charge," said Billy, "till some one is sent to take Aveling's place."

"What has happened to Aveling?" I asked, though I knew already.

"Dead," he said. "Black-water fever. The day before yesterday."

I went on shore with him and saw Aveling's grave. Billy said, "I only just turned up in time to see the last of him. He was quite cheerful, as if he'd been just off on leave, after a long spell. The people here were most awfully cut up: I never saw a crowd so cut up as they were. One old sheikh

made a long speech, in which he said that it was perfectly well known that Aveling had been under the special protection of Allah; and he talked as if there had been some kind of miracle. They all seemed to agree: but when I talked to the old sheikh afterwards he said that nothing was certainly known, and that it was better not to pry into mysteries.

We went back to the boat for dinner, and afterwards Billy said—

"Before he died Aveling said that you knew all about him. Can you tell me, or would you rather not?"

I hesitated a good deal. Three years before, when Billy first came out from Oxford, I shouldn't have dreamed of telling him such a story. He would have dismissed it with a confident disquisition, in which the words "subjective" and "objective" would have occurred several times; and that is the sort of thing it is difficult to stand when you get to a certain age and know your ignorance. But three years in the Sudan make a lot of difference. I told him the whole story.

When I had finished, we smoked for some time in silence. Then I said, "Do you believe it, Billy?"

"Who knows," said Billy. "Yes, I do believe it, I think. A few years ago I believed nothing, and thought I knew everything worth knowing. Now I know next to nothing, and believe a whole lot. Yes, I believe it. At least, I hope it's true."

After that he went ashore; and we cast off from the landing-stage, and went down river with the flood. All the wide reach was a sheet of silver in the brilliant splendor of the moonlight. I repeated to myself Billy Graham's words—"At least, I hope it's true."

E. C. Winton.

THE PROSPECTS OF CHORAL MUSIC.

For the first time in the history of modern music the natural development of the art is now being quite obviously deflected by the pressure of outside economic influences. During the last three centuries music has largely developed from within, and the line of internal development has been coincident with the direction in which society itself has progressed. The new life infused into instrumental music, for example, at the beginning of the seventeenth century was not only the result of the internal working of artistic principles, but also the outcome, first of all, of the ingenuity of makers of instruments of the violin family, and, secondly, of a condition of society which made it possible for very large numbers of people to devote time and money to the study of instrumental technique. Fashion has from time to time influenced, or rather assisted, musical development, but never has any force it has exercised been in unquestionable and direct antagonism to the inner principles which have impelled music to one period of fruition after another. By a series of coincidences social life for three centuries has provided a fertile field for musical growths; the art has developed to its present stature with its roots deep in the structure of society; and society and music for many decades have been so constantly inseparable as to appear interdependent parts of the same organism.

But this peaceful alliance is at a point of rupture. Art has become self-conscious, and music has begun to criticize society. All art is barren that does not enjoy a wide circulation; music that is never heard were best left unwritten. And the economic conditions to-day are such that a vast quantity of fine music composed during the

last three or four decades has never been either performed or published. It is impossible to conceive that any really fine or noble poetry of recent years is still in manuscript, that scores of wonderful paintings are refused a hanging at all the public galleries, that original and vivid dramas languish unrecognized and scorned by managers, or that a new Fielding or Thackeray is starving in Fleet Street. These things do not happen. But in the musical world manuscripts are passed from hand to hand and studied and admired; they are recognized by capable judges as being works often of enormous talent, and sometimes of genius; but no publisher can afford to publish them, and no society of music has the means to give them a performance. No artist is in so bad a case as the musician. The poet can (and does) invite the verdict of his generation by himself providing the money for the publication of a volume of his muse, and often enough a very slender talent is sufficient to generate a notoriety that is regarded by the poet as more than sufficient recompense for the trouble and expense involved; and the painter can with ease exhibit his works at little expense. But the composer of orchestral music has no such open door to the public, for the expense either of publication or performance is so large as to be absolutely prohibitive save in exceptional cases. Unless fate is unusually kind, or his own personality uncommonly persuasive, he will be the sole begetter and almost the sole admirer of his own work, and the music that a hundred years ago would have brought him European fame is now praised only by a handful of his friends.

Three centuries ago the orchestra as we know it to-day had no existence.

and neither artistic propriety nor custom had yet decided which of the various musical instruments were to be considered orchestral and which were to be used simply for chamber music. In the year 1600 an oratorio by Emilio del Cavalleri was given at Rome with an orchestra of five instruments; eight years later Monteverde's "Orfeo" was played at Mantua, the orchestral players consisting of thirty-six musicians: five players or thirty-six, it was merely a matter of taste. And for a hundred years the constitution of the orchestra was uncertain, and in all probability was governed by nothing save immediate convenience. If instruments provided for in the score were lacking in performance the organist would fill in the parts that were missing. But when, in the course of time, purely orchestral writing became popular for its own sake, the orchestra itself became standardized and its constitution fixed. The orchestra required for the performance of Beethoven's symphonies became the model for all composers, and it persisted in favor for nearly half a century, in spite of the efforts of Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner to increase its size and extend its scope. Indeed, it was not until these three composers had imposed their work upon the public by the sheer weight of their genius that the Beethoven orchestra came to be altered, and it was then seen that the convention which had stood in the way of orchestral progress had no artistic warrant, but was merely the result of a rigid artistic conservatism having its origin in intellectual inertia. Beethoven's symphonies, it was felt, were sufficiently difficult of comprehension without enlarging the orchestra by the addition of newly-invented instruments, to the everlasting confusion of the listener. That mere size was not objected to may be gathered from the fact that as early as 1784 in England—the least musically pro-

gressive of all European countries—Handel's "The Messiah" was given in Westminster Abbey with an orchestra of no less than 252 musicians. The feeling that hindered the broadening of the scope of the orchestra was merely founded on prejudice and on the authority of Beethoven's name; it was forgotten that Beethoven himself had disregarded all authority and that much of his music had had to contend with charges of extravagance and incoherence, just as Haydn's music had done in previous years, and as Richard Strauss's work is doing to-day.

The acceptance by the public of the work of Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner involved the acceptance of their orchestras also, and very quickly musicians of less note imitated them by the introduction of new instruments. There is so much general misunderstanding of the aims and intentions of these composers in extending the scope of the orchestra that it may here be explained that mere size did not intrigue Wagner in the least, though Berlioz' imagination was undoubtedly obsessed by everything that was of vast proportions. But even in Berlioz' case the motive prompting him in the increase of his orchestra was the desire to secure more variety of tone-color; largely an experimentalist, as indeed every artist must be who works with new and untried material, he sought for astoundingly beautiful effects by new combinations of instruments, detecting subtleties of sweet sound where others could discern only banality and ugliness. The search in his own case, and in that of Wagner, was amply justified and the year 1850 marks well the period when the Beethoven orchestra was undergoing disintegration, to be replaced by an orchestra that is still fluid and shifting in its component parts. Since 1850 the term "orchestra" has had no definite connotation: it has implied the small handful of men em-

ployed by Mozart, the compact, well-balanced and larger band of Beethoven, the heavy, impressive and often overwhelming organism constructed by the romantics of the middle of the nineteenth century, and, finally, any particular orchestra now used by Richard Strauss, Frederick Delius or Joseph Holbrooke, with or without sarrusophones, heckelphones, or concertinas.

The objection often raised against the modern additions to the orchestra that they will, by mere confusion of varied sounds, make themselves inaudible to the human ear and thus obscure any meaning they may contain, has been proved to have no foundation in fact; nature has kept pace with art, and the capacity of the human ear for separating combined sounds, and for combining sounds that are themselves separate, appears to be infinite. Aural delicacy, so far from being destroyed by the demands made upon it, is naturally increased by those demands. But a more serious objection might legitimately have been brought forward fifty years ago, though in all probability it would have been quite ineffective. I refer to the crude but powerful factor of cost. The bigger the orchestra and the more varied the instruments it contains, the greater is the cost of upkeep. Though modern orchestras are not unwieldy in a musical sense, they are becoming, and many of them have already become, economic impossibilities. The orchestral concerts given in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham and London—to speak only of Great Britain—rarely pay their working expenses, the deficit more often than not being supplied by public-spirited guarantors who recognize the social utility of symphonic, and indeed of all orchestral, music. Some of the concerts—like the Hallé concerts in Manchester—do continue just to cover their expenses, but this evasion of ac-

tual loss is consummated only by a rigid economy in the engagement of artists and in the performance of new works that call for extended rehearsal.

It is this question of rehearsal that is at the root of the whole matter. Music that is familiar—that is to say, all the "classical" works that are constantly being played in public—costs little to rehearse; sometimes, indeed, it is not rehearsed at all; the idiom is familiar, even if the actual notes are not; no fee is charged by the composer for the right of performance, and the size of the orchestra is kept within safe bounds. If music composed before the year 1850 were as attractive to the public as the music that has been composed during the last sixty years, concert managers and orchestral conductors would not be faced by the difficulty that now threatens to reduce them to poverty; for the receipts would cover all the costs incurred by advertising, the engagement of the hall, the musicians' fees, etc., and leave a substantial margin of profit. This supposititious profit is now almost entirely swallowed up by the swollen orchestra favored by modern composers and by the increased cost of extra rehearsal. For modern music is not only avid of mere size, but it also searches for complicated rhythms, rich and involved harmony, and enormously difficult passage work that cannot be understood save by arduous and prolonged study. Each hour that ninety or a hundred men are rehearsed increases appreciably the cost of performance; and when one adds to this cost the time spent by the conductor in learning a new score before bringing it to rehearsal—time that, in the end, has to be paid for—and the composer's fee (anything from £10 to £50) that is charged for the privilege of a single performance, it will be seen that the artistic claims and the popularity of modern music must indeed be very great, or else the temptation to

ignore it altogether would before now have proved irresistible.

Not only in England, but in Germany, France and America, orchestral concerts are now either run at a loss or with a small margin of profit that year by year approaches more nearly to vanishing point, and already a reaction has set in among composers against the swollen orchestras now so popular with the public. Writers like Claude Debussy, Jan Sibelius and Sir Edward Elgar have quite recently scored new compositions for comparatively small orchestras with a large amount of artistic and commercial success; for nothing of their particular idiom or individuality has been sacrificed by limiting their means of expression to a smaller number of instruments than they have been accustomed to, and the reduced cost of performance consequent upon employing few musicians has made it possible for the works in question to be heard in places where the ordinary modern composition is necessarily excluded. But this reaction is sporadic, individual and unorganized, and until it receives the active support of conductors and concert managers it is not likely to be of much benefit to those who do not already possess the authority and the power that reputation brings to force a small orchestra on a public that craves for a large one. Besides, the form of reaction I have referred to is a compromise, and it is clear enough to all outside observers that the matter of large orchestras has gone too far to admit of any compromise whatsoever. The attitude of revolt is the only one likely to be of service to the composer, and here and there, both in England and on the Continent, there are not wanting signs that a revolt has already set in, and that the artistic products of this revolt will constitute the music of the future.

If orchestral be the most expensive kind of music that is heard in the con-

cert-room, the cheapest is choral. Indeed, choral singing of the most wonderful description may be had at very little expenditure. Up and down the country, in London, in North and South Wales, in Lancashire, in Yorkshire and in Worcestershire are as fine bodies of singers as are to be heard in the world; they can sing equally well the music of the madrigal writers of the earlier part of the seventeenth century and the work of ultra-moderns like Debussy, Granville Bantock and Richard Strauss. By far the great majority of the members of these choirs have received no profound or prolonged musical training; what they know of music and of singing has been picked up in a haphazard kind of way, and they have been attracted to choral singing in a large measure by the obvious social advantages to be reaped from an extensive acquaintance with members of their own class. But as soon as they join a choral society—and membership is readily secured provided the raw material of good singing is sufficiently evident—they begin to undergo systematic and expert training in greatly contrasted styles of music. A few months of such training is sufficient to produce excellent results, for the class from which these people are drawn (shopkeepers and clerks, for the most part) is noted for its readiness of mind and its practical use of temperamental gifts. Their services in every case are given without money payment; the musical benefit they reap from regular training and from singing constantly with others is regarded as ample reward. For this reason the cost of upkeep of a choir of two or three hundred voices is not a tithe of the cost of an orchestra one-third the size. Instead of a choral society paying its members it is the members who pay the society, both in work and in a small nominal subscription; the expenses they incur in the purchase of

music, in the engagement of a hall in which to practice, and in paying their conductor a small salary are so inconsiderable as to be easily met by the subscriptions which they themselves contribute

Thus we see that, in writing for large choirs of singers, the composer is not hampered by any question of cost; there are other restrictions, it is true, but not one of them is of a direct economic description. Indirectly the question of money does enter even into choral music, and in a manner that is restrictive; but the early removal of this restriction is quite practicable, and already it is disappearing with encouraging rapidity. I refer to the comparative indifference of the public towards choral music and choral singing. If this indifference were the result of too much familiarity, or if it were caused by some irremediable defect in the nature of choral music itself, it would be vain to hope for its removal; but it has come into existence as a natural consequence of the dominance of three personalities whose influence has been to prevent any legitimate progress of choral music in England for nearly two centuries. These personalities are Handel, Mendelssohn and Wagner. "The Messiah" of Handel has been the staple mental and artistic food of all respectable choral societies ever since it was first produced in 1742. Great and noble work as this oratorio may be, it has so imposed itself upon the affections of British people that it has prevented the introduction into our concert-rooms of more modern work of the same kind, and has been the chief cause of that mental inertia so characteristic of a great portion of those who hold official positions in our British musical life. It has barred the way of progress for generation after generation. And what "The Messiah" has done in its big, powerful and massive way, Mendelssohn's "Elijah" has accomplished in

its effeminate, artistic and dangerously sweet manner. The original production of "Elijah" was at Birmingham in 1846, under the composer's direction; the magnetic personality of the composer, the favor in which he was held by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and the suave, easy genius of the work itself, all conspired to give it an enormous success, and at last "The Messiah" had to contend for public favor with a composition which was immeasurably its inferior in artistic worth. Enthroned for six decades in the programmes of all the great provincial festivals, awarded place of honor in all the series of concerts given by the vast vocal societies up and down the country, "Elijah" ruled over the musical world of Great Britain; it was the standard by which the quality of all other music was judged; its style was the pattern for all our native composers to work by; and critical opinion, drugged into sleep by the subtle religiosity exhalng from the oratorio, had no single adverse remark to make. Now that the work has ceased to hypnotize the modern mind into worship we see for the first time that its influence has been entirely retrograde; in power it is inferior to "The Messiah," and its square-toed harmony, its conventionality of expression, and its conformity with all the vicious practices of the oratorio style have done more to retard legitimate musical progress in this country than any other discoverable combination of causes. Wagner, the last figure in this ill-assorted triumvirate, was effective in damming up the stream of progress in choral music by refusing to write for the chorus at all. His later music-dramas, faithful in their adherence to his dramatic ideals, exclude the chorus entirely, and the kind of chorus we get in "Der Fliegende Holländer," "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" does not show the slightest advance on the work done by contempo-

aries of much inferior talent. Wagner's musical genius was undoubtedly orchestral in its character, and, though he made some rather startling discoveries by his treatment of the voice as a solo instrument, these discoveries were largely the accidental result of a rigid adherence to æsthetic convictions, which forced the voice to assume the melodic contour and dramatic color of the orchestral content. He made no attempt that is not negligible to compose music for a mass of voices, and the whole trend of his work was to obscure the æsthetic value of the human voice when heard in combination with other voices.

Choral music, then, has not during the last century—to go no further back than that—made progress proportionate to that achieved by orchestral music; and now that the orchestra has already reached the climax of its power and has become practically a social and economic impossibility, the creative energy of many European composers is being directed into channels where it may most quickly reach large masses of the people—that is to say, it is exploring the possibilities of the human voice and creating music which, intended as it is for mixed voice choirs, is largely experimental in its attempt to arrive at hitherto undreamt-of effects in tone color, dramatic description and lyrical expressiveness. This sudden growth of interest in choral music on the part of composers of genius is due in a large measure to the inception of the competitive festival movement, instituted as the result of the enthusiasm of Mary Wakefield in 1885. It is a matter of history that at least two isolated festivals, modelled on the Welsh *Eisteddfod*, were arranged in England before Mary Wakefield started the Westmoreland Festival in 1885; but it is clear from a close study of the choral festival movement of the last three decades that it is entirely owing

to the particular form of competitive festival instituted by her that the movement spread so rapidly and has already had such a powerful effect upon the development of music not only in this country, but also abroad. Mary Wakefield, no doubt, obtained her root-idea from Wales, but it was her intention to engage the interest of the people as much as possible in music for its own sake, and, though she recognized that the spirit of emulation and "pot-hunting" must be appealed to if the movement were to have any success, she eliminated many of the possibilities of envy by initiating a closing concert at each festival, at which all the competing choirs combined in friendly help to interpret varied programmes of choral music. Miss Wakefield's entire scheme was founded on an intimate knowledge of human nature; she conceded what the public demanded, and by doing so obtained from that public more enthusiasm, more artistic work of a trying description, and more wonderful interpretative results than she herself had foreseen.

The test pieces chosen for competitive purposes were, at the outset, taken from those already available in print; English composers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were drawn upon, as well as Continental and British composers of the present and past generations. But the difficulties presented by the music of the past were so readily overcome by choirs from various parts of the country that search was made for more exacting material, and here and there it was found. Cornelius, for example, was discovered to have written no small amount of choral composition that had never been published, and on examination it was discovered that some of his work was so modern in spirit (Cornelius died in 1874), and presented both technical and æsthetic difficulties not contained in other available music, that steps were

taken by the Morecambe Festival Committee to have various part-songs by Cornelius published in England and Germany. In the meantime a few composers of distinction had acted as adjudicators at some of the festivals, and had been brought into the closest possible touch with the festival movement. The immediate result of this contact of the creative and interpretative elements in modern music was a crop of fresh choral work both original in idiom and new in its whole method of expression. For the first time in the history of music it came to be recognized that the chorus might be treated as an orchestra—that is to say, the independence of the various “voices” in an eight-part chorus, for instance, might be pushed to the extreme which is found in the different instruments composing the modern orchestra. It was seen that “perpendicular” writing inevitably makes for monotony of expression; that to treat the chorus as static rather than fluid is to abandon complex effects that make for dramatic exactitude and reality; and that to confine the melody for long periods to one “voice” is to create a feeling of mechanical artificiality. These discoveries, and many others, were incorporated in a large amount of new work which British composers quickly wrote, and Sir Edward Elgar, Professor Granville Bantock, Mr. Rutland Boughton, Mr. Frederick Dells and Mr. Hevergal Brian all proved within the space of a few years that they had received a strong and lasting impetus in the creation of this form of art. Indeed the effect upon Professor Bantock’s genius has been most remarkable; he, more than any other British composer, has had his imagination deeply moved by the prospect of incorporating in his choral work the new meaning and significance that have been placed at his disposal by the greater technical and æsthetic fa-

cility of choruses called into being by the competitive festival movement. Mr. Ernest Newman has recently declared that during the last three years Professor Bantock’s style of choral writing has undergone a complete change as the result of listening to various choral competitions at Blackpool.

Those who, like the present writer, have had the opportunity of attending many competitive festivals, and have followed closely the action and reaction of composers upon singers, have been able to gauge the depth and scope of the inspiration that is the source of this new movement, and they have seen it spread to the Continent and manifest itself in the work of such representative composers as Claude Debussy in France, Richard Strauss in Germany, and Jan Sibelius in Finland. Sibelius has travelled in England, and his friendship with Professor Bantock has given him opportunities of remodelling his choral music and giving it that sombre picturesqueness and glamour that have hitherto been characteristic of the greater part of his orchestral music. Debussy also, in recent years, has shown that he is in close touch with what is going on in England, and Richard Strauss has revealed unmistakable signs of feeling tentatively for a new mode of expression in his more recent work for large bodies of singers. Max Reger, however, still keeps aloof, but his gospel of “Back to Bach” will, no doubt, be considerably modified when he has heard the wonderful singing of which our Northern British choirs are capable.

That, then, is the new movement, and the more closely we regard it the more astonishing does it appear that it should have had its origin in England, the most artistically backward, because the most isolated, of all European countries. Its inception, as I have shown, was largely due to the enthusiasm and organizing genius of Mary

Wakefield; but for very many years before this lady became actively interested in choral singing England (and particularly Northern England) had been famous for its wonderful choirs, and unless abundant material had been lying ready for use the new movement would have died soon after its birth. If, too, there had not been, for the first time for two centuries, a small band of British composers of genius living in the closest possible communion with the life of their own time, choral singing could not have made its unexpected leaps and bounds to the goal of perfection, nor could the flame of enthusiasm have been kept burning so purely and so steadily.

But though the new movement is firmly established and, in my own belief, is destined to change completely the current of modern music, a good deal still remains to be done. The public as yet has not made a complete response to the novel forms of art that have been placed before it. There is so much that is bewildering and strange in work like Delius's "On Craig Ddu."

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for example, and in Debussy's "O Winter, Villain that thou art!" and in Ban-tock's "The Lost Leader"—all late products of this most fertile renaissance of musical art—that the uncritical and indolent public are apt to listen to it with impatience, and to regard it as outside their emotional and intellectual experience. All new art movements, of course, however spontaneous they may be, have always the passive resistance of the masses to cope with, but happily in this instance the most ardent devotees of the music of the future are themselves laymen and unlearned in musical science; it can, therefore, be but a few years before the enthusiasm of all the members of our better-known choirs will spread to those lovers of music with whom they come into contact, and thus increase rapidly the size of the comparatively small audiences whose greatest interest in music lies in the work that is being inspired by the emotional and intellectual readiness and insight of thousands of choral singers all over the country.

Gerald Cumberland.

THE LUCKY MONTH.

"Know thyself," said the old Greek motto. (In Greek—but this is an English paper.) So I bought a little red book called, tersely enough, *Were you born in January?* I was; and, reassured on this point, the author told me all about myself.

For the most part he told me nothing new. "You are," he said in effect, "good-tempered, courageous, ambitious, loyal, quick to resent wrong, an excellent *raconteur*, and a leader of men." True. "Generous to a fault"—(Yes, I was overdoing that rather)—"you have a ready sympathy with the distressed. People born in this month will always keep their promises." And so on.

There was no doubt that the author had the idea all right. Even when he went on to warn us of our weaknesses he maintained the correct note. "People born in January," he said, "must be on their guard against working too strenuously. Their extraordinarily active brains—" Well, you see what he means. It is a fault perhaps, and I shall be more careful in future. Mind, I do not take offence with him for calling my attention to it. In fact, my only objection to the book is its surface application to *all* the people who were born in January. There should have been more distinction made between me and the rabble.

I have said that he told me little that was new. In one matter, however, he did open my eyes. He introduced me to an aspect of myself entirely unsuspected.

"They," he said—meaning me, "have unusual business capacity, and are destined to be leaders in great commercial enterprises."

One gets at times these flashes of self-revelation. In an instant I realized how wasted my life had been; in an instant I resolved that here and now I would put my great gifts to their proper uses. I would be a leader in an immense commercial enterprise.

One cannot start commercial enterprises without capital. The first thing was to determine the exact nature of my balance at the bank. This was a matter for the bank to arrange, and I drove there rapidly.

"Good morning," I said to the cashier, "I am in rather a hurry. May I have my pass-book?"

He assented and retired. After an interminable wait, during which many psychological moments for commercial enterprise must have lapsed, he returned.

"I think *you* have it," he said shortly.

"Thank you," I replied, and drove rapidly home again.

A lengthy search followed; but after an hour of it one of those white-hot flashes of thought, such as only occur to the natural business genius, seared my mind and sent me post-haste to the bank again.

"After all," I said to the cashier, "I only want to know my balance. What is it?"

He withdrew and gave himself up to calculation. I paced the floor impatiently. Opportunities were slipping by. At last he pushed a slip of paper across at me. My balance!

It was in four figures. Unfortunately two of them were shillings and pence. Still, there was a matter of

fifty pounds odd as well, and fortunes have been built up on less.

Out in the street I had a moment's pause. Hitherto I had regarded my commercial enterprise in the bulk, as a finished monument of industry; the little niggling preliminary details had not come up for consideration. Just for a second I wondered how to begin.

Only for a second. An unsuspected talent which has long lain dormant needs, when waked, a second or so to turn round in. At the end of that time I had made up my mind. I knew exactly what I would do. I would ring up my solicitor.

"Hallo, is that you? Yes, this is me. What? Yes, awfully, thanks. How are you? Good. Look here, come and lunch with me. What? No, at once. Good-bye."

Business, particularly that sort of commercial enterprise to which I had now decided to lend my genius, can only be discussed properly over a cigar. During the meal itself my solicitor and I indulged in the ordinary small-talk of the pleasure-loving world.

"You're looking very fit," said my solicitor. "No, not fat, *fit*."

"You don't think I'm looking thin?" I asked anxiously. "People are warning me that I may be overdoing it rather. They tell me that I must be seriously on my guard against brain strain."

"I suppose they think you oughtn't to strain it too suddenly," said my solicitor. Though he is now a solicitor he was once just an ordinary boy like the rest of us, and it was in those days that he acquired the habit of being rude to me, a habit he has never quite forgotten.

"What is an onyx?" I said, changing the conversation.

"Why?" asked my solicitor, with his usual business acumen.

"Well, I was practically certain that I had seen one in the Zoo, in the reptile

house, but I have just learnt that it is my lucky month stone. Naturally I want to get one."

The coffee came and we settled down to commerce.

"I was just going to ask you," said my solicitor—"have you any money lying idle at the bank? Because if so——"

"Whatever else it is doing, it isn't lying idle," I protested. "I was at the bank to-day, and there were men chivying it about with shovels all the time."

"Well, how much have you got?"

"About fifty pounds."

"It ought to be more than that."

"That's what I say, but you know what banks are. Actual merit counts for nothing with them."

"Well, what did you want to do with it?"

"Exactly. That was why I rang you up. I—er——" This was really my moment, but somehow I was not quite ready to seize it. My vast commercial enterprise still lacked a few trifling details. "Er—I—well, it's like that."

"I might get you a few ground rents."

"Don't. I shouldn't know where to put them."

Punch.

"But if you really have fifty pounds simply lying idle I wish you'd lend it to me for a bit. I'm confoundedly hard up."

("Generous to a fault, you have a ready sympathy with the distressed." Dash it, what could I do?)

"Is it quite etiquette for clients to lend solicitors money?" I asked. "I thought it was always solicitors who had to lend it to clients. If I must, I'd rather lend it to you—I mean, I'd dislike it less—as to the old friend of me childhood."

"Yes, that's how I wanted to pay it back."

"Bother. Then I'll send you a cheque to-night," I sighed.

"And that's where we are at the moment. *"People born in this month always keep their promises"* The money has got to go to-night. If I hadn't been born in January I shouldn't be sending it; I certainly shouldn't have promised it; I shouldn't even have known that I had it. Sometimes I almost wish that I had been born in one of the decent months. March, say.

A. A. M.

OTHER PEOPLE'S HEROES.

It is difficult sometimes to account for our friends' friends. We wonder very often how they came to be intimate with people so unlike themselves and, in our hearts we sometimes add, so unlike us. Of course, if we are really friendly people, we never say a word about the puzzle, and, as a rule, at least in individual instances, we manage to find solutions to fit the cases. So-and-so, we argue, is not a friend whom our friend would have chosen. He is an item of family property and

he likes him for association's sake. Such-and-such a man, again, must be the recipient of gratitude. He must have done our friend a good turn in the past. That dull woman whom he is always so delighted to meet was very pretty once. Her charm lies not in herself but in the memory of those who knew her long ago. As to the other one that thinks herself clever, well, she certainly appreciates his abilities as well as her own. That vulgar man has the gift of constant cheerfulness. It distracts our friend in one

sense and us in another. As to that man of leisure, who seems to take no interest except in sport or the acts of his own relations, perhaps there may be something manly under the clean and handsome mask that hides his individuality from the world—something which comes out to our friend when he is alone with him. After all, we like him better than the literary man who writes so well about every subject and only speaks on one—and that one himself. Now and then our friend's enemies puzzle us too. We do not really mean his enemies, of course, in any serious sense. Some lighter word ought to be invented to describe modern enemies. Enmity among friendly people is as dead as gluttony, but we still suffer from keen dislikes just as we suffer from bad indigestion. We do not go about nowadays looking for opportunities to do anyone any harm, but there are certain people whom we hate to see, and sometimes we show it. Also we always put a bad interpretation on their actions, and we do not at all care if they come to know that we do.

Now and then we have a friend who is the enemy of another friend. When first we find it out we are amazed. But the amazement seldom lasts. As a rule we find some satisfactory explanation of the disagreeable fact. Very often it is nothing but a radical difference of opinion. Religious bitterness is almost dead—among the educated, at any rate—it is a mere platitude to say that the same sincere search for truth leads one man to Rome, and another to Geneva, and a third to Agnosticism, but those who smile contemptuously at the man who feels a prejudice against his neighbor on account of his creed will make of his political opinions an *à priori* argument against his *bona fides*. He cannot be a patriot because he does not agree with them about universal service.

Perhaps they impeach his orthodoxy from the other side, and regard him as a bloodthirsty anachronism (any phrase will do to abuse a miscreant). It is ludicrous that it should be so, but it is. Another reason which will often account for an apparently unreasonable dislike is the fact that we are each of us proud possessors of a darling and special virtue. There is some one matter, perhaps, some very little matter, wherein our conduct is perfectly immaculate—perhaps we never forget to return a loan, even if it is only a sixpenny magazine; or we never improve a story, or never speak against anyone. There are some people who never make friends with anyone whose special virtue does not match theirs. Very like, if we consider the matter, we shall find that that is the case with our friend and his enemy. Another frequent cause of unreasonable dislike is resemblance: the man we dislike for no reason reminds us of one we hated with good cause.

But, however difficult we may find it in individual instances to account for our friends' likes and dislikes, we seldom find any difficulty in accounting for the society which he lives in as a whole. The element of choice comes in here so much less than is supposed. Except in the cases where people are born with a strong social will or an extreme social fastidiousness, men and women live, socially speaking, where they must. They are held where we find them by what we call "ties." None need live in a house they do not like, and most need not live in a parish they do not like, but their choice of houses and surroundings is, as a rule, strictly limited, though they are not in the position of having what we call "no choice."

The really difficult thing to account for is the friends that our friends make, and the company they choose to keep, among the heroes of history and

fiction. In the world of fiction there are no limitations; gratitude does not join us to one man, nor spite divide us from another. We can live in the highest or the lowest society—just as we please—and we are continually amazed at the choice of even our intimate friends. Some of them appear to move among the marionettes made by the second-rate romancers. Many, of course, keep only the best company, but even then we may wonder at their choice of friends. Who has not been amazed to hear some friend express an intense admiration, indeed confess a long-cherished passion, for some one we should least have expected them to like—say, for instance, Miss Austen's Emma? Perhaps the speaker has married a wife who is the very opposite of the heroine who fascinates him. So far as we know he was free to choose, for Emmas are not so uncommon (though Elizabeths are rare), and we think he might easily have found one. Moreover, he adores his daughters, who belong to a totally different type, and Mrs. So-and-so, who really is an Emma, is a woman he cannot away with. Emma—in the book—answers to some bit of his nature which we do not know. The present writer knows one woman who stoutly affirms that she would like to have married George Meredith's "Egoist." The inequality of the proposed yoke defies description, but she is matched by the men who declare themselves enamored of Becky Sharpe, and then diligently hunt out and marry one of the few Amelias still to be found upon the market. Then what unexpected people may be said to spend their holidays with Trollope in Barchester! People who would, we should have thought, be utterly out of their element in a Cathedral town; who would be bored by a gossip with Archdeacon Grantley, and could not be bothered to humor poor Mr. Crawley for two minutes together, and who

never flirt, nor have flirted with any real young women of the type of Trollope's heroines. They would be inclined to kick Johnny Eames if they saw him, yet his troubles interest them intensely. Is it the art which fascinates them? We doubt it. It is the change of society. Sometimes, again, we find a young man, a sound, cheerful sort of person, who we thought might be on familiar terms with Scott's characters, or at least with those of Louis Stevenson. In the world of fiction we should expect to see him in company with Alan Breck, or "the seafaring man with one leg," or consorting perhaps with one of Anthony Hope's petty Kings. In real life he goes, roughly speaking, with that sort of people; but when he chooses his own friends without let or hindrance, we find him moping about with Maeterlinck, and making imaginary love to Méliande. What have they in common? It is hopeless to wonder. Then it is really sad to find what excellent ladies absorbed in their domestic or their philanthropic concerns go for holiday excursions into a world which modern novelists have created, where almost everyone is what, outside a book, they would certainly call very wicked and where most people are what anyone would call very unhappy indeed. How can it refresh them to do this? Apparently they take no harm from their bad company—they come back just the same. The only visible effect of their sojourn is to give them a slight contempt for those who prefer to read something more like real life.

For ourselves, we must confess we never met the man who had read Shakespeare and the Bible and them only. No man, we are certain, ever read Shakespeare without reading other books if he could get them. The people who do know Shakespeare well are very often not the people that we

should expect to know him. Pick out from among your acquaintances some man of the world with a real acquaintance with its tragedy and its comedy, its men, its women, and its customs. Very likely he will confess that he never takes Shakespeare off his shelves. Perhaps he will amaze you by saying he reads Dante every day.

The Spectator.

Sometimes we have felt as if the great proof of the existence of the sub-conscious self did not depend upon the evidence of the Psychical Society, but upon common observation. There is a self in many a man who is certainly not known to his friends, who lives in worlds that he never appears to enter.

DOCTORS IN DIFFERENCE.

Slowly, and with difficulty, an elementary standard of personal hygiene has won acceptance among the more intelligent and educated strata of our population. Cleanliness, fresh air, and regular exercise may be said to be the corner-stones of this hygiene. None of them comes easily to the "natural man." The early makers of the Hebrew laws found it necessary to summon all the rigors of divine and human vengeance to teach the rudiments of cleanliness. Washing has always figured as a semi-religious act, a reputable rite. Its gradual extension from class to class, from nation to nation, has been taken as the outward and visible sign of the spread of civilization. Regarded as a habit of hygiene it is a modern acquirement. Even so short a time as half a century ago a comparatively small proportion of those who spoke of the workers as "the great unwashed" had a bathroom in their house. Now the respectable mechanic takes his tub and with proper patriotic pride contemns "the dirty foreigner," although in point of fact the washing habit is acquiring as firm a hold of the chief continental peoples as of our own. But what if all this hardly acquired virtue be a mistake, a cunning invention of the soap manufacturer, or a distinctive badge of immunity from manual labor? What if it be simply a disease of civilization?

Such are the disturbing questions which Sir Almroth Wright raises by the lecture delivered recently at Burlington Gardens. "There is a belief that by washing people wash off the microbes. We do take off a certain amount of microbes, but we also destroy the protective skin which is all round our bodies like the tiles of a house. When one has a horny hand no microbes can get near the skin. A great deal of washing increases the microbes of the skin, so I do not think cleanliness is to be recommended as an hygienic method." The natural man is, indeed, no more a lover of fresh air than an enemy of dirt. On the contrary, we know that he loves stuffy rooms and hates a draught. Our ancestors, not long ago, drew close curtains round their beds lest any oxidized air, even from the carefully closed chamber, should penetrate their lungs in slumber. Even now it is a triumph for our health visitor to persuade a cottage-woman to open a window. When she consents it is usually "to please the lady," rather than for any good she thinks she gets from it. She will now be able to quote the great Sir Almroth. "Why is the fresh air cure only applied to tuberculous disease? I hold it to be a dreadful superstition. The whole of the doctrine of fresh air requires to be revised."

The habit of taking exercise, or un-

dergoing needless physical exertion of any kind, is quite unintelligible to most nations. "What induces these infidels to run to and fro when they might sit still?" is the well-known comment of a Turkish potentate as he watched Englishmen playing a cricket match. Nothing, indeed, is more firmly rooted in the orthodoxy of the well-to-do Englishman than the belief that games and sports involving arduous physical energy are good for health. But it seems that this belief is as artificial, as superstitious, as the others. "There is no evidence," says Sir Almroth, "that the man who does not take physical exercise is more liable to disease than the man who does." But he is not content with destroying one by one our hygienic idols. He must pull down the whole temple of the false goddess. "I have noticed in the circulars of the Health Society the phrase, 'Prevention is better than Cure.' I would like to stamp that out. We should wait until we are infected, and then take steps to kill the microbes."

We observe that in some medical quarters this extraordinary pronouncement is treated as a huge joke. But we have a higher regard for Sir Almroth Wright's reputation than to believe that he could perpetrate so clumsy a piece of dangerous facetiousness. Though we have men on our judicial bench who habitually disregard Bacon's advice that "Judges ought to be more learned than witty," the leaders of our medical profession have never so demeaned themselves as to seek to confuse the public mind upon the gravest issues of health. We are driven to the conviction that Sir Almroth Wright, one of our chief authorities and pioneers in pathological research, is a whole-hearted disbeliever in these elements of popular hygiene. Nor does he stand quite alone. Other men, hardly of less eminence, have wended from time to time the same

scepticism regarding some of our most cherished beliefs in matters of health. Now such utterances cannot fail to provoke profound disquietude. Is this scepticism to be regarded merely as the perversity or eccentricity of genius, the exaggerated distortion of a specialist which finds a panacea in some single mode of therapeutics, such as inoculation, whose superb and all-sufficing value renders all prophylactic treatment of trivial account? Or can it be that our modern hygiene consists largely of a fanatic creed bred of the excessive fears of the classes who, divorced from manual labor, the "natural" lot of man, have leisure and means to elaborate a hygienic ritual as unmeaning, as injurious to their sanity of body, as the religious rituals to their sanity of mind? It is now widely held that a habit of excessive eating, as formerly of excessive drinking, pervades those classes able to afford expensive diets. Yet even the medical profession still stands divided upon the merits of "feeding up," both as a general precept and for particular complaints. Are we about to see a similar rift of professional opinion open up on other maxims of ordinary hygiene which we have come to regard as absolute in their authority upon our lives?

The issue is no light one. Everybody now-a-days is so much of a faith-healer as to be aware of the importance of having a medical man in whom he has confidence. But if this personal faith is important, much more important in the long run is the maintenance of the collective confidence which belongs to the authority of the profession. Now this collective confidence is definitely damaged by these novel doubts sown in the public mind. The dilemma which these candid doctors set before the lay mind is of a far graver sort than that propounded by Mr. Bernard Shaw. It may be briefly

stated thus. Readers of the article on Medicine in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" will be impressed by the enormous and multifarious advances made in every department of the science. Everywhere the expert toil of many trained minds, the wealth of experience gathered in many quarters, have contributed to impart an air of exactitude to the results expressed in language of so much technical precision. Or, turn to another arena, the law courts. Here a sheaf of recent reported cases shows us a profession so firmly established in intellectual orthodoxy that they rally as one man in protest against unauthorized practitioners who claim to fight against disease by weapons forged in some outside armory. Though throughout the history of therapeutics the most important discoveries have slowly fought their way as heresies into the reluctant acceptance of the profession, this lesson of history carries little force to teach toleration or liberality to the present occupants of office. Following in the witness box the row of expert witnesses summoned to convict some osteopath or other unauthorized practitioner, or to defend some member of the fraternity whose patient in a hasty operation "fails to rally," one would suppose that the profession of medicine had reached a level of scientific certainty in diagnosis and in treatment. Yet the confidence which such professional solidarity suggests is strangely contradicted by the detailed experience of everyone who has familiar intercourse with individ-

The Nation.

ual members of the profession. Extreme diversity, open and avowed empiricism, fluctuations in treatment almost as rapid and incalculable as the fashions in dress, displace in actual practice the close conformity of the authoritative text-book or the law court. Though the candor of Sir Almroth Wright's statement, "I have been in consultation with twenty-one doctors round a rich man's bed, and none of them knew what was the matter with him," may be rare, most of us have had occasion to suspect that the grave taciturnity of the bedside manner was often but the cloak of a conscious failure to diagnose. Such occasional, nay frequent, failure may well be considered an inevitable incident in the delicate endeavor to track the secret irregularities of morbid processes in nature. But the profession devoted to so difficult and intricate a study might at least be expected to cultivate a more liberal spirit towards the free groups of workers on its borderland or hinterland, whose adventurous discoveries have enriched its fund of knowledge in the past, and are assuredly required to maintain its progress in the future. The habit of heresy-hunting is as injurious to medicine as to religion, and it harms the bigot even more than the heretic. Meantime the layman stands distracted between this attitude of absolute professional authority, on the one hand, and the destructive scepticism which Sir Almroth Wright represents.

WOMAN IN SPORT.

What is the sound and sweetly reasonable view for a man to take of the modern accession of women to the realms of sport? A new epoch in the athletic emancipation of the sex was

inaugurated by the victory of a lady golfer over one of our foremost champions, and, with women fearlessly navigating airships and aeroplanes, there seems, short of polo and the football

field, no outdoor pastime closed to them. Yet this athletic woman is less a new departure than reversion to a type that preceded the Early Victorian type. The old *Sporting Magazine* records many prize-fights between women in the opening years of the nineteenth century, and in the time of the Stuarts and their immediate successors English ladies took keen interest in cock-fighting. There is in the Rutland MSS. a letter from Miss Bridget Noel to her sister, the Countess of Rutland, in which, with a freedom of spelling that we may envy, if we may not emulate, the writer refers to "coking and hors matches, which we have promised to be at. Barney intends to back our coks with some thousands, for he is on our side."

What, then, are we to say to this advent of women in every kind of sport? Playwrights and novelists, poets and essayists are of little assistance in gauging public opinion on the subject, for they as often try to guide as to reflect it, besides which they usually treat the subject with the legitimate exaggeration of caricature. We should, for instance, have to seek far and wide among the fair members of the Bath Club to find such a female Admirable Crichton as "Di Vernon," who could leap a five-barred gate, besides being proficient in both ancient and modern languages. Kate Coventry was a less pretentious hoyden, for she cared nothing for books, but was merely, as her Aunt Deborah said, "wild after horses and all such unfeminine pursuits" It was left for Pinero to create the most delightful of all amazons, and the whole moral of the comedy was summed up in Lady Castlejordan's reminiscence of how her lord and master had greeted the birth of a daughter in the winter: "Damn it, Miriam! you've lost a whole season's hunting for nothing!"

Other writers, other views. Of

horswomen, Byron and Disraeli, neither of them misogynists, took diametrically opposite views. The author of *Lothair* devotes one of his most flowery passages to open admiration of the "bewildering habits and bewitching hats" of ladies on horseback, while *Don Juan* begged

to hint to all equestrian Misses
That horses' backs are not their
proper places.

The attitude for each man to take must depend on his own womenfolk. Lady Violet Greville has said that no woman should be allowed out with hounds unless a good rider, but there are hunting countries, not far from Somerset, in which the same rule should apply to men. It is impossible to class the majority of outdoor sports as unfit for women as a sex, for women differ in their physical fitness no less than men. There may be women unfit for hockey, but there are certainly men unfit for croquet.

The mention of hockey suggests what may perhaps be a true, if severe, test of the sportswoman. If there is one travesty of a game against which I would protest with my last drop of ink, that travesty is what is known as "mixed" hockey. Lawn-tennis, badminton, and croquet are admirable games for both sexes to take part in, and if a girl wishes to enjoy the open air with her brothers or with those of her friends, let them ride, or skate, or golf together. But mixed hockey, dangerous for the women and demoralizing for the men, should be as obsolete as bull-baiting. And now I come to the test, which, but for the fact that I am nearing the sere and yellow, and no longer am afraid of speaking out, I should hesitate to propose. If a woman really fancies shooting or fishing or hunting for its own sake, and not for the added opportunities it affords of seeking the companionship of

men taken up with the serious business of sport, then, given the health and means, it is folly to exclude her from the enjoyment of such pastimes.

If, on the other hand, she takes up sport solely to be with the other sex, then let her be discouraged to the verge of brutality. Sport is not, or at any rate should not be, a social function. Nor is it a mixed game. The keen gunner or fisherman loves solitude, and the best men in the hunting-field are interested in the crowd only to the extent of getting out of its way. Otherwise they ride with their eyes on the hounds and their thoughts with the fox. Most men who shoot know the woman who, not holding a gun herself, likes to stand in the grouse butt or beside the covert next to the crack shot of the party and watch him bring down his birds. If she could only hold her tongue until the drive is over she might be a wholly delightful companion, but unfortunately she has an unhappy knack of just moving or speaking at the wrong moment, causing the birds to break back or swerve off to the next gun. Even the best of sportswomen is apt to spoil things by encouraging the man to show off and shoot wildly. From the peacock dancing before his hens to the champions of the jousting ring, the male has always shown off before the female, and this weakness often makes young men, with their spurs to win, shoot at birds that are too far off, or at rabbits which dart across the rides in dangerous proximity to the legs of the next gun.

The test of the shooting woman is that she shall walk and stand alone,

The Outlook.

without a man nearer than thirty yards. If she will obey such conditions, then by all means let her shoot with the best. It is much the same with fishing, a sport in which solitude may be even more essential to success. Yet there are moments when the right sort of woman may be a ministering angel when pain and anguish wring the brow at sight of a fat trout about to make good its escape, with the landing net just out of reach along the bank. The other woman, who screams at the touch of a worm and has to be carried over every runnel of water, is better left at home.

All said and done, it seems that the keynote of woman's place in sport is moderation. It is fine to see her getting health and enjoyment from her outdoor exercise, but not to devote herself to it with the same passion as the stronger sex. She should swim, but need not attempt the Channel. She should scull a boat, but not compete at Henley. She should fence—there are few more healthy exercises for young women—but not fight duels. Above all, though not invariably a good loser, she should not be discouraged because she is not in the first flight. She may not play golf like Miss Leitch, or badminton like Miss Lucas. She may not skate with the dash of Mrs. Syers, or dance with the grace of Pavlova. Yet falling short of perfection is no reason for despondency. If we men were invaded by the same scruples, how many of us, I wonder, would ever be seen in the stubbles or beside the salmon-pool!

F. G. Aftalo.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A story breathing the fresh, invigorating air of the Cumberland fells is "Silverwool," and listless novel-readers owe hearty thanks to Emily Jenkinson for writing it. Silverwool is Farmer Wain's huge prize ram, cherished and valued almost like a child, and his only rival at the Great North Show at St. Oswald's is in the possession of Luke Heron, one of pretty Betty Wain's suitors, whose chief shepherd is believed to have stolen it when a lamb, knowing the stock it came of. The possibilities of such a plot are effectively realized, and as a mere narrative the book is intensely interesting. Better still, it is full of sympathetic description and shrewd character-study. Ishmael Gray, the crippled curate of Applegarth, sorrowing and striving over his wayward parish, would alone make it noteworthy. The Baker & Taylor Co.

John Gaunt, a London millionaire whose fortune has been made in red rubber, is the hero of Paul Trent's new novel, and "The Vow," which gives its title to the book is made by him to save his wife's life, and pledges him to conduct his affairs henceforward "in accordance with the teaching of Christ." On Lady Mildred's recovery, he finds himself obliged to antagonize the administration of the Congo, addresses mass meetings, calls down upon himself the hostility of the Belgian government, incidentally alienates his wife—to whom he gives no explanation of his astonishing *volte-face*—fits out a warship for the mouth of the Congo, holds up all ships carrying rubber and ivory, and brings about an international complication from which results an agreement between Germany, England and France to take over the Congo. The story does not

lack incident, and readers who find it credible may enjoy it. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, well known as an authority on the South of ante-bellum days, has given us a series of vivid pictures of the period in "The Colonel's Story." The Virginia plantation with its lavish hospitality; the gay groups at White Sulphur Springs, President Taylor among them; the attempted duel; the outbreak of the "gold-fever"; the search for the young adventurer, crossed in love, from San Francisco to the missions of Southern California; and the wedding with its fascinating preparations—all are portrayed with a charm only possible to one who writes *con amore*. The Colonel himself, a solitary, chivalrous idealist, in love with a young girl of half his years, is a figure both dignified and pathetic; his rival, equally high-minded, is an effective contrast; and Shirley is a girl to dream of and dare for. The minor characters are well sketched—Andy, the Scotch gardener; Mrs. Bangs, tall, gaunt and depressed, with her troop of carrot-headed children; Pizarro, the black boy; Aunt Prissy, with her currant jelly and brandy peaches; quaint little Dorothea, Shirley's sister; and Dr. Berkeley himself, a fine example of the old-time Southern physician, with his capable and lovely wife. The Macmillan Co.

The Rev. John Stockton Littell's "The Historians and the English Reformation" published by The Young Churchman Company of Milwaukee, is an essay in comparative history of more than ordinary interest and importance. Possessed by a strong but by no means exaggerated conviction of the pivotal significance of the English

Reformation, and the lamentable extent to which it is slurred over or presented with a partisan bias both in general and school histories and in school instruction, Mr. Littell has undertaken an exhaustive research not only into the teachings of the greater and lesser historians, Protestant, Catholic or neutral, but of their critics, and has brought together between the covers of this single volume the fruits of this research and comparison in such a form that students and teachers of history may easily possess themselves both of the essential facts and the differing views of historians and critics. The conclusion which Mr. Littell reaches, and for the buttressing of which he conducts his marshalling and comparison of the statements of historians is the catholicity and continuity of the Anglican church. But he holds that the writers and teachers of history should be impartial in their expressions, either admitting that there are two sides to the question, or stating both sides fairly.

An uncommonly attractive, readable and wholesome novel is "Forged in Strong Fires," by John Ironside. The action takes place in South Africa, just before and during the Boer War, and the heroine is the daughter of an English land-owner, in love with a neighbor of Dutch parentage but educated at Oxford. Joyce's mother, and younger brothers and sisters, are sent to England when the situation becomes threatening, and the chapters describing their experiences there give variety and relief to a plot which might otherwise be too tense, but the chief interest remains with Joyce, at her father's side, and with her fate after his tragic death. The author has bestowed the gift of second sight with a lavishness that taxes the reader's credulity, but his lovers are so high-hearted and gallant, and altogether in so agreeable a contrast to those one meets in the aver-

age story of the day, that one is not disposed to cavil much. Little, Brown & Co.

Alfred Noyes's "A Poet's Anthology of Poems" (The Baker & Taylor Co.) is a book which piques the curiosity more than most volumes of selections. Mr. Noyes is by far the most gifted poet among the singers of to-day: who are the poets for whom he cares, and which are the poems which most appeal to him? This is the first and most obvious question which suggests itself as one turns these pages. The answer is not hard to find. There are less than forty poets, all told, from whom he makes selections; and of these, he finds most that is worth quoting in Tennyson, next in Wordsworth, and next, in the order named, in Browning, Blake, Shelley, Shakespeare, Matthew Arnold, Christina Rossetti, and Alice Meynell. As might have been expected, the verse in this volume, however varied the theme, is all upon a high level; it has lyric grace and beauty of form, but something more. Moreover, neither the selection of the poems nor their order in the book is an accident. Mr. Noyes, in his preface, which is an admirably courageous bit of writing for these days of doubts, affirms his full faith in the fundamental order and harmony of the universe, and he writes: "The smallest break in that eternal order and harmony is an immeasurable vacuum of the kind that both art and science abhor; for, if we admit it, the universe has no meaning. The poet demanding that not a worm should be cloven in vain, crying with Blake that a robin in a cage shakes Heaven with anger, are at one with that profound truth,—a sparrow shall not fall to the ground without your Father. The blades of the grass are all numbered. There is no break in the roll of that harmony 'whereto the worlds beat time.'" The preface gives the key-note to the anthology.

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {
VOLUME LI.

No. 3488 May 13, 1911

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

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TO HERRICK.

The world's asleep!
The sky is full of stars to-night,
Wind-swept, rain-washed, winsome and
bright!

The Bear
And Cassiopeia's chair,
The belted Hunter and his Hound are
there!

No intervening light
Screens the vast infinite;
Soft Dian's face is hid
Deep, deep,
Amid
The conquering curls of young Eudymion's hair.

In that warm galaxy
Zoning the chilly bosom of the sky,
A misty net enmeshing golden bees,
Those amber clusters of the heavenly
vine,

Nestling like apples of thine own Hesperides,

Those points of flame
Fine drawn

From the primeval ingot bars
In that far-off material dawn,
When sang in antiphon the new-born
stars,—

Mid these
Which, Herrick, which is thine,—
The imperishable fire that bears thy
name?

To-night
Whence leaps the light
Which erst shone on our sires, what
time

Thou sang'st among them in our lyric
prime,

Fashioning thy carcanets of rime,
And stringing pearls

Of music out of sheer delight?—
Singing of saffron-mantled daffodill

And dewy violet,
Of sweet-breathed girls

Whose witchery moves us still,
And we forget—

Ah me!—the years between!
Carving thy cameos rare
Of country customs and our fathers'
ways,

The hearth serene
And humble tenement,

And the slow round of rustic months
and days;

Then, on thy bended knee,
Shaping thy rosary,
Each bead a prayer
Asking what gods may be
To take thanksgiving for thy great
content!

Not thine to probe the deep recesses of
the Mother's mind,

Not Shelley's rainbow hope,
Heine's hot tears,
Nor Wordsworth's wider scope
Of natural laws that bind
God and His universe to our own kind.
Thine ears

Were not attuned to music heard by
them.

Yet hadst thou Nature's garment by
the hem;

Thy clear eye caught the gleam
Of rays

Flashing from many a gem
She wears upon the border of her dress.
Ah yes!

Thou wast a seer, and we deem
Thy vision meet for praise.

The world's asleep!

Alone I creep

And cast

Before thine urn

My crumb of incense on thine altar;
last

This little taper burn.

T. Bruce Dicks.

The Cornhill Magazine.

AFTER SOUFRIERE.

It is not grief or pain;

But like the even dropping of the
rain

That thou art gone.

It is not like a grave

To weep upon;

But like the rise and falling of a wave,
When the vessel's gone.

It is like the sudden void,

When the city is destroyed,

Where the sun shone:

There is neither grief nor pain,
But the wide waste come again.

Michael Field.

GOD'S TEST BY WAR.

Amidst the chaos of domestic politics and the wavelike surge of contending social desires the biological law of competition still rules the destinies of nations as of individual men. And as the ethical essence of competition is sacrifice, as each generation of plants or of animals perishes in the one case, or toils or dares in the other, that its offspring may survive, so with a nation, the future of the next generation is determined by the self-sacrifice or the absence of self-sacrifice of that which precedes it.

The bud flowers and the flower dies, and dying, flings its seeds on the winds to produce, if it may be, a wider re-creation of itself. And in the animal world the sacrificial impulse of maternal love fronts all peril and endures all suffering that its young may live.

That impulse, in the later manifestations of evolution, is the root source of all human families, and of all human morality. And it finds its crown in patriotism, in the sacrifice which a nation makes to fulfil the trust which it has inherited from its fathers, and to hand down that heritage, not diminished but increased, to the generations that succeed.

If the springs of national action fail; if at a crisis when international rivalry is acute a given generation shrinks from the effort and the sacrifice necessary to self-preservation, then that generation is a traitor at once to its past and to its future. It dishonors the dead, who, in their earthly hour, did make that effort and that sacrifice when the time called for these. To those noble dead it is an ingrate, and of its own children it is the fraudulent betrayer. For what it has, that it has received on the implicit condition that it shall pass it on. The

soul is gone out of a people when it recoils from a duty which the claims of its history and of its posterity alike impose. Has the soul gone out of England, or does it still inhere?

England is still the heart and core of the aggregation of nations and of races which owe allegiance, not to her, but to the crown of her sovereign—that crown whose influence the ages have extended into the wide spaces of the world. Considered from the standpoint of the true Imperialist, England is but a province; but she is a pivotal province, the pivotal province of the British Empire. Upon her shoulders rests the main weight of that Empire's burden. From her long-suffering taxpayers is derived by far the major portion of the revenue which supports the British navy and the British army. By her sons those Services are chiefly manned. Withdraw from their support the wealth of England, withdraw from their ranks her men, and the fabric of Empire must fall like a house of cards. For Scotland and Wales and Ireland contribute but a relatively small part of the money, and—though perhaps in a greater proportion—still far the lesser number of the men. This is a fact inseparable from their inferiority in population and in wealth. As for the oversea dominions of the King, they are but now beginning to awaken to the realities of the world of competing nations of which they are a part. They have but begun to move in earnest, and, with the exception of New Zealand, they have as yet given no contribution to the common defence in the least proportionate to their financial or their numerical power. If England fell suddenly from her place in the House of the British peoples; if the support of the Flag were left with the oversea dominions, plus “the Kel-

tic fringe," and the lowlands of Scotland, then there would be a speedy end of the British Raj.

We may ask again, then, what of England? Is the heart that once was hers still strong to dare and to resolve and to endure? How shall we know? By the test. What test? That which God has given for the trial of peoples—the test of war.

Does this mean that with an insanity of action exceeding even the madness of neglected preparation England is to precipitate the unready Empire into conflict with the prepared and watchful foe? It does not imply any such criminal folly.

What it does imply is that victory is the result of efficiency, and that efficiency is the result of spiritual quality. Self-sacrifice, self-denial, temperance, hardihood, discipline, obedience, order, method, organizing power, intelligence, purity of public life, chastity, industry, resolution, are some only of the national and individual attributes which go towards producing the efficiency of modern armaments. And the efficiency or inefficiency of its armaments is the determining factor of a nation's success, or of a nation's failure, at that culminating moment of long processes of commercial and diplomatic rivalry—the moment of war.

Thus, then, efficiency in war, or rather efficiency for war, is God's test of a nation's soul. By that test it stands, or by that test it falls. This is the ethical content of competition. This is the determining factor of human history. This is the justification of war.

In the realms of sub-human life, in the world of animals, as in the world of men, this law, perhaps so modified that its working would have been to us undiscernible, must still have prevailed. At least the tendency must have persisted that the higher organism should conquer the lower. For if

there had been no such tendency, how could the higher organism have constantly emerged?

In the sweep of the ages, in the passage of time, the qualities that make for victory have assumed, gradually, nobler hue. In the confused conflicts of earlier times to detect the secret process by which the higher tended ever to supersede the lower must have been hard indeed. Many are the cases recorded in the annals of mankind when might has struck down right. Many more must be the unrecorded instances when the like occurred. But the course of development of human society depends not on exceptions, however numerous, but on the rule. And the rule was, as analysis shows, not that "might was right," but that *right always tended to create might*. By "right" is here intended no artificial conception, and no imagined claim to territory. For supposititious "rights" of this kind have in history no validity save when based on force. What is meant is a righteousness of national life which included all or most of the qualities enumerated above as producing efficiency in war. This is the only kind of "right" possessed by a people which has enduring value.

As regards the present, the truth of these statements can hardly be doubted by any reasoning mind. As regards the past, the briefest survey of salient facts will establish their correctness. The triumph of the Greeks over the Persians was the triumph of a higher civilization and a nobler manhood. Marathon and Salamis were as the swords that kept the gates of Europe against the barbarian, and they were the direct fruit of a lofty spirit inhabiting a great race. When, later, the Macedonian phalanx penetrated the East, that penetration represented the victory of the higher intelligence and the greater discipline. The sequent overthrow of Greek by Roman was the

result of an austerer morality, of a deeper devotion to national ends and of a more perfect union. Each one of these three events meant the advance of mankind: each was the product of a military efficiency founded on a higher morale.

But if these instances are in themselves striking; if these scenes in the drama of the development of man exhibit the working, through war, of what Matthew Arnold called "A something not ourselves that makes for righteousness"; far more impressive, far more awful, is the tremendous tragedy of which they were the prologue, and which bisects the history of the Western world. Towards the close of the fifth century, says Professor Freeman, "civilization perished in blood and flames." It is a brief phrase. Who is there who can realize its full intent? But the question we ask here is, why this gigantic catastrophe occurred—this disaster which flung back the march of human thought and human science for a thousand years? If there be one thing certain, it is that civilization tends to become stronger than barbarism. How comes it then that civilization fell before barbarism?

The answer to that question is to be found in the decay of the military spirit among the Roman people. That decay again was itself the product of the degeneracy of public and private morality. In other words, civilization perished because its spiritual quality failed. Not all the arts, nor all the literature, nor all the splendor and the refinements of the Roman world saved that world from destruction at the hands of Vandals and of Goths. Ruthless, inexorable, the law of the survival of the fittest trampled on the corrupt. Of that law, war is the supreme instrument, and of war, in the long passage of the centuries, the deciding factor is the soul.

This is not the doctrine of the mar-

ket place, or of the political pulpit, or of the Radical Party. In the English-speaking world, when the stern virtues which alone lead to national survival are decaying, it is not teaching likely to be popular. But it happens to be the inner truth which analysis of history reveals.

Let those who dispute this conclusion test the validity of their denial by applying it, not to the past, but to the present. Take away from the Japanese their patriotism, their public spirit, their discipline, and their vast capacity for self-sacrifice, and, after these withdrawals, what will then remain of their naval and military power? Only the shell without the kernel; only the material without the moving spirit which gives that material life. Truly the question answers itself.

Let a like subtraction be made from the qualities possessed by the German legions, and how much of their present menace to Europe will remain? Take from the nations which have produced these forces their persevering industry and their resolute thoroughness, and then say whether their navies and their armies will retain their potency. Or fill these countries with debauchery, destroy the sanctities of family life, make sexual immorality in its widest sense not the exception, but the rule, and then consider how long either Germany or Japan would retain its place in arms.

But if it be true, as these and like considerations go to prove, that warlike efficiency at the present time is the price of moral and spiritual quality, and perishes if such quality die, then must not similar attributes have tended throughout history to produce similar effect?

The same causes must always have tended towards the same results, but the purpose immanent in the universe becomes more manifest as evolution proceeds. When the processes of war

are crude, and when the scale on which it is waged is small, the effects are far less evident of those great underlying causes which in the passage of generations have produced, despite all exceptions, their destined ends. But now when armaments are the epitomes of nations, and when the capacity to bear those armaments sums up the progress of a people, those who have eyes to see can at last divine the ethical content of war. Defeat in war is the fruit of naval and military inefficiency, and that inefficiency is the inevitable sequel to moral decay. Victory in war is the method by which, in the economy of God's providence, the sound nation supersedes the unsound, because in our time such victory is the direct offspring of a higher efficiency, and the higher efficiency is the logical outcome of the higher morale.

At the stage of development which mankind has now reached, those great human families which we call nations still constitute in the main the fundamental divisions of the whole race. These nations possess for the most part an intense organic life of their own. They are in fact individual organisms. Each organism, while health animates it, feels the same impulse to grow and to compete with its rivals for increased means of subsistence which all knowledge and all experience present to our eyes in the sphere of biology, of which sphere nations in actual fact form a part.

And just as in the earlier and humbler domains of that sphere the higher type ever tended to survive, so in this later period of biological development the higher and the nobler people tends always to secure victory in that culmination of international competition which we call war. Hence it follows that if the dream of short-sighted and superficial sentimentalists could be fulfilled—that is to say, if war could suddenly be rendered henceforth impos-

ble upon earth (which is at present impracticable)—the machinery by which national corruption is punished and national virtue rewarded would be un-gearred. The higher would cease to supersede the lower, and the course of human evolution would suffer arrest.

This is a conception of the function of war which (as I venture to believe) has not been hitherto placed directly before the public. It is a conception which will be profoundly repugnant to those who think that they know better than the Power behind phenomena how the affairs of this, and perhaps of other worlds, ought to be arranged. Ceaseless efforts are being made alike in the United Kingdom and in the United States to destroy what remains of the military spirit in the Anglo-Saxon race. War, and the preparation for war, without which it brings defeat, are represented as barbaric survivals which can be abolished by international agreements.

With such an object Mr. Carnegie has recently invested two millions sterling in a trust, with, it is said, the sagacious proviso that the balance, after the object has been attained, shall be devoted to some further worthy end. At the present epoch of the world's history, Mr. Carnegie might just as well have created a trust for the abolition of death, with the understanding that after this trifling change in human conditions had been achieved, the remaining funds should be assigned to the endowment of asylums for the imbecile.

For however frightful an evil war may appear, it is at any rate far less fatal to the human race than death, of whose manifestations it is a part. But than the part the whole is greater, and thus is death greater than war. Yet death is essential to human life, as we know it. For if there were no death, how would the existence of mankind upon this planet be thinkable? At all

events, the increase of such life would have had to cease thousands of years before the present era, so that none of those who are now shocked by the idea of war would ever have been born. For if there had been no death since life first stirred, far back in the depths of terrestrial time, then long ago, unless soon the growth of that life had ceased, there would have been no more room for vegetation, or for animals, for fishes, or for men. Nay, more—since all life, other than that of vegetation, thrives on other life, ceaseless starvation must have been the lot of all sentient things.

The dream of a planet, traversing space, deep laden with stirless and foodless masses of life, life sentient, life individual, piled in its myriad millions of units into mountains higher than Atlas—life doomed to endure through the æons because it cannot die—this dream exceeds in horror any vision which Dante ever imagined of the innermost hell.

The paradox, therefore, is true that in this globe of ours (as probably in all other worlds throughout space which life inhabits) death is the condition of the increase of life.

But of death war is the scythe. Throughout the periods of biological time war has been the road to food, and since man was developed, war has been the condition of human advance. Men may fear war as they fear death, and shudder as they hear war's footfall (never far removed) encompass the edifice of their house of national being. But as, despite its horrors, death is still essential to mankind, so also is war.

Death and war, those grim twin brethren, ride the rush of this world's tide and put the bit in the mouth of man.

If, therefore, we could conceive that, far on in the ages, that which is mortal should become immortal, in a sense

not spiritual but material, then, as we have just seen, this immortality will bring another kind of death—the death of physical increase. For in any limited sphere physical immortality and physical increase cannot co-exist. But if in like manner we dared to conceive the cessation of war, then we must also conceive the cessation either of sin or else of human progress. For now defeat in war is the punishment of national unrighteousness, but, then, that punishment would cease. Where there was corruption, that corruption would continue; where there was oppression, that oppression would abide. Though infamy brought weakness, weakness would not bring overthrow. Though righteous dealing brought national strength, national strength would not bring national victory. Therefore if, while nations remain, war is to be abolished, then unless the degeneracy of peoples can also be prevented, "there shall be no more war" must mean "there shall be no more progress."

But suppose that we seek to conceive some distant date, some day still in the depths of coming time, when, through inter-marriage following intercommunication, all nations and all races shall have been merged into a single whole, when, throughout the bounds of our planet, one tongue is spoken, and nations make no more war because there are no more nations, would what is impossible now become possible then? Since in this our day the operative cause of war is international competition, would the removal of that cause remove war also?

Not necessarily, because as civil war has in the past often been waged within an individual nation, so it might be waged then within the one nation of mankind. In generations not very remote wars have been waged for religion, and wars have been waged for ideas. Even now in Africa, in Asia, and in Eastern

Europe great numbers of fighting men exist who are ready to die in battle for their creed. (These are they who believe in one God and in Mahomet as His prophet, and their faith is not waning, but increasing.) Therefore, though, while nations last, the present cause of conflicts must endure, the abolition of nations would not inevitably involve the abolition of war. In such a distant time as that which we are here contemplating, the inhabitants of this world may have arranged themselves in divisions other than national, and, as now between nations, so then between those divisions, competition may produce war. So long as those conditions lasted, the machinery for securing ethical advance would remain. Because righteousness brings warlike efficiency, therefore in the majority of cases righteousness as now would triumph over its opposite. But if those conditions ended; if the possibility of war absolutely passed away; then, *unless in the meantime human nature had radically changed*, the upward march of human morality would terminate, because the terrific punishment which war provides for human degeneracy would be removed. In other words, war will cease to be a necessity only when corruption ceases to be a fact.

If this argument possess validity, then the deduction follows that while human nature remains what it is at present, war must retain its place beside death as a vital and essential part of the economy of God. The Lord of Hosts has made righteousness the path to victory. In the crash of conflict, in the horrors of battlefields piled with the dead, the dying, and the wounded, a vast ethical intention has still prevailed. Not necessarily in any given case, but absolutely certainly in the majority of cases, the triumph of the victor has been the triumph of the nobler soul of man. Though to this rule

history may furnish a thousand exceptions; though in history war has been made a thousand times over the instrument of cruel oppression and of diabolical wrong, yet in that great majority of instances which determines general result the issue of war has made for the ethical advantage of mankind. It must have been so; it could not be otherwise, because ethical quality has tended always to produce military efficiency.

With true insight, therefore, did Tennyson write of "The Battle-Thunder of God." He has made of war His instrument wherewith to subdue nations who have broken His laws, but those who would read the processes of His Courts in the ages of the past must take for their study, not generations, but centuries, and groups of centuries. They must survey time as from a mountain summit, and then in the vast horizon they can discern the flashing of His lightning and hear the rolling of that thunder of which the discharge has purified, from epoch to epoch, the atmosphere of the world.

But to those whom the exceptions to this law of God appal; to those who can see in former conflict only confusion and purposeless slaughter and evil often triumphant over good—to these the contemplation of the present working of the same law among mankind, as mankind now is, may well bring comfort and assuaging hope.

For, as always with great sequences of cause and effect, the vaster the scale the plainer the connection. As humanity gathers itself into larger divisions, the instances in which in war the unrighteous smite down the righteous must tend ever to become rarer and yet more rare. A small people, a State of limited extent and insignificant resources, even though of high military efficiency, must always have been exposed to overthrow by over-

whelming numbers in a conflict with some greater foe or coalition of foes, even though these were of inferior military virtue to its own. But if in place of a small people we have a great one, and, instead of a little State, one of wide extent and immense resources, and if the people of this State possess military virtue of a high kind, then it is manifest that the probability of their being crushed by the numerical preponderance of inferior antagonists, if not altogether removed, becomes at least far less than in the former case. Moreover, as has been already partly shown, the relationship between righteousness of national life on the one side, and military efficiency on the other, is incomparably plainer in modern days than in earlier centuries, or, for the sake of example, let us say, eight hundred years ago.

Now, in wars between great peoples, vast and coherent organization is necessary to secure national victory. Now, immense armaments have to be created, and the power to produce and to sustain those armaments, and to inform them with the spirit of life, is the measure of the whole moral and economic capacity of a people. Moreover, such capacity must be developed on the lines on which human evolution is proceeding—that is to say, on the lines on which the Power behind phenomena is working—or else it fails of effect. For no nation which hides its talents in a napkin, no nation which has not energy and ability can either render efficient, or long support, the vast navies and armies of our time. Preparation for war is the enemy of sloth. Preparation for war is the dissolvent of apathy. Victory is the prize not alone of present self-sacrifice and present energy, but also of previous self-sacrifice and previous energy. Briefly, victory is the crown of moral quality, and therefore, while nations wage war on one another, the "survival

of the fittest" means the survival of the ethically best.

When we examine the past in the light of this truth we have already seen that some of the greatest movements among mankind bear witness to it. But I suggest that there is room here for a new science of history, and space for a new field of human thought. To look back through the vistas of the past upon the struggles of nations and the conflicts of States; to test the law that morality tends to bring victory by the knowledge which historians possess of the social conditions of warring rivals; to judge where and how far the rule has applied and where and how far it has failed—these are surveys calculated to widen the human mind by a new outlook, and to carry lessons vital to our modern world.

When in the fourteenth century the archers of England shot death into the ranks of the chivalry of France; when England alone among the peoples of Europe possessed an infantry which had predominant value in war, was not the prowess of those good English yeomen the direct product of a national life superior in its social state and in its moral quality to that of the French, or perhaps of any other European people of that day? If so, Crecy and Poitiers and Agincourt were the direct outcome of a higher military efficiency proceeding from a higher morale.

Again, when in Elizabethan days the Puritan mariners of our seaports laid the foundation of empire by vindicating at the cannon's mouth the freedom of the seas, was there not in those men, in their daring, in their initiative, in their stern energy, moral quality of a high kind—of a kind higher than that of the Spaniard whom they vanquished?

These are but instances of that vast and as yet untrodden field of history in

which is to be sought the part which moral quality has played in determining the rise and the decline of nations, the moral impulse that has led to victory, and the moral decay that has precluded defeat.

But if study conducted on these lines would illumine the past, far more would it illumine the present. Why is it that now, when their material resources are greater far than any of which in recorded time any people ever boasted, the whole Anglo-Saxon race, alike in the British Empire and in the United States, is in visible peril of overthrow at the hands of rivals far poorer, in the case of Japan, and in that of Germany of dominions incomparably less rich and less extended? Because their women shrink from motherhood and their men from the practice of arms. And of both avoidances the cause is the same, namely, the absence of that spirit of self-sacrifice which is the very essence of spiritual life. If that spirit dominated England to-day, would Englishmen decline the first duty and the first privilege of all who are not serfs—the duty and the privilege of rendering themselves fit to defend that freedom which their manlier forefathers won for them and left to them? If Englishmen were worthy of that bequest, would they hide, as now, careless of the claims of Empire, behind their ships? And would they, while crouching thus, suffer—with a madness of folly to which history affords few parallels—the relative decline even of the very fleet which is their only safeguard, until, within three years from now, they must have either but a bare equality to Germany in the North Sea—twenty-one British to twenty-one German Dreadnoughts—or else surrender the Mediterranean, and with it Malta, Egypt, and the route to the East, to the mercy of Germany's pledged allies?

The truth is that armaments are the

reflection of the national soul. The immense naval and military strength of Germany is the reflex of moral and social conditions better than our own. The excess of her birth rate over ours (and still more over that of France) is in itself the proof of that superiority. For the growth of her population involves not the production of degenerates, but of a sound and vigorous race. Patriotism, public spirit, frugality and industry are the essential moral factors which render possible the vast armed force which Germany wields. And in all these factors it must be admitted, with whatever shame and sorrow, that she surpasses England. Therefore, if in the gigantic process of international competition England fall before Germany—which fate may God avert—then that fall will follow from no other destiny than the destiny inwoven with the universal law which in this article I have attempted to set forth, the law that the higher morality tends to produce the greater military strength.

If in all these considerations any force be admitted to inhere, then clearly the duty of patriotism and of preparation for war is reinforced ten thousandfold. If what has been here advanced is sound, then from every pulpit in the land the voice of exhortation should be heard, urging every man and every woman to serve God in and through service to their country.

The discovery that Christianity is incompatible with the military spirit is made only among decaying peoples. While a nation is still vigorous, while its population is expanding, while the blood in its veins is strong, then on this head no scruples are felt. But when its energies begin to wither, when self-indulgence takes the place of self-sacrifice, when its sons and its daughters become degenerate, then it is that a spurious and bastard humanitarianism masquerading as religion declares war

to be an anachronism and a barbaric sin.

Yet this cry of weakness is sporadic only and alters no world facts. War remains the means by which, as between nations or races, the universal law that the higher shall supersede the lower continues to work. From Great Britain and from the United States, whence the military spirit is passing away, this bleat of feebleness is now proceeding. But it is not heard among the two most energetic and efficient peoples now upon earth. It is not heard in Germany, and it is not heard in Japan. The wolf who has lost his teeth does not wish to fight, but the wolves whose jaws are still strong do not share his pious desire.

Even while this article has been penned, a new and astonishing outburst of sentimentality has been witnessed in the Anglo-Saxon world. President Taft has declared himself, according to report, in favor of the application of the principle of arbitration even to questions involving national honor and national independence. One single interrogation is sufficient to display the utter hollowness of this attitude. Is the President of the United States willing to submit the Monroe doctrine to such arbitrament? And if the award of the Jurists of the Hague Tribunal is given against him, are he and the people of whom he is the official chief willing to see, first the inhabitants of Japan, and, in sequent time, the myriads of China, pour into South America and Mexico, found States under their own flag, and establish an immense military organization on the land frontiers of unarmed, English-speaking North America? Nay, if the Japanese claimed, and the Court of Arbitration allowed, an unrestricted immigration of the yellow race into the Anglo-Saxon area, is this generation of United States citizens ready passively to submit? If

so, then those citizens are potentially slaves already, and they deserve the doom which would inevitably be theirs, for they would be guilty of the greatest act of betrayal, alike of their forefathers and of their posterity, of which the annals of mankind record any trace.

But if, as is of course the fact, the people of the States, even though they appear to have lost all military instinct, are yet not so deeply degraded as to incur this gigantic infamy, then their refusal withdraws an entire continent from arbitral award, it denies to the yellow nations what to them seem their most natural and righteous demands, and it fixes the determination of the latter to achieve by war those great ends which in no other way can they possibly attain.

The real Court, the only Court, in which this case can and will be tried is the Court of God, which is war. This Twentieth Century will see that trial, and in the issue, which may be long in the balance, whichever people shall have in it the greater soul of righteousness will be the victor.

This single instance suffices to show the unutterable folly of all those in this country, or in the States, who imagine that, in any time to which the eye of living man can see, artificial agreements can arrest national growths.

But the full absurdity of this idea becomes revealed only when we reflect upon the nature of the considerations which alone must guide the Board of Jurists who are to decide the destiny of nations and the distribution of races upon earth. They will have to make that decision in accordance with the existing *status quo* and with bits of paper which are written treaties. But the *status quo* is the very thing which, in the case of America, the yellow race claims the right to smash. And in face of such a claim, the bits of paper are bits of paper and nothing else.

The Hague Tribunal would say in effect to the Japanese plaintiff: "Three hundred years ago the ancestors of some few of the present denizens of the United States went to America, and in the course of these three subsequent centuries their descendants, or other subsequent immigrants, or the descendants of these, practically extirpated the previous sparse population, overran the country, cultivated it, made roads and railways through it, and built great towns. Therefore, it is theirs to do with as they will, and if they choose to say that they will not suffer the unrestricted entrance of your own population, even as peaceful settlers, you must submit, because nothing short of compulsion by force, which is war, could alter this resolve. Recollect that war is wicked, and abandon accordingly your national ambitions. Moreover, you must remember that some eighty years ago, a president of the defendant Republic declared what is called "the Monroe doctrine," by which he asserted the intention of this Republic to prevent any non-American State from acquiring in future one foot of land in any part of the whole American continent. We are sorry that this intention should so completely frustrate your national desires, but it still holds, and it cannot be broken except by war, which the supporters of this Monroe doctrine, like their kinsfolk in England, consider to be wrong and do not want to have. Indeed they are not prepared for it. Therefore, go away, and be good."

Japan might say in reply: "That the defendant Republic is in present possession of the territory which it claims as its own, or that it has long enjoyed that territory, is no reason why we should be kept out of it now. They have had their turn and we mean to have ours. Let them keep us out if they can. As for their Monroe doctrine, it seems to us the most mon-

strous claim of which we have ever heard. We are driven to desire new territory by the strongest impulses which can animate a nation. Our population is increasing with prodigious speed. Our men are warriors. They have fighting blood in their veins. We love our country and we desire the increase of its power and its dominion with a passion which you pale Westerns seem no longer able to understand. We have made already great efforts and great sacrifices to secure the ascendancy of our race in coming time, and we are ready and eager to make greater efforts and greater sacrifices yet. We will win that ascendancy, or we will die. At this very moment we are absolute masters of the waters of the Eastern hemisphere of the globe. The waning fleet of Britain is tied to its own shores by the German menace. The fleet of the United States recently took four months to pass, during peace, from its Atlantic to its Pacific seaboard. It would require time still longer during war, because it could not coal at neutral ports. When it arrived, we think we could treat it as we treated the Russian fleet in the straits of Tsushima. At any rate, that issue we are prepared to submit—not to you—but to the God of battles.

"Moreover, we have already taken steps and expended substance in order to make sure in advance of victory against the United States. Many thousand of our troops are already established in the guise of settlers in the Pacific slope and in Mexico, and as we could reinforce them to the full extent of our military strength through our complete command of the sea, it is even now beyond the power of the States to expel them. They have been warned of all this by a book called *The Valour of Ignorance*, and their War Department has reported to their Congress that an army of 450,000 men is

required for either seaboard. But they pay no heed, and therefore our chance is now at hand. Their politicians are ignorant of history and of war. Their men are, like women, untrained to arms. They gather wealth without seeing that wealth undefended is wealth that an enemy may seize. Unless they soon acquire that training, they shall be, ere many years are past, as hewers of wood and drawers of water to the yellow peoples. You tell us that war is wrong. We think it in exact accordance with the nature of man, we are certain that it is in accordance with our own nature, and we see in it the only means by which a virile nation can supersede a nation that has grown soft. Perish your Hague Tribunal, with its old woman's babble, and let Japan go forward."

This reply is substantially the real answer which is now being made, not in words, but in acts, by Japan to the sentimentalists of England and of the United States.

In a strain not dissimilar is Germany by her acts giving response: "Our population also, like that of Japan, is still growing fast. We need outlets for it, and because the sense of nationality is strong within us, we desire, and we will have, those outlets under our own flag. But when we look forth into the world, we find all those temperate regions wherein our German folk might live and multiply and flourish already occupied by the Anglo-Saxon race, either in the British Empire, or in the United States, or in the rest of the American continent throughout which the Monroe doctrine forbids us to found our Colonies. Like Japan, we seek ascendancy, and we seek dominion, and we seek also the material wealth which we think dominion will bring. Moreover, we too are a nation trained to arms, and we too have shown in the past, and are ready to show again, that we are capable of sacrifice

to fulfil what we deem should be our national destiny.

"But the British Isles, and the British Navy based on those Isles, are geographically interposed between us and the attainment of our national ambition. England, with that Navy, is as an armed bastion or outwork of the United States placed far on the east of the Atlantic. We cannot strike at her daughter States, we cannot strike at the great Republic, until we have defeated that Navy, until we have stormed that bastion. Therefore we will remain friends, the best of friends, with the remoter half of Anglo-Saxondom, until we shall have crushed that nearer half of it which lies at our doors. To achieve this end we have been steadily building a great fleet, and we have secured the co-operation of two allies, Austria and Italy, both of whom are now proceeding to build Dreadnoughts. Within three short years the fleets of the Triple Alliance will be a match for that of England, unless in the meantime England awakens to the reality of her situation and makes a great shipbuilding effort. To meet that effort by a similar effort might impose on us a financial strain which we shun. Therefore we must try by our diplomacy to avert the need.

"For this reason we should be more than willing—we should be eager—to agree with England not to lay down during the next two or three years more than the same number of battle-ships which she lays down herself. Then in three years the gain to us will be immense, and the chance of England will be gone. For in three years her older armored ships, her pre-Dreadnoughts, will be, like our own, out of date, and as she has now two of these to every one of ours, the resulting advantage to ourselves is as obvious as it will be great. Then she will have either to build against the Triple Al-

alliance, which may be able, without impossible exertion, to lay down eight battleships a year, and other units in corresponding quantity, or else to cede her world position whenever we choose. But in any case (unless immediately she makes her effort) she will have in 1914 but a bare equality to her three united rivals, and if she is forced to fight us, either then, or even in the intervening time, she will be under terrible and crippling disadvantage.

"For in another direction also we have taken steps to secure her downfall. The life of her people depends on seaborne supply, and that supply we have devised measures to intercept. We have at least 128 merchant vessels fit to act as commerce destroyers, and all these we intend to convert into men-of-war on the high seas whenever we see fit to attack England. In all of these we shall have placed guns and ammunition, and by successive transformations from warships to merchantships, and *vice versa*, they will be able to coal in all neutral ports. England for three years, 1906, 1907, and 1908, almost ceased to build commerce-protecting cruisers, and hence she has now but twenty-seven in all the seas of the world outside Europe.

"But this is not all our advantage. As the relative naval strength of England declines, as her power to defend her own merchantmen passes away, so does the assistance of the neutral become more vital to her. But if only her Government can be induced to ratify finally the Declaration of London, and to submit to the decisions of an International Prize Court, then her doom is sealed indeed. For by Article 34 of the Declaration, the substance of which we drew up, we have made all neutral ships, carrying food or other conditional contraband to English ports, subject to be captured or to be sunk by our cruisers or converted

traders. Our object is to be able to create panic prices, and therefore famine, in England, and this object we think we have now secured.

"But now you of the Arbitration Court tell us that war is an infamy. To us it seems the only means of fulfilling national purpose. To us preparation for war seems the first business of a Government. We have not neglected that business. Since England, and if the United States have neglected it, let them pay for their supine folly."

The fleets, the armies, and the diplomacy of Germany are in substance and effect speaking words like these throughout the world. Our forefathers would have heard this warning and met this peril, but now our public men, and many of the organs of our Press, appear incapable of analysis, and bent on nothing but the utterance of popular platitude. In nothing is this mental feebleness more plain than in the prevalent confusion of thought between an Anglo-American alliance, which is indeed a most urgent necessity in the interests of both peoples, and the idea of a universal alliance, precluding future war. This idea is, for the causes given, not only ineffably absurd, but also fraught with the most deadly mischief. Two unmilitary peoples, threatened by the same danger, speaking the same language, and largely even now of the same blood, may well find it expedient to unite such forces as they possess for their common defence against great armed nations. But to infer from the advisability of such a union that the reign of everlasting peace upon earth is about to begin, and that what remains of their military spirit may therefore soon be suffered to lapse, is the very negation of human reason, and the surest method of securing their common downfall. The whole circumstances of the world prove the direct opposite of such belief. Never was national and

racial feeling stronger upon earth than it is now. Never was preparation for war so tremendous and so sustained. Never was striking power so swift and so terribly formidable. What is manifest now is that the Anglo-Saxon world, with all its appurtenant Provinces and States, is in the most direct danger of overthrow final and complete, owing to the decay of its military virtue, and of the noble qualities upon which all military virtue is built. Throughout that world, in churches and in chapels, on the platform, as in the pulpit, in the Press, and on the stage, which is our chief temple now, the voice of every God-fearing man

The Nineteenth Century and After.

should be raised, through the spoken or through the written word, to kindle anew the spark that is dying, to preach the necessity of self-sacrifice for the country's cause, and to revive that dying military spirit which God gave to our race that it might accomplish His will upon earth.

The shadow of conflict and of displacement greater than any which mankind has known since Attila and his Huns were stayed at Châlons is visibly impending over the world. Almost can the ear of imagination hear the gathering of the legions for the fiery trial of peoples, a sound vast as the trumpet of the Lord of Hosts.

Herold F. Wyatt.

IRISH BOOKS.

There is something so incurably wrong with the world that it is hardly possible to rectify one wrong in it without introducing another. The moment we begin to attend to the affairs of others, with the notion that our own are fully looked after, that moment we begin to act on an assumption of omniscience which will be punished, either in our own experience or in that of others. Thus England, in suppressing the native wars in India, the burning of widows, &c., has raised even greater embarrassments for itself in over-population and famine; and somewhat similarly our modern libraries, in their determination that posterity shall miss no line of what we have been pleased to write during the past hundred years or so, have already almost hopelessly depreciated the value of the written word and rendered it, one would think, a nearly impossible task for posterity to fix on those books which deserve immortality. We may even doubt whether in the world of books some struggle for existence is not the best

security for the survival of the fittest, and whether books of the giant order are likely to appear under conditions so entirely favorable to book-production as the present. It is characteristic of nearly all such books that they have been produced by a kind of accident, the authors being anxious perhaps to beguile the hours of exile or imprisonment, or like Milton to prove a thesis, or like Shakespeare to make a fortune—to avenge themselves, to confess themselves, and so forth. Authors who have been most resolute to produce literary masterpieces have, as a rule, produced the least satisfactory ones. Humanity is endlessly curious about itself, and is not to be put off in its quest of some authentic revelation of itself by the most imposing array of vocables, as the Landors and Swinburnes appear at times to have supposed. The real book is an embodiment of some profound human experience; and thus the scholar, who passes his time in conning the records of other ages—for happily it is the real books which hitherto have tended to

survive—is not so unsocial as he may seem to be, for he is really conversing with the souls of peoples, or with mankind itself, in a more direct and satisfactory manner than is possible in the most unconventional assemblies, where it is hard for the most part to see mankind for the men.

Something of the old-fashioned coyness in putting one's name on a title-page lingered on even in Scott, but in general it may be said that, with the great psychological change which came over the world at the end of the eighteenth century, literature assumed a new and corporate dignity in the various nations, and it was generally felt that every country with separate frontiers, just as it ought to have a senate-house and an army, ought also to have its array of poets. Indeed, could the retreat of the Muses have been discovered, there has hardly been a European statesman since that period who would not have regarded it as his most adroit public action to place one of his country's mountains at their disposal. Accordingly in Ireland, during the early decades of the nineteenth century, we had quite a number of writers—many of them encouraged in their laudable ambition by government pensions—who set themselves, in the phrase of the time, to be the "Irish Walter Scott," the "Irish Burns," the "Irish Béranger," and so forth. So far as Scott was concerned they were well entitled to adopt his method, for it had been from an Irish writer, Miss Edgeworth, that the Wizard of the North, as he himself owned, had fished his fire. Neither Gerald Griffin, however, nor the Bannims, dexterous and inventive though they were, ever quite succeeded in reproducing his magical blend of romance and reality, nor in diverting the attention of the vast reading public of the new era from Scotland to Ireland. It may be doubted whether Scott was

an entirely fortunate influence at this period; whether, but for his dazzling vogue, some Irish writer might not have stumbled on the secret of Turgenev, and so made the literary fortune of his country. The incomparable Scottish advocate, who delighted to show visitors round his Highlands, and whose tales and poems form a sort of guide-book for that public and that posterity which he could not conduct personally, was a little too much of the showman to make an entirely profitable model for these ambitious and self-respecting writers. As usual, when a man of distinctive genius did arrive he was a little disconcerting; he appeared (of all places!) in a quarter, at the mere mention of which any Irishman with the least pretension to true culture and liberality will shrug his shoulders—in the pages of a proselytizing magazine! Carleton was the man sent by God in response to the general clamor for an Irish Walter Scott. As Shakespeare came out of the heart of England, so Carleton came from Tyrone, the locality in which the three elements of modern Irish nationality were most naturally blended; and as he declares himself in his proud and bitter *Autobiography*, "there never was any man of letters who had an opportunity of knowing and describing the manners of the Irish people so thoroughly as I." His Catholic countrymen, however, have never been the chief admirers of this apostate; indeed, it was not till Davis had got hold of him—when unfortunately it was too late—that he set himself to write with deliberately patriotic intentions. A man like Burns, of immense natural ability, who felt himself the equal of anyone, he wrote of the life which he knew, and Catholic Ireland had in the author of the *Traits and Stories* a literary interpreter such as it has never had before or since. Ireland's anger burned in

him duly, but, unfortunately, in him it was directed impartially against foreign oppression and the religious perversity of his countrymen, which, in their united effects, had so heavily handicapped him in the struggle for life. Unlucky Carleton! Catholic Ireland would have applauded for ever the man who would have done for her history and for her heroes what Scott had done for those of his country; and it is conceivable that Carleton, who plumed himself a good deal on his rather remarkable physical resemblance to Sir Walter, might, with a little more adroitness than he displayed through life, have rejoiced with dogs and horses in an Irish Abbotsford. But his early experiences had hardly prepared him for representing Ireland's history and antiquities (about which he cared nothing) under that veil of romantic illusion through which they are still viewed by many of her sons; and nations have no Abbotsfords for writers who do not flatter their vanity. Late in life he declared his intention to write his autobiography, into which, wrote he, "I will pour all the pent-up venom which has been so long corroding my heart at the ingratitude and neglect which I have experienced from my country." He only began to write it, however, a few months before his death, when suffering under one of the most formidable of mortal diseases, and it was with no intention of emulating Rousseau, but of providing his daughters with a little money, that he produced what is, perhaps, the most interesting of all Irish books. But for the enterprise of Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, who published it in 1896 as the first volume of his *Life of Carleton*, it might never have appeared at all. In the part which he completed he tells the story of his life up to that point at which his experiences as an author began, and there is none of the venom in this part which he proposed to pour

into it; on the contrary, there is beauty, and the glamour with which an old man's memory invests his youth. The temperament revealed in these pages is certainly a hard one. It is the temperament of the Irish peasant, the so-called Celtic temperament, which is really no doubt the temperament of the peasant everywhere, and which is only transformed and softened, perhaps, by some kind of religious movement. In no other book does the Irish peasant attain self-expression as he does in this, and nowhere is there an equally sympathetic presentation of that great peasant world of which O'Connell was the champion, on the eve of its "Anglicization."

The mutual jealousy and suspicion of the Protestant and Catholic branches of the Christian Church in Ireland were now threatening to spoil not only Ireland's dreams of obtaining political independence, but even her innocent and laudable desire to have a literature; and just as the "Wild Geese" of the seventeenth century had taken service in Continental armies, so now the young men of talent of provincialized Ireland, the "Wild Geese" of Protestant Ascendancy, took service more and more in the ranks of London journalism or in far-off British Colonies. And meanwhile the new population brought into political existence by O'Connell, and rapidly throwing over its ancient language, was beginning to call for something to read. It was at this time that Thomas Davis came forward, a name which in many respects is above every other Irish name. Davis appears to have impressed everyone who worked with him as the greatest man of his generation in Ireland: what Lessing was to Germany he gave promise, during his wonderful three years of activity, of being to this country. Consciously a pioneer, in him as in no other lay the

possibility of reconciling the discordant elements of Irish nationality, for his sense of the boundless opportunity offered a new European community in a spacious island of its own was not stronger than his feeling for his country's heroic past. In particular he found a use for the ancient Gaelic language as a sort of palladium of nationality; and though we may admit now that he lost his head a little on this subject there was some excuse for him at a time when some millions of Irishmen were still talking a language unknown to the others. He himself had too many irons in the fire to do much more than dash off hurried prose articles and verses as they were wanted, but he was the cause of writing in other men, and in the *Nation*—the one literary enterprise which has excited general enthusiasm in Ireland—his was the prevailing "spirit." In one respect alone was Davis scarcely satisfactory. Whoever woos Ireland must be provided with some answer to that artless question which she may suddenly spring on him, as Margareta did on Faust: "Do you believe in God?" It is the distinction of Davis that there was something about him which raised the question of his religious credentials, nor was he the man to shirk the question had it been fairly asked him or to put it lightly by. But what could the leader of Young Ireland do when his already favored rival, the mighty champion of Old Ireland, breathed into her ear his private knowledge that the young men of the *Nation* were little better than "infidels?" Mr. Rolleston, who has written well of Davis, attributes his failure, or as he prefers to say, the "interruption of his influence," to the Famine; but is it not plain that Davis, with his noble passion for national culture and independent thought, belonged to a tradition which Ireland, with its many rankling memories, with its indiffer-

ence to the national ideals of the end of the eighteenth century, and later with its impossible claims for the Gaelic language, was preparing to repudiate? His proposal to unite Ireland by means of a national culture which should ignore the "religious question" was a little like proposing to act *Hamlet* without the Prince. In the actual drama of Irish history at that time the "religious question" had its full part assigned to it. "There's no offence, my lord," he may figure Young Ireland as, somewhat feebly, assuring the moody master of the situation, and the latter as replying, "Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, and much offence too!" No sooner had the protagonist in the Irish drama begun to take action than Young Ireland with all its ideals collapsed; and as regards literature very little came of that union of the finest spirits which Ireland has seen—nothing that can be called a book. There is perhaps one exception which rather strikingly illustrates our thesis of the incidental nature of literary masterpieces, John Mitchel's *Jail Journal*.

What ought now to have happened was an Irish Aufklärung—an Irish Emerson, and, if not a Transcendental movement, a movement at any rate which should transcend the paltry quarrel of Protestant and Catholic, which so far has prevented Ireland from realizing either its political or literary ideals. What a difference it would have made had some clergyman or parish priest transformed an Irish country town or village—Westport or Doneraile—into an Irish Concord! A thinker who would have unsealed the fountains of thought and claimed the full privileges of a human being on the soil of Ireland would have brought it far further toward the realization of its spiritual and political unity than ever did Parnell. But Ireland's hour was not yet come, and just as, after

Davis, politics became estranged from those interests which ensure the support of the wise, so literature estranged itself from those common interests which make it genuinely national. There was, first, the well-meaning Ferguson, sometimes really exalted in his personal poems and adaptations from the Irish, but whose more ambitious labors smell a little too much of the Record Office. There was also the attenuated Wordsworthianism of Aubrey De Vere. Lastly there has been the considerable literary movement initiated chiefly by Mr. Standish O'Grady, styled variously the "Irish Literary Revival," the "Celtic Renaissance," &c., in which the chief factor has undoubtedly been the peculiar genius of Mr. W. B. Yeats. The meeting in modern Ireland of the modern with the ancient spirit is an important event, not only in the literary but in the spiritual history of Ireland, and perhaps the full significance of the work of Mr. Yeats and *Æ* will only be apparent eventually. Mr. Yeats in particular understands the ancient Celtic spirit as Ronsard understood Græco-Roman antiquity, and is imbued with it in much the same way; and just as it was only when the modern world had learned to understand the ancient classics that it began to strike out in every direction on lines of its own, so perhaps the spirit of Ireland, through its self-recovery in this last poet of the line of Senchan Torpeist, is being made ready for new beginnings.

Meanwhile if we ask whether the voluminous literary activity of the last twenty years has brought forth a book, we shall have difficulty on fixing on any one work which Ireland seems likely to take to its affections permanently. If a masterpiece should still come of this literary movement we need not be surprised if it appears by a kind of accident and in some unexpected quarter, and we have a fancy

that appearances in modern Ireland point to a writer of the type of Cervantes rather than to an idealizing poet or romance writer. A hero as lovable as the great Knight of the Rueful Countenance might be conceived, who in some back street of Dublin had addled his brains with brooding over Ireland's wrongs, and that extensive but not always quite sincere literature which expresses the resentment of her sons towards the stranger. His library would be described: Mitchel's *History of Ireland* would be there, and Cobbett's *History of the Reformation*, and Mrs. J. B. Green's *Making of Ireland and Its Undoing*. We can conceive him issuing forth, fresh-hearted as a child at the age of fifty, with glib, breatta, and saffron-colored kilt, to realize and incidentally to expose the ideals of present-day Ireland. What scenes might not be devised at village inns arising out of his refusal to parley with landlords in any but his own few words of Gaelic speech; what blanketings, in which our sympathies would be wholly with the rebel against the despotism of fact! His Dulcinea would be—who but Kathleen ni Houlihan herself, who really is no more like what she is taken for than the maiden of Toboso, but who, in the addled masculine brain of the Irish idealist, is a sort of wraith materializing itself on the eve of chimerical insurrections—an old woman (God save the mark!), not a friendly and buxom wench, whose partiality for strapping young foreigners, whether Danish, Saxon or Scotch, has had a great deal to do in bringing about the present, by no means desperate, situation of modern Ireland. And such a book as we fancy need not really insult or injure the cause of Irish nationality any more than Cervantes laughed real chivalry away. Ireland remains, a country inhabited by a new, freshly-compounded, English-speaking

race of men, equal to any race in physique, intelligence and opportunity; a country in which anything may happen once her sons agree to cast out delusions and to realize their common humanity together. A mixture of races, wrote Davis, is "as much needed as the mixture of Protestants and

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Catholics." And he added, "If a union of all Irish-born men ever be accomplished, Ireland will have the greatest and most varied materials for an illustrious nationality, and for a tolerant and flexible character in literature, manners, religion and life, of any nation on earth."

John Eginton.

THE WILD HEART.

By M. E. FRANCIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

CHAPTER XXV.

Down by a shady angle of the river they pitched their camp. The spot was screened from observation by a group of willows, one very large tree bending so low over the water that the pale, gray-green leaves swept its surface.

"We couldn't ha' hit upon a better place nor this for spendin' this hot day," remarked David, as he set down basket and kettle, and tossing off his hat, stretched himself beside Tamsine in the rich cool grass of the sloping bank.

One crop of hay had been taken from this solitary field, but the "ee-grass," or aftermath, largely mixed with clover, had sprung up fresh, and the air was heavy with its rich perfume. Fringing the clear brown water, which slipped along with ever and anon a low gurgle, was a tall growth of bulrushes and flags; clustering blossoms of purple loosestrife topped it here and there, and just beyond the pool beneath the willow floated the broad leaves of the yellow water-lily.

Tamsine looked round a little anxiously:—

"I don't think we ought to be here, really," she said. "This must be one of Mr. Rose's fields, and we are tramping down his ee-grass—and I'm quite sure we didn't ought to think about fishin' here. 'Tis Squire Hope's prop-

erty. We m'd meet one of his keepers."

"Now, look-see, Tamsine, can't ye make up your mind to enjoy yourself for once without thinkin' o' 'buts' and 'didn't oughts'? Farmer Rose 'ull be turnin' in sheep or young cattle to graze in this field afore long, and it won't make much odds to them if it be a bit trampled in one little corner—an' as for fishin' as like as not we'll catch nothin', an' I don't see why we shouldn't ha' the fun on't. Look, look! Hush—wait a bit—now bend down cautious. D'ye see?"

"What?" echoed Tamsine, catching the infection of his excitement.

"Why, the little moor-hen yonder. Look at his red beak. Ah, he's heard ye—see en dive! He'll pop up again in a minute a dozen yards away; he's a-paddlin' like anything under water."

"'Twas a beauty," exclaimed Tamsine; "but whatever's that gurt splash, David?"

"Only a water rat."

"Ugh!" cried she, "an' so close to us!"

"Ye needn't mind he," expostulated her husband; "he's a nice clean little beast what feeds on nothin' but green stuff. Come a bit nearer an' see en swim. Look at his little paws, jist like hands.—Well, come, let's rest a bit before we set about gettin' tea ready."

They returned to their former place,

and Tamsine lay back beside him on the lush grass, listening to the lap of the water, the singing of the larks, which abounded in that neighborhood and to the faint far-away bleating of sheep which might possibly be her own.

She endeavored to quiet her uneasy conscience by telling herself they were doing no harm, and that very likely if Farmer Rose or Squire Hope knew that a honeymooning couple were making holiday by this quiet pool they would not be greatly incensed. A loud whirring of wings presently startled her: David sprang to a kneeling position and threw up an imaginary gun.

"Bang-bang, bang-bang!" he cried. "'Twould ha' been a lovely shot that! Right an' left. Yes, I'd ha' had them for sure."

"Why, what were they?" asked she, with an unconscious frown.

"Partridges, o' course—did ye think they was thrushes? Don't they make a grand whirr-whirr wi' their wings? They little chaps 'ull be goin' into somebody's bag afore long. I wish 'twas into mine!—Well, I'll get the sticks for our fire now. 'Tis nice an' shady by this pool; it 'ull not be so very late afore the fish do rise here."

Tamsine, hugging her knees, followed his movements as he darted about, picking up sticks here and there; then he disappeared into the copse, where Tamsine presently heard the sound of breaking branches. By-and-by he emerged, trailing after him two or three green boughs, and, standing beside her, began to wrench off the smaller twigs and leaves. Then he drew his knife from his pocket and pointed one end of each; and next proceeded to drive these pointed ends into the ground at an angle which allowed the forked tops to support each other.

"That's for the kettle," he ex-

plained; "now we'll build up a little fire underneath—well in the middle so as not to burn these sticks. Will ye come an' help?"

Tamsine assisted him to make a pyramid of dry twigs and fir-cones; he whistled blithely the while, but she was very silent, though ever and anon her eyes rested anxiously upon him. He had thrown off hat and coat, and his thick dark hair was ruffled. His quick-glancing eyes gleamed more restlessly than usual; his brown face was lit up by some secret excitement; Tamsine felt half afraid of him.

She thought of his fanciful talk at dinner-time that day, of Martha's taunt—and her eyes reverted from his eager face to the kettle poised gipsy fashion over the flickering fire; then out of the past came the words once spoken to her by her uncle.

"There's gipsy blood in the chap; he would never settle."

She gave herself a little shake, endeavoring to perform the same operation mentally.

None of these folks knew David as she knew him. None of them could so much as understand how he loved her. Love would master his wild ways.

"Now then, unpack the basket!" cried he. "Water 'ull be boiling in a minute, an' then I have a surprise for ye."

"What kind of surprise?" asked she dubiously.

"You'll see, you'll see, all in good time," he rejoined, rubbing his hands and looking at her mischievously. "Come, sit down and let's get to work. The kettle's singing."

Though David had been in such haste to prepare the meal, he had apparently neither patience nor appetite to do justice to it. He kept jumping up and stealing on tip-toe to the river bank, whence he would return, smiling to himself as though absorbed in some pleasant inward thought; he an-

swered Tamsine's remarks at random and gave no satisfactory explanation in reply to her queries. His marvelously quick ears appeared to note each time a fly touched the water, and he would start at the breaking of a bubble.

All at once the unmistakable splash caused by the rising of a fish of some considerable size brought the picnic to an end. David, springing to his feet, ran towards the copse before mentioned, and, plunging into it, came back brandishing a long package covered with brown paper.

Squatting down beside his wife, he cut the string which fastened it with eager impatience, and drew forth the component parts of two fishing rods.

"That's for you," he cried, tossing a reel into her lap; "and, see, a little float. I did choose a blue one to match your eyes—the bait's all handy at the foot of the willow tree. Isn't it a pretty rod, Tamsine, and aren't ye pleased?"

Tamsine looked at him doubtfully; she had hitherto imagined that David would fish in school-boy fashion with a stick and an improvised line.

"But when did ye get it?" queried she. "'Tis brand new."

"Why, of course it is, and so is mine. I did get 'em this morning."

"When I thought you were up at the sheep-pen and were working so hard," exclaimed she, and her lip drooped.

"'Twas along o' working so hard that the wish came to me to be somewhere cool and pleasant," rejoined he. "I borrowed a bike at Chudbury and nipped off to Branston for these 'ere. Mine's a beauty, too—'tis for fly fishin'. I've got the flies here, see—pretty little things, aren't they? Ye'd a'most think this one was real."

He edged himself close to her, putting his arm round her shoulders.

"B'ain't ye pleased, Tamsine?" he

cried. "There, I do feel so happy I could very near jump out of my skin! Wasn't it jist about a good notion to come here?—and what a day—there, it do make one feel jist glad to be alive."

He looked so handsome, so winning, so ecstatically happy, that his girlwife banished her forebodings and kissed him back with a joyousness equal to his own.

The sunshine had left the pool, and the shade of the copse, falling across this particular bend of the river, favored the fisherman's plan. Soon Tamsine was installed at her post, rod in hand, her eyes fixed on the little blue disc which kept floating towards the reeds and had to be gently drawn back into a more suitable position. Now and then her gaze would wander to David's active graceful figure, as he stood on the brink of a more open space, marking the poise of his head, the quick turn of his wrist. It was while absorbed in contemplating her husband that she was suddenly recalled to her actual duty by a little spring of the rod in her hand, and looking down she saw her float disappear. Instead of following David's instructions and giving the slight, sharp jerk which should have secured her fish, she threw up her rod, drawing a small perch bodily out of the water, into which he immediately dropped again, the hook having taken no hold.

"Oh, David, David, I had one!" cried Tamsine excitedly.

"Well, taken en off and put en on the bank. Well done, little 'ooman."

"Oh, but he's gone again," returned she. "I did pull him out too quick. I forgot what you did tell me."

"Try again, then," said he. "Don't 'ee get too excited, else ye'll lose next one. Isn't this fun?"

"Jist about," answered she.

For the moment all her qualms deserted her, even the dislike, more in-

tensified in her than in most women, to kill anything, were it but a little fish. She felt only an eager desire to succeed, and the watching, the waiting, the expectation were all delightful.

Little cool airs rose from the water, and the reeds rustled; she could hear the whistle of David's line as he cast it with untiring patience. How she would tease him if she caught a fish before he did!

Now came the little tug again; the float bobbed once more; with blazing cheeks Tamsine accomplished that dexterous half-turn of the wrist which made sure of her prey—then she drew out a little leaping silvery thing and detaching it from the hook, laid it on the bank.

"I've a-got one," she cried triumphantly. "I took en this time—but he do jump about so."

"That's because he can't breathe out o' water. You'd best kill en—take en by the tail an' give en a tap against the ground."

"Oh, I don't like to do that—I always thought they died of themselves."

"So they do, but it takes a long time. Much kinder to put en out o' his pain at once."

Tamsine took hold of the little fish, hesitated a moment, glanced quickly to see if David were looking, and threw it back in the water.

"I think I'll come and watch you for a bit," she remarked.

At that very moment David had marked a rise, and was too much interested in his own doings to pay heed to her. She laid her rod against the tree, and, standing close to the reeds, watched him breathlessly. Twice, thrice, did the line sing through the air; after the third cast David bent forward, and his supple wrist turned sharply; then came a whizzing sound as the fish, fairly hooked, made off with the line. David played it with

masterly skill and patience; and Tamsine watched him breathlessly.

"'Tis a trout, an' such a fine one," he called out presently. "'Tis worth the catchin', this! . . . I don't know how ever I be to land en though," he added by-and-by. "'Tis such a big one; I'm afraid he'll break the line."

"What will ye do?" cried she, now to the full as much excited as himself.

"If I was to bring en close in to the bank ye mid catch hold of en wi' your two hands—only don't let en go again. . . . Now, wait a bit—here he is; now strike sharp on' don't let en go whatever ye do! *Now!*"

Tamsine fairly ran into the water, and seizing the trout, flung him high on the bank.

"Well done!" cried he delightedly. "I couldn't ha' been more sharp myself. An' sich a beauty. Come an' look at en."

"No, kill en first," rejoined she, averting her face. "There, I've got my shoes all full of water."

"Take 'em off, then," rejoined he gaily; "they'll dry by the fire. Now come an' see this gentleman—it don't take much to kill en, ye see. Tell 'ee what, I'll catch a couple more an' we'll have 'em for supper. Keep the fire goin' an' I'll show ye how to roast 'em. How are ye getting on, by the way?"

"I like watching you best," she rejoined evasively.

He returned to his former place, and she, taking off her stockings and shoes, placed them by the fire to dry. Then she wandered about picking up sticks to replenish the fire, rejoicing as her bare feet came in contact with the grass on which the dew was already beginning to gather, and savoring to the full this new and fascinating experience.

The wood smoke kept the flies at bay, and had a pungent fragrance of its own; it amused her to feed the fire

with fir cones and to hear it crackling and hissing. She felt as though she and David were playing a kind of game, and the child in her, which in her thrifty home had been so soon superseded by the sensible and hard-working maiden, now seemed to awake.

She rearranged the cloth with the same delight which in former days had filled her when preparing for a dolls' tea-party, washing the plates afresh in the clear river water, refilling the kettle, and carrying out of sight all remnants of their former repast.

"I've got another little 'un," announced David after a time. "Now, Tamsine, I'll show ye how to roast 'em an' ye'll think ye never tasted anything in all your life so good."

The fish having been cleaned and scaled, were spitted, lengthways on two pointed twigs which Tamsine was instructed to turn from time to time, while David tried his luck again.

It was past sunset when they sat down to this improvised supper; faint wreaths of mist rose upwards from the river, but the night was warm. David, sprawling on the ground, kicked his heels ecstatically together from time to time, and laughed and talked with the careless blitheness of a boy. Tamsine owned that she had never in all her life tasted anything so delicious as those freshly caught, roasted trout.

"An' there's three more for breakfast tomorrow," said he. "We'll come here often, shan't us? Ye have enjoyed it, haven't ye?"

"Indeed I have," answered she heartily.

They packed up their things, and made their way homewards at last, not dancing this time, but keeping step and talking gaily as they walked.

It was not until Tamsine knelt down by her bedside to say her night prayers that remorse came to her, and when David mounted the stairs he found

her sobbing with a deep sense of guilt.

"Oh, David, I d' 'low we've done wrong!" she cried. "There, I shouldn't ha' let ye do it—'twas no better nor stealin' arter all. We did take what wasn't ours, an' I didn't even try to hold ye back—I helped ye."

David sat down on the bed and looked at her, but said nothing.

"You, who thought me so good," she went on brokenly—"to think I should ha'—should ha' led ye astray."

"Ye didn't do that," he said gently.

"Well, I did encourage ye," she resumed. "Me, what always promised myself I'd help ye to do right."

Still he sat looking at her, his elbows resting on his knees, his chin sunk in his hands.

"There, give over cryin', my dear," he said at last. "There's some things which you an' me 'ull never look at in the same way, but I can't abear to have ye upsettin' ye'rself about it. There, I give ye my word from this out I'll never ax ye to go again' your conscience."

"Oh, thank ye, David," murmured Tamsine.

She got up from her knees and dried her eyes, and then going to him pressed her flushed face to his.

"We'll help each other, won't we?" she whispered.

He made no answer but kissed her very tenderly, and went downstairs again.

"What be doin'?" she called out to him presently.

"I'm puttin' away the rods," he rejoined.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The next day being Sunday, Tamsine dressed herself with great care for church.

Having donned her wedding gown and arranged her white hat to a nicety she came downstairs, books in hand, to find David, still in his shirt sleeves,

drumming on the table and whistling softly to himself, but a trifle out of tune; his eyes gazed through the open door, but unseeingly, or rather with pupils contracted as though he espied an object a long way off.

The faint sound of the distant church bell came to their ears as Tamsine tapped him on the shoulder.

"Why, bell's ringing an' you haven't even got your coat on yet! We ought to start now, so as not to hurry this hot day."

David brought back his eyes and his thoughts from that imaginary horizon, and made a petulant movement.

"Yes, I should think it was hot," he rejoined. "I tell you I don't feel much inclined to go puttin' on a coat an' walkin' along that blazing hot path to sit in a stuffy church at the end. I like to worship best in my own way—lyin' out in the cool an' lookin' up at the blue sky."

"Do 'ee come, David," she pleaded gently. "I couldn't abear to go wi'out ye. We'll walk in the lewth of the hedges, and sit near the door."

He took his coat from the peg where he had hung it during breakfast, holding it by the collar between finger and thumb with a whimsical expression of disapproval.

"So smart as 'tis," he commented. "Not so much as a thread unravelled or a button loose. I don't feel at home in it at all. It doesn't suit me to wear a coat like that. I do feel in prison in it. I'd most as soon pop on that beautiful yellow one with the arrow-heads."

"David—David!" ejaculated Tamsine in dismay, catching her breath as if with a sob.

He was thrusting his arm into the sleeve of the coat, but turned quickly at the sound, his expression altering in a minute.

"Well there, I'll grumble no more," he cried gaily. "You've a-got your

weddin' dress on, I see, an' you do look so pretty as a pictur' in it, too, an' this is my weddin' coat, so I did ought to like it. Come, let's pick a flower or two, an' then we'll start."

Tamsine preceded him into the garden and gathered a handful of roses and mignonette, some of which she fastened in his coat while the others were carefully pinned in the bosom of her gown; then they set forth, walking sedately and keeping, as she had promised, in the shade of the hedges.

As they turned into Chudbury from the lane they saw Martha and Sam emerging from Miss Strickland's gate; the last-named pair stood still so as to allow them to go before them into the church.

"Good morning, Sam," hazarded his sister, with a faint smile; but Sam made no response.

It was the first time that the newly made bride had appeared at church in her wedding finery, and many heads were turned in her direction, and many murmured comments made thereon. Martha and Sam took up their position immediately behind the other two, and it seemed to Tamsine that she could feel the scorching gaze of the widow West's unfriendly eyes fixed upon her.

Martha did, indeed, examine every detail of Tamsine's pretty clothes with a sensation akin to fury. She could wear silk, it seemed, while Martha was content with muslin, and she had a man—a proper man—to take care of her and love her, while Martha was obliged to make herself ridiculous by seeming to accept the attentions of a lout of a boy who, even if she did consent to marry him, would be unable to earn enough for years to come to keep her in comfort.

Each time that David turned over the pages of Tamsine's book Martha's heart throbbed with jealous rage, and when his voice joined in the hymn,

she bethought herself how gaily he had uplifted it on the previous day.

"The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be." . . . He looked at Tamsine as if she were indeed the star of his life.

"Come along," said David, when, service being over, he and his wife found themselves once more in the open air. "Let's make haste home—and then off with these hot things—an' off let's go ourselves into the woods—right into the woods to-day. 'Tis too mar-tal hot to sit anywhere else."

Tamsine had had a transient vision of sitting in the best parlor in reposeful state for the remainder of the day. She had meant to write a letter or two and to read a bit. But a glance at David's face, which again wore the restless, dissatisfied look which had disquieted her once before, made her hasten to agree.

Mrs. Cornick had prepared the respectable British householder's Sunday dinner, and a nice little bit of roast beef with potatoes under it was browning in the oven when the young couple entered the house. As the familiar smell greeted his nostrils, David turned aside and grimaced, thinking longingly of the three little speckled trout which, out of deference to Tamsine's feelings, he had that morning bestowed on their factotum.

When the table was dragged into the doorway, however, and garnished with an abundance of freshly-washed lettuces, he condescended to make a hasty meal.

"Now, then, Tamsine, let's be off," he said impatiently, as he pushed back his chair. "Run up an' put on your wold frock, an' we'll take a bit o' cake wi' us, an' we won't come back till bedtime."

"But I haven't cleared away"—she was beginning when he interrupted her.

"I'll do that, but hurry, hurry! There

I do feel as if thik roof were lyin' on the top of my head."

Tamsine hung up her pretty dress with a sigh. David had said she looked as pretty as a picture in it, and yet he was in such a hurry for her to take it off. She put on a clean print, feeling almost as though she were breaking the Sabbath in doing so, and came downstairs to find him already waiting for her in the yard.

He had taken off his collar and donned his old sailor's jersey and cap, and at the sight her heart melted; thus had he looked when he had come back after all those years to claim her! He had filled a little basket with provisions, and was balancing this on the end of his brown forefinger.

"That's right, here we are!" he cried gaily. "Now then, off we go, shoulder to shoulder."

They walked together across the downs, making for a plantation which they had not hitherto explored, as it was too far away to be suitable for a meeting place in their courting days, and since their marriage they had contented themselves with revisiting spots already known and loved.

"I do feel as if you an' me were out for an adventure," remarked David blithely, as, dropping into single file at length, they entered the dense band of firs which fringed the plantation.

A little further on trees of other kinds were growing, with wider spaces between; oaks and larches, and young beech and cherry trees. And then came a hazel copse climbing up a mossy slope, with narrow green paths traversing it here and there.

"Hist!" whispered David, seizing Tamsine by the arm as they were pacing silently along one of these. They stood, as it were rooted to the ground, and Tamsine strained her ears, but could hear nothing. David, a pace in advance, listened too, frowning with the intensity of his attention.

Then, all at once, at the end of the green vista, cantering in leisurely fashion down the path which bisected their own narrow alley, they saw three roe deer pass noiselessly. The sunlight fell directly on their russet flanks and slender limbs, on the graceful heads, so proudly poised.

"Oh, how pretty!" cried Tamsine, under her breath, and clapping her hands softly with delight.

David was already flying swiftly and noiselessly towards the juncture of the paths, but when he had reached it the little creatures were out of sight.

"Roe deer," he said, retracing his steps. "I fancy there's a-many hereabouts."

"Yes, they do say there's lots of wild deer in these woods," returned Tamsine, "but I've never seen any before. Aren't they pretty little things?—not half the size of them I used to see in the Lord's park near Branston."

"These be different altogether," rejoined David. "They can run, just about. I should think the little buck if he were set goin' 'ud run so fast as a hare."

"Well now, here we be in the very middle of the wood," said Tamsine. "Here's shade for ye—you what wanted shade. Let's go to the end of this walk and sit down under one of the oaks, shall us?"

"Yes, that wouldn't be a bad notion," he agreed.

They ascended the mossy track, and having selected a resting place which was not only shady and retired, but swept every now and then by a fitful breeze, they flung themselves down on the soft ground.

"I'm going to doze a bit," announced David after a pause.

"Well, perhaps I'll do the same," rejoined she.

Her qualms of conscience and vague anxiety about David's proclivities had

indeed caused her to be unusually wakeful on the previous night. Tilt-ing her hat over her eyes and pillowing her head on her arms, she soon fell asleep, waking after an hour or so, with a start, to find herself alone.

She got up quickly, calling two or three times in alarm; then, fearful of attracting the attention of some wandering keeper, she sat down to wait for David's return.

But it was long before he came, and then, though he was heated and exhausted, he refused to give any account of his doings.

"I couldn't sleep, and so I thought I'd just roam about a bit," was all he would say in reply to her questions.

"Did you go to look after the little deer?" she asked after a pause.

"I didn't see them," he answered unwillingly; "but I found the stream where they do come to drink."

He was unusually taciturn during the whole of that afternoon, though he did not again attempt to move from Tamsine's side. For once it was she who set herself to amuse him instead of hearkening to his talk, and though he appeared to listen, and laughed now and then at what she said, Tamsine was vaguely conscious that his thoughts were busy with other things.

On the following day, however, David seemed his own self again, and passed his time in a manner that was entirely satisfactory to his wife, for he not only permitted her to attend unrebuked to household duties which imperatively needed her personal supervision, but worked himself with most praiseworthy zeal and industry.

It was that evening, however, that he startled her by announcing suddenly that he wanted to have a dog of his own.

"A dog! What for? You'd never want to do away wi' dear old Carlo?" rejoined Tamsine hastily; "an' Towzer's as much yours as Cornick's."

"They're both ours, or rather yours," said he. "I want a dog o' my own. I'll get one what'll agree w' Carlo, an' 'twill be jist so well for us to get a bit used to the new one afore the old one dies. He's bound to die o' old age afore so very long."

"That's true. Well, of course, if you've a fancy for a dog I'm content ye should have one," said she. "'Twas nice o' you to tell me—you could ha' got one w'out sayin' anything about it."

"I could," he agreed, "but I do always like to tell 'ee things—when I can," he added slowly.

Tamsine was somewhat taken aback when a few days afterwards the new dog appeared—a beautiful creature,
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long and slender of limb, rough of coat, deep of chest, the embodiment of strength and activity.

"Mercy me! What a great beast!" she exclaimed. "Why, 'tis so big as a calf, very near. What is it, David? I've never seen a dog like it."

"'Tis a hound," rejoined he.

"Nay, now you're laughing at me! I know quite well what hounds are like—I've a-see'd the gentry hunting often enough."

"There's different kinds o' hounds," said David. "Foxhounds and blood-hounds, an' otterhounds an' deerhounds."

"Which is this one, then?"

"Oh, this? This is a deerhound," returned David carelessly.

(To be continued.)

CHANCE AND CHANGE.

To search for hidden unities in the literature of an age is often to distort facts in the interest of theory. This is especially true in the case of contemporary literature. But there may come a point—and I think the most notable literature of the last six months marks such a point—when certain salient facts emerge so violently and so repeatedly from the written page that no one but the blindest can ignore or deny them. If one takes the last six books by authors who are fairly representative of contemporary English literature—E. M. Forster, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, Granville Barker, Bernard Shaw, and John Galsworthy—there is to be found one truth about them so obvious that it has been remarked by dozens of reviewers. It is that they are concerned with the same social problems as those which fall under the science of sociology; that they advocate, criticize, or imply reforms scarcely less directly

than do those for whom social reform is a profession.

But this I think is scarcely the most satisfactory way of putting the matter. For it leaves out of account the circumstance that these authors do, in fact, differ in a very important way, alike from the scientist and the busy practical man; and it does not sufficiently reveal the common cause which is working upon them all. The same truth may perhaps be expressed in wider and more significant terms by saying that the characteristic literature of to-day is the literature of change. The most vigorous writers are generally those who respond most to their environment, in the sense that to such men everything must be full of suggestion, interesting, and matter for the interpretative mind; though the greatest of all are those who nourish themselves at all the sources of inspiration, in the past and the present, in the seen and the unseen. The latter are in con-

sequence not so purely representative of their own special time as are those vigorous, active minds which fill a secondary place in the world's literature, but bulk largest to their contemporaries. Shakespeare is not so representative of the Elizabethans as is Marlowe or Chapman. Probably if a greater number of Greek plays survived we should find that Sophocles is less characteristically Athenian than Euripides. And in the same way Mr. Joseph Conrad is not so representative of the contemporary world as is Mr. Bernard Shaw or Mr. Wells. But it is in men of the latter type that we shall find the differential qualities of an epoch, the qualities which to some extent appear in the greatest, which appear far more abundantly in those biggest in contemporary estimation, which in any case mark the trend of thought and the peculiar contribution of the time. It is the literature produced by these men to-day which is most profoundly impressed by what may be called the spirit of change.

The briefest consideration of contemporary literature is sufficient to prove how powerfully these minds have been moulded, either by observing this fact of change or contemplating its possibility. The fact itself may perhaps best be illustrated by the case of Mr. Edmund Gosse and the story told in his memorable book, *Father and Son*. As a piece of biography alone that book must stand high, for the fine drawing of the mind and character of his father. But the noticeable point lies in the vivid contrast between the father and son, the transition from the hard-headed, scrupulous, rigid, narrow-minded Puritan, who is so typical of the Victorian age, to the broad-minded, cultured *littérateur* of to-day. There is the fact of change—the Rev. Mr. Philip Gosse of forty years ago has become the Mr. Edmund Gosse of to-day.

Or, if we would see how the change

in the outward and inward order of the world has affected novelists we may turn to Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Wells, or Mr. E. M. Forster. The first of these has written two really distinguished novels, his recent *Clayhanger* and his earlier *Old Wives' Tales*. Each of these stories shows us the progression of the English world from the generation of our grandfathers to our own generation; it shows this change creeping upon us at an accelerated pace, catching the older inhabitants unawares, a visible change in bricks and mortar, in widening streets, in enlarged factories; in the introduction of trams which in due course became electric trams; and a change no less decisive in customs and habits, the older folk marvelling at the new-fangled independence of the young; the whole being nothing less than a revolution which has descended with the sure but imperceptible advance of a glacier, so that within living memory the face and character of England have been altered.

And an exactly similar idea has captured the imagination of Mr. Wells. In *The New Machiavelli*, as in *Tono-Bungay* and other books, he tells the story of the rapidly evolving world in which his heroes have grown up; of the ever-spreading suburbs stretching out their tentacles north and south and east and west, of the mushroom houses which arose without order or system; of the changing system of education; the changing ideas towards parents—everything spasmodic, growing, muddled. Similarly Mr. E. M. Forster in *Howard's End* shows the old house, dear to the heart of Mrs. Wilcox, as the symbol of permanence in an unfixed world which is homeless, restless, changing. Even if we look abroad we shall find something of this same sense of the transformation in the order of things; in America Mr. Winston Churchill has written a series of novels

to illustrate the successive phases in the American character, and in France authors like M. Paul Bourget and M. René Bazin emphasize respectively the change from aristocracy to democracy, and from the reverence of orthodoxy to the vandal spirit of secularism.

In a somewhat different way Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Shaw, and his able disciple, Mr. Granville Barker, are affected by the torrential fluid of their environment. Of Mr. Galsworthy I shall have something more to say, and need merely point out for the moment that in *Fraternity*, *Strife*, and especially *Justice*, the author is indirectly advocating changes which, instead of being left to accident, are to be guided in accordance with a definite human purpose. Mr. Shaw is so curiously minded that he preaches against change wherever he perceives it, and clamors for it when he perceives it not. Thus in *The Doctor's Dilemma* and the Preface to it, finding himself confronted with great changes in medical science, he denounces medical progress and its pretensions as a superstition and a fraud. In *Getting Married*, on the other hand, finding that the public is still often content with old-fashioned ideas of sex relations and home life, he ridicules "home life as we understand it" on the ground that it is "no more natural to us than a cage is natural to a cockatoo." I am not accusing him of any real inconsistency in thus alternating between conservative and revolutionary dogmas. For, no doubt, he would hold that changes ought to have been made where there have been none, and that those which have occurred have not followed the course which he, or men gifted with similar foresight, would have prescribed.

It may be objected that the influence of change upon literature is not only felt by our contemporaries but has affected the literature of all times; that it is the function of men of letters to

be ahead of their contemporaries and to initiate ideas which are productive of change; that the history of literature is the history of the progress of thought and imagination; and that therefore the present age does not differ in this respect from others. To which I would reply that whilst other literatures have represented or initiated change, there has never been a time when so many of the best creative intellects have consciously concerned themselves with this process, making change of conditions either their artistic subject or their deliberate practical object. The reason, of course, is obvious; there never has been a time when the world was undergoing such a startling and rapid transformation. It is true, the economic, material, scientific, and moral changes in the Athens of the fifth century came about quickly and drastically, and the reconstitution of intellectual and moral ideas mooted by the Sophists found a profound expression in the dialectic of the drama. How far the Elizabethans were influenced by the revival of learning and science, the discovery of the new world, and the expansion of commerce, is a question not here to be embarked upon. But it will not be disputed that the face of the world has never in any known period of history been so changed out of all recognition as it has been by the scientific and industrial revolutions of the nineteenth century. The barbarian invasions which put an end to Imperial Rome can have had no outward and visible effect comparable to that of the invasion of the machine. What wonder that the superficial, hurried reader of to-day finds little to satisfy him in the literature of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, the former so much concerned either with religion or pleasure, the latter with the moral virtues or their opposites!

The Renaissance did not reach its moral consummation till the time of the

French Revolution, its intellectual consummation till the nineteenth century, its material consummation till the twentieth century and thereafter. The growth of science first affected the imagination, and through the imagination, the heart; its first offspring was Romanticism and the idea of liberty and democracy. But science as it progressed in the nineteenth century came, first with the machine and the whip, then with the machine and the moralist, at its elbow. But wherever, and however it came, it transformed with lightning rapidity, just in that way in which Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Winston Churchill, the American, have indicated; till the mere fact of its transforming became so remarkable and absorbing that that fact has almost exhausted the attention of three-fourths of the artists and intellectuals of our age.

So habituated then have we become to rapid change in the conditions of life that the first thing we postulate is further change. The rustic accustomed to the same food every day of his life does not criticize his fare; it is the epicure, accustomed to variety, who is critical of the menu. The active mind which witnesses perpetual variety must be perpetually critical. To be aware that the conditions of to-day are different from the conditions of yesterday and of to-morrow is, according to the temperament of the beholder, to lament the past or to hasten the future. In this respect the Radical and the Conservative are alike, that it is the perception of change which determines them, though it determines them in different ways, the one being affected by hope, the other by fear. Both are discontented with the present, the one because it falls short of the future, which he imagines, the other because it has departed from the security of the past, which he idealizes. And as we have seen, even the creative artist can-

not escape from the fascination of this ever-changing environment, where the unplanned present obtrudes its fresh discontents, and the unknown future is pregnant with possibilities of good and the alternative of unimaginable evil. All perceive that something must be done to direct the plunging course of this hydra-headed democracy which, as its onrush is in any case irresistible, may at any moment deviate from the path and fling itself headlong to perdition. When the guns are firing and the battle is joined and the cries of the wounded fill the air, there are not many who can sit down in the midst, like the German philosopher at the battle of Austerlitz, to contemplate the Absolute. Most of them, even though their function is art, rush out to join the *mêlée*; and this is why they incur the censure of the reviewers, making fiction and drama a branch of sociology.

But one seems to hear, distinguishable occasionally amidst the din, a low, faint murmur. This way madness lies. Is man, the master of his soul, to be thus enslaved to his conditions? Is he to be tossed hither and thither by changes which he did not create, by ideas to which he did not subscribe, by a tempest he never wished to combat? Is there no quiet place of refuge wherein he may be at peace to live as his ancestors lived, and to cherish the humble ambitions which they cherished? The answer, in a certain sense, is "No." The conventions which served their purpose have in many cases lost their meaning; the duties our ancestors performed have lost their usefulness; the old bottles will not hold the new wine which our generation serves to us. And this is one reason why so many people rate and gibe at what they call the "muddle-headed British public"; because it cannot change its ideas so quickly as it is forced to change its conditions of life.

But is there not an important significance in the very fact which makes our intellectuals desperate with indignation, the fact that you cannot change the "public mind" so rapidly as you can change its tramway services, its governments, or the place—the cellar, the crust of the earth, or the sky—in which it is to be housed? It is easier to take a man up in an aeroplane than it is to make him agree that his neighbor ought to run away with his wife, or that his sons ought not to read Thucydides. Even amongst those writers whom I have named there is beginning to arise a half-formed consciousness that amid all these changes in circumstances we must be careful how we admit changes in character and in mental calibre; a consciousness that we are in need of some fixed point by which the world may be enabled to retain its sanity. Now there are two classes of people who believe in permanence; those who think that the world is the same always because they are too silly to open their eyes; and the very small class of those who have felt profoundly that all things are changing in something more than the Heraclitean sense, who have yet penetrated to the necessity of a permanence, of an organic human continuity, underlying the multiplex circumstances and ideas of our life.

And this brings me back to Mr. Forster and Mr. Galsworthy. "Howard's End," the old-fashioned house which gives its name to Mr. Forster's novel, is contrasted with the new buildings which are occupied and vacated, which spring up on all sides and are vicariously inhabited, which draw nearer and nearer to the garden and the wychelm of "Howard's End." It is the symbol of permanence, of the old order which "connects" the past with the present, the personal and individ-

ual with the cosmopolitan and indifferent; it is the something sacred which neither an individual nor a nation can afford to neglect. Mr. Forster, impressed as he is with the need of change, directed instead of haphazard, nevertheless perceives that there are permanent elements, belonging to character, in our blood and our tradition, which cannot be ignored without peril.

Mr. Galsworthy, in *The Patriotic*, is no longer the mere antagonist of the established order of things. He seems to have attained a sort of optimism strangely at variance with his earlier views; to have perceived that running through all these conflicts, revolutions, and evolutions, there is and has been a certain national sense, a sort of collective reasonableness, which is constantly making itself felt, and being expressed in its best form by the leaders of opinion, the aristocrats of nature; that the torrent runs, as it were, between solid banks; that in the long run character triumphs over confusion.

There is in this view, doubtless, the danger of complacency. But it is worth noting that the time is already passing when the transformations wrought by science and its attendant agents can shake the soul within our bodies. Science was applied to industry, and it changed the appearance of England; it was applied to organic life, and it destroyed ancient history. It was applied to religion, but before it had quite demolished it, became its ally. It has been applied to morals, and has threatened them, but must needs be called into their support. Character, becoming once again its own master, promises to hold science in leading-strings, to control the prodigious, artificial, invented, but increasingly manageable collective organism, and to make of England what it likes.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

BY THE LATE LEO TOLSTOY.

Amongst the learned who study philosophy one meets some individuals who study it—not, as most of them do, merely professionally—but for the sake of their own souls.

It is difficult for these learned men to free themselves from the scientific superstitions in which they have grown up and matured, and by the service of which conspicuous worldly success is so often obtained. But some of them, possessing live, sincere, and moral natures, unceasingly strive to liberate themselves. Realizing in their inner experience all the narrowness—or, to put it plainly, the stupidity—of the materialist view of life, which is incompatible with any moral teaching, they are inevitably drawn to the acknowledgment of a spiritual principle as the basis of everything, and to the question of man's relation to that spiritual principle; that is to say, they are drawn to questions of ethics, to which more and more attention has been paid of late.

What it comes to at bottom is, that by a long and intricate road of scientific philosophy they are brought to the simple position accepted by every Russian peasant—even by those who are illiterate—that *one must live for one's soul*, and that, in order so to live, one must know what to do and what not to do for that purpose.

The relation of these learned men to the matter is, I consider, perfectly correct; but unfortunately they for the most part cannot manage to free themselves from the scientific ballast they have assimilated as something necessary and valuable and that has to be utilized, but which really, by obstructing reason, prevents its free play. Sharing with all scientific men the superstition that philosophy is a science

which establishes the foundations of all other truths, they, in order to establish these truths, unceasingly construct one theory after another, without ever reaching any definite result. Great erudition and even greater flexibility and ingenuity of mind often encourage them in this; but the chief reason that their labor fails to yield results, is the false (as I hold) conviction accepted among them, that religion is nothing else than faith: faith, in the sense of credulity—the acceptance of statements certain people have made; and that, consequently, faith or religion can have no significance for philosophy; and that philosophy, if not antagonistic to religion, must at least be entirely independent of it. They, with all the scientific philosophers, overlook the fact that religion (faith), besides the meaning now attributed to it—that is to say, besides dogmas and the establishment of blind belief in certain Scriptures—has another meaning. This real meaning is the acknowledgment and clear expression of the indefinable elements (the soul and God) felt by everybody. And so it is that all the questions with which scientific philosophers are so zealously occupied, and to solve which an endless number of mutually contradictory and often stupid theories are constructed, were solved centuries ago by religion, and solved in such a way that there is, and can be, no need and no possibility of re-solving them.

These men, like all their fellow-philosophers, do not perceive that religion—not the perversion to which religion has everywhere been and still is subjected—but religion in the sense of the acknowledgment and expression of indefinable but ever-realized elements (the soul and God), is the inevitable

condition of any reasonable, clear, and fruitful teaching of life—of teaching from which alone firm principles of morality can be deduced—and that therefore religion, in its true sense, cannot be opposed to philosophy; and more than that, that philosophy cannot be a science unless it accepts the data established by religion for its basis.

Strange as it may seem to those who are used to consider religion as something inexact, "unscientific," fantastic, and inconstant, and science as something firm, exact, and incontrovertible—in philosophic matters the very reverse is the case.

The religious conception of life says: "Before all things, and most indubitably, there exists something indefinable, and that is our soul and God." But just because we know this before everything else, and more indubitably than anything else, we can in no way define it; yet we believe it exists, and is the basis of everything, and on that belief we build all our further teaching. From all that is knowable to man, religious perception selects the thing which does not admit of definition, and says of it, "*I don't know.*" And that attitude toward what it is not given to man to know is the first and most essential condition of true knowledge. The teachings of Zoroaster, the Brahmins, Buddha, Lao-Tsze, Confucius, and Christ are of that kind. The philosophic view of life, on the other hand, seeing no difference, or shutting its eyes to the difference between knowledge of external phenomena and knowledge of the soul and of God, regards a chemical combination and man's consciousness of his own ego, astronomical observations or calculations and the acknowledgment of the Origin of all life, as alike open to rational and verbal definition; and—confusing the definable and the undefinable, the knowable and the unknowable—unceasingly constructs fantastic and

mutually contradictory theories one on the top of another, in attempting to define the undefinable. Such are the teachings of life of the Aristotles, Platos, Leibnitzes, Lockes, Hegels, Spencers, and of many others—their name is legion. In reality, all these teachings consist: (1) of idle reasonings about what is not subject to reason, reasonings which might be called philosophistics, but not philosophies: the love of philosophizing, but not the love of wisdom; and (2) of poor repetitions of what, in relation to this moral law, has been much better expressed in the religious teachings.

Yes, strange as it may seem to those who have never thought about it, the understanding of life of any pagan who in his religion acknowledges an inexplicable origin of all things, personified by him in any kind of idol—unreasonable as his conception of that inexplicable origin may be—has yet an understanding of life incomparably higher than that of a philosopher who does not acknowledge the undefinable basis of all knowledge. The religious pagan acknowledges something undefinable, and believes that it exists and is the origin of all things; and on this undefinable something he builds, well or ill, his understanding of life, and he submits to that undefinable Origin and is guided by it in all his actions; while the philosopher—endeavoring to define that which defines everything else, and can therefore not be defined—has no firm foundation on which to build his conception of life or to use as a guide for his actions.

It could not be otherwise, for all knowledge consists in establishing relations between causes and effects. And the chain of causes is endless, and evidently the study of certain series of causes in that endless chain cannot form the basis of a world-conception.

A few days ago a learned professor explained to me that all the faculties

of the soul have now been traced back to mechanical causes; "only consciousness is not yet quite explained," said he with striking naïveté. "We already understand the whole machine, only we don't quite know by what and how it is set in motion." This is amazing! Only consciousness (the "only" is delightful) is not yet explained by a mechanical process! "Not yet explained," but the professor is evidently convinced that any day the news may arrive that some Professor Schmidt of Berlin, or Oxenberg of Frankfort, has discovered the mechanical cause of consciousness, that is, of God within the soul of man. Is it not plain that an old woman believing in the Kazán Queen of Heaven¹ is not only morally but mentally incomparably superior to that learned professor?

What's to be done? Where are we to get the foundation of our world-conception, since reasoning—the activity of the mind—supplies no such foundation? Has man, then, no other knowledge than that obtained by reasoning? The reply is obvious: each man within himself is conscious of a knowledge quite distinct from reasoned knowledge, and independent of

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the endless chain of cause and effect. This knowledge is his consciousness of his spiritual ego.

When man discovers this consciousness directly for himself, he calls it "consciousness"; but when he finds this consciousness, which is common to all mankind, in religious teachings, in distinction from reasoned knowledge, he calls it "faith." Such were all the faiths, from the most ancient to the newest. The essence of them all lies in the fact that, despite the often absurd forms they have taken in their perversions, they yet give to him who accepts them, such bases of knowledge, independent of the chain of cause and effect, as alone render a reasonable conception of life possible.

So that the learned philosopher confined within the endless chain of cause and effect, who does not acknowledge a religious basis, is inevitably forced to seek for an imaginary and impossible cause of all causes; while the religious man recognizes this cause of all causes, and has *faith* in it; and consequently, in contrast to the scientific philosopher, possesses a firm understanding of life and a sound guidance for his actions.

THE LITTLE COMPTON SENSATION.

Behind the bar of the "Dove and Basel" (famous as being the only inn so called in the country), Mr. John Gandy stood reading a newspaper; when business was slack Mr. Gandy always read a newspaper, and in consequence was the best informed man upon public affairs in Little Compton. Mr. Gandy laid down the paper and gazed severely from beneath his gold-rimmed spectacles at nothing. He was a model publican, from his velvet skull-cap and immaculate Dundreary

whiskers to his brilliantly polished and squeaky boots. As he pursued his contemplation, the outer-doors were pushed open, admitting a stream of yellow sunshine, and with it a little, bald-headed man with a red nose and a green baize apron. He approached the counter, eyed Mr. Gandy deliberately, and ordered a pint of ale. Mr. Gandy drew the beer as if it were a sacred office, wheezing the while. He was a man with a ponderous manner, and a full bar or an empty bar made no difference to the sacred flow of the liquor.

¹ A celebrated wonder-working icon.

He had an eye that could cower a "drunk" more effectually than the muscle of a barman.

"Dry work movin'," said the man with the red nose pleasantly.

Mr. Gandy wheezed.

"I'm a stranger 'ere," continued the man, as he produced some bread and cheese from a piece of pink newspaper. "Funny little 'ole, I calls it. Nothin' to do, far as I can see. No street accidents 'ere, I'll take *my* oath," and he laughed genially at his own joke.

"You're one of the pantehnicon-men from Holmleigh?" queried Mr. Gandy with dignity.

"Right, first time!" laughed the irrepressible, with his mouth full of bread and cheese. "I'm up at the Fort, I am. Oh! It's b——, I tell you. Sorry! it slipped out." This had reference to the word he had used, which had caused Mr. Gandy to "look" at him.

"The Fort?" queried Mr. Gandy. "The Fort?"

"Yus! the Fort," grinned the man. "That's what I calls it. Never saw so many guns in all me puff, millions of 'em. What the—what 'e wants 'em for I can't think. Millions!"

The man was obviously serious, and Mr. Gandy became interested. At that moment a carter entered. The pantehnicon-man immediately proceeded to get into conversation with him. Presently he caught Mr. Gandy's eye and read in it curiosity. He was a man whose thirst was always a day in advance of its quenching, for today's liquor never seemed more than to satisfy yesterday's craving. Host Gandy fixed the pantehnicon-man with his eye, and then slowly transferred his gaze to the door of the bar-parlor. The man followed the eye of mine host with a grin, and sauntered towards the door, looked round, saw that he was right, passed through, softly closing it behind him. A minute

later Mr. Gandy moved in the same direction, lifted the flap of the bar and passed into the room, also closing the door behind him. As he left the bar he touched a bell which produced Mrs. Gandy, in black, wearing much jewelry, and a musical-comedy smile as persistent as Mr. Gandy's wheeze.

When the pantehnicon-man went forth from the bar-parlor it was with a thirst only half a day in arrears, a joyous look in his eye, and a vague uncertainty about his gait. Outside the "Dove and Easel" he lifted his green baize apron, a finger and thumb at each corner, and made a few shuffling movements with his feet, then he winked, grinned, and finally laughed as he passed on his way up the road. Mr. Gandy left the bar-parlor, spoke to Mrs. Gandy, and disappeared through the glass door into the private parlor. Two hours later Mr. Gandy reappeared. He had made up his mind.

The pantehnicon-man felt as only a man can feel who has made up a fifty per cent deficit. His mind was working busily. He was obviously in possession of a secret that other people thought worth paying for. As he walked down the village street he pondered deeply, unsteadily. Presently he paused and slapped the green baize apron covering his leg. He walked over to where Mrs. Grinder was standing at the door of her little general shop. A remark of Mr. Gandy's had set him thinking, with the result that he was soon ringing the bell at The Towers. Half an hour later he walked down the drive of The Towers, the residence of Sir Charles Custance, J.P., a sovereign richer than when he entered, and the thirst deficit still further reduced. At the gates of The Towers he paused. Coming towards him was a dogcart, driven by a small, fierce-looking little man. It was Mr. Roger Greenhales, who farmed, as a hobby, at a considerable yearly loss, to prove

that the outcry against the unprofitableness of English land-culture was ridiculous. The pantech-nicon-man spoke to Mr. Greenhales, and in ten minutes received five shillings. He then proceeded to Holmleigh, where he found his foreman, and also that he had extended his dinner-hour into two.

II.

"It's a national affair, I tell you, Wrannock, a national affair!" Sir Charles leaned back in his library chair and surveyed the impassive features of Sergeant Wrannock as if searching for some contradiction; but Sergeant Wrannock of the Suffolk County Constabulary merely shuffled his feet and said: "Yes, sir!"

"I'll call at the house this afternoon and see if there is anything to be discovered. I'll go now; damme if I don't. We'll both go."

Sir Charles jumped up forthwith. He was a short, stout man, with bushy, magisterial eyebrows, a red complexion, a bald head, a monocle, and a fierce don't-argue-with-me-sir manner.

He was a man who had but one topic of conversation—the coming German invasion. It would not be his fault if the Germans found Little Compton unprepared. He had pointed out that, being an East Coast village, it lay in the very centre of the battle-ground. At first Little Compton had felt uncomfortable, but later it had apparently become reconciled to its fate. It did nothing. In any case, no village in England knew better what invasion would mean. Sir Charles had drawn a vivid picture of what would be the fate of the women of Little Compton unless their men-folk repelled the invaders, with the result that the Dorcas Society, with the full approval of the vicar, wrote to Sir Charles protesting against such things being said on a public platform.

As he trotted towards the door, Sir

Charles turned to the Sergeant and said—

"This is a big business, Wrannock, a big business. We'll find out more before we communicate with headquarters. See?" And Sir Charles glared fiercely at the Sergeant.

Sergeant Wrannock did see. He saw many things, including promotion for himself, and he replied—

"It is indeed, sir!" And the two men went out.

From The Towers to Holmleigh is not more than half a mile. Sir Charles went first, leaving the Sergeant to follow on his bicycle. If they were seen together it might arouse suspicion. Sir Charles was to go to Holmleigh, making the best excuse he could think of, and spy out the land; and the Sergeant, who fortunately was not in uniform, was to follow half an hour later. At six o'clock they were to meet at The Towers.

On his way up the drive of Holmleigh, Sir Charles met Mr. Gandy coming away with a flushed and angry face. For the first time in his history his look had failed. He had been insulted, and that by a foreman pantech-nicon-man. Sir Charles acknowledged Mr. Gandy's salute, attaching no significance to the presence of the host of the "Dove and Easel" in the grounds of Holmleigh. Most probably he had called to solicit the new tenant's custom. So Mr. Gandy passed down the drive with a stormy face, and Sir Charles passed up with a determined one.

The hall door was open, and men were passing to and fro carrying various articles of furniture. Sir Charles's eyes greedily devoured all that was to be seen—in particular some long, coffin-like wooden cases. He stood at the door for a minute; it seemed unnecessary to ring with so many men about. Presently a man came up and stared at him, rather offensively Sir Charles

thought; but remembering the delicate nature of his mission, the baronet adjusted his monocle and said politely—

"I—er—want to see one of the—er—er—moving-men."

"Certainly, sir," responded the man. "'Ave you any choice?"

Sir Charles fixed his monocle more firmly in his left eye, and stared at the man in astonishment.

"We've got 'em from twenty-three to sixty-five. I'm forty-eight meself, but perhaps you'd like a young 'un. Fair or dark, tall or short, sir?"

Sir Charles gazed at the man in utter bewilderment, then went very red, but controlling his wrath he replied—

"I do not know his name, I'm afraid. He has a green baize apron, and—er—is rather bald, and—er—has a rather red nose."

The man smiled broadly, insolently, intolerably, Sir Charles thought.

"That won't 'elp us much, sir. You've described the whole perfession. Hi! Ginger!" This to a man who was passing. Ginger approached. "This is rather a tasty little lot, sir. 'E's got a red 'ead as well as a red nose. Not 'im? Well, let me see. Tell Bindle to come 'ere. I think Bindle may be your man, sir, 'e's got some pals in these parts, I think." For a full minute Sir Charles glared at the man before him, and the man grinned back. "This 'im, sir?" he queried, as the pantechinon-man approached.

"Damn your insolence!" burst out Sir Charles. "I'll report you to your employers!" But the foreman had disappeared to give an order, and Bindle also had slipped away. Sir Charles raged back down the drive, striving to think of some means of punishing the insolence of the foreman pantechinon-man.

A quarter of an hour later Mr. Greenhales arrived at the hall door of Holmleigh. The foreman was there to receive him.

"I want to see one of your men. I don't know his name, but he's——"

"A rather bald little man, with a green apron and a red nose?" interrupted the foreman blandly.

"Exactly!" responded Mr. Greenhales genially. "Exactly! Kindly tell him!"

"I'm very sorry, sir, it was 'is reception-day, but 'e's been took ill, and 'e asked me to apologize. 'E's got a lot of friends round about 'ere. I shouldn't be surprised if that was the cause of 'is illness. Good arternoon, sir. I'll tell 'im you called."

The foreman shut the door in Mr. Greenhales's face, and for the third time that afternoon anger strode down the drive of Holmleigh.

In the hall the much-wanted Bindle was listening intently to his foreman.

"You seem to be 'olding a levvy to-day, Bindle. Seem to 'ave a lot of friends 'ere too! Didn't know you was a society man, Bindle. They're all so fond o' you, so't appears. 'Adn't you better give up this line o' business, you with your gif's, and take to squiring it? You'd look tasty a-follerin' the 'ounds, you would. Now, it's about time you decided what you really are. Two hours you take for your dinner. an' spend the arternoon receivin' callers, me a-openin' the scarlet door. Now you get back to the brilliant furniture movin', and give up yer stut-terin' ambitions. If I was you——"

Bindle was never to know what his foreman would do if in his place. At that moment a loud peal at the bell caused him to pause. He gazed from Bindle to the door, from the door to Bindle, and during the two seconds that his superior's eyes were off him Bindle slipped stealthily away. Then the foreman went slowly to the door and opened it. He found there a middle-aged, rather stout man, dressed in tweeds, with the trousers clipped for cycling. Behind him he held a bicycle. It was Sergeant Wrannock.

The foreman eyed the caller aggressively, his hands moving convulsively. There was that about his appearance which caused his caller to step suddenly back. The bicycle overturned with a clatter, and the Sergeant sat down with great suddenness on the front wheel. The foreman eyed him indifferently. The tears were streaming from the Sergeant's eyes, for he had sat with considerable force upon one of the coasters. When he had picked himself up and replaced the bicycle, the foreman spoke.

"If you've come 'ere to show me that trick, you've bloomin' well wasted your time. You aint no Chinquevally, ole son! If, however, you're a-lookin' for a bald little man with a green apron and a red nose," the stranger's eyes brightened beneath the tears, "well, 'es been took ill, an' 'is mother has taken 'im 'ome. 'Is address is 1 Dempsey Street, Stepney, London, South-East. Now you'd better go, ole sport, 'fore I set the ruddy dog on you. I'm pretty damned well sick of the sight of yer, comin' 'ere with yer bicycle tricks interruptin' o' the day's work. 'Ere, Bindle—where's Bindle?" he shouted into the house, but the Sergeant did not wait. He mounted his machine and disappeared down the drive. Before Bindle came, and Bindle was uneager to respond, he was a quarter of a mile up the road.

Sergeant Wrannock was stunned at the treatment he had received. From such men he was accustomed to respect, deference, and blind obedience. To be called "Ole son" by a workman astonished him. Soon he became annoyed, in time his annoyance crystallised into anger, and eventually, passing through the alembic of professional discretion, it became distilled into a determination to teach this man a lesson. He had no intention of letting him know that it was a police sergeant whom he had thus rudely treated, as if

he were some ordinary person. He could not understand the reference to the "bald little man with a green apron and a red nose." The particulars tallied exactly with the description of the man of whom Sir Charles had spoken. At six o'clock he presented himself at The Towers, told his history, and was bidden by the Magistrate to leave the matter until the morning, when it would probably be better to report the whole affair to the Superintendent at Lowestoft. Sir Charles had his reasons for suggesting delay.

III.

By nine o'clock the last pantehnicon that was going back that night had rumbled off to Lowestoft, there to be entrained for London. One still remained on the drive, waiting to be taken back by the horses that would bring the first van in the morning. Holmleigh was shut up and in darkness, save for a slit of light that could be seen beneath the venetian blind of the dining-room. Inside the room sat the foreman pantehnicon-man. He was smoking a meditative pipe, and cursing the luck that left him at Holmleigh to play the night-watchman. He was not a nervous man, but his mind instinctively travelled back over the events of the day. Why had so many people been desirous of seeing Bindle? He had subjected Bindle himself to a very thorough and picturesque cross-examination. He had told Bindle what he thought of him, and of those responsible for his being. He had coaxed him and threatened him, but without result. Bindle had expressed the utmost astonishment at his sudden popularity, and professed himself quite unable to account for it. Once or twice the foreman thought he saw the shadow of a grin flit across the unprepossessing visage of his suspected subordinate, especially when the fellow had impertinently suggested that he

should act as night-watchman, adding as an excuse the obvious fatigue of his superior. It was this that had terminated the interview with great suddenness.

Thus meditating upon the curious occurrences of the day, the foreman dropped off to sleep, for he was tired, and the arm-chair, in which he half lay, half sat, was extremely comfortable.

As the foreman slept, a dark form moved stealthily up the drive towards the house. Keeping well within the shadow of the trees, it paused to listen, then moved on for a dozen yards, and stopped again. When it reached the top of the drive it crept off to the left in the direction of the tradesmen's entrance. Displaying great caution, the figure finally reached the scullery window, which by a curious chance was unfastened. After great deliberation and much listening, it opened the window, inserted itself feet foremost and disappeared. Three minutes later the back door was noiselessly unbolted and opened. The figure looked out cautiously, then retreated within, leaving the door open to its fullest extent.

The first figure had scarcely disappeared before another approached the back door from the opposite direction. It must have come through the hedge or skirted it from the main entrance on the inside. The second figure paused, as if astonished at finding the back door open. For ten minutes it stood in the shadow of the water-butt listening. Finally, with a quiet, insidious motion it slid through the doorway.

The first figure, passing cautiously through the servants' quarters, had reached the hall. Finding all the doors shut, it proceeded stealthily up-stairs to the large drawing-room that overlooked the drive. The door was open! Groping its way, the figure for one second allowed the light of a dark lantern

to show. The effect was startling. The whole room was piled up with long narrow wooden cases. On several tables, formed by boards on trestles, were laid out what appeared to be dozens of modern rifles. The figure gasped. The room was apparently nothing less than a huge arsenal. The long narrow cases contained guns! guns!! guns!!!

The figure had just picked up one of the guns to make sure that its eyes were telling the truth, when there was the sound of a footfall on the landing.

The figure turned quickly, and the rifle dropped with a crash to the floor. For a full minute it stood as if petrified with horror, then with a swift, stealthy movement reached the door. Here it turned sharply to the left and ran into something small and soft. With a yell the something turned. In a moment the two forms were locked together, with a thud they fell and lay a writhing, wriggling mass at the top of the stairs.

The foreman had no idea how long he had slept, or what it was that had awakened him; but suddenly he found himself in full possession of his faculties, with a feeling that something was happening. The lamp had gone out, there was no moon, and he felt cold, although he knew it to be July. For a minute he listened intently. Not a sound broke the stillness, save the rustle of the trees as the wind sighed through them. He went to the window and looked out under the blind. It was quite dark. The foreman shook himself, then pinched his leg. Yes, he was awake. Then he heard a creak overhead, and it suddenly came home to him that the house was being burgled. A passionate anger seemed to grip hold of him. Silently and swiftly he opened the door that led into the hall. He had not moved three steps before he was brought to a

standstill by a yell that echoed through the whole place. It was followed a moment later by what appeared to be an avalanche descending the stairs. From stair to stair it bumped through the darkness, and finally lay heaving and grunting almost at his feet. There were muttered exclamations, curses, threats, and the dull sound of blows. The foreman sprang forward and clutched with his right hand a human ear. Feeling about with his left hand, he secured a handful of hair. Then he brought two heads together with a crack. The muttering and movement ceased, and the foreman pantechnicon-man struck a match.

"Crikey!" The exclamation burst involuntarily from his lips. He rummaged in his pockets and presently produced about two inches of candle; this he lighted and held over the recumbent mass at his feet.

"Well, I'm brilliantly well damned!" he stuttered. There at his feet lay Mr. Greenhales and Sergeant Wran-nock, whom the foreman recognized only as two of the afternoon's visitors. For fully two minutes he stood regarding his captives, then, with a grin of delight, he blew out the candle, carefully opened the front door, and looked out. There was nothing to be seen save the trees and the empty pantechnicon van. The great black shape appeared to give him an idea. The doors were open, and without hesitation he stepped back into the hall, picked up one of the prostrate figures and carried it into the van; a moment later he did the same with the other. Closing the doors, he barred and padlocked them and re-entered the hall. Later he returned to the pantechnicon, unfastened the padlock, and left the doors merely barred.

Still grinning to himself, he once more entered the house and picked up an old-fashioned pistol from many that lay upon the dining-room table. Next

he opened the dining-room windows at the bottom, performing the same operation with those in the morning-room. Finally, locking the doors of both rooms from the outside, he made a tour of the whole house, and, having satisfied himself that no one was secreted within, he slipped out of the front door and closed it behind him, unaware that a pair of terrified eyes were watching him from the head of the stairs.

"There's two still to come," he muttered and waited. At the end of an hour he heard a grind as of gravel beneath a boot. He listened eagerly. There was fully five minutes of silence, followed by another grind, and a dark shape approached the dining-room window. The foreman still waited. It took a quarter of an hour for the shape to make up its mind to raise the window higher and enter. The foreman distinctly heard the sound of suppressed wheezing. When the figure had with difficulty forced itself upon the window-sill, he leaped out, grasped its leg, and pulled. There was a wheezy shout, and the foreman was kneeling on the path, with a figure between his knees and the gravel.

Again he struck a match, which disclosed the ashen features of the landlord of the "Dove and Easel." Without hesitation the foreman picked him up and bundled him into the pantechnicon, and once more barred the door. As he turned back, he saw the hall door open slightly. At first he thought it was his imagination. As he watched, the door continued to open stealthily, inch by inch. A figure appeared. Dawn was just breaking. The figure crept along by the side of the house. At first the foreman watched, then, seeing that his man was likely to escape, he sprang out. The figure ran, the foreman ran, and ran the faster. Then the fugitive stopped, and facing round caught the foreman a

blow in the chest as he came on unable to stop. With a yell of rage the foreman lifted his pistol and brought it down with a crash upon his opponent's head. In a gray heap the trespasser dropped. Another match was struck, revealing Sir Charles Custance's rubicund features, down which a slow trickle of blood wound its way.

"That's the lot, I s'pose!" commented the foreman grimly, as he bundled the portly frame of the magistrate into the van. Having done so, he addressed the interior at large, "I'm a-watching outside, and if yer so much as kawf or blow yer noses, I'll shoot through the sides with this 'ere damned ole blunderbus. D'ye 'ear, old cockies?"

With that he banged the doors to, barred and padlocked them, and sat on the tail-board watching the grayness of the dawn steal through the trees, struggling to keep himself awake. He was still so occupied when, at half-past seven, a distant rumble announced the arrival of the expected pantehnicon from Lowestoft. As it slowly lumbered up the drive, the foreman grinned, and he grinned more broadly when he saw Bindle slip off from the tailboard, followed by Ginger.

"Mornin', Bindle; mornin' Ginger," he called out politely. "Slep' well?" Bindle and Ginger grinned. "Now, one o' you two go an' get my breakfast, and the other telephone for the perlice." The men stared at him. "Ginger," he continued complacently, "you'll find two eggs and some bacon in the 'all, and a stove in the kitchen, an' a pot of coffee which only wants warmin' up. I'm 'ungry, Ginger—as 'ungry as 'ell is for you, Ginger. Bindle, give my compliments to the perlice at Lowestoft, and ast them to send four scarlet peelers over 'ere at once to take charge o' what I caught larst night.

"Yes, Bindle, old sport, I've got 'em all—all in Black Maria," and he

jerked his thumb in the direction of the empty pantehnicon. "All yer very dear pals, ole son. Like to see 'em?"

Bindle looked puzzled; but when the foreman had explained, his grin transcended in its breadth and good-humor that of his superior. Then the foreman changed the style of his idiom, and his subordinates went their ways as he had intended and directed that they should.

The foreman was just finishing his breakfast by wiping a piece of bread round the plate, when there reached him the sound of a motor-car chunking its way along in the distance. The news of the night's doings had spread rapidly, and a small crowd was collected round the gates of Holmleigh. Bindle grinned through the bars, and occasionally threw to the curious neighbors bits of information. The car approached and drew up. In it was a tall, spare man of about thirty-eight or forty, with thin, angular features. He seemed surprised to see the crowd; but turning the car through the open gates drove slowly up to the house. The crowd recognized the stranger as Mr. Richard Miller, the new tenant of Holmleigh. He nodded to the foreman, who immediately descended from the tail-board and approached.

"Good mornin', sir," he said. "You're 'ere earlier than I 'ad 'oped, sir; but that's on the lucky side. I've been 'aving rather a lively night, sir." . . . At this moment there was a loud and continuous pounding from within the pantehnicon that he had just left.

"If you're not quiet I'll shoot, God forgive me, but I will," he yelled over his shoulder. Then turning to Mr. Miller he winked jocosely. "Gettin' a bit impatient, sir. I've 'ad 'em there for several hours now. Ah? 'ere's the perlice!"

As he spoke another car appeared round the bend of the drive, and an Inspector in uniform and three plain-clothes men got out.

"Now there's goin' to be some fun," he chuckled to himself as, addressing Mr. Miller, he told of the happenings of the night before. When he had finished, the features of Bindle, who had been relieved by Ginger, were suffused with a grin so broad and good-humored that it contrasted strangely with the astonishment written on the faces of the others.

"That's the story, gentlemen, and there's my bag," jerking his thumb in the direction of the pantehnicon. "Four of 'em there are, I counted 'em carefully, an' every one a Charles Peace. You'd better be careful as you let 'em out," he added. "I 'adn't time to search 'em. They came so quick, like flies in summer."

The Inspector breathed hard, Mr. Miller looked grave and concerned, the plain-clothes men looked blank, Bindle looked cheerful, whilst the foreman looked as a man looks only once in the course of his life. Deliberately he approached the tail of the van, undid the lock, removed the bar, threw open the doors, and stood quietly aside. For fully half a minute nothing happened, then the portly form of Sergeant Wrannock emerged.

"Wrannock!" gasped the Inspector from Lowestoft. The Sergeant forgot to salute his superior officer. He was humiliated. His collar was torn, one eye was black, and his nose was swollen. Closely following him came Sir Charles Custance and Mr. Greenhales, who between them supported Mr. Gandy, wheezing pitifully. All were much battered. Sir Charles's face was covered with blood, Mr. Greenhales had lost his wig and his false teeth, whilst Mr. Gandy had lost the power to move.

"What in Heaven's name is the

meaning of this?" asked the Inspector from Lowestoft.

"It means," thundered Sir Charles, who was the first to find his voice, "that we have been brutally and murderously assaulted by a band of ruffians."

"That's me and me only!" commented the foreman complacently. "I'm the band, ole cockle, and don't you forget it."

"It means," said Sergeant Wrannock, "that having information that this house was packed with firearms, I came to make investigation and——"

"Got caught, ole son," interpolated the foreman.

"Hold your tongue!" shouted Mr. Greenhales, in a hollow, toothless voice, dancing with fury. "Hold your tongue! You shall suffer for this."

At last, from the incoherent shoutings and reproaches in which the words "German," "Spies," "Herr Müller," were banded back and forth, Mr. Miller and the Inspector from Lowestoft pieced together the story of how four patriots had been overcome by one foreman pantehnicon-man. The Inspector from Lowestoft turned to Mr. Miller.

"As a matter of form, sir, and in the execution of my duty, I should be glad to know if it is true that your house is full of arms and ammunition?" he asked politely.

"Of arms, certainly, Inspector, most certainly," Mr. Miller replied. "I am supposed to have the finest collection of firearms in the country. Come and see them, or such as are unpacked."

And the Inspector from Lowestoft looked at Sergeant Wrannock, and the plain-clothes constables looked away from him, and Sir Charles and Mr. Greenhales looked lustfully round for Bindle; but Bindle was not to be seen. As the Inspector and Mr. Miller, with the foreman, entered the house, Sir Charles and Mr. Greenhales walked

down the drive as men stupefied, leaving the host of the "Dove and Easel" wheezing upon the gravel. Sergeant Wrannock watched the doorway through which his superior officer had disappeared as a man might look who had suddenly been petrified by a great horror, and the three plain-clothes men stood aside talking to Ginger, who was

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relating to them some biographical particulars of his hero-foreman.

A little farther down the drive, edging its way cautiously nearer, was the crowd. Ginger had deserted his post; for the first time in his life he was a man of importance, whose words were listened to with eagerness and respect.

Herbert Ives.

THACKERAY.

BY PROF. GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

A day or two before I was asked to write this article, I happened to be reading a book (the subject does not matter) which was published in 1854. The lithograph-illustrated paper-boards in which, after a fashion of the time, it was bound, were somewhat dilapidated, and even more soiled, as was natural; but on the end-papers there was pasted, almost as fresh as if it had been printed yesterday, a pink advertisement-slip informing the public that they could now buy "The Works of ENGLAND'S GREATEST LIVING NOVELIST" (the three first words in small, the last in large caps) for "a sum very often given merely to read them," to wit eighteenpence a volume. The pecuniary estimate was somewhat excessive; for, so far as I remember, even seaside circulating libraries did not make you pay sixpence a volume for three-volume books, though they often, and wisely, did insist on a "deposit." But that is not the present point of interest, which concerns another estimate in another line of value. Who could—without absurdity even in the mouths of his own publishers—be called "England's greatest living novelist" in the year 1854?

It was, of course, a great period of novel-writing; it is probable that Prince Posterity will allow it to be the greatest ever known in England.

Some of the lights of its galaxy-gallery had indeed not yet appeared, or were hardly settled in their place and magnitude by astronomers. Mr. George Meredith had produced nothing but verse. Charlotte Brontë's brief life was all but over, and her too scanty work practically done, but she had not been registered in any part of public opinion as "greatest"—if as "great." George Eliot had not begun. Reade, and Kingsley, and Trollope had; so also had Mrs. Gaskell. But "Westward Ho!" was only of this very year; "The Warden" of the next; and "It Is Never Too Late to Mend" of the year after that. There were only three writers of fiction who (without the aforesaid absurdity) could be described in the words quoted—Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray. The first, after writing novels in great numbers, and in considerable variety, for nearly thirty years, had just—with that curious versatility of his which has not always been duly recognized—taken to a fresh style in "My Novel." Dickens had just finished "Bleak House," and was beginning to make his more critical admirers look rather uneasily at each other as to "Hard Times." Thackeray, after an almost unexamplified struggle of nearly twenty years, not merely with public coldness, but with certain strange hampers of tem-

perament and craftsmanship on his own part, had at last and for some seven years "got himself ready" and with the four great victories of "Van-ity Fair," "Pendennis," "Esmond," and "The Newcomes" had conquered his place.

Not, however, with our friend of the pink advertisement. He thought—not merely as it was his duty, being a puffmaker, to do, but in common with a very large number of the people of England itself—that Bulwer was the greatest living novelist. I say that a great number of people would have agreed with him, and I am by no means sure that it would not have been the greatest number. At any rate Bulwer would have had, so far as mere popularity went, only Dickens to contend with. If you weighed the votes, instead of counting them, Thackeray might have had more than a chance; but, on a general poll of the never-mind-how-many-millions mostly never-mind-what, he would certainly not have had the faintest.

How far that chance would have been increased since must be a matter of individual and rather hazardous calculation. Bulwer, indeed, must have dropped pretty well out of the running for a long time. I fancy he had done so, despite the extraordinary cleverness of his latest books, even before his own death. He never quite won the weight-carrying votes; and "A Strange Story" was about his last successful appeal to the numbers. Dickens, I suppose, has held his own pretty steadily, both as regards the quantity and the quality of the admiration and predilection bestowed upon him. It is less easy to trace the record of Thackeray's always lesser popularity. It has certainly not, as a whole, sunk; that fact may be said to be proved to demonstration by the issue, as copyrights fell in, not merely of individual books, but of whole sets, containing a

great deal of work which never has been, and hardly ever can be, in any wide sense popular. But whether it has grown in due proportion to the increase of reading and of the book-trade, is a point on which I am very uncertain. Nor is it possible to be much more positive as to the position of what I have called the weight-carrying vote. It is still very considerable; the really competent critic, professional or amateur, who like Matthew Arnold "does not think Thackeray a great writer," must be, as Matthew Arnold himself, by the usual irony of Fate, undoubtedly was, a slave of Caprice of one sort or another. But I rather doubt whether, if you could catch in a net the exceedingly undulating and diverse body of persons who intelligently like literature, and know something about it, and could poll them, the voters for Thackeray would be quite so numerous in proportion as they would have been had a similar process been carried out, say, thirty years ago. At any rate, if there were a decrease it would not surprise me, for reasons which, except perhaps by some future glances, it would be impertinent to give in this place.

I need, however, hardly say that this test of popularity (that is to say, of general vogue at any particular moment) is, on any really critical estimate, merely curious and hardly in the least important. Nothing like sufficient time has passed for anything like a sufficient perspective to have been attained or established. Beginnings of centuries have often had a quaint habit, like other children, of regarding their immediate elders as removed from them by almost impassable gulfs. But the fact remains that every person who is still middle-aged, besides those who are no longer so, was an actual contemporary of Thackeray, and that while the general atmosphere, say of "My Novel" itself, has an indefin-

able but distinctly perceptible old-worldness about it, large passages of "The Newcomes" might, with the slightest change of mere "furniture" in slang, etc., have been written to-day. It must take another generation or two before men can—at least before most of them can—take even such a comparatively achromatic estimate as they can take (and this is by no means quite "dry-lighted") of Scott or Miss Austen, much less such a one as can be taken of Fielding; least of all such as can be taken of Milton or of Shakespeare.

Nor will even Time himself always settle matters. Even now, it is not so very uncommon to hear the young ass strain his innocent lungs in braying against Scott, against Miss Austen, against Fielding, against Milton, against even Shakespeare; and it is said, possibly with truth, that the reading of all classics, old and new, is less than ever practised, either in the choked and piecemeal education of youth, or amid the idle racket of business and pleasure in later years. We see indeed continual returns of *engouement*—of accidental or engineered fancy for this and that writer not of the present day. But they seldom last; and one does not even know that it is very desirable that they should. For all fashions are, as fashions, bad: though taken together, and as parts or symptoms of the endless revolution of the unchanging human mind, they are almost always tolerable and sometimes relatively good. Besides, Thackeray, though he may be made the object of such *engouement*, is singularly ill suited for it. I have actually heard defenders of his use arguments which reminded me of that famous minister who asked, "D'ye think *Powl* knew Greek?" and I fancy the expression on the countenances of the apostle and the novelist, if they heard the respective utterances, must have been

not dissimilar. No: for the majority, Thackeray never was a "greatest living novelist," and, for the majority, he never will be a greatest dead one. I should even doubt whether he will ever seem one of the very greatest to any but a comparatively small minority.

To that minority—which perhaps, despite its comparative smallness, has never been and never will be contemptible—he has always seemed and will always seem of the very greatest, and perhaps to some of its members the very greatest of all. But before coming to the reasons of their appreciation, it will be fair to give those of the commoner depreciation. The extreme inequalities of his production—the painful wanderings in the wilderness before the Promised Land was reached—have been admitted; and though in the novice-work there were almost everywhere premonitions of the craftsmastery—though Canaan itself is always in sight from the upper places of the desert—you cannot expect the average reader to be content with, or even to perceive, this. But even the masterpieces themselves are not provided with many strictly popular qualities. A regular plot may seem to some of us a rather idle thing, within the reach of a pretty mean intellect, and hardly capable of giving satisfaction, save of the most banal kind, to an accomplished taste. But there are of course others who attach the highest critical importance to it, and a much larger number who, without any definitely critical views, think there ought to be something of the kind. Thackeray neither would, nor, I think, could, give anything of the sort. Life very rarely, if ever, gives these regular plots; and Thackeray followed Life as the sunflower follows the sun. As a matter of direct consequence, he would not or could not give very intricate plots, regular or irregular, and though these are insucculent to not a few palates, and

positively disgusting to some, they are undoubtedly and largely popular. After "Vanity Fair," except in "Esmond" he contented himself (at the bidding of Life again) with the most ordinary incident; he never attempted bizarre or ornate style, elaborate pictorial descriptions, insinuation or proclamation of problems, meddling with topics or fashions of the day, or any other tricks of what may be called the "fly-paper" kind.

And if, in this way, many people did not find in him what they wanted, the same and many more also did find in him things they did not want and did not understand. The abstract critical objection to the *parabases*, or addresses to the reader, has always seemed to me utterly unsound and not quite intelligible; but I am fully prepared to acknowledge that there is a large number of people, unpretentious and uncritical, but not contemptible, who are honestly bored, provoked, or otherwise made uncomfortable by them. I never forget the perfectly genuine remark (not to be brushed aside or sneered at) of such a person that "there is *too much* in Thackeray"—a remark which does not apply merely to these abused digressions. And the "too much" is not in quantity only. I should be prepared to admit that Thackeray is one of the most thoroughly undemocratic of writers, for all his curious political *affichage* of democratic principles. Although not in the least posing as a superior person himself (he would probably have been found more forgivable, or at least have imposed more, if he had), he is perpetually pointing out to every one of the forty (or is it now fifty?) millions that he is mostly a fool, and if not exactly a rascal, a poor creature as well. Now this is perfectly true; but few there are who like to be told of it, not in the form of pulpit warning or pamphlet abuse—that is not much

ininded—but by a cunning process of artistic and inevitable exhibition. He is always hitting people "on the angles of the moral oxygen"—angles which are as sensitive as funny-bones. He is, without being bookish, literary, and you must have something of letters yourself to understand him. He does not, like some famous writers who have sometimes exchanged unpopularity for its opposite, flaunt "obscurity," and so tickle the vanity of those who think they have cleared him up. And yet only an exceedingly superficial reader will find Thackeray superficial. Above all he is, beyond question or cavil, one of the greatest and, except Swift and Fielding, one of the most profuse users and masters of irony. And there is nothing more certain than that not merely the average woman, as is so often said, but, to almost as great an extent, the average man, regards irony with a feeling which is always one of suspicion and discomfort, not unfrequently rising to something that is positive fear and is very like hatred.

All these be truths, and the Devil's Advocate need not adopt his client's favorite weapon of not-truth in order even to add to them. But do they matter? Do they interfere with the canonisation, now and for ever, of Thackeray as one of the very greatest of great English writers and (not to be unnecessarily contentious for the present) one of the very greatest of the far smaller body of great English novelists? Never, for a moment! On the head of "writing" in the strict sense, indeed, things have actually improved of late years, as they usually do. A settled estimate of an author in the widest sense may (it has been said) never be reached, and always takes a long time to reach. But it is curious how often styles, which have been denounced as bad by short-sighted or pedantic critics at first appearance, have righted themselves in the eyes of

succeeding generations. There is nothing which frightens critics more than novelty or unconventionality of style, but they soon get over it. The very censors, nowadays, who have allowed the parrot-cry of "Sentimentality" to take the place with them of the older parrot-cry of "Cynicism" are often good enough to acknowledge that Thackeray could write. But it would hardly be fulfilling the duty of this paper not to go on and inquire *what* he could write—what his contribution to English novel-writing and English literature is in substance as well as in form.

Something has been said already as to what that contribution was *not*—always, to fairly logical minds, the readiest way to apprehension if not to comprehension of what it was. But it would be pusillanimous, and in fact absurd, to keep to negatives; and the positive has been already foreshadowed. His contribution was that of the novelist proper; that is to say, the depicting or re-creating of Life by imaginative presentment, but without the embellishments and the intoxication of poetry, or the factitious accessories of the drama, and with something less than the embellishments and accessories of romance, though with something of these also. The art of novel-writing is not old—it is barely at the beginning of its third century, strictly speaking; and already there has fallen, between Thackeray and that one of his predecessors who was most like him in kind and degree of greatness—Fielding—one of those curious veils which Time drops now and then, but at quite uncertain intervals, and through which we can only see darkly, and by a certain effort and calculation. Of the great English dealers with Life through fiction who are this side that veil, Scott, though he is still on the right side of it to all but very poor and unhappy optics, seems to have been

partly entangled in its folds to some, and undoubtedly, pioneer as he was, and dealing as he did mainly with romance itself and with past times, gives only partial play to the actually intimate knowledge of pure Life that he possessed.

Miss Austen, almost as absolutely lifelike as Thackeray, has, we are told, her lifelikeness obscured by a partly obsolete style, and she certainly limited and "miniatured" her presentments. Bulwer—our pink friend's "greatest living novelist"—*did* know Life; but he chose to adulterate his knowledge to an intolerable degree with all sorts of conventions, tricks, fashions. Dickens knew it better—in flashes indeed perfectly; but he, again, chose to subordinate his knowledge, itself very partial, to a perpetual glamour of comic or tragic fantasy—not real at all—as well as to worse things, such as political and social prejudice and crotchet, teasing mannerisms of style, hampering disqualifications of literary and other ignorance.

Charles Reade, a genius certainly, never could get that genius into any organic condition, and latterly hampered it and choked it by flinging on and into it masses of superfluous information. Charlotte Brontë, a genius likewise, had too short and cramped an existence, too narrow an experience, too little critical faculty, and perhaps a temper none too genial. George Eliot bound herself to the schools and the systems till she became little more than a mere eyeless grinder at the mill with scientific slaves. And the late Mr. George Meredith, himself a novelist, be it remembered, of the 'fifties, handed over in no dissimilar way his subtle and eccentric but real life-knowledge as a familiar spirit to jargon and play to coterie-galleries, and subtle cobweb-spinning to catch the flies of foolish cleverness. It would be absurd to say

with the poet that in this case as in another

everywhere

The Knights came foiled from the great quest,

for all these and some others did great things and achieved great adventures. But none of them ever quite mastered the problem, the quest of the novelist proper—which is the presentation and criticism, without wandering from it or adding to it, of human Life and character by the way of fiction.

Thackeray did. That he saw Life whole is not true. Who has, in the words of the great Platonic conclusion, "except God"? Not Sophocles, certainly; that, with all respect to Mr. Arnold, is absurd. Of even Shakespeare, near as he has come to it, it is well to remember that Dryden (with that critical finger of his which was unerring when he would let it be so) pointed Shakespeare out as "the *most* comprehensive soul." His universality is comparative, is indeed superlative; but it is not absolute. So, and much more so, there are parts of Life which Thackeray does not touch: large parts, some may say; most interesting parts, others; even the best parts, some. So be it; he was human. But the almost superhuman thing about him is that in nothing that he does touch—after he has attained his majority at least—is he ever unlife-like, as, from different reasons and in different manners, all the great rivals and contemporaries mentioned above are sometimes. No other writer with whom I am acquainted, save Shakespeare himself, and no other novelist at

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all, has this infallible and almost divine power of infusing life—life absolute and quintessential—into every human figure that he creates, or that he even touches for a momentary purpose. It is a power which seems specially to belong to ironists—Lucian seems to me to have had more of it than any ancient—yet there is always a danger of their misusing it, as Swift certainly did to some extent. But Thackeray did not. The two parrot-cries above referred to—the old cry of "Cynic!" and the new one of "Sentimentalist!"—are actually testimonies to the fact: for those who utter them unconsciously say, "This cynicism, this sentimentalism, touches us too much on the raw—is too true to life, and therefore too contrary to what we should like life to be."

Some people hold that the novel, having come late, will complete the old joke by going early—that it has not, like poetry and drama and romance, deep enough roots to last. I do not know; I am a critic, not a prophet. But, as a critic, I know that the greatest things and persons in literature never die and are never excelled in themselves. And whether the novel goes or stays, I am pretty sure that Thackeray will never lose, with those who can see, his position (with only the limits noted above) as the Master of Life in the creation of novel-character. Periods which themselves allow the absolute to be obscured by the temporary Life may overlook or undervalue him; but Time and Life and he will abide together.

HUMORS OF ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

It is counted by foreigners as a virtue to the credit of the people of Great Britain that, although they take their politics seriously, party differences are

not allowed to interfere with private friendships. Over and over again visitors of other nationalities have expressed to me in the past their surprise

at meeting leading statesmen of opposing parties at the same London dinner-parties; at the obvious friendship existing between men, in the lobbies and smoking-rooms of the House of Commons, who have but recently taken violently different sides in debates within the Chamber; at the curious and remarkable evidences of the *esprit de corps* which obtains among the rank and file of our representatives even though their political objectives may demand the maximum of reciprocal hostility during the actual hours of business. Such an *aperçu* of our political temperament has certainly been both merited and just during the past generation—a period which has seen the acerbities of party hostility sensibly diminished and the rigid formalities of party address almost universally foregone. It is now quite usual for *politesses*, of quite other than a perfunctory character, to be exchanged between the two front benches both in the Commons and the Lords; the Leader of the Opposition may indulge without remark in praise of "the lucid and brilliant speech" of his most formidable antagonist; whilst the Prime Minister may return the compliment, and express his full appreciation of "the eminently fair and impartial survey of the situation" just completed by the champion of those who are hourly anxious to sit upon the Government benches, without fear or reproach from his own side. I believe, however, that these friendly habits of speech are of comparatively recent birth, and did not exist in the days of Mr. Disraeli, who once soundly rated a junior supporter for referring to a Liberal as "my honorable friend," and who, when Prime Minister, never dined with a political opponent if he could possibly avoid it. Those were the strenuous days when parties were only two in number and they were sharply separated the one from the other; when political feeling

ran at fever heat through Senate and Salon alike; when the language of the hustings and the lampoons of the tavern were as highly flavored as the ale which accompanied them; when no one thought of referring to the serious tactics of party warfare merely as "playing the game."

Let me note, in passing, how keenly Dr. Creighton, the late Bishop of London, used to resent the use of this last phrase when applied to the real businesses of life, and especially to politics; for, although he admitted that in England adherence to the "rules of the game" was of the essence of our island character, and so gave the words a certain symbolic value when applied elsewhere, yet he shuddered at the possible growth of a triviality of thought which, confusing the greater with the lesser issues of life, might endeavor to attach to all the graver adventures of national existence the importance, not so much of the rules, as of the spirit of a "game."

It seems to me that this attitude of outward carelessness for party ties and formalities is disappearing surely, if not swiftly, as must be the case when men are no longer occupied in debating the details of minor measures, but are engaged in mortal combat for first principles, dear to one side or the other. We have seen something of this change in our social life of the past year or two: we have heard of interrupted friendships, and of society ostracism; and I think that the bitterness of certain contests during the recent elections goes to prove that the electorate is once more ready to fight out its differences according to the sterner canons of the camp, rather than by the amateur regulations of the football field.

But I admit that we have not yet gone so far in this direction that our party fights are already shorn of their gaiety (although our wall posters dur-

ing the elections of December last were deplorably free from humor), or that our rival demonstrations have become tame and colorless affairs. No; so long as canvassing is permitted to continue, and "the voice" is still audible at our meetings, so long we may be certain of pleasant oases in the droughty wilderness of an election campaign.

Being myself one of those who cannot count effective canvassing among his natural gifts, this duty is one that seldom falls upon my shoulders; but I envy the good canvasser his or her experiences, which seem only to increase in variety and entertainment as the contest proceeds. It is due to such invaluable supporters that their labors should not go altogether unrecognized, nor the lighter incidents of their unobtrusive vocation pass completely out of sight; wherefore I would respectfully suggest to the literary editors of those weighty tomes known as *Election Handbooks* or *Hints to Canvassers*, that they should include in their forthcoming volumes a chapter dealing with the quaint experiences which have befallen their myrmidons in previous campaigns; such an addition would add not only to the sale of their literature, but also to the information of us all. Who, for instance, among the Unionist party is not relieved to know that one of the towns comprised in the Ayr Burghs is irreclaimably Tory? This delectable spot appears to be as conservative in its Toryism as the rest of Scotland seems conservative in its Radicalism. This fact is stated on the authority of an experienced Liberal canvasser, who toiled for days at the dreary work of conversion in the aforesaid town, but without result. He will, I trust, allow me to reproduce this disappointing dialogue:

Canvasser.—Surely you will give us your vote this time, sir? (he said to a

poor man standing at the corner of the street).

Voter.—Na, na; I'm voting Tory, as my faither and grandfather did before me.

Canvasser.—But surely you don't want your food taxed, and six hundred peers to dictate to forty millions of people? &c.

Voter.—I dinna ken and I dinna care about thon; my faither and my grandfather were Tories and I'm a Tory, too.

Canvasser.—Well, I must say that is a most unintelligent answer. If your father and grandfather had been thieves, what would you have been?

Voter (pensively).—If my faither had been a thief and my grandfather had been a thief? . . . (brightening) likely I'd have been a Liberal!

This ancestor-worship flourishes nowhere more than in North Britain, as the following story, which was going the round of the Edinburgh clubs, clearly proves. A certain school inspector noticed that in one class-room a good many of the children were wearing party colors, and he thought he would question them on the point. "Why are you a Liberal?" said he to one boy. "Because my faither is a Liberal," came the prompt reply. "And why are you a Tory?" to another. "My mither sweeps out the Conservative Club," was the answer unabashed.

The use of colors to express a political faith is very confusing; I know of several streets in England which divide constituencies where on one side of the street blue stands for Tory as, on the other side, it implies a Liberal. In these districts the resident does not use the word "color" to denote creed, for fear of misapprehension; a new comer, however, may do so at his own risk, like Mr. X., who was sent to canvass one of those boundary lines. He rang the door-bell of a small house, and was answered by a diminutive child, who said that her father was out. "And what 'color' is your father, my dear?"

After a short pause she replied, "Well, I think he used to be ginger, but he's very bald now." But children apart, it would be an excellent thing if a representative symposium could be convened to settle upon distinctive colors for the various political parties in the State, although I am convinced that no decision would be arrived at (or adhered to) without a great deal of heart-burning—so conservative is the country at large in certain respects. As it is, those who do a large amount of speaking during election time are under the constant danger of sailing under false colors. One passes from a platform where "true blue" is synonymous with a Unionist, only to find that rosette filched from us the following evening and a pink and white emblem substituted for it; on the next night we are tricked out in scarlet, or it may be in purple and orange ("Purple for the King, Orange for the Faith"), or other delights. It ought not, however, to be difficult to ascertain which are the oldest or the most convenient political colors, and to advise Liberals and Tories to wear them; leaving the later organizations, such as the Nationalist and Labor parties, to make a distinctive choice of uniform for those who serve in their ranks.

But I must return to the canvasser for a moment, if only to recount the sad interview between a certain noble lady in the South of England and one of her tenants' wives. Her ladyship was most anxious that Gaffer Hodge should vote for her son, but learned from his wife that he had already promised his vote to the opposition candidate—for a consideration. On hearing this the lady of the manor, scenting bribery within her gates, demanded to know what form this corruption had taken, but the faithful wife kept her secret well. Then, changing her tactics, some golden coins appeared in the canvasser's palm: "I

will give you these," said she, "if you will tell me what induced your husband to vote against my son." The good dame took the money and replied, "I promised him a warm winter coat; and your ladyship's kind present will more than pay for it."

I often wonder whether the intervention of canvassers really makes much difference to the vote which a man intends to give; of course the minds of the undecided and perplexed are sometimes confirmed by a well-timed visit from an expert, but I doubt whether fixed intentions are often changed thereby. Certainly the resolve of one Irish elector last winter remained adamant under the strain of severe trial. He had determined to vote for an O'Brienite against the Nationalist candidate, and every sort of pressure was put upon him to make him reconsider his decision. At last his wife, almost in tears, assured him on the morning of the poll that, if he carried out his intention, she had high ecclesiastical authority for warning him that he would be turned into a rat. The elector, not believing for a moment that the parish priest had been to canvass, nor that he had said anything so ridiculous, rejoined: "Ye may tell his Riverence that, whatever his spiritual power, he has no zoological influence over me"; then he left the house to record his vote. But he turned back, and called to his wife: "Biddy, ye'd better kill the cat . . . just *in case*."

It will be noticed that, in nearly every case where canvassers and electors are engaged in controversy, the latter generally come off best. It was therefore, with a feeling of some satisfaction that I heard one candidate tell the story of a visit which he paid in order to solicit a vote. He had been warned on no account to see that elector's wife, who was a regular Fury at election time, but to insist on an interview with

the man himself. So, duly cautioned, he proceeded to the house and knocked. Nobody answered; then he rang the bell, then shouted. At last a window on the first floor was flung open in a passion, and he beheld the half-dressed form of a dishevelled and gray-bearded female, who screamed at him, "Who the devil are you?" Calmly he replied, "Madam, I am the barber; don't you want me?"—and passed on.

At the outset of this paper I wrote that I believed the election was, at any rate in certain parts of England, rather more bitterly contested than of yore. A good many meetings were broken up by rowdies, some were carried on under something like a state of siege from without, and others were enlivened by flights of sparrows, or a plague of rats, each bedizened with party colors, let loose within the schoolroom. Most candidates remain comparatively unmoved by such demonstrations as these, which seldom have any significance of personal hostility, and find their compensations elsewhere. One man told me that he was greatly heartened by a surprise ovation which he received on entering the principal street of the chief town in his constituency on the eve of the poll. He was late for a midday meeting, and was driving very fast in his motor car down the street. Suddenly he espied a funeral coming towards him, and therefore put on all his brakes, bringing the car to a sudden standstill. The *cortege* advanced, the hearse passed him, and the mourners on foot approached. My friend was bare-headed, and easily recognizable; what was his surprise when one and all of them began to wave and shout "Good old Z; good luck to-morrow," and proceeded on their way. Such is election fever at its height; it detaches men from every other preoccupation, as a certain postscript to a letter, written to a candidate by a broken-hearted widower,

whose wife was to be buried on polling day, shows; it ran: "If you get in to-morrow, I shall be the happiest man in the three Kingdoms." My sequence of thought will perhaps be obvious if I mention here, before passing on to the subject of meetings, the case of the gentleman at Exeter who was convinced that Mr. St. Maur would be returned to Parliament, giving as his reason for the faith that was in him the fact that he was an undertaker, and had buried fifteen more Conservatives than Liberals since the New Year. That was in a part of the country where the dead do not attend the poll, as they have the inconvenient habit of doing (by proxy) in some constituencies within our knowledge; but it was not very far from a certain registration court where a vote was disputed on account of the demise of an elector who, however, turned up to claim his privilege, mentioning incidentally that he was the corpse in question! The foregoing anecdotes show that there is a *macabre* side to electioneering, as well as a merry one, little as one might have been inclined to think so.

The main source of entertainment during our political campaigns is still the public meeting, large or small, where the candidate has every opportunity of showing his mettle. If he is a man of capacity or experience, he is seldom silenced unless his audience is wholly hostile, which is rarely the case. The "voice" is generally to be heard; it may be a help or a hindrance, as chance dictates, but eloquence and relevant stories can generally command both attention and applause. Personally, I did not hear many good anecdotes told in the course of the election speeches, but perhaps that was my misfortune. One of the best was *à propos* to the speaker's wish that Mr. Asquith would clear his party of the imputation of being synonymous with the

Labor party and the Socialists; the orator was "reminded" (this is the classic way of introducing an illustration) of Andrew Kirkaldy, the golfer of renown, who was asked in the luncheon interval between two important matches whether he would care to wash his hands. "Na, na," he replied, according to the story, "that wad spoil ma grip." But, before we pass to dialogues with the "voice," let us confer temporary immortality upon an episode connected with the name of Mr. F. E. Smith. It is reported that, at one meeting, he closed an eloquent speech with a peroration suggested by the season of the year: "As I came to this great gathering I heard the church bells ringing, and they seemed to give me a message for you. 'Ring out the old, ring in the new,'"—an apposite quotation which was cheered to the echo. So popular became the phrase that it was soon in everybody's mouth, and passed into current use; but with a most unfortunate result for him who had first uttered it. A few nights afterwards, in another northern constituency, a local politician closed his observations to an election crowd with the words: "As I came to this great meeting, I heard bells ringing from the old church tower, &c.," and the famous phrase made its telling effect. The speaker concluded, and the meeting waited for the arrival of the orator of the evening, Mr. F. E. Smith, the patentee of this piece of applied poetry. His speech was an uninterrupted success until the very end, when the image of Lord Tennyson crossed his mind. "As I was driving into the town just now, your church bells pealed out, and seemed to give me—" The rest was drowned in delighted laughter and friendly cheers: "We've had that message once already to-night," cried the voice above the din which prevented the repetition of the suggested meaning of the music.

Finally, let me try to make good my theory that political gatherings without the "voice" would be drab affairs indeed. Remember, the "voice" artist is not a heckler; his qualities are of quite a different order. The heckler appears at your meeting, primed to the larynx with puzzling questions, or with interruptions of a more or less brainy character. Such an one it was who goaded the G.O.M. to his famous retort, which was heavily criticized at the time. Said the heckler, at the end of his long catechism, "Am I to understand—?" . . . "You?—understand?" thundered Mr. Gladstone, as he sprang from his chair to the table, "I am responsible for the understanding that the Almighty has put into this skull of mine, but I am not responsible for the understanding that may be in that skull of yours." It will be remarked that the veteran Prime Minister did not suffer hecklers gladly. But our friend "the voice" is a breezier feature altogether. What Redmond cadet and Mr. Macveagh supply to the House of Commons, the "voice" purveys to the public meeting; his is no sustained effort, it is "hit or miss" every time. If he hits, he is the popular hero of an hour; if he misses, he becomes the village "butt" for a much longer period.

The Constitutional question was perhaps his happiest hunting-ground in last December, though he occasionally met his match. To one peer, who was explaining somewhat sharply that he was taking part in this campaign because he was "the lord of the manor," the voice retorted "then you ought to have the manners of a lord." And there was another peer, anxious to prove to his audience that he was descended from some civic dignitary who held office in the City of London centuries ago; he began, "You have all heard, I suppose, of Dick Whittington—thrice Lord Mayor of London (*loud*

obscure); well, I am not descended from *him*, but——” “From his cat,” piped out the voice at the back of the hall, and the ensuing tumult of laughter denied us the pleasure of learning what post his ancestor had occupied. Such are the victories of the “voice”; let me now instance one or two of its defeats. I heard of one charming young peer, just starting in public life north of the Tweed, who was being rather roughly handled at a meeting, until a voice yelled at him, “Where did you get your——title from?” To which he quietly rejoined, “From the same place that you got your —— face; from my father,” and the meeting cheered this personal score, which immediately secured him a friendly hearing to the end of his speech. And another colleague of mine relates his perpetual gratitude for the help rendered by an unknown presence in the crowd; my friend was dilating upon the iniquities of the present Government in respect of their treatment of the licensed victualler:

“In life he is harassed by restrictions and duties; his trade is crippled, he is taxed almost out of existence; and when, finally, he dies—what do they do then?”

“Bury the bloke,” cried the voice.

“Right,” said the speaker; “that is the first and only time they treat him like other men.”

Such are the vicissitudes, now of gaiety and now of humiliation, through which I suppose we all pass on our pilgrimage to the House of Commons, if

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we are fortunate at the polls; lucky enough, indeed, if we can appreciate the humors and discount the failures as they cross our path. Then follows the far easier task of thanking our supporters, and doing the best we can to bury the hatchet with our enemies. “Now is the moment to be generous to those who have worked against us,” cried a victorious candidate in the market-place, after the declaration of his election result; and on the morrow he received a letter from a lady opponent who said that she had heard of his benevolent intentions, and invited him, therefore, to subscribe to her fund for a new set of false teeth! This was embarrassing enough, but I declare I am almost more sorry for the new M.P. who was congratulated by a confidential and enthusiastic worker in a very poor constituency, as follows: “We are so glad to have you for our member; it will all be so different now. Mr. X., your predecessor, was too much of a gentleman for us.” Poor man, he could only promise that he would never give his constituents reason to complain in that direction again.

Here let us leave the candidates, conquerors and fallen, for the present, to enjoy the labors or the leisure which Fortune has dealt out to them. Enough has been said to show that the lighter side of an election campaign has not yet wholly disappeared from our ken; but I doubt whether it will stand the strain of two General Elections every year. We must wait and see.

Ian Malcolm.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER III.—ON LEWIS CARROLL'S WORKS.

BY VISCOUNT ST. CYRES.

1. Which of the various pieces of good advice given her did Alice find it hardest to put into practice? *Answer:* Always remember who you are.
2. Whose performance on what instrument might have reminded whom of his happy youth? *Answer:* The lizard's pencil. The Butcher.
3. For how many haddocks' eyes might the Aged Man have bought a remedy for one of his ailments? *Answer:* 216.
4. How may the apple inside a dumpling be otherwise described? *Answer:* Pent in a wheaten cell.
5. Give a short and unlikely query addressed to one who has been offered undesired refreshment. *Answer:* Thirst quenched, I hope?
6. Which prominent character resembles in disposition which of the parts of speech? *Answer:* The Queen of Hearts. Verbs.
7. Who moved even more delicately than the White Rabbit, and why? *Answer:* Porters, for their tread is velvet.
8. In what respect did the Baker resemble the Fat Boy in "Pickwick"? *Answer:* In inability to wink.
9. Who, by what transposition of a popular maxim, might have consoled the cook for the gardener's mistake? *Answer:* The Ghost. Onions are a weakness.
10. What kind of an animal might Alice, who heard the Gnat talk long before she set eyes on it, have fairly imagined it to be? *Answer:* A man-like ape.
11. Had the mouse possessed the talent of a dramatist, what might it have made of the Norman Conquest? *Answer:* A whiz.
12. Whose lung capacity was inferior to the Knight Mayor's own? *Answer:* The author's own.

The Cornhill Magazine.

 LINES ON SEEING SOME CORONETS DISPLAYED IN A
PICCADILLY WINDOW.

Ye radiant mysteries, that do engird
 The lordly crumpets of the Upper Ten,
 Ye that at last are openly preferred
 Before the awe-struck gaze of common men,
 That seldom greet the air
 Save in the hallowed precincts of Big Ben,
 Much have I longed to know ye as ye were,
 Nor dreamed to find ye so entrancing and so fair.

For ye are ever awfully remote.
 Oft have I seen you on the bellying side
 Of some barouche, and, stooping, paused to gloat—
 Braving the funkey's supercilious pride—
 To stand, with low-doffed hat,
 To look my fill, yet not be satisfied;
 'Twas an abiding joy to gaze thereat,
 And yet, compared with this, how paltry and how flat.

For ye are beautiful beyond all dream,
And in detail admirably graced;
Yon ermine, how it helps the general scheme;
Those silvern orbs, how elegant in taste;
Yon cap (if cap it be)
Of ruddiest crimson, how extremely chaste;
These with their golden circlet blend, ah me,
To a harmonious whole I had not thought to see.

And you, O peers, that from your chariot wheels
Spatter my trouserings with London's mire,
Whose nose of purest aquiline reveals,
For the low herd that write themselves Esquire,
A bland and high disdain
So great that some, with wormy souls afire
(Being annoyed), have thrilled and thrilled again
With thoughts it ill befits the meek to entertain.

I, too, have murmured at you heretofore,
But not so now; that you condemn the crowd
Pains me, but it surprises me no more.
He that has been so spaciouly endowed
Were but a blithering ass
To ape humility and not be proud,
Knowing how justly he must needs surpass
All of us meaner flesh that are, at best, but grass.

Nay, there is more. Time was, I would pretend
To view you with a self-defensive scorn
(Poor mockery!)—that, too, is at an end;
To-day I feel strange itchings, newly-born,
Myself to be a peer,
If the good gods might so exalt my horn;
Only to own these gauds of stately cheer,
Even tho' packed away, methinks were passing dear.

Yet, no. God-gifted tho' you be and blest,
Let me retain my poor and meagre lot;
'Tis true no glittering bauble gilds my crest,
But you, that have the same, may wear it not.
I, being low in style,
Am well content with hats—the simple pot;
But you, O lordings, truly it were vile
To own a coronet and have to wear a tile.

Dum-dum.

THE ENGLISH OFFER AND THE GERMAN ANSWER.

In his important speech in the House of Commons on March 14th, Sir Edward Grey won a Parliamentary victory for the Government on the Navy Estimates. In two years of peace they have been raised by nine millions, and practically the whole of the Government's supporters were alarmed and horrified on learning that nearly four millions more were to be added this year. It is the most serious expansion of armaments that has ever occurred in time of peace, and the strange thing about it is that Germany's additions in the same period have been comparatively small. Sir Edward Grey, however, argued—how different is office to opposition—that this increase of the estimates is not due to foreign policy; our foreign relations are "not strained"; and he further mentioned that these additions are not to be regarded as provocative. He even asked the House of Commons to believe that, if our naval estimates had been reduced instead of being increased, it would have no sedative effect upon the augmentation of naval expenditure by other Powers. Nevertheless, he said that if foreign programmes follow "their normal intended course," the Government can pledge itself to a reduction in the naval estimates next year. As to the competition in naval armaments with Germany, he quoted some sentences from the German Chancellor, who had said last December: "We also meet England in the desire to avoid rivalry with regard to armaments. . . . We have always advanced the opinion that a frank and sincere interchange of views, followed by an understanding as to the economic and political interest of the two countries, offers the surest means of allaying all distrust." Sir Edward Grey said he entirely re-

ciprocated this attitude; and we gather that the long, the unnecessarily long and enormously costly diplomatic quarrel over the comparatively insignificant question of the Bagdad railway is now in the course of settlement.

But the remarkable and satisfactory feature of the speech of our Foreign Secretary lay in his dawning consciousness of the paradox that, while the relations of the Great Powers are rapidly improving, their armaments are rapidly increasing. The taxpayers are bled while the diplomatists embrace. This, as he said, is a paradox, and we must all agree with him further that the growth of civilization ought to have lessened and not increased the cost of naval and military preparations. True, the most highly civilized nations must protect themselves by armaments against the less civilized; but then, as Sir Edward Grey said, the civilized nations are manifestly directing their armaments against one another. Unless, then, "the incongruity and mischief are brought home, not only to men's heads generally, but to their feelings, so that they resent the inconsistency and realize the folly of it—if this tremendous expenditure on armaments goes on, it must in the long run break down civilization." We may translate our own case thus into the concrete. If the recent additions, which have raised our naval estimates from 32 to 44 millions, had not been made, there need have been no increase in the death duties, and no super-tax, and no land-tax; or, again, the whole of the duties on tea, coffee, and cocoa might have been swept away and substantial reductions made in the income-tax; or, again, the money might have been used for destroying the slums in the towns of

Great Britain and Ireland, and erecting model dwellings, or making playgrounds and open spaces. In a few years there would have been no slums left, and the physical strength and happiness of the whole population would have been marvellously improved. We mention these might-have-beens in order to remind the public that there is a national as well as a world purpose to be served, a patriotic duty as well as a cosmopolitan interest. No doubt, as Sir Edward Grey hints, this increase of expenditure may go on for some time provided the additions fall directly upon the incomes and estates of the rich instead of upon the food, clothing and comforts of the poor. In fact, the prospect of a party revolt, or of a great Socialist upheaval, is much smaller in England under our system of taxation than in Continental countries. But be that as it may, we think our readers will agree with us that an increase of the income-tax on large incomes to say 5s in the £, which it has already reached in Japan, or another thumping addition to the death duties ought not to be contemplated with equanimity.

Passing from the evil to the remedy, Sir Edward Grey neglected altogether the problems of greater economy and more efficient control, and directed attention wholly to the larger possibility of an agreement with other nations, and especially with Germany. But agreement with Germany, he said, requires very careful handling; Germany would not stand the idea of a limit being imposed upon its naval expansion. Hence he avoids "limitations of armaments," and prefers to use the diplomatic expression, "a mutual reduction of expenditure." But even after calling in the aid of that smooth phrase, Sir Edward Grey would have us remember "that in any possible naval agreement with Germany we have been given to under-

stand that the German Naval Law must in the long run be carried out"; and that, when completed, means a navy of 33 battleships. Nevertheless, he thought that an agreement might do something, and possibly even "within the limits of the German Naval Law some retardation of expenditure might be effected." We need not follow Sir Edward Grey from this pacific problem of Anglo-German rivalry to the field of arbitration and to Anglo-American friendship, a scheme which is now being discussed in all parts of the world. For we have now before us the answer of Germany, first that of the Imperial Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, and secondly that of the Reichstag.

The Imperial Chancellor is, of course, the chief officer of the Kaiser, and the head of the executive. He is not, like our Prime Minister, the leading representative of the majority in the House of Commons and the president of its governing committee, the Cabinet. Nevertheless, the Imperial Chancellor has to govern with the help of the Reichstag, and the speech which he delivered on March 30th to the Reichstag was in answer to a motion of the Socialist party in favor of reducing armaments. He began by discoursing upon the philosophy of war, remarking that wars spring nowadays only from antagonisms that are rooted in popular sentiment. This sentiment, he admitted, is very susceptible to influences, and it is very desirable that a counterpoise to the irresponsible agitation of the yellow Press should be created by international effort. Meanwhile, he poured cold water upon indefinite and hazy proposals for disarmament, and declined either to approve any scheme or to circulate any scheme. England, he said, "is convinced, and has repeatedly declared, that, notwithstanding her wishes for a limitation of armaments and for a

composition of disputes by arbitral procedure, her fleet must be in all circumstances a match for or superior to any possible combination in the world. To aim at this state of things is England's perfect right. In taking the attitude we do about the disarmament question, I should be the last even in any sort of way to call this right in question. But it is quite a different matter to make such a claim the basis of an agreement which, by peaceful assent is to be accepted by the other Powers." He then went on to argue that it is hopeless to expect a Congress of Powers to agree upon a proportional plan for the reduction of armies or navies. He referred, for instance, to Napoleon's attempt to limit the Prussian army to 42,000 men (an act not of mutual consent but of one-sided compulsion), and omitted the fact that for many years, when England and France were chief rivals at sea, there was a more or less friendly understanding that neither party would try to upset the ratio of naval expenditure. We venture to observe that the German Chancellor has done himself a great deal of harm by misrepresenting the aims of England, and by exaggerating the difficulties of an international agreement. In the first place, our Government does not maintain that its Fleet must in all circumstances be a match for any "possible" combination of Powers; the word used has been "probable," which makes a very great difference; and the expression has been further limited by the exclusion of the United States. That the British Navy should be strong enough to defend our islands from the attack of any probable Continental combination is surely a proposition which a reasonable statesman on the Continent might be willing to admit as part of a general understanding for the relief of taxpayers and the promotion of civilization.

Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg was almost as unfriendly to the idea of excluding war by arbitration as to proposals for limiting armaments by agreement, arguing that when vital antagonisms arise any arbitration treaty would "burn like tinder." The condition of peaceableness, he said, is strength; the weak are the prey of the strong; a people that will not spend freely on its armaments will sink, and a stronger will take its place; "we Germans in our exposed position are especially bound to look this rough reality frankly in the face." To put it quite frankly, there is an undisguised brutality of tone in this whole utterance, which has given civilized nations throughout the world a very unpleasant idea of Prussian sentiment and Prussian civilization. Nevertheless, it is worth observing that during the last two or three years the German Government has not been forcing the pace. The great expansion of naval expenditure has been British, and it might fairly be asked whether fair speeches and evil practice are really so much worse than fair practice and evil speeches? Moreover, there was one practical paragraph in the Chancellor's speech in which he accepted the idea that England and Germany, by an exchange of information, should "give security against surprises, and strengthen in both countries the conviction that neither desires secretly to over-trump the other." He hoped that by means of this agreement "the expected calming of public opinion in England would set in." But we are delighted to find that the general tone of the Imperial Chancellor's speech and the idolatry of brute force have not been endorsed by the Reichstag; for on the day following Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's speech the Reichstag adopted the two resolutions of the Volks-Partei, the first calling upon the Government to co-operate in

the reduction of armaments, and the second advocating a more general recourse to arbitration. By the first of these resolutions the Reichstag asked the German Chancellor "to declare his readiness and willingness to enter into joint negotiations with other great Powers as soon as proposals for the simultaneous and proportionate reduction of expenditure on armaments are made by one great Power." Thus the Reichstag has condemned the whole argument of the head of the Government, and even in a country like Ger-

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many, which is still far from enjoying Parliamentary self-government, this action is highly significant and important. It will make the German Chancellor increasingly anxious to enter into some practical arrangement for the reduction of naval expenditure, and, indeed, the strength of German public opinion is proved not only by these votes, but by the furious diatribes of the newspaper which the Krupp firm runs against everybody in its own interests.

ANTARCTIC COMPETITION.

The mails that will come in from New Zealand a few weeks hence will probably bring us some further particulars concerning the doings of Captain Scott and the subordinate members of his antarctic expedition, to fill in the blanks which exist in the cabled messages received a few days since. In the meantime this news, the first we have had since the *Terra Nova* departed from Lyttelton at the end of last November, is satisfactory so far as it goes. There appears to have been a rough season down in the far south, the ship has been knocked about, two ponies and a dog have been washed away, a motor-sledge has fallen through a hole in the ice, but no human lives have been lost, and so far Captain Scott has carried out his intentions according to programme. There appears to be some slight misapprehension about these intentions, and in some quarters a wrong construction has been placed upon some parts of Captain Scott's brief, cabled statement of what he is doing, and the other message about what was done when the *Terra Nova* left him after his own party, the main body, had been landed near the old base in McMurdo

Sound. The commander mentions that the ship was going east "to put a small party ashore on King Edward VII Land for exploration purposes." Lieutenant Pennell, who was in charge of the *Terra Nova* after Captain Scott had quitted her, took the ship along in that direction, and, near to the place where it was intended to land the party, discovered the mysterious Norwegian Amundsen expedition, which is clearly out for strong adventure. In comments that he has made upon the despatches received Sir Ernest Shackleton professes to be in some state of doubt, from the wording of the cablegrams, whether a British party was landed in this quarter or not; but if he is familiar with Captain Scott's plans he should not be so doubtful.

Again, the inference lately drawn by a leading newspaper that the party, landed here on King Edward VII Land some four hundred miles to the east of McMurdo Sound, is intended to make a journey southwards as far as it can get and to the pole itself if possible, is not at all in accordance with what the present writer, who has enjoyed the confidence of the commander, knows of the plans of the expedition,

and as many others know also. It was Captain Scott's settled intention before leaving England to send a party of six under Lieutenant Campbell to King Edward VII Land simply in order to make a thorough exploration of that region and nothing more. In the cablegrams the number of men taken for this eastern expedition is not stated, nor is the name of the officer in charge; but there is every reason to believe that Captain Scott is simply adhering to his original scheme, and it is altogether wrong to assume that this small party is being set to push forward to the pole as a kind of second string. Neither its number nor its equipment would justify any such object. It may be taken as certain that all the attempts made by this expedition to reach the pole will be led by the commander as long as he is alive and well. As to the Amundsen expedition, which is now evidently in close proximity to the British eastern party, it may accomplish some wonderful feat, and it apparently possesses more than three times the number of dogs that Captain Scott has with him; but it is very thin in men for a journey to the pole, especially if a new and untried route is to be tackled as is partly suggested by the landing-place. This latter may be merely a ruse, and Captain Amundsen may simply have gone east in order to be out of sight of the *Terra Nova*, intending on landing and pushing south to work his way west and get on the known route as previously followed by Captain Scott and Sir Ernest Shackleton. This would hardly be in accordance with the etiquette of antarctic exploration; but Captain Amundsen may not concern himself much about this etiquette. When he left Norway it was understood that he was making not for the south pole but the north, and that it was his intention to proceed by way of Cape Horn and the Behring Straits

to a point of attack on the central arctic region from that quarter. When he reached Madeira, however, on his preliminary southward voyage, he announced that he had changed his plans and would make the south pole his objective instead of the other one, and that was the last that was heard of him until the *Terra Nova* found him snugly ensconced in the Bay of Whales. Whatever he may accomplish, his presence there certainly adds somewhat to the interest of the situation, though in all the circumstances it is difficult to regard him as a serious rival to Captain Scott for the highest honors of antarctic exploration. The commander of the British expedition is in a supremely determined mood, and all the knowledge we have serves to convince us that he is working on the right and the best lines, while his equipment is superior to anything that has ever been taken to the south before. When he returns from his two months' journey south, a journey which is in the nature of a trial spin—and he should be returning about the present time—he will learn all about Captain Amundsen and his party in the east, for the *Terra Nova* when she returned westwards called in at McMurdo Sound and would leave a full statement.

Amundsen can get no start of the British, for no land expedition could set off for the pole in February, and it must not be imagined from Captain Scott's brief statement of his intended sledge journey southwards towards the end of January that he might on that occasion attempt to reach the pole. He had no such intention and could not have, for the season was too far advanced. The time for starting on the main journey is October, and it will be next October that Captain Scott will proceed on his great quest with, as he explained to me, about twenty men, three teams of dogs, sev-

eral ponies, a motor, and three sledges. The party will gradually be reduced as the distance from the base increases, the men in the best physical condition being retained, and if all goes well, the final "dash" over the last hundred miles or so will probably be limited to about four men. The route and all its difficulties, except for this last hundred miles, are well known. Captain Scott on his former expedition with the *Discovery* first laid the foundations of it; Sir Ernest Shackleton extended it. Possibly Captain Scott may bear a little to the east of Sir Ernest's extension, and in this way he would have a line all his own from the base to the pole if he is fortunate enough to reach it. That, however, is a small point upon which no decision can be arrived at until the circumstances are considered on the spot. Whatever happens the commander hopes to reach the pole by Christmas. He will need to be back at his base by April when the winter begins. If this attempt should fail he will lie up in his winter quarters at McMurdo Sound until the next October and then make another effort. This is exactly how things stand in the antarctic at the present time. Nothing of the highest importance can be attempted for another six months, and apparently before that period elapses there will be a Japanese expedition in the same quarter ready to penetrate polewards—a very poorly equipped expedition, it is said.

Some idea of the spirit animating the British expedition may be gathered from a few sentences included in a private letter which the writer re-

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ceived from Captain Scott just before his ship left New Zealand for the south. "The expedition flourishes," he said. "All preparations have worked out with extraordinary accuracy. We have re-examined, re-counted, re-sorted, re-stowed everything during our stay here, and have found all in good order. More satisfactory still is the spirit of enthusiasm which exists among the members of the expedition. I have never seen it equalled. We ought to do good work with such material, and we start with high hopes." From what I know of the writer of that letter and the conversations I have had with him, I think that if aviation had attained anything like its present standard of reliability at the time he left England last summer he would have included an aeroplane among his equipment, and made use of it if necessary. I say "necessary" because I believe he would prefer, if possible, to reach the pole by what we may call traditional methods, encountering and overcoming difficulties in the same way that the great explorers have always done. That aviation will come into the question if the present expeditions should unhappily fail, there can be little doubt. I know that Captain Scott did give serious consideration to the matter, and when he was at Bristol about a year since a free gift of a monoplane or biplane was offered him by a firm of manufacturers, but after some hesitation he declined it, properly regarding the science of aerial navigation at that time as being in an altogether too elementary state to justify him in any experiments in the antarctic.

H. L.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The \$50,000 which was paid for a copy of the Gutenberg Bible at the recent sale in New York of the books collected by the late Mr. R. M. Hoe, makes a new high-water mark in book collecting. No such price was ever paid before for a single volume. Only seven copies of this Bible are known to be in existence. The last time one was sold, it brought \$20,000.

George Cary Eggleston's "What Happened at Quasi," which was noticed in this department two weeks ago, derives a melancholy interest from the fact that it was the author's last work, and consciously so, although conveying in its happy tone no suggestion of the circumstances under which it was written. Believing that he should not recover, Mr. Eggleston in a note dictated to his son, pathetically urged his publishers to hasten an advance copy that he might see the makeup of the book before he died. The fact that the dedicatory page was to bear a sketch of his little grandson added to his interest. It is pleasant to know that Mr. Eggleston received complete copies of the book while he was able to examine them critically, although his death occurred before the book reached the boy-public to which it was addressed.

Henry Holt & Co. announce the publication of a new and important library of low-priced books, written with a common purpose of imparting information to the general reader, but covering a wide range of subjects. The series will be known as the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge,—a title which well describes the books projected. The books will be written by specialists, but they are not meant for the reading of specialists but of laymen. They will appear in quarterly battallions of ten volumes,

until at least one hundred volumes have been issued. The first ten volumes, promised for this month, include *The French Revolution* by Hilaire Belloc; *The Irish Nationality* by Mrs. J. R. Green; *Shakespeare* by John Massfield; *A History of War and Peace* by G. H. Ferris; *The Socialist Movement* by J. Ramsay MacDonald, chairman of the British Labor Party; *The Stock Exchange* by F. W. Hirst, editor of the *London Economist*; *Modern Biography* by Dr. Marion Newnegin; *Polar Exploration* by Dr. W. S. Bruce, leader of the "Scotia" expedition; *Parliament* by Sir Courtenay P. Ilbert, clerk of the House of Commons; and *The Evolution of Plants* by Dr. D. H. Scott, late "keeper" at Kew Gardens. This enumeration will serve to indicate the scope of the series.

It is perhaps one indication of a revived interest in Ireland, historically as well as politically, that several volumes on Irish history are to be published this season. One of the most important is Dr. Robert Murray's "Revolutionary Ireland and its Settlement," a work based on a fresh examination of the documents and bringing further light to bear upon the controversies of the time. It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan this month. Mr. Joseph R. Fisher's "The End of the Irish Parliament," which is announced by Mr. Arnold, covers the thirty years preceding the Union, and examines the causes that produced the Irish Rebellion, as well as the motives that led Pitt to abolish the Irish Parliament, and the means by which his policy was carried out. From the Oxford University Press we are to have "Ireland under the Normans, 1169-1216," by Mr. G. H. Orpen, and Mr. Elliot Stock has in the press the sixth volume of Mr. P. H. Hore's "History of Wexford."

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {
VOLUME LI.

No. 3489 May 20, 1911

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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THE DOOM OF SAILS

Alas! must we utterly vanish, and cease
from amidst us,

Sails of the olden sea?

Now dispossessed by the stern and
stunted ironclad,

Wingless and squat and stern?

Purple sails of the heroes lured to the
Westward,

Spread for the golden isles!

Sails of a magic foam with faery plunder,
died,

Wafting the wizard gold!

Sails of the morning, come like ghosts
on the sea-line,

With midnight load of the deep!

Sails of the sunset, red over endless
waters,

For the furthest Orient filled!

Sails of the starlight, passing we know
not whither,

Silent, lighted, and lone!

Sails of the sea-man accursed, and
cruising for ever,

Holst by a spectral crew!

Sails set afire by the lightning, re-
sounding to tempest,

That drum and thunder and sing!

Sails that unruffled repose on a bosom
of azure,

Glassed by a placid flood!

Alas! must ye go as a dream, and de-
part as a vision,

Sails of the olden sea?

Stephen Phillips.

The Spectator.

**MY HEART SHALL BE THY GAR-
DEN.**

My heart shall be thy garden. Come,
my own,

Into thy garden; thine be happy
hours

Among my fairest thoughts, my tall-
est flowers.

From root to crowning petal thine
alone.

Thine is the place from where the
seeds are sown

Up to the sky enclosed, with all its
showers.

But ah, the birds, the birds! Who
shall build bowers

To keep these thine? O friend, the
birds have flown.

For as these come and go, and quit
our pine

To follow the sweet season, or, new-
comers,

Sing one song only from our al-
der-trees,

My heart has thoughts, which, though
thine eyes hold mine,

Flit to the silent world and other
summers,

With wings that dip beyond the
silver seas.

Alice Meynell

THE SLEEPERS.

As I walked down Thames' stony side,
This silent morning, wet and dark:

Before the cocks in farmyards crowed,
Before the dogs began to bark:

Before the hour of four was struck
By old Westminster's mighty clock:

As I walked down the waterside,

This morning, in the cold, damp air,
I saw a hundred women and men

Huddled in rags and sleeping there;
These people have no work, said I,
And long before their time they die.

That moment, on the waterside,

A lighted car came at a bound;

I looked inside, and lo! a score
Of pale and weary men that frowned;

Each man sat in a huddled heap,
Carried to work while fast asleep.

Ten cars rushed down the waterside,

Like lighted coffins in the dark;

With twenty dead men in each car,
That must be brought alive by work:

These people work too hard, said I,
And long before their time they die.

William H. Davies.

The Nation.

SHEPHERD'S SONG.

O black and white the shepherd's plaid
That haps me warm and weel,

And black and white the shepherd's
dog

That follows at my heel.

O black and high the winter sky,

O white the snowy wold,

Till red and bright the peat-fire's light
For two that are a-cold!

Marna Pease

THE LACK OF PRIVACY IN THE AMERICAN HOME.

The typical American home has every comfort, every convenience, almost every charm except one. This one thing lacking, according to the English point of view, is privacy.

No visitor from England, especially if she be a housewife, can fail to experience a certain pang of discontent with the old-time inconveniences and certain discomforts of English house-keeping when she notes her American cousin living in the midst of such contrivances as almost make it possible to keep house by machinery and the turning of a crank. The first American "pulley-line" which I saw fastened to a New York kitchen window filled me with awe as well as admiration, especially when I found a pretty, young married college graduate standing at the end of the pulley-line hanging her family wash on it as she stood behind her sweet lace kitchen curtain, where she herself could not be seen from outside, giving a twist to a little hinge and then seeing all those clothes swung out into space to dry in the sun while the charming young washerwoman took off her apron and went with me to a *matinée*. That experience gave me a feeling of indignation against the London landlord who failed to provide pulley-lines and all the other things which the New York landlord "threw in" with the rent when one hired a flat or a house over there.

Bless me! A goodly number of English landlords have allowed me to supply my own door-knobs and fire-places, while as for giving me a medicine chest with plate-glass mirror door in the bathroom, a quaint set of stationary wash-tubs, with lids, in the kitchen enclosing hot and cold water taps and all such things—well, we are all quite aware that such things are never done in England, except upon the

payment of a weirdly high premium. There is, however, a certain amount of lavishness upon the part of the London landlord when it comes to the matter of doors; doors which shut one room off entirely from another room and from the passage or landing, thus giving to the occupant of each room a certain amount of privacy and opportunity for the development of individuality. The American landlord is correspondingly stingy in the matter of doors. Yet "stingy" is not the word, either, for I am sure that the prettily ornamented archways, with their carving and fretwork, which lead from one room into another, must cost more than our ordinary English doors on hinges. Sometimes one finds these archways, especially in the modern flats of the large American cities, connecting five rooms, one after the other, and sometimes the effect is as pretty as possible, it gives such an air of space and grandeur.

In an English home occupied by persons of moderate means one is always coming up against a door which seems to warn one off approaching the premises. It is very uncompromising, that English door, and even though your own sister, your own mother, your own wife, or your own husband is on the other side of it, you would not dream of turning the knob without first knocking. The fact is that the nearer the tie which unites you to the person behind that door, the less likely you are to intrude your presence when you are not sure of a welcome. So you knock, and you wait to hear a voice you love say, "Do come in!" or "No, dear, not now. Don't disturb me. I want to be alone." "What! that formality between husband and wife, mother and daughter, father and son!" the American woman exclaims,

and she puts down the English as being "stiff in home relations." But we know it is not "stiffness" nor even real "formality." It is but delicacy and courtesy.

I cannot fancy a well-bred English child entering a mother's room in the hearty, bouncing, familiar manner of the average American boy and girl, who, having no privacy of their own, have never been taught that other persons want privacy, and know nothing of the real significance of the knock and the answering "Come in!" Scores of times I have visited American mothers whose children have bounded, unannounced, into bedroom or dressing-room every afternoon as soon as they returned from school. The mothers took it as a matter of course. So did the children. These same little boys and girls, too, have a way of going to mother's dressing-table drawer when they happen to want a handkerchief or a collar; they pick up her toilet soap and use it; they comb their hair with her comb, brush their clothes with her bonnet-whisk. Their father's toilet accessories they pick up and use with the same lack of respect for individual rights. They are little socialists of the worst kind, living in the belief that all family things are held in common by every member of it. Indeed, very frequently in really nice, well-to-do families the children are not supplied with all the requisites of a proper toilet. Mother brushes and combs their hair with her own comb and brush, wipes their faces with her own towel, allows them to go to her manicure case and use her file and scissors.

"Will you please lend me your brush?" asked a little boy of me one afternoon. I was the guest of his mother for a week-end visit in a beautiful suburb of Chicago, and he stood in my bedroom doorway. "Brush?" I said interrogatively. "What kind of

brush, my dear?" "Hair-brush!" he answered. "Mother's sick with a head-ache, and so I can't go in her room to get it." "How did you lose your own hair-brush?" I asked. "Of course, you have had a nice one of your own?" "Haven't got any brush. Never had one of my own, I guess!" was his answer. He was eight years old, and his father was a professional man with at least eight hundred pounds a year income, and his mother was a gentlewoman and a university graduate with a degree. In England I have never been brought into contact with a child who made a practice of using his mother's hair-brush, except among the poorest classes.

This little American boy who had no hair-brush had a wonderful mechanical bear which played antics all over the drawing-room floor, and must, I am sure, have cost at least four pounds. He had expensive clothes, attractively made. He had a silver watch. His father often gave him three or four shillings to go and spend as he saw fit. The same little boy slept in a room connected with that of his parents by an archway and no door—a room which he had no means of entering or leaving except by passing through their bedroom. The house had several rooms unoccupied. There was no need of crowding; yet this little boy had no proper bedroom, no play-room of his own, no nursery, no chest of drawers in which to keep his own clothes entirely by themselves. His playthings were kept in the hall, or the dining-room, or the drawing-room, or out in the back yard, or in the coal-shed, or in the kitchen—the kitchen from which dozens of cooks departed during a year, and small wonder! What servant wants a child's toys underfoot when she is making that most delicious of American dainties, a chocolate layer-cake? If this little boy had a sister, she, too, would

be a part of the time in the kitchen, trying to wash her dollie's clothes; wanting to help cook stir the pudding batter when poor cook was beside herself preparing the dinner; demanding to be allowed to put a caterpillar under a kitchen tumbler and see it turn into a butterfly, or put a bulb in a cut-glass pickle-jar and watch it develop into a plant. And one could not blame the little girl. She would have rights in the matter of preparing her doll's toilet and the study of natural history and horticulture. But her American parents might not think of providing her with a playroom of her own.

This same little boy and his imaginary sister ought to be invited occasionally to have tea with their mother in the drawing-room, and even to see visitors when they were asked for. I think they might very reasonably have their breakfast and luncheon in the dining-room with mother; but as for a seven-thirty o'clock night dinner, certainly never that for many a long year. But the American child at the night dinner-table is such a frequency that it might almost be said to be the rule. The average American child knows nothing of a good, wholesome six o'clock supper of bread-and-milk or one of those wonderfully nourishing American cereals with some fruit.

But the member of the American family to whom my thoughts turn in greatest sympathy in regard to the lack of privacy and the denial of an opportunity for the cultivation of individuality is the father—he who pays for everything, buys the house with his own earnings or hires it, and yet generally has not so much as a corner that is his very own. It is called "his house." It has many rooms. There are the drawing-room, the living-room, the dining-room, the library. There are numerous bedrooms and dressing-rooms; but if he really desires solitude,

there would seem to be nothing for him but to lock himself up in the bathroom. Sometimes you hear the members of an American family speak of "father's den," to be sure. Why, just before I left America a New York friend, when she was showing me through her new house, said to me, "This is my husband's den," showing me into the sunniest and brightest room in the house. My eyes rested upon antimacassars and tea-cosies, a copy of "Poems of Passion," an embroidery frame, a train of "choo-choo cars," and a box of such American confections as my soul delights in and which no manly man could possibly be seen eating. I looked about for rows of curious pipes, for a horribly dusty and disordered writing-table, a lounging jacket—out at elbows, but, oh! so comfortable after the workaday coat—a copy or two of a sporting paper; but not a sign of such mute witnesses to masculine ownership of that room did I see. "It's the sunniest room in the house," went on that wickedly selfish little American woman, "so the children and I spend a great deal of time here."

I have been shown through other American homes where the husbands had their "own" dressing-rooms, their "own" hanging cupboards, and have noted with surprise the complexion balms, bodkins with pink bébé ribbon ready for running through lace, bonnet-whisks, and cut-glass powder-boxes lying upon the chiffonnières along with military brushes and safety razors. "I do believe in separate dressing-rooms and separate dressing-tables, don't you?" the fond wife would gush, and then she would show me her husband's "own hanging cupboard," which, being fitted up with a new kind of patent trousers-stretcher which she found exactly the thing for keeping her skirts in nicest order, she had taken possession of up

to the farthest and darkest corner, where a pathetic and lonely greatcoat might hang on a solitary peg.

There was a time when I thought that perhaps the American man liked all this, or that, at least, he did not mind it; that perhaps the sight of his wife's petticoats hanging among his belongings in his "own cupboard" appealed in some way to his sentimental nature and his sense of romance. But finally I discovered that he permitted himself to be "put upon" merely for the sake of peace and family tranquillity. I found that he really would like his den to himself, just like an Englishman, in all the masculine glory of dust and disorder; that though he loved his wife, there were times when he would prefer to spend his evenings alone in his den without her company; that though he loved his children, he would rather have them safely in bed before seven o'clock than have an evening with them climbing over his tired legs. In short, I found him very like the average English husband and father in this respect. He merely differed in the inability or the lack of determination to set his large foot down squarely and warn intruders off from the invasion of the privacy of his soul.

They have wonderfully comfortable and convenient bath-rooms in the American cities, even in homes of the most moderate rentals. In England people paying rentals of this sort are still using the tin tubs of the grandfather's-chair shape, brought to their bedrooms every morning, and in which they may splash up all the wall-paper. People of this class have not the tiled floor, the porcelain tub, the up-to-date plumbing that one finds in the cheapest flats and houses in American cities. But some of those lovely bath-rooms were to me pathetic witnesses to the lack of privacy of the various members of the family. There would

be rows of tooth-brushes hanging along the walls, rows of towels, rows of other things, showing that it was the family wash-room. Such homes usually have no individual wash-hand stands in each bedroom. They take up room and make work. Or, even if their bedrooms are thus fitted up, the members of the family have formed a habit of running into the bathroom for a wash-up because it is easier and quicker. Of course, I do not now refer to those more luxurious houses where in each bedroom there is a fitted basin with hot and cold running water, but to the more humble homes. To the average outsider who is at all observant the first thought upon visiting the average American home is, "Oh, you have so many delightful things, so many conveniences, so many comforts, how it is you have just this one thing lacking—privacy?"

In America they know little of the old-fashioned "mother's room," the room which has mother's individuality so stamped upon it that all through life the children remember it as being a very part of mother. And father's room? As I have said, he has no room, though there be twenty rooms in the house. All day long, at business, he is in the midst of noisy, hurrying people, clerks and stenographers, and at home there is no diminution of the number of persons who may disturb him. Let him try to get off by himself and lock a door—if he can find a door—and he will be suspected of having a secret sorrow, or, mayhap, a secret sin.

Certainly the American middle-class homes in many ways are more tastefully arranged than the English homes of the same class. Take the American bedroom and the English bedroom, for instance. Who could hesitate between the two for prettiness and convenience? The English idea of a bed-

room is a place to sleep in, bathe in, and get out of as soon as possible. You feel that as soon as you look at it. Its draperies are few, its rugs are simple, its walls are often almost bare, and in the window the dressing-table stands, its ugly wooden back facing the street, flat up against the window, adding nothing to the attractiveness of the house or the street. In America the bedrooms are pretty. Indeed, there seems to be a general desire to make them look as little like bedrooms as possible. Sometimes I think that Americans, down in their hearts, consider a bed an improper piece of furniture, to be hidden away, when possible, in the form of a writing-desk, a wardrobe, or a Turkish divan, and only exhibited for what it really is—a bed—at the last moment before getting into it. But certainly the bedrooms are pretty, and, in a general way of speaking, they seem to belong to nobody in particular.

I have a fancy that after a while the American home may develop into one immense room separated into compartments only by screens—there seems to be such an objection to doors! The American architects plan for a few enough doors in all conscience, but even those they do put up are often taken down off the hinges, stored in the cellar, and replaced with draperies. Once, a few years ago, moving into a beautiful New York flat, I found the previous tenants had done this, and when I asked the janitor to bring the doors from the cellar and re-hang them, he viewed me with suspicion, and asked, "An' so ye be goin' to take boarders, ma'am?" "Boarders!" I exclaimed. "Certainly not!" "Then why do ye want the doors, when draperies is so much more stylish?" he asked.

From the doorlessness of the flat and house of the large American cities is but a step to the fenceless state of the

pretty village homes, into whose lawns and gardens stray chickens, cats, and dogs wander and scratch at will. They make a beautiful sight, these quaintly built houses, one after another, without fence or hedge, the well-kept lawns coming down and joining the pavement along which grow those rows of trees which will ever be the delight of all foreigners who visit the American villages. Truly they are prettier than the hedged-off houses of the English towns, with their garden walls topped with broken bottles to warn away the cats and other marauders. But one wonders how a garden-party could be managed in these very public American village lawns; how a tea-table could be arranged under the trees, and the tea and cakes really be enjoyed with all the rest of the world looking on.

And then the windows with the lights burning! Is there in all America such a ceremony as the "drawing of the blinds," one wonders? There is in England still that antiquated practice of the housemaid going about at twilight holding a lighted taper in one hand as she draws down the blind with the other before she lights the lamps or gas. There is here the horror of having the passing public witness even the "lighting up" of the home. I would certainly do away with the lighted taper habit—it is so apt to set the lace draperies afire; but I hope that the ceremony of the "drawing of the blinds" will last as long as the Englishman's home is his castle. Indeed, it must last just that long. In America sometimes the blinds are drawn, sometimes not—more often not, I think. One may pass dozens of drawing- and dining-rooms in the evening, all brilliantly lighted, the members of the family gathered about the piano or the table, minding not that the curious stranger in the street may peep in. Why, even the young lady

receiving her fiancé in the evening often forgets the drawing of the blinds. Then, even where care is taken to draw the front blinds, there is a shocking amount of thoughtlessness among persons occupying back rooms, in many cases not even the bedroom blinds being drawn when the gas is lighted.

The National Review.

And it all comes back—this lack of privacy in the American home—to a want of doors of one sort or another, doors to shut one's self in and to shut others out, that one may enjoy, at times, the privacy that is the right of every individual soul.

Mary Mortimer Maxwell.

LADY JOHN RUSSELL.*

Lady Agatha Russell, daughter of the English statesman and his wife who are the subjects of this volume, tells the world in her brief preface: "The manuscripts which have supplied the material for a memoir of my mother deal much more fully with the life of my father than with her own life. . . . The greater part of the memoir is written by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy; the political and historical commentary is almost entirely his work. The impartial and independent opinion of one outside the family, both in writing the memoir and in selecting passages from the manuscripts for publication, has been of great value. My grateful thanks are due to His Majesty the King for giving permission to publish letters from Queen Victoria. I am also grateful to friends and relations who have placed letters at my disposal; especially to my brother, whose helpful encouragement throughout the work has been most valuable. . . . My cordial thanks are also due to Mr. George Trevelyan for reading the proof sheets, and to Mr. Frederic Harrison for giving permission to publish his Memorial Address at the end of this volume." I have thought it well to quote the greater part of Lady Agatha's preface at the opening of this article, in order

that the readers of the *Fortnightly Review* may have from the very beginning that clear idea of the materials and the co-operation which the daughter of the Russell house had in the production of her most interesting narrative. I think it right also to add that in cordially agreeing with her as to the value of the assistance rendered to her by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, I am not taking advantage of an opportunity to offer a tribute, however well merited, to a member of my own family, for there is, I am sorry to say, no family connection between him and me; but I am fortunate in having come into association with him through the medium of his literary companionship with my dear friend of many years, Lady Agatha Russell. In my early days of literary and political life I came into a casual acquaintanceship with Lord John Russell, and had some interesting and memorable conversations with him. When I first had the honor of being presented to his wife, she was then the Countess Russell, and the pair were living at Pembroke Lodge, which had been presented to them by Queen Victoria so long ago as 1847. After I had settled to a London life, in 1860, I had, of course, constant opportunities of hearing Lord John Russell speak in the House of Commons and afterwards in the House of Lords. The story of this volume is mainly told in the letters which passed

* With Selections from her Diaries and Correspondence. Edited by Desmond MacCarthy and Agatha Russell. Methuen and Co., Ltd. London.

between Lord John Russell and his wife. Nowhere that I know of can be found a more living revelation of equal love and more thorough understanding between husband and wife than is found in these letters. The frequent, though short, separations which had to take place between the pair proved to have been of inestimable advantage to the world of the present and the coming time. Lady John Russell's health compelled her to spend as much as she could of her time in the country, and Lord John Russell had often to attend great public meetings in counties and cities, and it was not always or often advisable for him to submit his loved and loving wife to the fatigue of becoming his companion in the double journey. On all these occasions the couple seem to have exchanged by pen and post their affectionate confidences. I do not believe that there can anywhere be found a more authentic, a more convincing, a more complete record of married love, congeniality and consequent happiness than is given to the world in the letters which passed between the husband and the wife, and which are recorded in this volume.

At the present time it may be peculiarly appropriate and interesting to quote the following passages from an entry in the diary of the Countess Russell, dated July 9th, 1893, on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland.

A new policy Home Rule undoubtedly is, a new departure from the "tradition" of any English party; but not a departure from Liberal principles, only a new application of old ones; and I think it is a pity to speak of it as being against Liberal principles, for is there anybody of average intelligence who would not have predicted that if it should ever be adopted by any party it would be by the Liberals? . . . It is the proud distinction of Liberals to grow perpetually, and to march with eyes open, and to discover, as they are

pretty sure to do, that they have not always in the past been true to their principles. There is no case exactly parallel with that of Ireland; but there are some in great measure analogous, and it is the Liberals who have listened to the voice of other countries, some of them our own dependencies, in their national aspirations or their desire for Parliaments of their own, expressed by Constitutional majorities. I admire the Unionists for standing by their own convictions with regard to Home Rule, and have always done so; but I cannot call it "devotion to the Union and to Liberal principles," and I am not aware of there being a single Home Ruler not a Liberal. The Unionists, especially those in Parliament, have been, and are, in a very dangerous position, and have yielded too readily to the temptation of a sudden transference of party loyalty upon almost every question from Liberal to Tory leaders. But for those, whether in or out of Parliament, who have remained Liberals—and I know several such—I don't see why, after Home Rule is carried, they should not be once more merged in the great body of Liberals, and have their chances, like others, of being chosen to serve their country in Parliament and in office.

On some other subjects equally active and pressing just now we find Lady Russell's opinions given with like effectiveness in letters of hers addressed from Pembroke Lodge, December 16th, 1893, to Mrs. Drummond:—

Oh, my dear child, what opinions can poor I give on the almost insoluble problems you put before me? I wish I knew of any book or any man or woman who could tell me whether a Poor Law, even the very best, is on the whole a blessing or a curse, and how the "unemployed" can be chosen out for work of any useful or productive kind without injury to others equally deserving, and what are the just limits of State interference with personal liberty. The House of Lords puzzles me less. I would simply declare it, by Act of the House of Commons, inju-

rious to the best interests of the nation and for ever dissolved. Then it may either show its attachment to the Constitution by giving its assent to its own annihilation, or oblige us to break through the worn-out Constitution and declare its assent unnecessary. It is beyond all bearing that one great measure after another should be delayed, or mutilated, year after year, by such a body, and I chafe and fret inwardly to a painful degree.

Lady Russell may be credited with having possessed something like a prophetic vision with regard to the troubles which the House of Lords was certain to bring upon itself. Up to this time, while the great majority of the Liberals in these islands and in other lands as well were quite convinced that the peers were certain to keep on asserting the privileges they claimed in such a manner as to bring themselves into unceasing quarrels with the House of Commons and the outer public, it did not seem to have occurred to the Radicals in general that the only thing to do with the hereditary chamber was to get rid of it altogether or compel it to submit to a decree of perpetual subordination. For the daughter of one peer and the wife of another, this was certainly a remarkable display of independent opinion and heroic decision.

Lady Russell seems to have had at once a mind, a temperament, an intellect, as well as an inclination which enabled her to find an unflinching interest in every character and in every phase of human life which came under her notice. In the ordinary course of social life or in the study of historical memoirs, just as in the figures we meet in our everyday existence, we find that almost everyone, with whom we happen to come into acquaintanceship, has subjects which especially attract his or her interest, and from which, therefore, he and she cannot easily be prevailed upon to turn away, even for an

hour of casual conversation. Some of the highest intellects have been accompanied by this limitation. We have all known great thinkers and great writers who have of themselves frankly acknowledged, and in some instances have even actually proclaimed their unwillingness to give up time and thought to wholly unfamiliar and therefore, to them uncongenial topics. I have often heard eminent literary men, eminent artists, eminent Members of Parliament, declare that they found it very hard to turn their attention at once to some entirely unfamiliar subject, and would, therefore, rather keep out of the way of this or that exponent of such a theme until it had ceased to be a novelty and had been quietly left in the background. Lady Russell seems to me to have been entirely free from this peculiarity. I have often wondered whether the world, or at least so much of it as she saw in her ordinary daily life brought for her no bores. This was the more remarkable because she was herself so bright, so animated, so vivacious that one would have expected her to seek especially for intercourse with human creatures endowed with similar characteristics. At the same time she had and always made manifest with unflinching sincerity and earnestness her enthusiastic admiration for great human beings and great human productions; she never turned away with indifference or impatience from any topic merely because it was unfamiliar to her, or from any opportunity of making a new acquaintance merely because the proposed new acquaintance was described as being absorbed in some subject utterly unfamiliar to Lady Russell herself. She could pass from grave to gay, from lively to severe, without effort. Many of her friends have told me of instances in which they had been surprised to find how readily Lady Rus-

sell could enter with the most thorough interest into all the details of a controversy on some question which must have been previously utterly unknown to her. It has, however, to be observed that in most such cases the subject was one which allowed her to inform it with suggestions and appeals coming from her own temperament and illumined by her own inspiration. I can hardly believe that Lady Russell could be brought into converse with any sane human creature from whom she would feel compelled to release herself because of the hopeless dulness of the unfamiliar companion.

My rare and casual meetings with Lord John Russell went on for several years before I had the happiness of coming into any actual acquaintanceship with his wife. When he was in office or when he was in Opposition I had many opportunities of meeting him, and was even a guest with him occasionally at some London social gathering or at some formal Parliamentary festivity. But I began to hear more and more eulogies that were poured out on the gifts and graces, the bounties, the patriotic spirit, and the conjugal devotion of his wife, and I had before very long the happiness of becoming not merely her acquaintance but her friend. But in the meantime was to come about the sad event which sentenced Lady Russell to a world of widowhood. The outer world, indeed, has to read this newly-published volume in order to understand how the love-story of Lord and Lady Russell's married happiness remained a love-story to its very end. This is to be found most vividly expressed in the letters which passed between them, even on the practical details of questions belonging to administrative work.

Some of the most characteristic passages in the story of this volume are to be found in the letters which passed

between the married pair during the days of their best happiness. These are love-letters in the strictest sense, even when they are mainly taken up as an interchange of ideas, of questions and answers, on some present subject of political and administrative importance. Lord Russell is giving to his inquiring wife a full and minute account of the progress which one of his reform measures is making through the House of Commons and the kind of opposition offered to it by this or that political party, and his wife's replies are brimful of encouraging inspiration, and made practical by various suggestions. But the letters are love-letters all the same. They are as evidently love-letters as if they had passed between the hero and heroine of some drama or some romance. I cannot recall to my mind anything in biographical history which affords to us such a striking illustration of the sympathetic working of poetic love and practical companionship as is to be found in these letters of this wedded pair. So the story goes on until we come to the event which changed the whole current of Lady Russell's life, the death of her husband. Lord Russell's death took place at Pembroke Lodge, May 28th, 1873, and I think it well to quote here the letter which his widow received from Queen Victoria:—

Balmoral, May 30th, 1878.

Dear Lady Russell,

It was only yesterday afternoon I learnt through the papers that your dear husband had left this world of sorrows and trials peacefully, and full of years, the night before, or I would have telegraphed or written sooner! You will believe that I truly regret an old friend of forty years' standing, and whose personal kindness in trying and anxious times I shall ever remember. "Lord John," as I knew him best, was one of my first and most distinguished Ministers, and his departure recalls many eventful times. To you, dear

Lady Russell, who were ever one of the most devoted of wives, this must be a terrible blow, though you must have for some time been prepared for it. But one is never prepared for the blow when it comes. And you have had such trials and sorrows of late years that I most truly sympathize with you. Your dear and devoted daughter will, I know, be the greatest possible comfort to you, and I trust that your grandsons will grow up to be all that you could wish.

Believe me always, yours affectionately,

V. R. I.

I think it appropriate to accompany this letter, as Lady Agatha does, with one from the great Tribune of the people at that time, and one of England's greatest orators of any time, John Bright:—

June 1st, 1878.

Dear Lady Russell,

What I particularly observed in the public life of Lord John—you once told me you liked his former name and title—was a moral tone, a conscientious feeling, something higher and better than is often found in the guiding principle of our most active statesmen, and for this I always admired and revered him. His family may learn from him, his country may, and will cherish his memory. You alone can tell what you have lost.

Ever very sincerely yours,

John Bright.

Not less characteristic in its way, or less appropriate, is the following letter from Lady Minto:—

June 4th, 1878.

I have been thinking of you all day, and indeed through many hours of the night. I rather wished to hear that the Abbey was to have been his resting-place—but, after all, it matters little, since his abiding-place is in the pages of English history. What none could thoroughly appreciate except those who lived in his intimacy was the perfect simplicity which made him the most easily amused of men, ready to pour out his

stores of anecdote to old and young—to discuss opinions on a level with the most humble of interlocutors, and take pleasure in the commonest forms of pleasantness—a fine day, a bright flower. Nor do I think that the outside world understood from what depth of feeling the tears rose to his eyes when tales of noble conduct or any high sentiment touched some responsive chord—nor how much “poetic fire” lay under that calm, not cold, manner. I remember often going down to you when London was full of some political anger against him—when personalities and bitterness were rife—and returning from you with the feeling of having been in another world, so entire was the absence of such bitterness, so gentle and peaceful were the impressions I carried away.

The compilers of this volume give us, in their chapter headed 1878-98, a very full and interesting account of the manner in which Lady Russell contrived to pass some of the years which followed the close of her married life. I may quote here some of the opening passages of this chapter:—

From the time of Lord Russell's death in May, 1878, till 1890 she kept no diary, but not long before her death she wrote to her children a few recollections of some of the events during those twelve years. . . . In the summer of 1883 her son Rollo bought a place—Dunrozel—near Haslemere, and from this time till 1891 Lady Russell spent a few months every year at Dunrozel. In 1891 and 1892 she took a house on Hindhead—some miles from Haslemere—for a few months. She enjoyed and loved the beautiful wild heather country, which reminded her of Scotland, but after 1892 she felt that home was best for her, and never again left Pembroke Lodge.

I feel bound, for the sake of my readers, to quote some further passages from this very interesting chapter:—

Lady Russell had sometimes thought that when days of leisure came, she

would give some of her time to literary work, and write reminiscences of the many interesting men and women she had known and the stirring events she had lived through; but the unexpected and daily cares and duties which came upon her made it impossible. She was one who would never neglect the living needs of those around her, and she gave her time and thoughts to the care of her grandchildren with glad and loving devotion. . . . Lady Russell's letters will show that her interest in politics remained as keen as ever to the end; and she eagerly watched the changes which affected Ireland. . . . There is a side of Lady Russell's mind which her letters do not adequately represent. She was a great reader, and in her letters (written off with surprising rapidity) she does not often say much about the books she was so fond of discussing in talk. Among novelists, Sir Walter Scott was, perhaps, the one she read most often; Jane Austen, too, was a favorite; but she also much enjoyed many of the later novelists, especially Charles Dickens and George Elliot. In poetry her taste was in some respects the taste of an earlier generation; she could not join, for instance, in the depreciation of Byron, nor could she sympathize with the unbounded admiration for Keats which she met with among the young. Milton, Cowper, Burns, Byron, and Longfellow were among those oftenest read, but Shakespeare always remained supreme, and as the years went by her wonder and admiration seemed only to grow stronger and deeper with every fresh reading of his greatest plays; and the intervals without some Shakespeare reading, either aloud or to herself, were short and rare. She had not an intimate knowledge of Shelley, but in the later years of her life she became deeply impressed by the beauty and the music of his poetry, which she liked best to hear read aloud. Tennyson she loved, and latterly also Browning, with protests against his obscurity and his occasionally most unmusical English. The inspiration of his brave and optimistic philosophy she felt strongly. She was extremely fond of

reading Dante, and she was better acquainted with German and Italian poetry than most cultivated women. . . . Among the earliest friends of Lord and Lady John Russell were Sydney Smith, Thomas Moore, and Macaulay. . . . In later years, Thackeray and Charles Dickens were welcome guests, and the cordial friendship between Lord and Lady John and Dickens lasted till his death in 1870. Dickens said, in a speech at Liverpool in 1869, that "there was no man in England whom he respected more in his public capacity, loved more in his private capacity, or from whom he had received more remarkable proofs of his honor and love of literature, than Lord John Russell."

My readers will easily understand why I feel bound to quote at the present moment the following characteristic letter dated June 10th, 1886, "during the strife and heat of the controversy on Home Rule," received by Lady Russell from William Ewart Gladstone:—

*10 Downing Street, Whitehall,
June 10th, 1886.*

My dear Lady Russell,

I am not less gratified than touched by your most acceptable note. It is most kind in you personally to give me, at a critical time, the assurance of your sympathy and approval. And I value it as a reflected indication of what would, I believe, have been the course, had he been still among us, of one who was the truest disciple of Mr. Fox, and was like him ever forward in the cause of Ireland, a right handling of which he knew lay at the root of all sound and truly Imperial policy. It was the more kind of you to write at a time when domestic trial has been lying heavily upon you. Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,
W. E. Gladstone.

After a time Lady Russell began to receive her friends again, while she remained a constant resident of Pembroke Lodge. There she appointed certain days in each week when the

friends to whom she gave a general invitation were always free to visit her. I was one of those who had the honor of such a welcome, and it was to me always a happy opportunity to avail myself of the privilege. Of the many subjects of which we talked during my visits there were, of course, the great political questions, in which she took a deep and never fluctuating interest, but her tendencies and her tastes ranged over a vast variety of topics, and she was always anxious to make closer acquaintance with those concerning which she had previously little opportunity of becoming instructed. She had in what seemed to me a marvellous degree the gift of companionship, and she always appeared as if she were encouraging each human being with whom she held converse to give out to her all that he or she had to tell on some subject with which Lady Russell herself was but slenderly acquainted, and yet this anxiety was expressed in the most gentle and easy manner, kindly and sympathetically inviting, but never insisting or exacting. I have always felt convinced that if she had had the opportunity of devoting herself altogether to the field of English literature she might easily have become a great power in that region. But she was absolutely devoted to her companionship with her husband, and she knew well how much he looked to her for advice in times of administrative and political difficulties, and even the charms of literature could not win her to withdraw any of her attention from her husband's pursuits.

This volume is enriched by a very liberal and delightful contribution of Lady Russell's own letters and of those which called them forth or were written in reply to them by friends and acquaintances, at home and abroad, bearing names well known to all the civilized world, and others whose

names had not yet begun to impress themselves on the public attention, and whom, therefore, Lady Russell may be regarded as having discovered. A letter of hers written August 30th, 1870, to her sister, Lady Dunfermline, contains some passages, concerning peace and arbitration, which bear a living interest at the present day, and which, therefore, I transfer to these pages. "Poor Paris! You may well say we must be sorry for it, having so lately seen it in all its gay spring beauty—and though, no doubt, the surface, which is all we saw of its inhabitants, is better than the groundwork, how much of good and great it contains! How the best Frenchmen everywhere, and the best Parisians in particular, must grieve over the deep corruption which has done much to bring their country to its present dreary prospects. I do not mean that any mediation or interference of other Powers would have prevented this war, but that there ought by this time to be a substitute found for all war." Then a letter addressed to her son Rollo on a very different subject during the same year gives us a living picture of her in one of her characteristic moods:—

Your letter is so interesting and raises so many serious thoughts, that I should like to answer it as it deserves, but can't do so to-day as I am obliged to go to London on business, and have hardly a moment. The kind of "gigantic brains" which you mention are, I agree with you, often repulsive—there is a harshness of dissent from all that mankind most values, all that has raised them above this earth, which cannot be right—which is the result of deficiency in some part of their minds or hearts or both, and not of excess of intellect or any other good thing. If they are right in their contempt of Christian faith and hope, or of all other spiritual faith and hope, they ought to be "of all men most miserable"; but they are apt to reject

Christian charity, too, and to dance on the ruins of all that has hitherto sustained their fellow-creatures in a world of sin and sorrow. That they are not right, but woefully wrong, I firmly believe, and happily, many and many a noble intellect and great heart, which have not shrunk from searching into the mysteries of life and death with all the powers and all the love of truth given them by God to be used, not to lie dormant or merely receive what other men teach, have risen from the search with a firmer faith than before in Christ and in the immortality which he brought to light. I believe that many of those who deem themselves sceptics or atheists retain, after all, enough of the divine element within them practically to refute their own words.

The Fortnightly Review.

My readers will, I think, easily understand why I have devoted so much of the space accorded to me by the *Fortnightly Review* to quotations from Lady Russell's correspondence. In no other way could I have so well illustrated the peculiar value of the volume just published and of the success with which those who compiled it have been enabled to make it to a great extent not merely a biography, but an autobiography. The whole of the correspondence was, of course, put into the hands of Lady Russell's daughter, Lady Agatha Russell, and the latter has made the most effective use of the treasure confided to her care. The volume is not merely a gift to a people, but is a gift, a bequest, to history.

Justin McCarthy.

THE WILD HEART.

By M. E. FRANCIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

CHAPTER XXVII.

One September afternoon Keeper Meatyard descried a woman's figure standing half hidden in the undergrowth of the border of Holl Wood. Her eyes were fixed on the undulating sweep of downs which formed part of Strange's sheep farm, and she was so completely absorbed in her own thoughts that she did not hear his approach.

When she turned in answer to his rough query as to what she was doing there, he recognized the widow of his former subordinate.

"Oh, 'tis you, is it, Mrs. West?" he asked more mildly.

"It's me, Mr. Meatyard. I'm keeping quite close to the edge of the wood, so I don't think I can be doin' any harm."

"O' course not," rejoined the keeper politely. "I'm sure if anybody has a right to walk hereabouts 'tis you. But I've been a bit put about lately—

it do seem to I there's trespassin' goin' on, an' poachin' too—an' yet I can't lay my hand on the parties—though I mld ha' my suspicions," he added darkly.

Martha's eyes again wandered towards the direction in which "Strange's" was situated, and the keeper, as if divining her thoughts, nodded.

Even as they gazed, two shapes were seen to mount the furze-grown shoulder of the opposite slope, and presently a man and a dog emerged into the open space. Unconscious that their doings were witnessed by two pairs of unfriendly eyes, man and beast began to perform a series of strange evolutions. Running together with incredible speed, neck and neck as it seemed, wheeling, doubling, then bounding forward again; now the dog, outstripping his master, was carried as it were by its own impetus out of sight, then in answer to his whis-

tle reappeared, sweeping round and round with limbs extended and neck outstretched; then they were running together once more. The man throughout directed the dog by voice and gesture. Presently they disappeared behind a clump of gorse bushes.

"Queer doin's for a sheep farmer," remarked the keeper, "an' that's a queer dog for a sheep farmer to keep. But he's on his own ground, an' I can't say nothin' to en wi'out he crosses the boundary."

"Don't say anything to him," cried Martha, turning to him suddenly. "Take my advice an' lie low for a bit an' watch—then you'll have him."

"He could hardly be such a fool as to go poachin' wi' that dog," ruminated Keeper Meatyard; "yet to look at en ye'd think he was practisin' for summat. He do seem to be trainin' the dog to run, don't he, an' himself too? My word, if 'twas a case o' runnin' for it, I wouldn't say but what thik chap 'ud get away from man or horse. Did ye ever see sich a runner? The only chap what I ever knowed as could come near him for pace was David Chant."

"David Chant!" echoed Martha.

The blood rushed to her face and then fled away, leaving her ghastly. She staggered and leaned against a tree to support herself.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mrs. West," cried the keeper remorsefully. "I never ought to ha' mentioned that name in your hearin', but really for the moment I forgot how the sound on't 'ud be likely to upset ye."

"Oh—it's all right," she rejoined faintly.

She gazed fixedly at the opposite slope, her lips moving but making no sound; presently, drawing her handkerchief from her pocket, she wiped her moist brow.

"I think I'll go home now," she said, beginning to move away.

The keeper stood looking after her, still remorsefully.

"Poor soul," he muttered to himself. "Well, there, she've never got over the loss of Dick West, whatever folks mid say about her takin' up wi' young Strange. 'Tis plain to be seen her heart's in the poor lad's grave."

Martha hastened down the lane with throbbing pulses and swimming head.

David Chant! David Chant!

Could he, who had begged for death rather than imprisonment, and who had encompassed his escape from Portland with so much difficulty, again deliberately expose his precious liberty to such imminent danger? No man in his senses could ever be so audacious as to return to the very scene of the crime, actually to take up his abode within a stone's throw of the spot red-dened with the blood of his victim. Surely it was impossible. No man living could be so cold-blooded or so foolhardy.

All at once she stopped short in her rapid downward march; her quickly working brain had recalled the existence of Tamsine Strange, and the words which the girl had spoken on her wedding day now seemed to ring in her ears.

"'Tis that what do make me feel so proud an' so joyful—that you should never ha' loved any woman but me!"

Here, perhaps, was the key to the enigma! Tamsine and David had met and loved each other before his ostensible wooing. It was Tamsine whose image he had carried in his heart, whose memory through years of absence had blotted out for him the whole world of womankind. It was for her that he had dared all risks—so that she were his own he was content to pass his days with a sword hanging over his head.

Martha flung herself down on the mossy border of the lane the better to

think, to follow up link by link the chain of evidence which seemed to point out that Jack Davidge and David Chant, the slayer of her husband, were one and the same.

On leaving his ship David had made his way straight to Strange's—an out-of-the-way place. Tamsine, who since her establishment at the farm had hitherto held herself aloof (a fact in itself peculiar) from all rustic wooers, had at once apparently lost her heart to this stranger. It might have been a settled thing, long planned, and the wedding which had seemed so hasty, the fulfilment of an old promise.

As Martha thought upon these things she ground her teeth. She recalled the active figure running and leaping just now on the sunlit slope with a passion of fury which turned her positively sick. He carried on these antics under her very eyes, under the eyes of the woman whom he had doubly wronged, as she told herself. If David's imagined fickleness had seemed hard to bear, his fidelity was a thousand times more unendurable. He had never loved any woman but Tamsine, but it was for his sake that Martha, in a few weeks, had put away Dick's memory.

"Oh, if I can catch him!" she groaned to herself.

If she could prove David's identity, vengeance was hers: a twofold vengeance to repay her double injury. Tamsine should lose her felon husband. David should forfeit his dearly-bought freedom.

But she must be sure; she must make no mistake, lest instead of encompassing their destruction she should place her would-be victim in a position to laugh at her impotent malice.

That Bible of Davidge's! It might perhaps be identified. At the time when she had examined it its appearance presented something that was familiar. Where had she seen such an-

other squat volume with marbled edges and gaudy binding? If she tried she could surely remember.

Not in her own home, of course, nor in any of the houses where she had been servant before her marriage. Perhaps somebody for whom she had recently worked possessed such a book. She must think. With her head sunk in her hands she pondered, running over in her mind the different places where, since her widowhood, she had gone to help with the housework or to do sewing.

She seemed to see a similar book lying on a small table surmounted by a pair of spectacles. As the recollection came to her she recalled simultaneously the smell of hot coffee, and suddenly threw back her head with a muffled cry.

The Vicarage! When she had undertaken to do some mending for Mr. Ashley's housekeeper last year she had noticed just such a Bible lying on a little table in her private sanctum. That good woman had called her in one day and treated her to a cup of the vicar's own special coffee, and it was while waiting for this to be prepared that Martha had noticed the book, the showy binding attracting her eye.

She had taken it up, examined it, and laid it down again, disappointed on discovering that it was no volume of tales or poetry.

She rose quickly now, shaking out the folds of her dress and smoothing back her hair under her hat; she would go to the vicarage at once.

Mrs. Price, the vicar's housekeeper, was just finishing tea, and invited Martha to join her. Though the widow thought it polite to comply, every morsel seemed to choke her, and she could hardly listen in patience to the good woman's gossiping talk. At the conclusion of the meal she said hurriedly:—

"I really stepped in to ask you a

favor. My aunt's birthday 'ull be comin' round soon, an' I want to make her a present. I was thinkin' of givin' her a Bible like the handsome one I saw in your room last year. Could you let me have a look at it again?"

"To be sure, my dear," returned Mrs. Price, rising with alacrity, "but I don't know if you'll be able to get one like it. 'Twas Master gave it to me. He used to keep a good many like it at one time, an' give 'em away for prizes at the school up yonder."

"What school?" gasped Martha, thankful that the other's back was already turned as she proceeded to the adjoining room.

"Why, the Industrial School up at Chudbury Marshall," rejoined Mrs. Price carelessly.

Martha bit her lip to restrain herself from crying out, and made a determined effort to preserve her self-control.

The Industrial School at Chudbury Marshall! It was there that David Chant had received his early education!

"Here it is," said Mrs. Price, returning from the next room, Bible in hand.

Yes, there were the red and gold binding, the marbled edges and inner covering. Inside the cover was a label bearing Mrs. Price's name and the date when the book had come into her possession.

"When Mr. Ashley gives these books away at the school as prizes, the name of the scholar is wrote there," Mrs. Price explained, "and first prize or second prize or whatever it mid be. If I'd let en he was for putting 'first prize for general good conduct' in this one o' mine, as a sort of joke, but I felt bashful-like and begged him not to."

Martha scarcely heard her; she was measuring the label with her eye, and it seemed to her that the fragment ad-

hering to the inner cover of the book which she had extracted from David's chest was of similar size.

She now grasped firmly a very solid link in the chain which she was endeavoring to piece together.

She went away as soon as she could withdraw herself from Mrs. Price's hospitable desire for her company, and almost fled home, where she locked herself in her bed-room and there pored over a much-fingered paper which she extracted from her writing-desk. It was the handbill which had been circulated by the police when the convict David Chant had escaped from Portland.

"Dark hair and eyes," she murmured to herself, "clean shaven—Well, any man of his years might grow a beard. That's not what I want! Ah—here. 'Tattooed on the right forearm with a design of two crossed flags and an anchor—we ought to get him that way."

She locked up the paper again and meditated for a long time, then hearing Sam's step downstairs, she descended to the kitchen.

"Do ye ever come across your sister now?" she asked abruptly.

"Well, I met her in Chudbury the other day," returned Sam, somewhat astonished. "Then I did tell her I'd not have nothin' to say to her."

"Did she want to be friends, then?" resumed Martha.

"Yes, she had the impudence to twite me for not comin' to see her—she said 'twas my fault us bein' out wi' each other. An' she'd be very glad if I'd come up to Strange's now an' then, but as I did tell her, 'tisn't very likely I'd care to do that."

"Well, then, I think you made a mistake there," returned Martha sharply. "I tell ye plainly, I'll not enter any family where I'm not made welcome—"

"Well, that's just why—" Sam was beginning, when she interrupted him.

"If you go up to see her as she asks you, and get friendly again, she'll be friendly with me in time."

"Oh," said Sam dubiously, "but 'twas along o' ——"

"Never mind that now," cried Martha quickly; "do as she asks you. Go and see her—when can you go and see her?"

"Why, I mid get a day off, I suppose. I can't get away from the Cup o' Genuine in the evenin'."

"The day after to-morrow," said Martha, half to herself. "Well, go and see her then, and tell me how you think they're getting on up there."

"It do go a bit again' the grain wi' me," owned Sam. "When I do say a thing I do like to stick to it."

"I tell you," said Martha, stamping her foot, "you're acting by my wish, and you've said often enough my wish is law to you. If you can get round your family perhaps you can get round me."

And thereupon Martha granted him one of her rare and inscrutable smiles.

Just before Sam started for his uncongenial expedition Mrs. West waylaid him in the garden.

"There's one thing I want you to do," she said quickly. "I want you to talk a bit with Davidge and find out what he's made of. I've a kind of a notion there's something queer about him."

"I don't care much for talkin' to one or t'other of 'em," said Sam sulkily. "I can't forget him sidin' again' me for you, but I'll talk to him if you be set on it."

Martha scarcely appeared to heed what he said, though she was looking at him fixedly.

"Ask him about his family, and where he lived before he went to sea," she continued; "and I want you to look at his right arm."

"What's that?" ejaculated Sam, staring at her.

"I tell you," said Martha, "I want

you to look at his arm—the inside of it, between his wrist and his elbow—and tell me what you see there when you come back. Don't say I asked you to do this, but just *do* it."

"Well, I'm dalled!" exclaimed Sam; "I can't think for the life of me whatever you be up to. And how on earth am I to see the man's arm through his coat and shirt sleeve?"

"You must get him to take off his coat and roll back his shirt sleeve," rejoined the widow impatiently. "My goodness, it ought to be easy enough. Get him to measure wrists with you or some such thing. Mind you take notice if he says anything queer."

"It do seem to me as you're bent on making a fool o' me," said young Sam gloomily.

Martha, who had been moving away, returned.

"Sam," she said, "if you'll do this for me, I'll let you do what I've never allowed before."

"What! You'll let I gie ye a kiss!" cried Sam almost incredulously, for throughout his seeming courtship Martha had been careful to keep him at arm's length.

She nodded.

"But see that you make no mistake," she commanded.

"You mid be sure I won't," rejoined the lad gazing at her amorously.

Martha watched for his return from her window, frowning as she presently saw him appear, not on foot, but seated beside his sister in her gig. The horse pulled up at the corner of the lane, and Sam having alighted, Tamsine drove on towards the village proper. Then Martha flew downstairs, almost colliding with the boyish sturdy figure as it came up the garden path.

"Well?" she cried, breathlessly.

"Well, it passed off all right," said Sam. "Tamsine was just about pleased—arter all, as she did say, 'Blood's thicker nor water.' Tamsine

an' me be pretty nigh of an age, an' we did use to be the best o' friends. She did drive I so far as the carner."

"Oh, bother! Who cares about that?" interrupted Martha. "Did you do what I told you about the man?"

"Yes, but I couldn't get much out o' be. He said it was so long since he were a boy-chap he couldn't remember much about where he lived afore he went to sea."

"But did you look at his arm?"

"Yes. By the greatest chance in life there were two or three wasps flyin' about the room, an' I made a pretence there was one up his sleeve. He wasn't wearin' no coat, an' I just made a grab at his arm an' tore open the cuff of his shirt, callin' out that I see'd a wasp crawlin' up it."

"Well?"

Martha's voice was almost inarticulate.

"Well, I think you must be almost a witch. There was a queer kind o' a mark on his arm jist where you did think. Two flags an' a anchor. 'Twas tattooed, he did say, by one o' his friends. 'Tis a common practice, he did tell me, among sailor folk. Now then, Martha, for my reward."

Martha had been steadyin' herself against the gate-post; her face was flushed and the young lover thought she had never looked so handsome.

"Wait a bit," she said, throwing out her hand. "Davidge didn't mind your seeing that mark, I suppose?"

"No, he seemed quite amused."

"Amused! And your sister?"

"Well, I didn't chance to look at she. O' course she must ha' knowed 'twas there—'twouldn't be no surprise to she."

"Oh, you fool!" cried Martha; "you should have looked at her face, you should have noticed what she said."

"Come, now, I'm not goin' to be treated this way," announced Sam with sulky ire. "I've spent my holiday arternoon trapesin' off where I

didn't want to go, an' doin' what I didn't want to, an' now I do want to be paid for it."

"Here, then, take your payment."

She stood quite still while he timidly approached, and submitted to his embrace with so scornful an expression that Sam did not seek to prolong this love passage.

"If that's the sort o' face you do make when I do kiss ye, I'd as soon leave ye alone," he remarked, and vaulting over the gate he strode away in the direction of the inn.

Martha heard the words without attending to their import. After all, it was perhaps as well that Sam was not sharp enough to divine the object of the curious task she had set him to perform. Perhaps if he had noted the expression of Tamsine's face his own suspicions might have been aroused, and if he had commented thereon David himself might have taken the alarm. As it was, thinking the question merely an idle one, and observing that the boy was quite satisfied with his answer, any passing pang of anxiety which he might have felt would be lulled to rest, and he himself would make no attempt to escape before Martha had delivered him up to his captors. She meant to set the necessary machinery in motion at once. All that afternoon, while she had been waiting the return of her emissary, she had been planning the steps she would take should her surmise prove correct.

The village policeman would be sure to blunder if entrusted with so delicate a task, and she felt no great confidence in the powers of the small force at Branston. Were David to get wind of the threatened danger, or the slightest error made in the important undertaking, he would slip through their fingers as he had done before.

She had recently read the description of the capture of an escaped prisoner in a neighboring county, and had

taken note that the Chief Constable had directed the proceedings.

She, too, would apply to headquarters, and make sure that a sufficient number of men were sent to surround the culprit's dwelling and render escape impossible.

Going indoors, therefore, she wrote a letter to the Chief Constable of Dorset, setting forth in plain language her reasons for believing that the convict, David Chant, was living in close proximity to the place where he had killed her husband, and begging that he might be taken into custody without delay. She gave his assumed name and described the place where he was living, volunteering to act as guide, should there be any difficulty in identifying the spot. This letter she posted with her own hands, and then, having nothing more to do, awaited events in feverish expectation.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Tamsine, who had an errand at Chudbury, had, as has been seen, driven Sam back in the gig; her family affections were very strong, and she had been pleased at his seeming willingness to make overtures. Though she had been momentarily terrified at Sam's discovery of the tell-tale tattoo mark, David had retained so imperishable an attitude, and the lad himself had so evidently failed to identify him, that she breathed freely again, and in her gratitude for her husband's escape from what might have proved a danger was the more closely drawn to her brother. He had not mentioned the widow West, and she half hoped that his fancy for her had waned; yet even if such were not the case she might in the softness of her heart have brought herself to plead his cause with her parents.

It was after dusk when she returned, and she was surprised not to find her husband awaiting her in the yard.

"David," she called, "aren't ye comin' to put away the horse? David!"

At this repetition of the call, an answer came from within doors, and immediately the clatter of his feet sounded on the wooden stairs and he came running out. As he extended his hand to help her to descend, the light of the gig lamp fell on it, and she uttered an exclamation.

"What's that upon your hand?—it looks like blood."

He had momentarily hidden the hand behind his back, but he now laughed and stretched it out again, spreading out the fingers and turning them about in the light.

"It does look like it, but it's nothin' o' the kind. It's but rust."

"Rust! I didn't think there was anythin' rusty in our house."

He made no answer, but, taking her arm, helped her to get down, then led away the horse to the stable.

Tamsine went upstairs cogitating.

A dim light proceeded from the big attic, and instead of entering her own room she turned her steps thither. A flat candlestick was standing on a rickety table in the corner, and on this table a gun was lying, together with oil in a saucer, sundry stained rags, and a bundle of tow. Ramrod and cleaning-rod lay side by side, the latter surmounted by a greasy wisp of the last named substance. David's recent occupation could be readily divined. Taking up the candle, she examined the gun more closely. It was, as she had feared, the identical weapon which had played so sinister a part in their history.

After Uncle Cosh's death Tamsine had banished it to the attic, being only deterred from doing away with it altogether by her too scrupulous obedience to his decree that she was not to part with anything bequeathed to her.

For what purpose was David med-

dling with it now? How did he dare—How was it possible that he could have brought himself to touch it?

When she came downstairs she heard him whistling to himself as he washed his hands at the sink, and called to him. He came in still whistling as he wiped his hands.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "How solemn you do look!"

"Oh, David," she said, "what can you be thinkin' of? How could you have the heart to lay a finger on that gun?"

His expression changed quickly, becoming almost sullen.

"Well, I'd sooner ha' fingered any other," he rejoined doggedly. "But you made such a point o' me promisin' not to buy one."

"That's true, o' course, I did—oh, David, hasn't misery enough come o' meddlin' wi' guns? You said you could make yourself content here wi' me. You promised to try an' settle down."

"Well, an' so I have tried," he interrupted vehemently. "I've gone so steady as I could in harness, but the best horse 'ull kick over the traces now an' then."

"If you could only take a likin' to your work," pleaded Tamsine almost tearfully; "if you could keep to it more reg'lar. You know, David, even father an' mother have heard about the way you do knock off in the middle sometimes for no reason. I do feel ashamed for folks to think ye idle."

David tossed away the towel, and came up to her, seizing her hands in his, which were still cold after their recent ablutions.

"So you're not satisfied wi' your husband, Tamsine?" he said. "You know I told ye from the first I wasn't good enough for ye."

"Oh, David, don't say such things," exclaimed Tamsine. "You know how dear I love you. I could never, never ha' loved any one so dear as I love

you. An' I know that you love me, an' I trust you, David."

He pressed her hands gently and loosed them.

"I wish I could be more worthy o' your trust," he said. "But there's times summat seems to break loose inside o' me, an' then I can't answer for myself. While I was out workin' wi' shepherd to-day, I thought o' that gun standing in the corner yonder, an' I could see the rust on the barrel an' the stock covered wi' dirt, but all the same the longin' come to me to have it i' my hand, an' at last I just threw down my prong an' jumped over the nearest hurdle an' cut away home, an' I could ha' sung for joy when I did catch hold of it."

"Sung for joy! Oh, David, when it was thik very gun what——"

"I didn't let myself think o' that. As you must know by this time, Tamsine, I do never let sad or troublesome thoughts bother me—I do put 'em away."

"Well, for my sake, put the gun away," said Tamsine; "put it right out o' sight, or let me do it. Isn't my love enough—can't ye make yourself happy as we did use to dream o' bein' happy, wi' just bein' together?"

He gave a little sigh that was half remorseful and half impatient, and then began to question her about the events of the day. Though neither again reverted to the subject, Tamsine remained heavy at heart, and lay awake long that night, watching the moonlight fall upon the whitewashed wall and creep upward to the sloping ceiling.

She fell at length into a troubled doze, from which she was suddenly awakened. The place by her side was empty and the door was open.

"David!" she cried, sitting up, almost startled by the shrill anguish of her own voice.

No answer came, but there was a

sound of some one moving in the attic and in an instant she had flung herself out of bed and hastened thither, walking noiselessly in her bare feet. He was standing by the open window fully dressed, and she could see his eyes gleaming in the brilliant moonlight. He did not, however, glance toward her, and the thought came to her that he might be walking in his sleep. As she paused aghast in the doorway, the crow of a pheasant sounded from the distant woods.

"Hark!" cried David, putting up one hand, while his teeth flashed out in a smile that was almost ecstatic.

He seemed to listen again, and Tamsine listened too, though at first the tumultuous beating of her own heart seemed to drown every other sound; but presently she was conscious of the innumerable voices of the night, the sighing of small currents of air, rustlings and stirrings among trees and hedges, the call of night birds, even the stamp of a hare on the resonant soil of the downs; then borne on a passing breeze the tossing and creaking of boughs.

"The woods are calling me," said David, and he made a quick step away from the window. Tamsine, rushing towards him, intercepted his progress to the door.

"David, you must go back to bed," she said very distinctly; "'tis the middle o' the night still—not near time to get up yet. You've been walkin' in your sleep."

"No, no; I'm wide awake, little wife," said David. "The wood woke me up; the wood called me—it's callin' now."

Once again came the pheasant's crow, unnaturally loud in the stillness.

"Summat's disturbed that chap," resumed David, laughing as quietly as though it were broad day. "Him an'

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his mates 'ull be sittin' croopied on one o' the boughs o' the yew tree, wi' the moon shinin' on their feathers."

"Nay, nay," said Tamsine, tremulously; "it 'ull do ye no good to be thinkin' o' they things, David. Come back to the window a minute. Look out at the stack yonder. It do stand in the same place where the wold 'un stood the night you lay out, a hunted man. Oh, Davy, think o' that—think o' what you felt that night. Think o' me, as you so often thought, kneelin' an' prayin'—as I pray now, as I pray now."

She fell upon her knees, and he saw her tears shining in the moonlight. She extended her clasped, trembling hands towards him, and he took them in his own.

"Oh, I pray that you mayn't give way," she sobbed. "I pray God"—her voice became inarticulate.

Yet indeed she was praying less to the beneficent Power on whose help she had learned to rely than to the wayward man whose impulses she feared.

Then once again a little quiet treacherous air stole into the room, bringing with it the tempting fragrance of the night and simultaneously the scarcely perceptible sound of light, hurrying, feet. Cantering up the shoulder of the down from the cultivated field below came the agile form of a roebuck, the brilliant moonlight shining on the surface of his antlers; two little does followed. On reaching the summit they paused for a moment and then bounded towards the wood.

"I must go!" cried David.

Swiftly he put Tamsine from him, and catching up the gun, flew downstairs and out of the house, whistling to the dog as he went.

In another second the two flying figures vanished over the silvery edge of the down.

(To be concluded.)

THE RATIONALE OF SPIRITUAL HEALING.

There is, perhaps, no more striking and suggestive sign of the times than the attention which is being given both by religious and scientific men to the question of curing bodily ills by spiritual methods. To speak of our own country only; at the Pan-Anglican Congress in 1908 it was discussed as a matter of great and practical interest which has increased during the three years that have since elapsed, and has resulted in definite attempts to restore methods of spiritual healing among members of the Church of England. The formation of the Church and Medical Union, in which medical men and clergy are associated with the object of bringing relief and healing to sufferers from physical diseases, indicates that the medical profession and the Church at large have awakened to a sense of their duty and responsibility in this matter, a fact strongly emphasized by the devotion of nearly fifty pages of *The British Medical Journal*, in its issue of June 18th, 1910, to a discussion invited by the editor on "Faith Healing," in which several of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of the day took part. Finally, a conference on Spiritual Healing (the third annual meeting of the kind) was held in the same month at the Kensington Town Hall. Among the speakers were physicians, clergy and prominent laymen, and they addressed a large and interested audience. The present age is nothing if not practical, and it would be an act of folly not to recognize that all these facts, and others of a similar nature which could be adduced,—for example, the large and increasing amount of popular literature on the subject,—indicate something more important than a mere speculative interest in a passing enthusiasm. The object of the present essay is to in-

quire into the significance of phenomena which no one denies, but which are still very variously interpreted.

It is obvious that spiritual healing, if, indeed, it exists, necessarily implies the recognition of man as a spiritual being. It is not the same thing as mental healing, which requires no such implication, and which may be exercised by and upon persons wholly agnostic, or even sceptical as to the existence of spirit at all. Mental therapeutics is an acknowledged branch of medical science, and though several of the eminent participants in the discussion in *The British Medical Journal*, already referred to, animadverted somewhat bitterly on the fact that it as yet forms no part of the recognized curriculum for students of the profession in England, they at the same time asserted that there was a growing sense of the necessity for its so doing. Several seemed to think that all cases of healing not due to physical remedies, or to the curative activity of Nature, must be classed as mental. Others, notably Sir Clifford Allbutt, Regius Professor of Physic at the University of Cambridge, differed, holding that when every other cause of cure had been carefully considered and for sufficient reason dismissed, spiritual power might be awarded the credit. In his dispassionate and carefully guarded statement, however, there occurs a sentence fraught with such far-reaching significance that an exhaustive consideration of it would lead us far into the rationale of spiritual healing. "Probably no limb, no viscus, is so far a vessel of dishonor as to lie wholly outside the renewals of the spirit." To recognize this is to recognize that spirit is supreme, that if it fails in its renewals, this is due not to its own impotence to affect natural

organs and natural capacities, but to the impotence of the latter to be so affected, and in such a case, the matter of first importance is to inquire why there should be this lack of natural response to spiritual methods.

It is obvious that in order even to understand the scope of the inquiry, we must needs enter into some preliminary considerations on the general relation between the spiritual and the natural, and though in the brief compass of a single article, they must necessarily be strictly limited, the writer hopes to make clear that the question of spiritual healing is only one branch of this larger and more fundamental subject.

There are many persons who seem to find a difficulty in forming a clear notion of the difference between mind and spirit. The writer has herself frequently been asked how it is possible to make any practical distinction between them. In order to do so, it is necessary to bear in mind that the planetary environment of man is not exhaustive. It comprises only some of the conditions of his existence. He holds a definite relation not only to the earth which is the scene of his life-history, but also to the universe of which the earth and the system to which it belongs are intrinsic parts, and to the creative and sustaining Principle through which that universe and all its conditions came into being. So much as this the most thorough-going agnostics would allow, as also the fact that so far as can be ascertained, man is the only being on earth aware of this vaster environment, or who is desirous of entering into more conscious relation with it. It is the possibility of attaining this desire upon which they would join issue with their fellows of all religions in all ages. These have unanimously declared not only that they desire, but that they do enter into that

definite and conscious communion with the Source and Sustenance of their and of all existence which agnostics avow to be unattainable, unless that vague sentiment which they name "cosmic emotion," and which may be awakened in the most sceptical, be regarded as such. It does, indeed, show that man can be influenced not merely by Nature, but by That of which Nature is the expression, which constitutes its true significance, and to which something in him makes deep, though it may be dumb, response. It is this something which is the spiritual or cosmic element in him, which reaches out towards an experience more fundamental than that of his ordinary life and environment, a knowledge more radical and intimate than science at her highest development can supply, because though science takes her stand upon, she does not enter into the heart of the facts with which she deals. Their essential nature, their inmost reality, are a closed book to her. The discursive reason upon which man has prided himself as a God-like faculty is just the measure of his blindness towards all save his planetary relationships and environment.

He is possessed, however, of another faculty, more far-reaching in its activity, more capable of entering into direct contact with the reality which he seeks. That faculty is intuition, which, owing to the exigencies of his intellectual development has been largely left in abeyance, and the deliverances of which, for the same reason, are looked upon by many with misgiving and uncertainty. Nevertheless it exists; its presence is felt in every work of genius, in every great leader of men, in every genuine religious faith. It lays hold on experiences which the intellect cannot grasp, but which the inner man apprehends and lives by. The discursive reason has, indeed, its own

important part to play, that of checking, defining, elaborating, constructing upon the deliverances of the intuitive perception, much as it does with regard to the deliverances of the senses. In dealing with the former, its important function is to reduce to earthly dimensions a vaster than earthly perspective, to contract the infinite horizon till it is to some degree within the compass of finite vision. Under this aspect, therefore, it is, though subordinate to intuition, equally with it the servant and organ of spirit. Together they are *mind* in its relation to man's essential being, that being in virtue of which he belongs to a permanent and fundamental, rather than to a temporary and accidental order.

According to this view of the constitution of man, that whole physical and mental organization whereby he is fitted for his earthlife, is yet in touch with, and fundamentally affected by a larger, other life which is equally his. Imperfect realization of this fact would result in disharmony and disorder of his complex being. Of the existence of such disorder, there is no doubt. We feel it in ourselves and we see it around us. We put it down to many causes, none of them radical, all of them indicative of some deeper and more inclusive cause than themselves. The desire for and the belief in spiritual healing is a recognition that ills of the body affect more than the body, that disorder of the mind reaches beyond the mind, and that to place and to maintain these at their highest health-level, we must bring to bear a power intrinsically greater than theirs, greater, therefore, than what is generally understood by the natural. Quite obviously, if our life has been lived solely in regard of its natural relations, intellectual and material, individual and social, if these (whatever our theoretical beliefs may be) have been practically treated as of paramount

importance, it is unlikely that we shall turn with much confidence, if at all, to spiritual methods in time of illness. Our faith will lie in drugs, change of climate, suitable diet, surgical aid, and favorable material conditions generally, and we shall not look further.

In case of any misunderstanding, let it at once be said that the writer fully believes the importance of such conditions to be great. Neglect of them is always unwise and often foolhardy, but, on the other hand, they in themselves do not touch the fundamental disorder, but only that part of it which is apparent, and their efficacy would not be less but greater than it is if its *raison d'être* were more clearly understood. It depends not on themselves, but on something beyond themselves, something which is symbolized in the Christian Sacraments, and in a less direct manner by every beneficial use of natural means, viz.: that Nature is a vehicle of spiritual "grace," expressive of and embodying that which would otherwise be intangible, in certain cases inoperative for lack of a conveying channel. It would, therefore, be absurd to object to physical remedies, which may be regarded, in the wide sense above suggested, as sacramental. They stand in much the same relation to the disordered body, as do food, fresh air, and exercise to the body in health. Indeed, it is very frequently by modifications of diet and exercise that, in these enlightened days, the disordered body is treated.

But in taking food as an analogy, it must be remembered that man does not live by bread alone. If it dominates him, if he becomes its slave, it may poison instead of nourishing him. In like manner the abuse of physical remedies may impair instead of stimulating that vital activity which they were intended to forward. Professor Osler has some amusing remarks under this head in his contribution to the discus-

sion in *The British Medical Journal* of which mention has already been made. Referring to the spread of "Christian Science" in America, he says:—"For generations the people of the United States have indulged in an orgy of drugging. Between polypharmacy in the profession and quack medicines, the American body has become saturated *ad nauseam*, and here, indeed, was a boon even greater than homœopathy. No wonder the American spirit, unquiet in a drug-soaked body, rose with joy at a new evangel."¹ "No wonder, we may add, that in a revolt against such conditions, the physician falls of the honor due to him, and his methods are treated with contumely.

But Professor Osler is too keen an observer of the signs of the times and the needs of human nature to regard the revolt against over-drugging as the sole or the chief cause of the triumphs of Christian Science. "The real secret of its growth," he says, "does not lie in the refusal of physical measures of relief . . . but in offering to people a *way of life*, a new Epicureanism which promises to free the soul and body from fear, care, and unrest."² Any "way of life" which is able to do that,—and it is undeniable that Christian Science has done it for a large number of suffering human beings,—is sure to command a considerable following. Yet, if its successes have been many, its failures have been many also, and the paradoxes of "the new Evangel" stagger the faith of numbers who, unable to swallow Mrs. Eddy and her tenets, would nevertheless gladly welcome a different and a stronger "way of life" than that which has hitherto been theirs, but who feel that a mere denial of actual facts is powerless to give them what they need. Better methods are at hand, and a wide-

spread conviction is forming that the general religious attitude towards disease must be rectified. It has been far too much that of submission to an erroneous conception of the Will of God, curiously at variance with that familiar clause of the Lord's Prayer uttered by millions of Christians every day: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

We do not conceive disease to be one of the conditions under which the Will of God is done in Heaven. Glad and untiring energy, rest *in*, not *after*, triumphant activity are the notes of heavenly occupation. They should be at any rate the ideal of earthly work.

We are being forced to recognize this by the very fact that,—even eliminating the results of self-seeking competition, vanity, and money-worship,—the conditions of modern existence are such that unless rest in activity can be ours, we shall not rest at all; and a nervous system unable to rest must inevitably break down, as we have found to our cost. But the nervous system is the organ of mind, and mind is the servant of spirit. Spiritual unrest is therefore bound to make itself felt through the whole being, and spiritual unrest is rife in our age. It would seem, therefore, that we should apply ourselves to remove this first, and rest to mind and body will follow, not the artificial and dreary inactivity of the "rest-cure," but the strong and healthful calm which conduces to strong and healthful activity.

Spiritual rest and the strength which comes of it, will not be sought by all in precisely the same manner. Human beings are not manufactured whole-sale, but moulded with numberless touches after a type admitting of almost infinite delicate variations. Consequently the ways unto peace, like the ways unto God, are as many as the souls of the children of men; but they have, whether consciously or not, one

¹ "The Faith that Heals," by William Osler, M.D., Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. *British Medical Journal*, June 18th, 1910.

² "Ibid."

goal, the attainment of such equilibrium in the whole constitution of man as will be a new starting-point for the race. It is the writer's conviction that the chief actor in this development will be an immense widening and deepening of Christian faith and principles of action, especially (as above indicated) in recognizing the amenability of Nature and all natural things to spiritual control. The use of spiritual methods in the prevention and cure of disease is one indication of progress in this direction.

For we must not regard the resuscitation of such methods at the present time as on a par with their use in earlier and more ignorant ages, when men had no, or very slight, conception of an order of Nature and all that it implies. Then arbitrary coercion seemed the royal road to dominion in natural things. Now, we have realized that through obedience alone we learn to command. We cannot suddenly change or frustrate, but we can initiate and guide natural processes. In thus doing, we create new conditions, often fraught with serious difficulties and perplexities of which we are the authors, and with which consequently it is for us to deal, since without our conscious and voluntary interference with natural sequences they would not have arisen. Are we to deal with these difficulties solely by pitting the methods of Nature against one another, as in the war against bacterial dangers? Or are we by degrees to learn so to regulate our physical and mental organization that we are not—as now—open to these dangers? If the latter, we cannot suppose that such a condition will be reached by neglect of the laws of hygiene, or repudiation of natural remedies where these are evidently required. It will be reached by such an increase of spiritual development as will raise both physical and mental health to a higher

level, enabling man's body and mind to be fitter exponents of his spiritual significance. This would not conduce (after the fashion of some teaching of the day) to the egotistic centering of religious energy on the maintenance of health. The latter would be, as it were, a by-product of the enhanced spiritual life, with which we should be filled and sustained. We should thus pass with no diminution of vitality into and out of any conditions necessary to the accomplishment of our work on earth, passing away from it at length simply because our part was fulfilled, and the Master's voice called us to come higher, not because we had fallen victims to some disease which cut short our allotted task.

The above remarks do not, of course, apply to violent death, but at such a stage of spiritual development as that indicated this would be far less common, partly because social conditions would be so different, partly because we should be more conscious of, and more obedient to, those intuitive warnings now regarded as rather the exception than the rule.

It is true indeed, that in the fight against evil to which humanity is pledged, there would remain many dangers to confront, some, perhaps, of which we do not now dream, affecting us physically as well as in other ways. It is self-evident that mankind is not called to live a life of ease and self-indulgence, but it is weakness, not strength which conduces to that and to pleasure in it; weakness of physical constitution, of moral fibre, above all, of spiritual stamina. It is a commonplace that where there is a sufficiently powerful motive, what seems almost impossible physical endurance is developed without any subsequent hurtful reaction; and if proof of such a widely recognized fact were needed, it might be found in the exploits of Sir Ernest Shackleton and his fellow-ex-

plorers. When living on starvation rations they performed feats of physical strength which few well-fed athletes could equal, and the account of their experiences is one of the most inspiring records of human daring and perseverance ever given to the world. The planning and conduct of the expedition, indeed, gives an excellent example of the way in which natural methods should be subordinated to higher ends. Nothing was omitted, nothing neglected in promoting the best possible hygienic conditions under the circumstances; diet, clothing, medicaments, recreation, were all carefully considered; but this done, everything was subordinated to the main object in view. No effort, no hardship, no privation was considered too great, and probably the last matter to which the explorers gave a thought was the extraordinary power of endurance they were manifesting. The result of that endurance we all know.

But, it will be said, we are not all Shackletons. No, but neither are we all destined to be Antarctic explorers. Man is a many-sided being, and is susceptible in consequence of a variety of vocations, each requiring that the physical organization should be suitable to it. A brain-worker needs a different kind of staying-power to that of an explorer of Polar regions; but he cannot dispense with that which he does need. It may be added that under present conditions the nerve-stability, which is his chief desideratum, is becoming of increasing importance in all walks of life, and, as we are frequently told, is generally conspicuous by its absence. Nerve-disorder is, in truth, the least tractable of ailments to directly physical methods, the most so to those which are mental and spiritual. Consequently the importance of the latter is likely to be more and more recognized as peculiarly efficacious for modern sufferers. The

capacity of the flesh to "refine to nerve beneath the spirit's play" is a great and noble possibility fraught with hope for the whole race. But if the "spirit's play" be not of a high and healthful order, the nerve to which it refines the flesh will show morbid developments and diseased tendencies, even more detrimental to man's highest interests than those coarser bodily infirmities with which the surgeon's knife and the physician's prescription can to some extent deal.

Spiritual development lies, therefore, at the heart of the matter. Realization of ourselves as spiritual beings, given a certain medium—the natural—wherein to express ourselves, and wherewith to create those conditions, individual and social, suitable to such expression, is the sole means of true human progress in health as in all other matters. It will carry with it the resolution of many problems which at present seem insoluble, and not least of that practical relation between spiritual power and physical organization which we now regard as beset with so many difficulties and perplexities. A simpler confidence in the Father of our spirits would go far to remove a vast number of them. Once, at any rate, He has given us a full and sufficient demonstration of what the natural wholly subdued to and informed by the spiritual can be. But we are so slow to learn that we can hardly yet claim to have mastered the alphabet of our lesson, still less to have perceived the practical grandeur of that type upon which we are formed, upon which in a deep and comprehensive sense we are in His power to form ourselves. It is for the Christian Church to lead. Can we say that she is as yet awake to her privilege and responsibility in the matter?

There is an obvious reason for her hesitation. It is the doubtful manner in which so many of her greatest

disciples have taught her to regard Nature, and that physical organization through which we become aware of and enter into relation with Nature. A striking example of this mistaken attitude is contained in a little book of true spirituality which has trained thousands in the higher life. "The senses," it says, "are not capable of divine blessings."² Without doubt the reference is here, primarily, to that intimate mystical experience which does not come through the senses, though the latter may be affected by it; but so sweeping an assertion needs qualification which in this otherwise admirable little work, and others both of the same and of less contemplative type, it does not receive. The fact that the senses are easily capable of abuse, and that when abused they work cruel havoc in the whole man, seems often to blind Christian teachers to the fact that they ought, under due spiritual control, to play their full part in the economy of human nature and experience. Otherwise that experience is on the earth-side incomplete and maimed, shorn of a large part of its significance. It may well be that in the present and future, as in the past, there will be a need for that protest against the *dominion* of the senses which is afforded by practical demonstra-

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tion that even their rightful demands may be refused for the sake of interests higher than theirs. But such a vocation must necessarily be individual and exceptional. That which belongs to all men, which it is to the peril of every man to refuse, is to uphold the supremacy of the spiritual *not against*, but *in and through the natural*, in and through the senses therefore, and all that experience which is directly or indirectly due to them.

It is a very large and, in some ways, a very difficult ideal. To call it impracticable is, in the case of Christians, to deny their own faith and the living power of their Master. Part of it is unquestionably the attainment of such control over physical conditions as has not, at any rate generally, been deemed possible; and men do not aim at the impossible. Once show them that what they so regarded is, perhaps, after all, within their reach, and they will strain every nerve to attain it. They are being gradually shown this in the direction of mental and bodily health. As they master that part of their lesson, its application to other regions of experience, in particular to the rectification of social conditions, will begin to dawn upon them with results other and vaster than can at present be foreseen.

Emma Marie Catlland.

SCHUBERT'S SONGS.

The main features of Franz Schubert's career, his ardent yet unavailing devotions, his unconquerable genius soaring over cruel disappointment, his response to everything that was noblest and most beautiful in the world, his unsatisfied thirst for a word of recognition from the few he knew to

be his peers, the pathos of his luxuriant yet blighted life and of his death in the very flower of first manhood, exercise, it must be confessed, a perilous influence upon those who wish to approach his work dispassionately. Therefore let us admit at the outset that Schubert's wonderful fertility and strength were nearly allied to all that is weakest in the artistic temperament.

² Molinos' "The Spiritual Guide," Bk. I., Ch. III., §14.

The Germans are the great musicians of the world; but if we consider German art as a whole—not their music only, but their painting, their poetry, their fiction—we see that certain faults stand out conspicuously, and that of these faults a too easy emotionalism is the most widespread and the worst. There is a flatness, a facile acquiescence, a shapeless self-abandonment, to which the German temperament is liable, and which, when the artist's character subsides under it, blurs all the outlines of his work, and surrenders him to vague tossings of the ocean he floats upon, more like a mollusc than a man. And this flat acquiescence is more than passive: it is a hungry thing. It is not content to yield itself: it yearns. Ignorant of what it yearns after, it is indiscriminate in what it yields to; the lavishing of sentiment is mistaken for the love of beauty; and whatever offers occasion for such lavishness is called the beautiful and the ideal. And thus the emotionalism, as well as being facile, becomes false.

Aimless emotionalism, with which all young undeveloped things are so plentifully endowed, is for our immediate purpose represented as accurately by the image of the mollusc as by any other that we could devise. Let a man, in addition to his clearly organized material of conscious aim or action, be pictured with the encumbrance of a mass of glutinous nonsense in his head. Let Schubert be the man. How much of this mass was he able, the critic will ask, to absorb and vivify? Upon how much did the clear print and seal of creative activity pass? How much remained at the end to dull the created thing and to defeat it? A criticism of Schubert, if it is to be just, must furnish an answer to these questions, but they cannot be put fairly, unless, while putting them, we recognize the scale on which, whatever faults it had, his genius ex-

pressed itself. It is not enough to say of him that he is one of the great musicians of the world; for the same could certainly be said of Chopin. Schubert is among those honored few whose activity extends over the entire field of music, and whose genius found its natural expression in the monumental fabric of the sonata. Furthermore, had Beethoven, whose consolation it was upon his death-bed to read Schubert's songs, died at the same age as Schubert, he would be known now by the works of his first period alone. Schubert's art, with its enormous scope, its redundancy, its imperfectly determined passion, is the uprush of an expanding nature, not the deliberate expression of mature powers; and this consideration, though it does not change the character or remove the faults of the works he has left behind him, does enable us fairly to claim that his virtues, his achievement, be not themselves allowed to count against him. Can it be denied that at present they often do so, and precisely in the minds of those best qualified to form an opinion? The very fact that he rises, as admittedly he does, to a place among the patriarchs of music, produces, by reversion, an excessive sensibility in his hearers to the points at which he falls below it; and to such an extent that if his symphonies, his chamber music, his sonatas, had never been written, if the easy critical comparison with Mozart or Beethoven, the cheap discovery of diffuseness, had not been possible, his songs, instead of being the hunting-ground for an occasional enthusiast, would have been long ere this accepted as models of perfection, representing a triumph over one of the problems of form and expression comparable to that of the fugues of Bach over another. It is of these songs that I wish now to speak; and the first thing to be said of them is that of themselves they would

have sufficed to place their author among the masters of art.

Yet it is true that Schubert's defects are discoverable even in his songs. I have never been so vividly reminded of them, or enabled to see them more clearly in their general bearing, than by a passage in the living and thoughtful account of a musician's mind and development which M. Romain Rolland has written or is writing still—I mean that undulating, endless novel of his, *Jean Christophe*. Jean Christophe is himself a German; but a period in his life arrives at which the German mawkishness and sentimentality stir an overpowering nausea in him; and his disgust concentrates itself upon their songs. "Beyond everything was this sickening sensibility, which came oozing drop by drop from the soul of Germany as if from some moist mildewy vault. Oh, for light, light! Oh for a harsh, dry air, to sweep away the miasma of the marsh, the languid insipidity of those *Lieder*, *Liedchen*, *Liedlein*, those songs, little songs, dear little songs, thick as the rain-drops, in which the German temperament discharges itself inexhaustibly." With pitiless determination M. Rolland compiles a list of names, which, since it is really the gist of the matter, we must rehearse, not here omitting the original French; for is not the very essence of his criticism comprised in the contrasting associations of the French and German vocabulary? "*Ces innombrables Sehnsucht (Désir), Heimweh (Nostalgie), Aufschwung (Essor), Frage (Demande), Warum? (Pourquoi?), an den Mond (A la lune), an die Sterne (Aux Etoiles), an die Nachtigall (Au rossignol), an den Frühling (Au printemps), an den Sonnenschein (A la clarté du soleil); ces Frühlingslied (Chant du printemps), Frühlingslust (Plaisir du printemps), Frühlingsgruss (Salut du printemps), Frühlingsfahrt (Voyage du printemps), Frühlingsnacht (Nuit du*

printemps), Frühlingsbotschaft (Message du printemps); ces Stimme der Liebe (Voix de l'amour), Sprache der Liebe (Parole de l'amour), Trauer der Liebe (Tristesse de l'amour), Geist der Liebe (Esprit de l'amour), Fülle der Liebe (Plénitude de l'amour); ces Blumenlied (Chant des fleurs), Blumenbrief (Lettre des fleurs), Blumengruss (Salut des fleurs)," etc. The list might be indefinitely extended; and it is hard to believe that M. Rolland did not, as he was forming it, cast his eye over a catalogue of Schubert's songs. Schubert inherited, let us openly admit it, and inherited in full measure, the national tendencies which have exposed German music to this searching thrust from M. Rolland's dissecting-knife. But there is another aspect to the case. Rehearse a few only of the pairs of names and you recognize that the German words are in themselves rich with a poetic stimulus, a melodious suggestiveness, while the French, with all their peculiar beauty, are crisp, decisive, nipping. How they beckon, those warm mysterious compounds, to all the ardors of the young enthusiast, what promise they offer of a life full of endless discovery, and surprise! And their French equivalents, precise, divided—what disenchantment is in them, how they trivialize romanticism and tie up its darling fancies in the blue ribbon proper to objects that are to be sentimentalized over and forgotten! It would be an insult to an English reader to ask him which of the two languages more nearly mirrors man's true relation to the world. This lyric rapture, into which the German mind runs so readily that it can make a mere word into a song, is a condition which every hedgerow bird supports and celebrates. We live in a world where flowers, spring, the rising sun, the human heart, are full of inexplicable beauty and appeal. Our responding sentiment is, indeed, but too likely to be vague and

floundering; it may miss, it may mistake, it may smother, it may fall short of its object; exhaust or overflow it, however, it never can. The German language gives us already in anticipation the treasure which their music unfolds.

Schubert's lyrical output was so enormous that he can comfortably take all the sins of his countrymen upon his shoulders and carry them with a smile. M. Bolland thinks or makes Jean Christophe think him watery. And since in a hundred songs at least he has represented the life of water, in river, lake, or sea, as no one else has represented it—still water, running water, shallow water, deep, rough, calm water, water in its delight and in its awe, in its fascination and in its terror, he can afford to harbor a trace of the weaknesses of the element. He has all its reflectiveness and acquiescence; we must forgive him if he does not always avoid its insipidity. Wind and water are constant themes of the poet or the musician because of the challenge thrown out at once by the music inherent in them. The wind is but the voice of the air, and to the air whether it speaks or keeps silence Schubert responds no less spontaneously than to the water. He flies and sings in it like a bird; like it he rustles the leaves of the trees, sighs through the bare branches, or echoes the solemn liturgy chanted by night among the pines; the summons of its caress is as tender to him, as wistful, as to parted lovers; its chill benediction under the wide starlit sky affects him as it might affect a dedicated votary of the Church. Earth and fire are elements which his friends the poets gave him fewer opportunities to explore. But no artistic imagination which excluded them could be complete. To discover Schubert's sympathy with what is dumb, insistent, enduring—life's stage and tomb—the first quick glance may not

avail. The figures of death and the grave-digger, so strangely familiar in his songs, are something more than the playthings of romance; his nature rests on a deep religious seriousness; and earth, omnipresent, unobtrusive, the condition of all our activities and their crown, inspires, as our own poets have shown, an essentially religious sentiment. Already, in his affinity with Klopstock, Schubert shows that the organ tones are not denied to him, that his imagination is enriched by their support. In one majestic song he joins Goethe in laying bare the foundations of the world. Nor does his nature fall when the last test is applied to it—the ordeal of fire. Here again to appreciate his mettle we need to make Schiller and Goethe his companions; indeed, as an imaginative artist, his place is at their side. He descends with Schiller into the very flames of Hell; marks their writhing, devouring bitterness, and hears without flinching the sentence of eternal doom. With Goethe he assumes the defiant voice of Prometheus, invokes the generous fires of his own heart, and derides the insolent pretensions of the Thunderer.

The four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, may seem to have little enough to do with music, and Schubert is probably the only composer whose work is best to be delineated by beginning with them. To recognize this of him is to have the key to many qualities in his music which can only be very gradually, tentatively, painfully expressed on paper. Of course the imaginative kinship I have described, though it avails itself by a natural impulse of imitative echoes and suggestions wherever they are to be had, is not to be thought of as in any obvious sense an imitative faculty. It is, indeed, often a high imaginative achievement to render musically the effect and stimulus of a natural sound; and Schubert is a peculiarly daring imitator.

Perhaps his greatest triumph of this kind is his revival in one note of the lowing of a cow among the Alps; the passage is of the simplest, and the lowing is only one of a host of associations that are being dwelt upon; yet the ear receives it as nothing less than the miracle that it is. But the familiar mimicry of the purling spring, the effect likeliest to present itself to readers whose acquaintance does not extend beyond the Schubert of common fame, must be counted among a composer's temptations; and how easily it can become tedious! Nature has her sounds, but the musician is concerned not with the sounds but with their meaning; moreover, if he is to interpret nature, he will early recognize that silence has its meaning as well as sound, and he will principally devote himself to the musical rendering of effects with which in the first instance sound had nothing to do. Since Wordsworth wrote, we do not need to be reminded that the manifold activities of the life of nature all have their meaning for the mind of man, speaking to him in a language transcendent and inexhaustible. More than any other of the great composers, Schubert has shown that where this elemental language is concerned, he can understand, penetrate, interpret, and reveal; and for that reason I have opened my sketch by remarking how rich his response is to its four fundamental parts of speech.

Already we have come far from the "Blumenlied, Blumenbrief, Blumengruss" which M. Rolland so effectually derides. There is a world in which flowers talk, a world even in which they indulge in correspondence; German prints and German verse have familiarized it; and if this were, as it might have been, the world into which Schubert's melodies came pouring, it would be a sorry case. He made some excursions into it; and, being those of

a supreme genius, they are naturally popular; it is a pity that Messrs. Peters opened their excellent edition of the songs with the most considerable of them, the famous *Müllerlied*. The more delicate qualities of these songs are likely to escape the notice of those who are unaware of the composer's range. They are, however, typical, in their theme, of the poetic atmosphere by which Schubert was surrounded. For the faultiness of temperament described earlier reduces itself to an excessive preoccupation with what the philosophers call our "subjectivity." Our transitory feelings, the possibility, the likelihood, of our having different feelings in the future, the hopes, pleasures, pains, disappointments connected therewith, may occupy our minds to the exclusion of the objects, the truths, which those feelings exist to bring before us. Several of the young poets who were Schubert's chief companions had this fault to an excess, and it was a characteristic of the time. They were of an introspective turn of mind; their attention was directed inwards upon themselves, and it could find very little stuff there to be occupied with. Hence there was a certain unhealthiness in the importance they might attach to ribbons or to roses. Their so-called romanticism was a kind of dropsical disorder and left them weak-kneed. There was a "blue flower" which, it was dreamed, one of them might one day light upon, and in the meantime life was a voyage of discovery, a crusade, which the unfolding of this ideal blossom was to sanctify. A sterner determination would probably have expressed itself in a more fibrous, a manlier symbolism. Schubert, though prone to "interpose a little ease" and "let frail thoughts dally with false surmise," had picked and pressed the flower while in his early teens, and perhaps it was only because he was

too companionable that he did not say so to his friends. His nature, liable as it was to the languishments and melancholy broodings which accompany extreme sensitiveness, was peculiarly free from the narrow introspection, the formless emotionalism, of the subjectivist.

His almost childlike candor and unconsciousness appear very charmingly in a letter which he wrote to his parents in his twenty-eighth year, three years, that is, before his death. "People are very much surprised at the piety which I have expressed in a hymn to the Holy Virgin, and which takes hold of everybody and inspires devotion. The reason is, I think, that I never force myself to devotion, and except when I am involuntarily overcome by it, never compose hymns or prayers of that kind; but when I do it is generally the right and true devotion." Nothing, of course, more astounds the sentimentalist than to be confronted with a feeling which is sincere. It is sincerity, the sincerity of inspiration, which Schubert here describes; and this is, indeed, the one unfailing quality of his work. He never stimulates emotion or provokes himself to artificial gloom or rapture. His sympathies are genuine, and they are universal. His native kinship with the elements was but the foundation upholding a structure which in its combined range and beauty it has been given only to the greatest artists to surpass. Wherever he goes, he is at home. It would be a problem to discover what regions of human life and human experience he has left unvisited. It would be a pastime to name fifty songs, each of which might have been conceived and brought to perfection in a world of its own.

There were, we have seen, certain vicious propensities in him, propensities which his environment must have done much to foster. His safeguard

against them lay in his peculiar imaginative gift. Many musicians of cultivated taste dismiss Schubert's work as cloying, allowing themselves to be prejudiced by a surface quality of richness which, to those who have not troubled to look below the surface, seems like waste. To understand Schubert is to enter with him into the imaginative experience which his music reveals. If his instrumental compositions were not outside the subject of this essay I could lament his youthful tendency to splash on the colors or to spread them in a style that must be disagreeable to highly conscientious critics. Yet many effects which appear over-luxurious at first sight will be found to justify themselves when their content and context are grasped imaginatively. Similarly with the songs. To be appreciated they must be approached—the most distinctive of them—with a certain shyness; for there is a likelihood that they will contain some new thing; and, if that is so, they must not be expected to carry their secret upon the surface. We have also to guard ourselves against a particularly disabling prejudice. Largely as a result of moral frailty and a musically defective intelligence in the possessors of the human instrument, we have come to regard songs as occasions to singers for a display. The human voice is an even more marvellous instrument than the gramophone that mocks it; but music began before, and will survive, even the gramophone, and songs would lose only the least part of their meaning if all the *prime donne* of present and future time were mute. Schubert, who was a prize chorister in his boyhood, knew accurately what the voice can and what it cannot do; but he as little thinks of the show singer when he is composing as a poet thinks of the show reader or reciter. He does not write to rouse a sensation but to convey an experience; and the voice is

therefore always treated by him as a means to an end, not as the end itself. The piano part is not so much an accompaniment in his music as an independent vehicle of expression of equal dignity with the voice, and of greater significance in its contribution to the general result. It may seem foolish to remark in Schubert a trait which he necessarily shares with all serious composers: but there are two considerations which give the remark special value in his case. The first is that his range of composition is so wide as to include naturally a great many of those songs which, having an extremely simple subject, need no more for its expression than an unbroken melody, and for which, therefore, the form that gives the voice its conventional predominance is the right one. The second is that among Schubert's many virtues none is greater than his steadfast avoidance of needless complexity. If melody from the singer and blithe vamping from the pianist express all that there is to be expressed, he is quite contented and provides no more. If, on the other hand, the voice part (the importance of which is that the words are enunciated in it) can only be explained by simultaneous performance of a sonata on the keys, he will write the sonata and content himself with nothing less. In the remarkable setting of Schiller's ballad *Der Taucher*, which he composed in his seventeenth year, the accompanist has at one point a page of music to himself, the diver having plunged into Charybdis and the onlookers slowly realizing that he is never to return.

If the first quality to be named in a survey of Schubert's songs is their imaginativeness, this simplicity is the second; and in this is the final triumph of his art. The quality of a perfect glove is that it should fit the hand. It will probably be more easily describable if it does not fit. But if it does,

when you have said so, you have nothing more or at least nothing better left to say. Schubert's simplicity as a song-writer is the simplicity of fitness; and to such an extent is this the case that it appears at first hopeless to characterize him except by an enumeration of his achievements. And perhaps it would not be lost time if we were to draw the glove upon the hand of the giant lyrist of German literature. I sometimes wonder how many lovers of Goethe are aware that Schubert has followed him, one might almost say, wherever it is possible for musician to follow poet, and that among some fifty of his songs, the words of which are by Goethe, at least a score are consummate masterpieces, displaying an artistic attainment as high and as varied as that of the words. Take, first, Goethe's love-lyrics. The trait we might suppose Schubert least qualified to appreciate would be the quips and artfulness of love, the charm of a light roguery masking passion; but this being touched with unwavering delicacy and security in his *Gehelimes*, the perfection of the more serious and deeper strains follows almost as a matter of course. Yet the revelation of beauty in such songs as *Erster Verlust* and *Wonne der Wehmuth*, in each of which supreme poignancy is gained, as in the words, by reticence, remains marvellous. The tumultuous rapture and the driving power of passion could scarcely be expressed better than in the music to *Rastlose Liebe*, and to these in *Nähe des Geliebten* are added its dedication and its control. Written on a more extended scale, the two songs of Suleika, from the *West-Ostliche Diwan*, have all the fluctuating strength and weakness, joy and despair, which is the lot of parted lovers, and the wind as messenger, companion, comforter, is exquisitely understood. The feminine quality in these two songs, a humility of expectancy and dependence which

appears rather in their general tone and outline than in special phrases, gives them a crowning touch of individuality and characterization; and the same is even more intimately rendered in that immortal outcry of longing and despair, *Gretchen am Spinnrade* which Schubert wrote when he was seventeen. *Gretchen am Spinnrade* suggests in its turn *Die Spinnerin*—written only a year later—where the music, perfect formally, as also are the words, seems in its tenderness, its simplicity, its religious pity, to disclose a certain calousness and artificiality in the poet. Enough has already been said of Schubert as a nature-poet to make citation needless of his many renderings of Goethe's impressionist cameos, *Meeresstille*, *Wanderers Nachtlied*, and the rest. The settings of *Ganymed* and *Grenzen der Menschheit* indicate his instinctive hold both upon the romantic and the classic elements of Goethe's philosophy of nature. The first has all the beauty and sufficient of the disorderliness of the passionate, devotional, aspiration of romanticism; the morning wind and the song of the nightingale float over it in delicious echoes, and beneath, holding all the various strains together, there is the solemn rapture of opening life and the religious self-immolation of the soul before the creative spirit of the world. *Grenzen der Menschheit* is still finer. The classical tradition on which Goethe draws here for his words touches their grandeur with a kind of arbitrariness, a trait which the music, though equalling the majesty of the original, necessarily discards. All that was profoundest in the romantic inspiration is preserved in it. The recurrent Amen, which is at once theme and framework, seems in its sublime monotony to lay the foundations of earth and heaven, while still it reverberates in awe and tenderness over the frail, fleeting life of man. Thus, in the love-lyric and the

nature-lyric Schubert at least equals Goethe in his accuracy and range of feeling. But what of the host of Goethe's more singular or fanciful themes, dramatically or semi-dramatically treated, some playful, some sober, some meditative, some ironic, some hortatory? Even here Schubert's response is so rich that when he is silent we can only suppose it is by choice. His music to the *König in Thule* is more poignant, more passionate than the words. With astounding felicity it repeats the quality in them, whatever it be, of a life at once opulent and stern, and raises in clear vision that royal castle in the north, high-pitched in pride and defiance above the insatiable sea. For delicacy and fancifulness *Heidenröslein*, universally familiar as it is, must yet be mentioned; but rarer, because combining with these traits the expression of an assumed national character (an achievement which apparently gives Schubert no trouble at all) is the sweet, quaint *Schweizerlied*, folk-song and nursery song in one. And now I find I have named sixteen songs where I promised but twenty, and already the dry list of attributes grows tedious; behind it, if the reader will believe me, lurk endless possibilities of delight (if music has indeed any delight for him), the delight of crystallized, universalized experiences, each opening its door to the deeper apprehension of the mystery of things. For the four remaining let him take *Hoffnung* (Schaff den Tagwerk meiner Hände), *An den Mond* (Füllest wieder Busch und Thal, the second version), *Der Fischer*, *Geistesgruss*, every one of which a child could play, and still I shall be keeping a dozen masterpieces in reserve, with *Prometheus* flaming, gorgeous, primeval, at their head.

It has been worth while to follow Schubert closely in his companionship with Goethe because the final appre-

ciation of his genius involves willingness to pursue him into strange places, and here his honorable association with Goethe, who, whatever else he represents, is an accepted representative of artistic sanity, will act for him as a kind of passport and prove his qualification to be our guide. In the list of his songs there are titles such as *Schatzgräbers Begehr* (The Treasure-digger's Craving) or *Todtengräbers Heimweh* (The Grave-digger's Home-sickness) which many readers will be inclined to regard as a sufficient criticism of the music and as a release to them from their obligation to give it a hearing. Yet it is his power of giving reality to peculiar, one might almost say to hypothetical, experiences of this kind and of bringing them into relation with the commoner experiences of daily life that lovers of Schubert recognize as the quality in him which, whether or not it is his greatest, they could least spare because they would least know where to look for a substitute for it. The temptation to explore these caves and recesses of human feeling was no doubt augmented in Schubert by his intercourse with the romanticists of his day, whose instincts were always driving them from the beaten paths, and whose tendency it was to regard home-sickness, and the consequent demand upon the imagination to construct out of whatever materials a home for itself, as indispensable properties of the artist. Instincts and tendencies like this, easy as it is to criticize their weakness and to point out the falsities harbored in them and mistaken for truths, could not exist or at least could not maintain themselves without some support from reality, strong in proportion as they are strong. The sincerity and simplicity of Schubert's imaginative understanding take him, whenever he accompanies his brother-poets on these curious excursions, straight to the heart

of the thing; he is quite devoid of any impulse to express the supposed yearnings of a grave-digger on the ground that they are different from those of ordinary mortals, and he takes the peculiar theme the poet offers, not as an emancipation from common things but as the opportunity for a more poignant presentment. The fact that certain associations are changed gives fresh appeal to the changeless feelings that underlie them. Strange, writes Meredith,

When it strikes to within is the
known,
Richer than newness revealed;

and the idea does much to justify the restlessness of romanticism. For if, when it strikes to within, the known, the familiar, is strange, to give it an air of strangeness will perhaps be to enable it to strike.

It is worth noting that there is a distinction to be drawn here between the effect of a musical and that of a poetical representation. The differences involved in the two presentments are of great importance for the consideration of a form of art which, like the song, consists of a mixture of the two. Obviously the quality of a lyric by Goethe or Shelley is not affected if it suffers the accident of being set to music unworthy of it. Though less obvious it is equally true that music of the highest quality may be composed for totally unworthy poetry. This case is more complex than the other, because the first demand we make upon the music of a song is that we should feel continuously its appropriateness to the words; and how can good music be appropriate to bad words? The problem disappears if we remember that the music is not tied to the effect poetically achieved, that the composer is at liberty to divine the poet's unrealized intention and to write his song not to the actual words sup-

plied him by the poet but to those other words, those words, as Plato would say, laid up in heaven, which the poet hoped, labored, but failed, to supply. And this being granted it follows, or at least it may be granted as easily, that for the purpose of stimulus to the composer a failure from the hands of a romantic lyricist may sometimes have higher value than the finished work of a classic. A song cannot, of course, be a perfect song unless both the artists who contribute to the final result have done their work perfectly, and on this score the music is in a weaker position than the words, because it implies them without being implied in them. But once let this ultimate ideal be set aside and the song be approached (the musician always will so approach it) as a piece of music in the main, and it becomes clear that the artistic perfection of the words is inessential. Their effect, as poetry, depends upon subtleties of rhythm and inflection which music loses itself if it attempts to follow; it depends also upon the nice adjustment of these rhythmic subtleties to other, more elusive subtleties, in short, to the undiscoverable laws of verbal association; with which, again, music has little to do, its object being to substitute for them or supplement them with its own still more mysterious and still more vital associations. When Schiller's Amalia describes her lover as

Schön wie Engel voll Valhallas Wonne

though she wakens a lively sense in us of the transfiguring power of her passion, the phrase is not otherwise very convincing and may even seem far-fetched. But Schubert, accepting it at its full worth, gives in his music, side by side with the rapture of devotion, a hint of the remoteness of Valhalla, a touch of something rigorous and chill. It is more now than the name of Val-

halla that we are listening to, and instead of Amalia's statement that her lover is like a young Norse god, we have the very heart-beats that gave her such a vision of him. The song, a very early one, is worked out imperfectly. Another recounts the tragic death of a queen who, taken out to sea by her dwarf, is strangled and thrown overboard; she has deserted him for the king, and he kills her, not so much from jealousy as in a frenzy of devotion, or, if one might say so, of vicarious remorse. His act is impersonal, an act of necessary retribution; for in killing her he has more than killed himself; and he never again puts in to shore. The poem in which this tale is told might, I have no doubt, easily be dismissed as fantastic; but whatever criticism might have to say of the condition of mind which produces such visions or allegories, the words of the dwarf have one superlative merit, that they were the occasion to Schubert for perhaps the most flawless and the most convincing of his romances. The dwarf and the queen in their unearthly predicament, dark water under them and the star-sprinkled sky above; the awful fate which both know to be impending; their acceptance of it; their agony of despair; their devotion (for the queen still loves her dwarf); the intensity of their last brief moments; their last thoughts for one another; the very ring of their voices as they speak for the last time; the desolate dark spaces closing fatefully upon the bright life and engulfing it; all these things are in the music made real. The words do but recite a story; the music assures you that it was so. And this assurance is, after all, the seal of attainment in art.

Much else that lies beyond the border of our normal consciousness Schubert similarly apprehends and vivifies, sometimes with, sometimes without,

adequate support from the poetry which gives him his theme. His marvellous song series, *Der Winterreise* (The Winter Journey), is perhaps the chief example his work has to show of the triumph of the musician over the poet. I have to admit that I find the words in this case worse than unreadable; they are by the author of the *Müllerlieder*, who here leaves the dimpled brook, the coy maid, and the tear-stained memento, to deal in tragic tones with a youth who tears himself from a fickle-hearted mistress, and, burdened with all the sorrows of a Werther, journeys forth to find, but alas! not to be found by, death. Taking his trusty staff with him, he sets out one bleak winter evening, and every incident of his wanderings, every sight and every sound, remind him of what he is looking for. Already, in the third number of the series, he is bedewing the snow-clad earth with frozen tears; but the climax of irony is reached when, on coming to a hostel (for so he names the cemetery), and envying the cool unbroken slumbers of its inmates, he is told by a relentless proprietor that there is no room for him and he must move on; the result being that, after a spasmodic outburst of defiance against heaven, he sees double and takes his leave of us in the arms of a decayed organ-grinder, who is to accompany his songs with the appropriate melancholy drone. The whole of this mock tragedy is lifted by Schubert until it is a tragedy indeed. His music consigns the maundering, sentimental youth to the limbo where he belongs. We do, indeed, make his journey after him; we hear and see what he bids us hear and see. Only, instead of recolling from his false experiences, we enter into Schubert's true ones. And the poet's fertility of fancifulness is thus turned to gain. For the barest of his images is now

clothed, the emptiest inhabited, by living passion; the stock symbols, the crude commonplaces of despair, counted out, crowded together by the merciless, ravening sensationalist, have been accepted, have been breathed upon, by a soul in anguish.

Art has few more intimate, few nobler pages of self-revelation than are to be found in the music of the *Winterreise*. The sanity of the music is its truth. There are few things by which human nature is more easily revolted than by the demand for sympathy where no sympathy is due. Egoism, hypocrisy, posturing, when they connect themselves with grief, are peculiarly repugnant, and the art that luxuriates in extravagance of desolation is less forgivable because it is more tasteless than other sentimental excesses. True suffering is so solemn and so genuine a thing that its counterfeits, which the inexperienced crave for and in which the spendthrift of the emotions is immersed, provoke a righteous intolerance. Yet there is no higher function of art than the enlargement of sympathy; and the artist who, accurately touching the deeper chords of experience, relieves the sufferer of his sense of isolation, or widens for the untried mind its conception of the realities of our life, performs a service to humanity. For he acquaints the human soul more nearly with itself, and brings individual souls into closer mutual communion. That Schubert is engaged in the *Winterreise* upon this religious task appears from the sustainment of discipline in the work, its scrupulous economy, its versatility of sensitiveness, never languishing, never self-absorbed; from the considered proportion and shapeliness of the separate numbers; and from the unforgettable phrases of beauty and peace which light up even its stormiest and most sombre periods.

THE STAIN IN THE CORNER.

When my regiment returned from service on the frontier in October 18— we were ordered to the little station of B—. This was good news for us all, as B— was known as a capital place for sport, and, more important to me as a married man, had a good climate in the cold weather months, and was in reasonable distance of the hills. No cavalry had been stationed there for some years, and our orders were due to the readjustment of garrisons then taking place all over India. My wife had been in England for the last two years with the children, and I at once cabled to her to bring them out and join me as soon as possible. I had engaged a bungalow from the list sent to my regiment by the Station Staff Officer. From the description he gave, it seemed just what we wanted, plenty of accommodation and a very low rent, marvellously low in fact, the reason stated being the distance from the mess, and lines, which made it a difficult house to let.

We reached B— late in the evening, and a friend in the Gunners put me up for the first night; while my servants, under the charge of Jalla Deen, my old bearer, went to my new abode to get things a little ship-shape. I was full of curiosity to inspect it for myself, for my wife was rather particular, and taking a house without her help was a distinct responsibility. All the morning, however, I was kept busy in the lines, and it was not till the afternoon that I was free to look after my own affairs. I felt very light-hearted as, after twenty minutes' ride, I turned in at the gateway. It was so good to know after these weary two years of separation I should be starting to meet Meg and the children in a few days' time. The first sight of the house impressed me favorably; it

certainly looked what house-agents would describe as "most desirable." It stood in an unusually large compound—and the servants' quarters, I noticed with satisfaction, were some distance in rear. There was a capital garden, rather run to riot, with a tangle of flowering-shrubs, oleanders, jasmine, and roses. A charming walk, bordered with orange-trees, was quite a feature, and the house itself was clothed with masses of the lovely Rangoon creeper.

"Ho, bearer," I shouted as I rode under the porch, and Jalla Deen appeared in spotless white garments, salaaming with grave dignity. Jalla Deen had been in my service for ten years, and when I married I prepared for trouble on his account, for as a rule the ways of bachelor's servants are not approved of by mem-sahibs, but fortunately my wife liked him at once, and he was certainly devoted to her and the children. "Is this house a good house?" I asked.

"Sahib will himself see," was the non-committal answer—and we forthwith started on our tour of inspection.

The main part of the building was on the usual plan; a large veranda ran all round, in the centre were the drawing-room and dining-room, and on either side of these a bed-room, dressing-room, and bathroom. There was, however, a smaller bungalow to the left, which was connected by means of a covered-in veranda. It consisted of several very fair-sized rooms opening one into the other; they were wonderfully well finished, with doors which could be locked and shutters which would close; I noticed, too, rings for stair-rods on the steps leading to the bathroom, and the floors were of a hard cement like marble, which would look well with rugs only,—very differ-

ent to the usual flooring of dried clay, which must be completely covered with matting. Evidently this part of the house had been at one time arranged to suit some one with a distinct taste for luxury! But why, I wondered, were the windows, without exception, all heavily barred?

"Huzoor," said Jalla Deen, a slow smile spreading over his usually rather sombre countenance, "for the baba-logue" (Anglicè, baby-people), "this will be very good!"

"Yes, capital!" I agreed.

Jalla Deen was full of plans about furniture, and eager everything should be in order in good time; and as we talked I imagined our jolly, sturdy boys and their little fair-haired sister playing in these rooms, which now felt cold and dreary! What a difference their gay voices and merry laughter would make! And yet an unaccountable chilly feeling was creeping over me, and, against my own judgment, I began to have a sensation of distaste towards the proposed nurseries. My wife's little fox terrier evidently shared my feelings, for he stood in shivering discontent in the doorway, and as soon as he caught my eye he sat up and begged, with quivering paws, to be taken away.

"You must light fires," I said, "and clean up that stain in the corner," and I pointed to a brown patch on the wall near the window, which spread down to the floor. "The mem-sahib won't like to see that."

"Huzoor, I will give the order," said Jalla Deen gravely; "but men say no one can ever wash that out."

"Nonsense!" I replied angrily. "It is the order."

Jalla Deen salaamed submissively, conveying by his gesture, as only a native can, that my command of course settled the matter. I was turning away, when I caught sight of a decrepit old man peering in anxiously

at the window. His dull eyes seemed fixed with a look of intelligent interest on the stain, near which we stood, and he was shaking his head in a most provoking fashion. Evidently he was one of those who had said it could never be washed out.

"Who is that old fellow?" I asked impatiently. And Jalla Deen, with unmoved gravity, presented him to me as the *chowkidar* (night-watchman). It was too absurd: he was a regular old skeleton, and looked at least a hundred!

"He will never do," I said. "He is far too old."

"Huzoor, he has been chowkidar here for fifty—sixty years," urged Jalla Deen deprecatingly. "He can do the work, and his sister's son is chowkidar at the nearest bungalow."

"Oh, well, in that case we had better keep him," I said indifferently.

A chowkidar is, after all, merely a moral safeguard to prevent his brethren from looting you; and I knew well, if I dismissed this veteran, his relation would take good care that I paid for my rashness sooner or later. I turned away, my new domestic following at a respectful distance; and we went the round of the servants' quarters where, with Jalla Deen's assistance, I evicted large families of their relations, and secured one "go-down" for a fowl-house, another for storing firewood, and ordered a general clean-up before my wife should arrive. I was returning to the house, well pleased with my work, when I stumbled across something right up against the little bungalow. Overgrown with creepers and coarse grass as it was, it was unmistakably a grave. It even had a rude headstone; but if there had ever been any inscription, it had been obliterated by time. I turned inquiringly to the old man, but he shook his head apathetically, and I could get nothing out of him but that he was

an old man and knew nothing; and yet there was a flickering look of intelligence in his eye which belied his words.

"I am sure he knows all about it, stupid old fool!" I said angrily to Jalla Deen.

"Huzoor, he is too old, he has no good sense," said the bearer, "but the *mali* [gardener] says, 'a white mem-sahib runs along this veranda, and cries at night.' God knows! they are poor ignorant men, and the landlord told me it is the talk of fools," he added with lordly contempt. After all, it was probably the grave of some favorite horse or dog, though it was not like an Englishman to bury either so near the house.

I strolled back to the veranda, and, throwing myself into a long chair, soon forgot the neglected grave, while my thoughts turned to the happy meeting with Meg and the children, now so near at hand. Then I fell to picturing her running through the big empty rooms: how busy and happy she would be, planning this and that, singing, talking, laughing, making a home of this somewhat gaunt Indian bungalow, as so many pretty young English wives must have done before. How many meetings and tearful partings its gray walls must have seen. If stones could speak, what a varied tale these could tell—very often a sad tale, alas!—of "the changes and chances of this mortal life."

I think I was half asleep when my eye fell on the old chowkidar crouched on the ground in front of me. "The Huzoor speaks true words," he said. (Had I unconsciously spoken aloud?) "Many sahibs and mems and babalogue have lived in this old house. . . . I have been here a long, long time, forty or fifty years perhaps; I am a very old man now, and my father was chowkidar before me—I have served many

of the white sahibs . . . I used to think them all mad, but perhaps it is I. Chuni Lal, who am mad, God knows. . . . I could tell the protector of the poor a great many stories, but my head soon gets tired, and it was all long ago, long ago. I have seen a mem-sahib who walked about this veranda at night, waiting for the sahib, waiting all night (it was trouble, for I had to keep awake too), and then, when the morning was just coming, the sahib would ride home, with the reins all hanging about the pony's feet (he would surely have been killed, but ponies are wiser than men); then I would call the bearer, and we would help the sahib to bed, and mem-sahib would pretend to be asleep . . . but I knew. . . . Before many moons had passed the sahib shot himself in this veranda . . . yes—I, Chuni Lal, found him lying there, but the mem-sahib was dead then . . . and no one cared. . . .

"There was another mem-sahib, I remember. Every night she used to meet the colonel sahib of the Rissala, down by those orange-trees (the Huzoor can see them from here), and one day she went away with him. They thought no one knew, but I could have told my sahib; but for what good? he would have beaten me . . . and she was *bad*, why keep her?

"I have seen strong sahibs, and mems like pearls, and sonny-babas and missee-babas carried away to the English graveyard, and every one cried 'ale, ale' . . . but other sahibs and mems and babas came, and we soon forgot.

"Huzoor saw the barred windows in the little bungalow? My father told me why they were put there. It was a very long time ago, and Gunpat Rao, a rich *sowcar* [native banker], lived here. There was a Missee in the bar-

racks, who was fair as the dawn. Her father was a sergeant in the *gora* [white] regiment, and Gunpat Rao lent him too much money, my father said, and in the end a marriage was made, and Gunpat Rao brought the Missee here. . . . Then one day the regiment marched away to fight the Afghans, and there were no white people left, only the Missee. Gunpat Rao was very good to her—he made the little bungalow where she lived like a rajah's palace: there were carpets and curtains and all she wanted, nothing to do, but eat and be happy; but English mems are not like our women, and she was always crying and got whiter and whiter, and one day she tried to go after the regiment.

"Then Gunpat Rao had those bars put, and she was never allowed to go out. How she cried! My father said he used to hear her at night, 'Let me out, let me out, will *no one* come? oh, let me out!' She beat on those bars, and pulled at them with little white hands; he used to watch from far off—for if she had got away, Gunpat Rao would have beaten him! She had no good sense! What did she want? She had good food and bright clothes. She offered all the servants money to help her to get away; but they were afraid, and after a time she grew quieter. . . .

"Then it came that Gunpat Rao had to go away for two days. . . . He gave her plenty of food and water and locked the door . . . and told the servants he would kill them if they went near. . . .

"It was the time of the great sickness, and the night he left the Missee was ill . . . the servants, sitting in their houses, heard her crying all that night and the next day and the next night, but when the morning came all was quiet, and so they knew she was dead—what! all alone did Huzoor say? Why, what could servants do?

Gunpat Rao had locked the doors, and they were afraid.

"There was one very good mem-sahib, just when I began to get old. The sahib was in the Rissala, like the Huzoor. She was quite a new mem-sahib—I knew that, because when I asked for a blanket and said it was *dustoor* [custom], she did not say at once like the other mems, 'Then where is the blanket your last mem-sahib gave you?' No, she said, 'Poor old man, I dare say you are cold at night,' and gave me Rs.5, instead of telling the bearer to buy me the cheapest blanket he could in the bazaar! I got a blanket and a *chudda* [sheet], too, and had still Rs.1 left.

"The sahib and mem-sahib were very young, they used to run after each other and play like children. I thought it very strange, but English sahibs are strange. The hot weather soon came, and then they were quieter. They walked in the evenings up and down that path at the foot of the garden—where the other mem-sahib who ran away met the Rissala colonel sahib—and then when it was very hot, so hot that the ground burnt our feet, a baba came. We native men are very fond of our sons, but this sahib and mem thought quite as much of 'Sonny-baba' as any of us ever did of our boys—and, of course, all we servants were very proud of him too.

"It was about a year after, when the talk in the bazaar was bad. We heard something of it, but not much. . . . Sahib went out early one morning; I saw him stand with Sonny-baba in his arms, laughing and talking, and then he rode off, waving his hand to the mem-sahib. He did not know that he would never come back. I only saw him once again, and he was a good sahib, too, not often angry like some.

"Later, when the sun was hot and all the house shut up, mem-sahib sat playing with the baba, and the bearer's son came and told us that the sepoys were killing all the sahibs and mem-sahibs. . . .

"While we stood frightened and talking, wondering what to do, we heard a great noise and shouting, and just round that corner by the gate we saw a great crowd of *budmashes* [ne'er-do-weels] from the bazaar coming: they were shouting and were very angry. . . .

"Then the other servants ran away—but I was old, and I did not think they would hurt me. I crept round the other side of the house and tapped on the glass door of the drawing-room. Mem-sahib was singing and Sonny-baba was nearly asleep. Mem-sahib thought I was ayah, and without looking up called out softly, 'Ayah, tell Orderly to send those men away; I will not have these *tamashes* [merry-makings].—they will waken Sonny-baba!' . . . I waited a minute, and then I tapped again and harder, for they were coming nearer: then the mem-sahib looked up, and when she saw my face she was frightened, and I called through the glass, 'Quick, quick, mem-sahib, run through the chota bungalow and I will hide you!' She just looked through the other door and saw all the crowd quite near, and then she got white,—so white, I thought she would fall—and then she ran, and I ran. She got to the bathroom-door first, which is the nearest way to the go-downs, the Huzoor knows—but the door was locked, locked on the outside. Then she turned and ran back; I had just reached the first window with the bars. 'Take Sonny,' she said, and she pushed him through to me. . . . There was no time to get round to the bathroom-door again, for the first men were in the room then. The mem-sahib ran to the corner where

Huzoor saw the mark on the floor, and hid her face in the sahib's great-coat that was hanging on the wall—and then in a moment the room was full. They were screaming and shouting. Oh sahib, I am an old man, but I have never forgotten: they looked like devils, and they were mad—mad for blood. They stopped a minute, and the mem-sahib lifted her head and looked round: she saw Ram Sing—(Ram Sing was the sahib's orderly, and often used to play with the Baba). She made a step forward and called to him quite hopefully, 'Ram Sing, help me.' Then some one at the back threw a stone. It hit her on the forehead, and she fell forward against the wall all bleeding—and then they killed her!

"I took Sonny-baba to his ayah, and we kept him for many weeks—and then the English people gave plenty money for him, but ayah and bearer got that. . . .

"The grave, the sahib says? Yes, that is the mem-sahib's—we buried her there that night. And the sahib? No, the sahib never came back. . . . I saw him, though, next day, lying right out on the parade-ground with some of the other sahibs. Dead?—oh yes! quite dead. We thought all the English were dead—but they came back—yes, they came back. . . .

"The brown mark Huzoor told them to wash out has been plenty trouble. . . . All the mem-sahibs say, 'make clean!' . . . but no one can. . . .

"I could tell the sahib many other stories." . . .

. . . I started up. Yes—I suppose it was really the old chowkidar who had been talking. . . . There he sat, a bundle of rags and bones huddled under a dirty cotton sheet. . . . He did not look as though he had a single idea in his head—and yet it seemed impossible that I should have dreamt his story! I gave the old fel-

low a rupee and sent him away, and then sat gazing out into the darkening garden. The glistening green of the orange-trees showed dark against the sky, and in fancy I saw the form of an English woman stealing noiselessly down to meet her lover. What manner of woman had she been, I wondered, and what of her husband, and the lover for whom she had sacrificed so much? Had she left children, too, for him? Was she happy after, and how did her story end? Did she and her lover know Chuni Lal had watched their meetings? But they would not have cared! He was only a native; yet she had given him the right to call an English lady—bad. . . .

Then through the screen of trees I imagined a couple pacing backwards and forwards. His arm was round her waist and his head bent over her, as she leant confidently on him, with her fair pale face turned up to his. It was well with this pair, I knew, as long as they were together; . . . hard that such a little weak woman should have faced death, and such a death, alone. This was the veranda where night after night a woman had watched till the gray morning broke. What killed her, I wondered! Fever, cholera, . . . a broken heart? God knows, as Chuni Lal would say. Where I sat, the man for whom she watched had died. He had sat as I sat, but no doubt with despair in his heart, and at last one morning, very early, at the hour when birds and trees and flowers and grass just stir and rustle, with the first hint of awakening to a fresh day—he had felt the light was more than he could face; and so Chuni Lal had found him, lying face down. A wasted life . . . and “no one cared.” . . .

I started up, determined to break the spell, and walked noisily into the house; but it was useless. I found myself walking softly, and had there

been any one with me I know we should have talked in whispers. Here were the windows, behind whose bars Gunpat Rao's captive had fretted and sobbed. I almost saw those little white hands pulling and straining at the rusty iron, and heard her wailing voice: “Let me out, let me out; oh! I want my mother and my own people.” And she had died there all alone, and not her fault—the poor little thing. . . .

Now I had reached the farthest room—the room with the stain in the corner,—mechanically I found myself at the bathroom-door. Locked, on the outside again as on that dreadful day many years ago. The air felt damp and cold now—but then it was mid-day and heavy with heat. The windows must have been shut to keep out the burning wind, and just here that frail girl had flung her soft body against this unyielding wood in a vain attempt to force her way. If Gunpat Rao had not barred the windows she might have been saved with her baby. . . .

I moved back, and stood by the stain. There she had buried her head in her man's coat (and all the while he lay dead on his own parade-ground, powerless to help her), but I think the touch of something that was his had brought comfort and courage—for I know when the mob burst in she faced round on them, and they, with some lingering remnant of the fear of the *Strkar* (Government), in which they had been bred, hung back for an instant. That was Ram Sing's chance, for, after all, these were men with wives and children of their own; but he hesitated, and the moment passed, with that fatal stone thrown from behind,—and now there was nothing left but the stain in the corner and the forgotten grave. Thank God—it is all over and done with, years and years ago! Gunpat Rao's prisoner, the man

who drank, the runaway wife, the officer-bey murdered by his own men, and Chuni Lal's kind, little "new" memsahib, all sleep well. . . . But our great Empire has been paid for time and again, full measure and abundant, with the blood and the tears of such as these. Over the length and breadth of India their graves are hidden. Young lives given, some willingly, many with sorrow and pain, but still given for the honor of England.

My mind was made up,—no power on earth should induce me to bring Meg and the children to this house of many memories, and next morning I moved, bag and baggage, to the starling, new blue bungalow on the top of the hill. It was not so large—there was no garden to speak of,—it was

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commonplace to a degree, and utterly uninteresting; but I had had enough of romance, and I breathed freely when the move was accomplished.

Meg often wonders what induced me to let the delightful house with the beautiful garden, which we pass daily, slip through my fingers—but I keep my own counsel! A Eurasian, employed on the railway, lives there now. The gate hangs on one hinge, and bits of paper and empty tins decorate the garden. The veranda is usually occupied by a large and shapeless woman, clad in a dirty, cotton dressing-gown; and her swarm of piebald children squabble and play at her feet. I wonder if they ever dream of those who went before them! . . . But I think not.

WAGES AND COST OF LIVING IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Report issued by the Board of Trade on wages, cost of living, and other conditions of industrial life in the United States, supplements the valuable series of similar inquiries, already published, into the same conditions in several European countries. It supplements the previous inquiries and corrects them, or rather corrects the inferences to be drawn from them, and for the serious student of social and economic conditions that is its chief value. It corrects the previous inquiries because it tells a very different tale and thereby puts the relations of cause and effect in a truer light. The broad upshot of the reports dealing with European countries, including our own, has been to show that in regard to the conditions investigated the artisan in this country has, in a varying degree, the advantage over his fellows in Germany, France, or Belgium. He earns somewhat higher wages, works somewhat shorter

hours, and pays somewhat less for the necessities of life. Without going into qualifying details or minor distinctions we may accept that as the broad result. But when we come to the United States the picture is turned almost completely round. The workman in America enjoys an enormous advantage over his fellow in England, an advantage far greater than the latter enjoys over the German or the Frenchman. He earns more than two-and-a-quarter times as much money and works shorter hours for it; so that his hourly rate of earnings is as 240 to 100 or pretty nearly twice-and-a-half as much. Against that enormous difference in wages there is something to be set in the way of expenditure. Rent is twice as high and food is about one-third higher than in England, but the cost of living altogether is only as 152 to 100 or about half as much again.

Now, these facts completely dispose

of two widely current misconceptions or misstatements. One is that the higher wages admittedly paid in America are all swallowed up and more by the higher cost of living, which is believed to surpass the standard of this country in regard to the necessities of life by an enormous amount, and to constitute an intolerable burden. The present Report explicitly states the contrary at the conclusion of a long, elaborate, and extremely careful comparison of the two countries. In the United States, it says, a much greater margin of earnings over cost of living is available, even when allowance has been made for the increased expenditure on food and rent. "The margin is clearly large, making possible a command of the necessities and conveniences and minor luxuries of life that is both nominally and really greater than that enjoyed by the corresponding class in this country." It further appears from the Report that the advantage enjoyed by this country in regard to the cost of food is even less than it looks in the summary comparison. A workman living on the American scale only pays 25 per cent. more for his food in the United States than he would in England. Most men would cheerfully accept the condition of paying 25 or even 38 per cent. more for their food in order to get 130 per cent. more pay. And when the food items are scrutinized the difference is seen to be even less in regard to important articles. British beef and mutton are actually dearer than American, and pork is much dearer. The items in which the American prices are really much higher are potatoes and bread; but that means baker's bread bought in the loaf, which is little eaten by working-class families in the United States, as the Report points out. The bread on which they chiefly live is made at home, and flour only costs 3d. a stone more. That is not a ruinous

difference, and, therefore, so far as bread and meat are concerned, the British housewife has but small advantage. These results, we must confess, are a little surprising; but there is no doubt about the care and accuracy with which the *data* have been collected. It is clear that prices have not risen so much in recent years in the United States as we have been led to suppose, and that wages have risen far more rapidly.

The second erroneous notion disposed of by the Report is that the inferior position in regard to conditions of living occupied by the other European countries investigated as compared with England is caused by their protective fiscal systems. That is now proved to be a fallacy of the familiar type known as *post hoc propter hoc*; for the same protective system, carried very much further in the United States, has not produced any such inferiority there. It has not prevented a great superiority, any more than it has prevented a great advance in prosperity in those other countries. We were told, when it became impossible to deny their advance, that it had been effected in spite of their fiscal systems; and no doubt politicians who can bring themselves to say that are capable of arguing that the superior position of workmen in America is all in spite of the fiscal system. Well, if good results regularly follow that system, it does not matter much whether the connection is called "in spite of" or not. But, at any rate, the system cannot be held responsible for the evil plight of the American workman as compared with his British compeer under the blessings of Free Trade—or what Radicals choose to call Free Trade—because it is the British workman's plight that is comparatively evil. If these conditions of living are determined by a country's fiscal system, and if, accordingly, Germany's protective

tariff is to be held responsible for such inferiority as the German workman's lot may present to that of the British workman, then the inferiority of the latter to that of the American workman must likewise be attributed to the British fiscal system, if any sort of logic is to be observed at all. It may be argued, perhaps, that the present Report is not really representative of American conditions, that the basis is too narrow, that it is inconsistent with some other *data*, and so on. But that will not do. It is open to criticism, of course; any and every inquiry is open to criticism. But it is no more
The Times.

open to criticism than the previous ones. The inquiry has been carried out on the same lines, with the same thoroughness and care, under the same direction, and probably by the same investigators. Its defects are their defects, except that conditions are somewhat more complicated in the United States. But that has been allowed for, and it does not affect the main points at all. The present Report has all the validity of its predecessors, and any inferences drawn from them are equally proper to it. Inferences not proper to it must not be drawn from them either.

TRAPPED.

Scene—The Drawing Room; Time, 3.15 p.m. He is writing at a small table with his back to Her. She is sitting in an arm-chair working at a piece of embroidery.

He. What awful pens. This is the third I've tried and it's the scratchiest of the lot.

She. They suit me well enough.

He. But they don't suit me.

She. They're not meant to: they're my pens; and that's my table, too.

He. Yes, and it's the waggiest little humbug of a writing-table I ever sat at.

She. Don't you dare to say another word against my pet table. It wasn't meant for your great sprawly handwriting. Besides, any self-respecting writing-table would object to a man who wears hob-nailed boots on his feet.

He. You don't want me to wear them on my hands, do you?

She. Charles, this is getting serious. You must check this fatal tendency to be humorous. It'll wreck—

He. Do, for Heaven's sake, give me one minute of complete silence. How

do you expect me to finish this letter if you keep on talking all the time?

She. Bless you, I don't mind whether you finish it or not. Anyhow, I'm going. I've got to see Lady Lampeter at half-past three, and it's nearly that already.

[*She gets up and begins to put her work together.*]

He. Does Parkins know you're going out?

She. Ye—es—at least I told Polly to tell him. But then this is Parkins's sacred time. He always locks himself up in the pantry for an hour every afternoon and goes to sleep, and there's dreadful trouble if he's disturbed.

He. Well, I hope he won't let anybody in on me. I'll have a word or two with him if he does.

She. You've only got to go into your library and you'll be quite safe.

He. I'm going to finish this letter here, whatever happens. Besides, he'd track me into the library just the same.

She. Well, I'm off. Be good and write prettily.

[Exit She. He heaves a sigh of relief and continues writing.]

He (to himself, sticking a stamp on his envelope). There, that's done; and now I'll nip out before—

Parkins (throwing open the door).

Mrs. Boxer and Miss Hepplethwag!

[He glares balefully at Parkins and then with a swift change composes his face into a cheerful welcome as two ladies of mature age and of an aspect both genial and severe are ushered into the room.]

He. How do you do, Mrs. Boxer? How do you do, Miss Hepplewing?

Mrs. Boxer. Hepplethwaite. My sister, Miss Hepplethwaite.

He. Ah, yes, of course. How do you do, Miss Hepplethwaite? I'm so sorry, but my wife has only this moment gone out.

Mrs. B. We're very sorry, I'm sure.

He. She can't have got to the bottom of the garden yet. Perhaps if I were to run after her I could catch her.

[He makes for the door as though to carry out his intention of running after her.]

Mrs. B. Pray, pray, Mr. Bromley, do not give yourself the trouble. We couldn't dream of it.

He. I could do it easily, you know.

Mrs. B. Oh, dear, no. We shall no doubt have further opportunities of seeing Mrs. Bromley.

He. Of course, of course. Won't you sit down?

Mrs. B. and Miss H. Oh, thank you. [They sit.]

He. I'm sure it's very good of you to call.

Mrs. B. These little return courtesies are, of course, essential.

He. Oh, yes, of course.

Mrs. B. Especially on the part of new-comers like ourselves.

He. Yes, of course, I'm sure I'm—that is—how does Lowmead strike

Punch.

you? It's a small place, isn't it?

Mrs. B. That is exactly what I was saying to Matilda as we came along. Lowmead, I said, is a small place, much smaller than Mantleborough, where we have hitherto resided, and it is necessary to be careful—did I not, Matilda?

Miss H. Yes, we both thought it a small place.

He. Yes, I'm afraid there's no doubt about it. It is a small place. [A pause.]

Mrs. B. Do you know Mantleborough, Mr. Bromley?

He. I'm sorry to say I don't. Charming place, isn't it?

Mrs. B. To some it may be; but we had to leave it on account of the new Vicar.

He. Really? I'm awfully sorry. Bad lot, was he?

Mrs. B. No, not that, Mr. Bromley, I am thankful to say, but High, dreadfully High.

He. Ah, they *will* be like that sometimes. But you're safe in Lowmead. Our man's as sound as they make 'em in that way.

Mrs. B. That is what really attracted us to Lowmead.

[A pause.]

He. Won't you have some tea?

Mrs. B. Thank you, Mr. Bromley; but pray do not give yourself the trouble.

He. No trouble, I'm sure. [He rings.]

[A pause.]

Parkins (opening the door). Did you ring, Sir?

He (glaringly). Yes. Tea for three; and look sharp. (To Mrs. B.) Yes, as you say, Lowmead is a small place, but the Vicar's Low Church, and that makes up for a lot.

Mrs. B. Indeed it does. [Left conversing.]

"THE OLD YELLOW BOOK."

A small volume has just been published, with the title of "The Old Yellow Book,"¹ which throws a vivid light upon Robert Browning's masterpiece, "The Ring and the Book." The circumstances in which this dramatic poem were composed are familiar. Once upon a time Browning discovered at Florence a "square old yellow book," with "crumpled vellum covers." It lay upon a stall, "'mongst odds and ends of ravage," and it contained an account, or rather many accounts, of a tragedy which took place in Italy some two centuries ago. Browning, as he tells us, took this "pure crude fact secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard," and made it his own. He has sketched his capture so vividly that the Yellow Book has seemed a reality to many readers. "I learned a little," he says, "and overlooked my prize

By the low railing round the fountain-source

Close to the statue, where a step descends:

. . . And . . .
. . . though my path grew perilous,

Still I read on, from written title-page
To written index, on, through street
and street,

At the Strozzi, at the Pillar, at the
Bridge;

Till by the time I stood at home
again

In Casa Guidi by Felice Church,

. . .
I had mastered the contents.

Such is Browning's own account of his first acquaintance with his Roman murder-case. For eight years the story, mastered in a stroll, engrossed the poet, and at last there appeared (in 1868-9) "The Ring and the Book,"

¹ "The Old Yellow Book," translated and edited by Charles W. Hodell. London: J. M. Dent.

which was no more and no less than a poetic version of the murder which had taken place in Rome two centuries before. After the poet's death the "old yellow book" passed into the possession of Balliol College, Oxford, and it is now given to the world, in workmanlike translation, to reveal half the secret of the poet's brain.

The story, broad and savage in its outlines, is precisely such as we should expect to captivate the dramatic genius of Robert Browning. There is life and tragedy on every page of it. Even in the bold prose of the Yellow Book the characters are vividly set forth. The lawyers, who, all unconscious of artistry, compiled the facts, lifted the curtain, in their own despite, which hides the motives of men's hearts. The very crudity of the drama makes it easily intelligible. Here are no finer shades, but merely cruelty, revenge, and death. There is small suspicion of love anywhere. The hopeless marriage, which is the cause of the tragedy, was a marriage of greed and interest. The guilt of the miserable wife was never proved, and he would be a churl indeed that would not give Pompilia the benefit of the doubt. But the murder was clear and undisputed. That Guido Franceschini and his ruffians killed Pompilia and her parents is admitted on either side, and no miscreants ever went more justly to the gallows.

The plain statement of the lawyers makes up in life what it lacks in artistry, and the Yellow Book gives us the same irresistible impression as one of our own State Trials. Guido Franceschini, the head of an honorable, impoverished family, attempted to restore the fortunes of his house by a wealthy marriage. He had failed to make a success of his life, and

found himself at the age of forty penniless in Rome, and without a prospect of better things. There was nothing in his person to commend him. He was neither handsome nor accomplished, and even in a marriage of convenience he could not look higher than the family of a well-to-do burgess. According to his enemies, it was his habit to hang about the shop of certain women hairdressers. There he would boast of the grandeur of his country, his birth, and his property, and in the confiding ear of these women he confessed that he intended to set up his house with a good dowry. He persuaded one of them to find him a suitable match, and she at last discovered to him the unfortunate Francesca Pompilia, the daughter, real or reputed, of a tiresome couple, Pietro and Violante Comparini. The couple, as they appear in the record, are sor-did enough. Truly they deserve no pity, and they get none. Pietro, a garrulous scoundrel, was content if he could spend his daughter's money in the neighboring wine-shops. Violante had aspirations. A distinguished match for her daughter was all that she wanted to satisfy her ambition, and she eagerly accepted the addresses of the infamous Guido. No sooner had she sacrificed the child of thirteen, for that was Pompilia's age, upon the altar of social advancement, than the whole family departed for Arezzo, where was situated the ruined palace of the Franceschini. The Comparini, simple burgesses as they were, had no experience of the pompous squalor and dignified privation that reigned therein. If we may believe their story, they were starved both by cold and hunger. They received nothing at the hands of the noble Franceschini save insult and ridicule. The unhappy Violante was not allowed the solace of a brazier even in the bitterest weather; and if the account that is

given of the food doled out to them is true, it is wonderful that starvation did not make the hatchet unnecessary. The Signora Beatrice, we are told, sent her servant to purchase a sucking lamb or two pounds of beef, which was expected to feed the whole household for a week. On fast days there was nothing to eat but a little salt-pike and a few boiled chestnuts. The wine was assiduously watered, and even from these slender comforts the wretched Pietro was excluded if he dared to stay out after the front door was locked. Worse still, the young wife and her parents were exposed continually to the brutal insolence of Guido Franceschini and the more highly polished impertinence of his brother, the Abate Paolo. Is it any wonder, then, that they determined to escape from the bondage of the Palace, and to seek refuge again in the simpler life of Rome?

It was not long, indeed, before the Comparini escaped, leaving the poor little Pompilia alone in her cage. And when they got back to Rome, the tale of the Franceschini's poverty and squalor did not lose in the telling. So there began a long campaign of slander and exasperation until at last the Comparini declared that Pompilia was no child of theirs, but a changeling of the basest birth, fathered by Violante upon Pietro. And as though the affront of this deception were not a heavy enough blow for the pride of the Franceschini, they began an action at law for the recovery of the dowry, which, if Pompilia were no child of theirs, should not have been paid. The amiable Franceschini responded to the challenge by making Pompilia's life a living torture. Guido spared her nothing in the way of insult and reproach. Reproach grew to violence, and at last the poor child, beaten and defenceless, appealed for aid to Caponsacchi a priest, with whom she fled

from her husband's house, which was her prison.

Guido pursued the fugitives, and overtook them at Castelnovo. Had he there and then wreaked his vengeance upon them, he might have pleaded his outraged honor as an excuse. But fear or hesitancy stayed his hand, and he permitted the law to take its course. Caponsacchi was condemned to three years at Civita Vecchia, and Pompilia was sent to a convent, a sentence which proves that the law took a more lenient view than did Guido of his wife's character. For the moment quiescent, Guido yet meditated revenge, and when a few months afterwards Pompilia had been permitted to return to her parents' house, he went thither with a band of hirelings and took the vengeance of a savage. The Comparini were stabbed to death, and Pompilia was left a-dying, with twenty-two wounds upon her frail body. The case, which engrossed the gossips of Rome for many a day, ended in the just condemnation of Guido Franceschini and his accomplices, and the one word that can be said in favor of Guido himself is that he died with courage. "When he had mounted the platform," says the *Yellow Book*, "he asked pardon for his sins, and begged them to pray for his soul, adding that they should say a Pater, an Ave, and Salve Regina for him. When he had made the confessor announce that he was reconciled, he adjusted his neck upon mannaia, and with the name of Jesus on his lips he was beheaded. The head was then shown to the people by the executioner."

Thus died the infamous Guido Franceschini, who, but for the accident of the *Yellow Book* falling into the hands of Robert Browning, would long ago have been forgotten. The accident, which gave Guido immortality, was happy for the poet. The theme was

perfectly suited to Browning's talent and temperament. The life which burns in every line of it gave his dramatic genius its best opportunity. Even those for whom, as for ourselves, Browning's style is a thing of corners and rough edges, cannot but admire the amazing vitality of "*The Ring and the Book*." Here we are confronted not so much with poetry as with life itself. Guido and the Abate Paolo speak and move as they spoke and moved at Arezzo. The hapless and injured Pompilia suffers again the cruellest tortures. The characters and incidents of the tragedy are alike so real that you forget the words in which they are clothed: you look upon them disembodied of their art. And the comparison of the *Yellow Book* with the poem reveals most vividly the poet's method. In many a passage he keeps so close to his original as to reproduce word for word the actual speeches of the dead. Then by a flash of insight he shows you how little he is trammelled by the literal truth. The characters of the drama are realized with an understanding which will astonish all those who read the *Yellow Book*, at once by its simplicity and by its justice. The raw material is all there, to be sure, but how wonderfully it is transformed by the magician's wand! And in one respect the poet gives us the same impression as the record in prose. He, too, like the *Yellow Book*, turns the story this way and that, looks at it from everyone's point of view, and snatches the heart of truth from the body of discordant statement. On every page the strange process of translation from prose to verse is visible. But nowhere can you judge better of the charity with which Browning has put his case than in the two books entitled "*Half-Rome*" and "*The Other Half-Rome*," which give in plain substance two pamphlets, written, while the case was pending,

for and against the infamous Guido. Here, then, is a book which we may commend to all readers, which not only sets before us the clear

Blackwood's Magazine.

outlines of an ancient and bitter tragedy, but lights up in a sudden flash the inward processes of a poet's brain.

"AN INSPIRED LITTLE CREATURE."

To the Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*.

Sir,—Since the publication in *The Fortnightly Review* for last November of an article by me entitled "'An Inspired Little Creature' and the Poet Wordsworth," the missing National Anthem, written by the "Inspired Little Creature" at Wordsworth's instigation, has been discovered among some papers in the possession of a member of the Wordsworth family. I cannot refrain from sending it to you, because perhaps those of your readers who were interested in the story of Wordsworth's marvellous little poet cousin, may be further interested in reading her version of the National Anthem.

The facts, as told in my article, were briefly these: Mrs. Fisher, wife of the Rector of Poulshot in North Wilts, and a cousin of William Wordsworth's, had a little daughter who distinctly possessed that elusive but unmistakable quality that we call genius. When the child was but twelve years old, her mother sent some of her poems to Wordsworth, and the great man wrote back in amazed admiration.

It is impossible to foretell what may come in future time out of these promises, but I have met in the language of no age or country with things so extraordinary from so young a Person . . . all that can be desired, an observant eye, feeling, thought, fancy, and above all imagination . . . in part of these last three is the very spirit of Milton himself.

In a subsequent letter, the future Poet Laureate handed on an "order" to little Emmeline:—

1 "The Living Age,"

The verses upon the Queen . . . are exquisite, and tempt me to ask, though not without hesitation, that as Emmeline has, I am told, such a fine feeling for music, she would make an attempt to fit the noble music of "God Save the King" with better and more appropriate words than are ordinarily joined with it. A request to this effect was made to myself, from a person high in office. I tried, but could not succeed—your inspired little creature may be more happy in her effort, and so I told my correspondent.

Emmeline tackled the Anthem. The mother sent it, and Wordsworth acknowledged it.

I now thank you most sincerely . . . especially for the Anthem, undertaken upon my suggestion. When I made the vain attempt myself, my wish was to steal into the subject by using as much of the first stanza of the old song as possible—but I found the name Victoria as a substitute for Great George utterly unmanageable. And this discouraged me so that, tho' I did compose 2 stanzas in place of the vulgar stuff about "knavish tricks," &c., I did not think it worth while to write them, and they are now forgotten. My young Cousin, for I love to call her so, found, I suppose, the same difficulty unsurmountable; and has given me an entirely new thing, with which we are not a little pleased; and perhaps I may forward it, with your permission, to my friend Mary Spring Rice (who, as you know, is one of her Majesty's Maids of Honor).

But, though the young Queen Victoria evidently *did* receive the Anthem (a gracious proof of this remains

—a little silver ink-stand with the Royal Arms and "Emmeline" engraved on it), no copy of the verses themselves was discoverable when I wrote the article for *The Fortnightly Review*, and this to me was a matter of surprise; and also of deep regret, for I could present only the setting, without the jewel.

One thing that stood out very clearly in the whole story of the "Inspired Little Creature"—and that perhaps explained why there were no carefully kept copies of the Anthem and of all the poems that were sent to Wordsworth and that he read and eulogized—was that Wordsworth, though he was so charmed by the poetic gift of his "little Cousin," and wrote so generously and highly of her work, yet saw, in such powers when possessed by a woman, only the necessity for repression.

And now it re-appears, this Anthem, seventy-five years since the little slender anxious fingers penned it; and Wordsworth has been dead for over half a century, and the poetess lies beneath the grass of an English graveyard; and we are on the eve of another Coronation, and again all our minds are busy with loyal thoughts and wishes. And so I venture to think that this discovered Anthem, which pleased Wordsworth "not a little," will be read now, in this Coronation year, with peculiar interest.

Is it not wonderful, when one remembers it was written by a little maid of twelve—twelve summers spent in a happy English rectory? Is it not descriptive of Queen Victoria's reign?

The Fortnightly Review.

ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Oh, God of might and Love,
Look from Thy throne above,
God save our Queen.
Be Thou a Pillar bright,
The paths of life to light,
And guide her steps aright,
God save the Queen!

May she a planet rise,
Serene amid the skies,
Ocean's fair Queen.
Guide Thou her ships afar,
Shield her in rightful war,
Our bright and Western Star,
God save the Queen!

Be hers a glorious name,
Hers be a deathless fame,
God save the Queen.
Save her from foreign guile,
Open foes, secret wile,
Pride of the Ocean Isle—
God save the Queen!

May her reign peaceful be;
Lands far across the sea
Bless England's Queen.
Increase our inland stores,
While commerce freely pours
Wealth on our prosperous shores.
God save the Queen!

It was never sung in honor of the Queen to whom it was written—the "vulgar stuff about 'knaveish tricks'" has continued to be vociferated by loyal voices through the years; but is not the Anthem of the "Inspired Little Creature" not only beautiful and dignified and thoughtful, but even prophetic? "Ships afar"—"rightful war"—"deathless fame"—all these we associate with the name of Victoria the Good; and the fourth verse—well, might it not almost be said to foreshadow "Thinking Imperially," if not, indeed, Preference within the Empire?

Rosaline Masson.

THE EMPIRE OF OIL.

It is not without significance that the two articles of commerce which have recently held the first position in

the public mind, oil and rubber, should also hold the record for sensationalism in the modern romance of trade,

The misdeeds which redden the career of rubber in Africa and Mexico have, in large part at any rate, been laid bare to the public eye. The story of the great Oil Trust of America has been told perhaps in more intimate detail than that of any other business enterprise, and Mr. Lowes Dickinson made it the obvious subject of his powerful play, "Business." But the very intricacy of its tortuous and criminal career has served in some measure as a protective cloak. Some of the more sensational charges have sounded so incredible as to be discounted heavily by sober-minded persons, while other incidents have demanded for their appreciation a more exact understanding of business methods than most readers possess. But to those who desire to know what modern business at its very worst may mean, we commend a perusal of "The Great Oil Octopus" (Fisher Unwin), republishing a series of articles which recently appeared in "Truth." Most of the material, here presented in portable shape, has been already made public in Henry D. Lloyd's "Wealth against Commonwealth," and in the more erudite "History of the Standard Oil Trust," by Miss Tarbell. Drawn chiefly from records of the Law Courts, and other public documents, its accuracy is unimpeachable. The Oil Kings are far too astute to court more publicity than has fallen to their lot.

This in the main is the story. Oil came on in a rush in the 'sixties and early 'seventies. The valleys of Pennsylvania suddenly blossomed with busy towns and oil fields. Wells were sunk, refineries sprang up, hundreds of business men were on their way to fortunes, and high wages brought prosperity to whole communities. It was an age of enterprise and speculation. Upon a brief era of this prosperity collapse supervened, and out of the ruin emerged one little group of oilmen

rapidly forging to the front, and absorbing more and more of the profitable business. The organizing mind was that of Mr. John D. Rockefeller who, starting in Cleveland first as a book-keeper and small partner in a country store, soon plunged into the oil business as a small refiner and merchant. He was not a discoverer or an inventor. He "struck" no oil, methods of refining owed nothing to him, the pipe-line, tank-car, and other improvements which have helped to build the fortune of the Company were all due to outsiders. His was the business mind without fear or scruple. Corrupt and illegal bargains with railway officials were the foundations of success. Starting in a comparatively small way as shippers of oil, the company induced the freight managers of all the railroads passing through the oil regions to cheat their shareholders by a system of rebates and other discriminative methods. The South Improvement Company, their early name, was to pay the same freight-rates as their competitors, but there was to be a secret rebate upon all the traffic done by the Company or its competitors, which was to be divided between the conniving officials and the Company. This rebate with other modes of discrimination and "terminal facilities" were simply bludgeons with which Mr. Rockefeller and his confederates struck down their competitors or forced them to sell their businesses to the South Improvement Company for stock or cash at the latter's valuation.

By 1872 Mr. Rockefeller had succeeded in bringing four-fifths of the refining firms into a National Refiners' Association, with himself as President. This organization lasted long enough to break the Oil Producers' Union, and then collapsed, leaving Mr. Rockefeller free to carry out his more durable project, the formation of the Standard Oil Trust, in 1874. Under the pressure of

the rebate and the discriminating rates, competing refiners were forced one by one into selling themselves to the Standard Oil Company for Stock in that Company, retaining in many instances the semblance of independence in order to deceive the public. Such was the nucleus of this first and most powerful of American Trusts, which for a whole generation has held a virtual monopoly in the United States of an article that is almost a necessary of life, and has of recent years stretched out its tentacles into the remotest villages of the civilized and uncivilized earth. Beyond all doubt the largest and most profitable business in the world, its central company has settled its legal home in the complacent State of New Jersey. This company controls nine other refining companies in various States, a group of lubricating oil companies, crude oil producing companies, pipe-line and tank-car companies, natural gas companies, and a large number of commercial companies in the United States and abroad.

The supreme interest in this history consists in the fact that it furnishes the most complete and varied refutation of the maxim that "Honesty is the best policy." At every step in its successful career the Standard Oil Company has shown an utter disregard for legal obligations, private honor, and the public interest. Summoned before Commissions or the Law Courts, its principals have persistently refused to answer, or have falsified the facts, uttering direct lies in the witness-box whenever it was necessary. The famous Archbold letters, published three years ago, convict them of paying hard cash to senators to defeat anti-trust legislation, and of bringing influence to bear on high politicians for the appointment of Judges and Attorney-Generals favorable to the oil interests. That a great business

man could be found writing to the Governor of a great State in the following terms to urge an appointment to the Supreme Court Bench is a really amazing glimpse into the relations between business and politics in America:

My dear Governor.—I am sure you will pardon any seeming presumption on my part in writing you on a subject in which, both personally and on behalf of my Company, I am greatly interested. It is to urge the appointment, if at all consistent, of Judge Morrison, of McKean, to the Supreme Court Bench, vice Mitchell, deceased. Judge Morrison's character for ability and integrity needs no words at my hands, but aside from these great considerations, his familiarity with all that pertains to the great industries of oil and gas, in the important relations they bear to the interests of the Western part of the State, makes him especially desirable as a member of the Court from that section.

To such business men nothing comes amiss. The pages of their history are strewn with attempted or successful bribing of employees in rival firms, of inspectors, law officers, with espionage and threats to ruin purchasers of competing oil. The famous charge of incitement to the blowing up of a rival refinery, for which their agents were condemned, is once more re-told; and we have the whole complicated story of the complete failure of the forces of law and order to compel obedience to the law, or to punish infractions, ending with the formal infliction of the five million dollars fine four years ago. The Standard Oil Company is above law and morality. As it can defy the law, so it can square the forces of morality. This can be done through the Churches. For Mr. Rockefeller is described as "an excellent Baptist," and he has applied to religion his clean-cut business principles. "According as you put something into the Church or

the Sunday-school work, the greater will be your dividends of salvation." Not without reason has the Standard Oil Trust been described as "evangelical at one end, explosive at the other."

"Yes, such are the ethics of business and of politics in America," is the complacent comment of the British reader. He had, however, best reserve his judgment until he has read the concluding chapter, which seeks to probe the mystery of the "low-flash point" still retained for standard oil sold in this country. A Select Committee, which sat upon this question twelve years ago, taking the evidence of such scientific authorities as Lord Kelvin, Sir H. Roscoe, and Professor Ramsay, reported in favor of raising the flash-point, in view of the great growth of accidents. But when the Flash-point Bill came up for second reading in 1899, it was rejected "on the pledge of Mr. Collings, then representing the Home Office, that the Government would deal with the whole subject of the storage of petroleum and of lamp accidents." But nothing has ever yet been done, and as Professor Silvanus P. Thompson has recently remarked, "The scandal of the free sale of dangerous low-flash oil continues." One way or another, the Standard Oil Company seems to get its way here as in America, and careful students of such evidence as is available will probably conclude that it does so by employing the same methods. Indeed, as we follow the tortuous career of this protean monster in India, Germany, France or Sweden, we find it appearing in diverse shapes, with various protective titles, but always operating with the same audacity and cunning upon the same

The Nation.

weakness of business men and politicians. Take Sweden, for example. "In the beginning of September, 1909, Mr. Stendahl's report was issued, which proves by an abundance of sensational and, at times, amusing evidence that the so-called Swedish Vacuum Oil Company is identical with that of Rochester, U.S.A., that it has evaded Swedish taxation, fraudulently rebranded cheaper as dearer oils, and, by a very curiously concealed system of bribery, induced engineers of the Royal Navy to diminish the effectiveness of their service."

Will the Trust establish a world-monopoly? This issue remains to be fought out. With the rapidly expanding uses of oil, new profitable sources of supply in several countries have been opened up. It is no longer a question of dividing the market with the produce of the Baku wells. In Galicia, Roumania, and elsewhere, vast new sources have been tapped, and a stout resistance has been offered to the American invader. Two powerful combinations have been formed, the European and the Asiatic Petroleum Unions, possessing capital of a magnitude fitted for the world-combat which is even now in course of being fought out. What will be the issue of the conflict between these commercial monsters struggling for the mastery of continents remains to be seen. It is difficult to see what protection the oil-using public can procure against a peace which shall either apportion the oil empire between two or three gigantic companies, working by agreement, or shall enable the great boa-constrictor of America to effect unity by swallowing its rival monsters.

OWNING UP.

Logically speaking, of course, you cannot put yourself in the right by acknowledging that you are in the wrong. Practically, however, it is always being done, and those who make the acknowledgment with a good grace disarm their accusers: graciousness is a gift for which the possessor gets full credit from the time that he can speak till the last man who remembers him is dead. We might almost divide the world into those who acknowledge and confess their transgressions and those who seem constitutionally unable to do so; but this would not be to separate between the sheep and the goats. The world forgives the man who openly repents (unless he has done something very unusually bad); he also forgives himself, crosses off the debt, and starts fresh; but there are secret penitents who never speak and who cannot forgive themselves. It would be sentimental, perhaps, to think too much about the mental pains of these dumb sinners. They suppress a good impulse of nature, and are a cause of unkindness and injustice in their fellow creatures. The natural and right thing is to "own up." Still, we ought not to be too hard on the man who cannot apologize. He is not likely to be very happy, though he may gradually become a saint; for he will disappoint his friends. After all, goodness, pure and simple, is not what we ask of our intimate acquaintance. We demand it in the abstract of peers and poor people, and all those whom we lump together in classes but do not know much about singly. What we ask of our friends is that they should be lovable.

Whatever one may think of the uses to which the impulse to confess has been put by theologians, or of the doctrines which they have evolved from

it, it remains a good impulse, and the peace of mind which confession brings remains a mystery, however eloquently we may argue against the possibility of earthly absolution. One proof of the goodness of the impulse is that when yielded to it produces goodness in others. Every decent man loses his sense of rancour in the face of an apology. It dwindles in exact proportion as he believes the apology to be sincere. A complete and gracious expression of regret is of course more easily accepted than an awkward one; but that is only because the latter is less immediately understood and more easily misjudged. We are inclined to think the awkward offender is not so sorry as the man who is not shy. As a rule we are mistaken. It is a cruel man—and an utterly worthless woman—in whom an expression of regret creates not commiseration but contempt. We should say they are more exceptional than the people at the other end of the moral scale who feel no movement of revenge under any circumstances. The Christian religion makes a large demand when it ordains that a repentant neighbor is to be forgiven ten times a day, but the demand is simply made upon our patience; the sentiment appealed to can hardly be considered less natural than the sentiment which prompts to retaliation.

Admission, however, is not quite the same thing as apology. There are certain faults which people never repent—perhaps they do not know they possess them—which are rendered completely innocuous by admission. There is a childish vanity, for instance, a childish, if disproportionate, appreciation of their own value, for which it would be churlish indeed to dislike many men and women. Half the delight of a present to a child is in the

showing of it, and more than half the pleasure which some grown up people derive from an expression of appreciation is in the repeating of it. They lack the quick sense of the ridiculous which stands many of us in stead of humility, and they are none the worse for being without it. Often we like them for the unconscious trust they reveal in the amiability of their fellow-creatures. Some women—some of the very best—have a tendency to plot for other people's benefit. The deceit they believe themselves to practise and continually allow themselves to reveal is as innocent as a child's romance.

Indeed, the ostentatiously frank type of woman is not a very agreeable one. Goaded by an antiquated accusation of slyness, she blusters about her bad qualities. "I am a good hater," she admits, or "a violent partisan," (why are women so proud of partisanship?), or "a careless speaker." Having said this, she considers that she has "advertised herself out of the law," and is free to do someone a bad turn, act wrongly in a good cause, or repeat gossip with conscious inaccuracy. Very often her world forgives her because she has warned them of her peculiarities and they are deceived by what they foolishly think her ingenuousness. Pope knew her very well, and said of her in his catalogue of female failings:—

And she who owns her fault but never
mends,
Because she's honest and the best of
friends.

There is a still more contemptible method of cheating conscience which deceives many. The device is very simple. It consists in openly proclaiming one's faults under the bare misnomer of some distantly allied virtue. "I do like justice," says someone, "and I cannot bear to be done out of my rights." Then they tell a long

story about the trouble they have given over a sixpence. A true comment upon their action would run thus: "I am so abominably mean that I would make any fuss and risk any amount of pain to my neighbors before I would forego the veriest trifle." Again, they will say: "I do think that everyone should do their duty, and I was determined, though I hated to do it, that I would make So-and-so do his." If they want to describe their action at all they ought to say, "I am by nature a tyrant, and I am willing to wear myself out if only I can wring a few paltry acts of submission from any one." Both men and women often say "I speak my mind," or "I feel I must speak the truth," when they ought to say, "I never make the slightest effort to control my natural tendency to verbal cruelty."

The people who discuss their own virtues in the abstract are not, we think, greater bores than those who discuss their own faults. The former are, however, as a rule the better people, for they make some effort for very shame's sake to live up to their boast, while the others have effectually prepared themselves and their friends to expect the worst. Such frankness is prompted by subtlety. It is no plea for forgiveness, but merely a method of saying "*Merci d'avance*" for future indulgence practised by those who have grasped the great fact that the vast majority of men are very simple, and a large proportion when not angry are very kind. "Thou shalt not hide" is a commandment more generally recognized by the commonplace moralist than "Thou shalt not be found out."

It is curious to reflect that a public opinion which is so kind to a man or woman who "owns up" about the things which may be said to concern his or her soul is so harsh to the convert where intellectual matters are concerned. If a man has begun life

with a false conclusion, and comes in later years to repudiate it, he gets little indulgence from any one, and often appears to be ashamed of himself. His former co-believers usually regard him as a turncoat. We all believe ourselves to be followers of Truth, but it would never occur to us to forgive a stumbling fellow-disciple ten times a day! Indeed we most of us feel in-

The Spectator.

wardly that a man should stick to his errors rather than keep changing his opinions. As a matter of fact we are all very doubtful outside the region of morals where truth lies, and we think stability of more importance than conclusion. Morality is in theory the one subject upon which nothing can be said absolutely. In practice it is the only thing about which we are all agreed.

PHRASES OF THE FEMININE FICTIONIST.

Fiction is to-day mainly written by women; and it is already possible to compile an anthology of words and phrases used and understood by women alone.

"Man-like" is a woman's word; so is "friendly-wise," and "alright." No male author would make the heroine say "I am a very woman!" It is the women authors, too, who ruin the hero every week by "a paper found in the left-hand drawer of an old bureau."

Heroines lead an anxious and harassed life. Young persons "sweep up" when out for the evening; ladies when exceptionally tender "flute"; and girls, on the slightest provocation, "pant." "I shall have the world at my feet one day," Rachel panted, 'clapping and applauding me to the echo . . . the world!' Heroines do things in brackets. They speak (gloomily) and (grudgingly) and (archly). Grand-uncles are addressed (yearningly). Heroines do not reply; they "flash." The best heroines "ripple." "'How man-like!' Aminta rippled."

Heroines and ladies going into the magazines to say that their heart will find "its king" are "not exactly beautiful." Though there is ever something about them which lures the careless passer-by to look again, their face is "not quite flawless," and the best heroines suffer from a nose which is "not

quite a perfect one." Secure in the possession of "a woman's true heart," they discover "a Foul Wrong," defeat Scotland Yard, and engage in detecting crime in Ross-shire. They cast a glamour over legal gentlemen and a respectable family solicitor, a dry man, a bachelor given to charging six-and-eightpence, departed so far from professional practice as to say that it was not for him to read the secrets of a woman's heart—subsequently forgetting to charge Miss Myrtle thirteen-and-fourpence "to advising you to take your own way."

"Dainty" is a woman's word. It is used equally of an authentic collection of Goss China, the property of one Geneviève, and of a practical tablecloth, belonging to "a poor dressmaker with a dear, old face." Some girls are possessed of "a dainty figure"; and, in shaking hands, heroines give melancholy young gentlemen a "dainty hand in friendly-wise." They live with the tea-cup permanently in their womanly fingers; tepid tea and insubstantial bread are technically referred to as "a dainty meal."

Faces are "proud"; and ladies with an imperfect nose have "a pure, proud, lovely woman's face, with glorious soul-lit eyes." Heroines are "slight." Chairs, on the other hand, are "deep"; and after the accident of a sprained

ankle you "almost carry Elsie's slight figure to a deep chair."

In the important matter of costume, emotional dresses are worn and virginal thoughts go with white frocks. "Clinging white draperies" are essential to the heroine, and "colors" are not worn.

Eyes are extremely significant. The heroines have "glorious, dark-blue, soul-lit, womanly eyes." Ladies of a villainous type, on the other hand, are recognizable by their "green eyes." On encountering at a country house eyes "scintillating like emeralds," a bachelor should despatch a telegram summoning himself to the death-bed of "his grand aunt, Barbara Batley." In Chapter Thirty-Four Green Eyes are "unmasked." Heroines with "pansy eyes," ladies with orbs "misty with unshed tears," are dedicate and unlike anything on earth. Though they have shortened their hair and lengthened their skirts, "as yet no thought of love has entered their bright young lives," and "all that seemed too far away from their young glorious thoughts."

Gentlemen with "the most expressive dark eyes" lead a harassed life.

The hero is a clod, a thing stuffed out with straw. It is the business and profession of a hero to come into accidents; his occupation is to tumble off his horse; he needs "womanly care and compassion." He goes over cliffs; he is sand-bagged; he runs a hook into his "poor hand" while fraudulently pretending to fish, and he "almost faints." Awakened out of a "swoon" by the application of cold water, he sees a face whose "beauty is graven for ever on the tablets of his memory." He says "'For pity's sake let me in' . . . A face was pressed against the window-pane . . . ghastly, pallid, with white lips and eyes that gazed in unseeing fashion." In fact, there had been a fall of snow. She chafes

his "half-frozen fingers. He was helpless as a babe." The general helplessness of heroes is their prevailing note. Barristers are briefless. Man is good in so far as he approaches a distinctly feminine type, and the ideal is to be "a very woman." The best men, persons with well-kept hands, are distinguished by "a touch as tender as a woman's." Colonels and Majors who delimitate frontiers and hunt "big game" have "a mouth as sweet as a girl's." The eyes of Colonel Melcombe are "luminous with sympathy"; the war-worn veteran weeps "like a babe."

Then there is the Wretch and the Brute. His wife is a "deeply wronged woman." The Brute has "a retreating chin." But . . . "there is no hint of weakness about his sister, albeit she was altogether sweet and womanly." Often they are men with green eyes, with "dark olive faces," and a cigar. The Brute "grinds his teeth." "His evil passions were thoroughly roused; they swept his soul like a blasting flame." The Wretch is greedy, and when you write of him, the feminine language runs naturally into terms of eating and metaphors of gross gluttony. "He kept his eyes on the hall-door like a chained wolf on meat beyond his reach."

Burglary is venial, and so is blood-letting. There are viler things against the Brute, and dark matters which cannot be expiated by retiring to South America or taking "a solemn oath." "Against my guardian's wish . . . almost in defiance of her authority . . . I married the man I loved. He proved to be a gambler . . . and worse!" This degraded person, in fact, had sworn at his wife; and was generally "a most determined, unscrupulous man." He dies in Chapter Twenty-Eight. And wasn't he "horrid"!

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A piquant little love-story with an Italian setting is "The Contessa's Sister" by Gardner Teall. It is told in a pleasant, leisurely fashion by the hero, an American of taste, wit and fortune, who possesses himself of a villa on the island of Capri, and settles himself to the enjoyment of local color and cooking with no suspicion of the disturbance to be made in his plans by a chance turn of his telescope toward the Contessa's balcony. An opportune letter from home introduces him to the circle from which he had intended to hold aloof, and the path of romance proves not too difficult, though a German baron is found blocking it. An English spinster joins with the baron in providing touches of sprightly comedy, the Caprese servants are delightfully described, and the book is clever, entertaining and satisfactory from beginning to end—a real gem of its kind. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Having already grouped certain of his essays under the whimsical designations "On Nothing" and "On Everything," Mr. H. Belloc now presents a third volume "On Something." The titles are somewhat arbitrary. They might be shifted about without confusion, and the essays "On Something" be described as "On Nothing" or "On Everything." But titles do not matter. They may be accepted as harmless caprices of the author; and no one will quarrel with them so long as each of the three volumes presents twenty or thirty papers,—in the present instance, thirty—on a wide variety of subjects, pervaded by a gentle humor and an unforced sentiment, and making altogether a group of sketches which it is a delight to read, and a still greater delight to read aloud. It is well that public and parlia-

mentary activities do not wholly extinguish the literary gift: Augustine Birrell, to be sure, has almost ceased to "birrell" since he took on the cares of state; but Sir James Yoxall, Mr. Malcolm, and Mr. Belloc have not forgotten the claims of their readers. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Molly Elliot Seawell's "The Ladies' Battle" (The Macmillan Co.) is a contribution to the discussion of woman suffrage from the point of view of a woman who not only does not want the ballot but has definite and well-considered grounds for her opposition to the grant of it. It is terse and pungent, and thoroughly up to date, for it touches upon an incident so recent as the trouble which the London suffragettes experienced in getting possession of their skating rink, on the occasion of the census strike, April 2d of this year. The two basic reasons which Miss Seawell puts forward against woman suffrage in the United States are, First, that no electorate has ever existed or ever can exist which cannot execute its own laws; and Second, that no voter has ever claimed, or ever can claim, maintenance from another voter. The first of these arguments is familiar, but the second is new, especially in the way in which Miss Seawell presents it. Incidentally, she shows that in some of the suffrage states, women are not only jointly responsible with their husbands for the support of children, but may even be divorced for non-support of their husbands. Whether the reader agrees or disagrees with Miss Seawell's conclusions, he will at least not find her book dull: it is the more effective for not being discursive.

Professor Henri Bergson's important work on "Creative Evolution" is presented to American readers in an

authorized translation by Arthur Mitchell, Ph.D. (Henry Holt & Co.). While its first appeal is to students of science and philosophy, its clearness of reasoning and statement commends it also to the general reader, provided he be not disinclined to serious thought. Professor Bergson is dissatisfied with all of the categories of thought as applied to the things of life. He finds them all too narrow. "Around our conceptual and logical thought," he says, "is a vague nebulousity made of the very substance out of which has been formed the very nucleus. That we call the intellect. Therein reside powers complementary to the understanding. The theory of knowledge and the theory of life must interact. Together they must solve, by a method more sure, the great problems that philosophy poses." Life he defines as "more than anything else a tendency to act on inert matter." Of consciousness he affirms that it is essentially free; its destiny is not bound up with the destiny of cerebral matter, and it is distinct from the organism which it animates. All organized beings, from the humblest to the highest, evidence a single impulsion. The meaning of evolution, as he sums it up in a characteristic paragraph, is this: "All the living hold together, and all yield to the same tremendous push. The animal takes its stand on the plant, man bestrides animality, and the whole of humanity, in space and in time, is one immense army, galloping beside and before and behind each of us in an overwhelming charge, able to beat down every resistance and clear the most formidable obstacles, perhaps even death."

Far more fascinating than a novel is the study of economic possibilities which William Carleton names "One Way Out: A Middle-Class New-Englander Emigrates to America." Told in the first person, it describes the ex-

periences of a man of thirty-eight, employed since his boyhood in clerical work for a large manufacturing company, who loses his job through pressure from below, and becomes almost desperate at the difficulty of finding another. Convinced that the men who are really achieving independence are the emigrants here, he decides to put himself in their position, to pack up, go down to the dock—but ten miles away—and start from there. His capable, courageous wife is in full sympathy with him, and the smack of adventure appeals to their eleven-year-old boy. Fortunate in having no relatives to oppose their plan, and evading the curiosity of their neighbors, they sell most of their furnishings, and hire a four-room flat in the Italian quarter of the city. Carleton buys a pair of overalls and presents himself at the office of a contractor's agent, and is at once engaged on a subway shovelling job at a dollar and a half a day, remarking philosophically to his wife that he would as soon dig in Massachusetts as in Montana. The freedom from conventional restrictions and obligations which is at once felt by all three, enables them to spend for necessities only, and they begin to put by a little money regularly—a feat which they had never accomplished on thirty dollars a week. Details of domestic expenses, with bills of fare, fill some appetizing pages. Descriptions follow of the opportunities for evening entertainment and education which the city offers to those not too proud to use them. But the main interest of the narrative lies in Carleton's gradual advancement from a day-laborer to a foreman, and finally to a contractor. Its probability will be questioned at points, but the general principles which the writer lays down, in sensible, everyday language, serve as a substantial foundation for his facts. Small, Maynard & Co.

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {
VOLUME LI.

No. 3490 May 27, 1911

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

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AN ARAB SONG.

Saadi, the Poet, stood up, and he put
forth his living words;
His songs were the hurtling of spears
and his figures the flashing of
swords.

With hearts dilated our tribe saw the
creature of Saadi's mind;
It was like to the horse of a king, a
creature of fire and of wind.

Uimamah, my loved one, was by me:
without love did my eyes see my
fawn,

And if fire there were in her being, for
me its splendor was gone.

When the sun storms on the tent it
makes waste the fire of the grass:
It was thus with my loved one's beauty
—the splendor of song made it
pass.

The desert, the march, and the onset—
these, and these only, avail:

Hands hard with the handling of spear-
shafts, brows white with the press
of the mail.

And as for the kisses of women, these
are honey, the poet sings,
But the honey of kisses, beloved, it is
lime for the spirit's wings.

Pedraic Colum.

The Nation.

YET IF HIS MAJESTY, OUR SOV-
EREIGN LORD.

Yet if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,

And say, "I'll be your guest to-morrow
night,"

How should we stir ourselves, call and
command

All hands to work! "Let no man idle
stand.

"Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;

Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no
meat.

See every scone and candlestick made
bright,

That without tapers they may give a
light.

"Look to the presence; are the carpets
spread,
The dazle o'er the head,
The cushions on the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the
stairs?

Perfume the chambers, and in any
case

Let each man give attendance in his
place!"

Thus, if the king were coming, would
we do,

And 'twere good reason too;

For 'tis a duteous thing

To show all honor to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labor lost.

But at the coming of the King of
Heaven

All's set at six and seven:

We wallow in our sin,

Christ cannot find a chamber in the
inn.

We entertain Him always like a
stranger,

And, as at first, still lodge Him in a
manger.

THE ENEMIES.

I could have sung as sweet as any
lark

Who in unfettered skies doth find
him blest,

And sings to leaning angels prayer and
praise,

For in God's garden the most lowly
nest.

But came the cares—a gray and
stinging throng

Of lilliputian foes, whose thrust and
dart

Did blind my eyes and hush my song
in tears;

Their brushing wings flung poison to
my heart.

I could have fought, in truth, a goodly
fight,

Braved death, nor feared defeat be-
fore one foe;

Against these puny cares I strive in
vain,

They sting my soul unto its over-
throw.

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

CHARLOTTE AND EMILY BRONTË.

Never before recent years has a work of English literature received such appreciation from a French writer as English readers may accept. We meet the Abbé Dimnet, for example, in his book *Les Sœurs Brontë*, face to face, and read his reading with level interest and equal respect; not condescending, and with no necessity for nimble change of mental place, with no look askance upon the difference and the difficulty. If it seems too much to say that this had not been possible in former years, let the reader turn to Taine's pages on Charles Dickens. More than an inability in regard to language it was that led Taine, a citizen of a nation capable of some certain forms of humor, to write of Augustus Moddle in *Martin Chuzzlewit*—our Moddle—as a terrible figure of insanity. "Augustus, the gloomy maniac, makes us shudder," says the illustrious French critic.

This untimely solemnity, this literal and all-unfanciful resolve to see a figure of fiction and drama as it were "in the round" (as they say in the drawing-schools), to see the back of it and the sides and the perspective, instead of accepting the impression; in a word, this stupid search for the third dimension, must have been due to a mind untrained in any but French, national, local habits of thought and literature. In order to judge English literature well, a French writer must not only know the English language better than Frenchmen were wont to know it, he must know English play as distinct from French, English banter as different from French, the English laugh, the English Falstaff, the English Shallow, Silence, Primrose, Micawber, in short English art. And English art—inimitably humorous—does not insist upon the tragedy of the whole fact. It

takes an odd man in fiction at his face-value, sees him simply and with a single eye. It deals with "every man in his humor"—even the lunatic in his. Not that we need grant to the French critic that Moddle is insane. Miss Pecksniff's quarry is quite a sane young man. He is odd, he is sufficient, he is absurd. And the same may be said of Dickens's veritable lunatics. What! are we, with Taine apparently, to shudder also at Mr. Dick's delusion, at the amours of the gentleman in gaiters who threw the vegetable-marrows over the wall, at the petrification of the intellect that befell Mr. F.'s aunt? If so, away with the art of literature, and let us have these sad cases in the form of a complete and conscientious diagnosis.

M. Dimnet has had a less difficult matter to deal with than was attempted, with so rash a seriousness, by Taine. The later critic has had no humor to apprehend; the work of the Brontës was not humorous but impassioned, and passion speaks the universal tongue, whereas humor laughs and thinks in her own dialect, even when her English is quite pure. But this less difficult task he has done admirably well. He must be in possession of the best traditions of English prose—must indeed be naturalized therein—in order to write with answering dignity of the greatness of Charlotte Brontë's English. Yet, in the biographical part of his work he does well to bring to the forefront his distinctively French judgment. It is a Frenchman and a Catholic, and no Protestant, no Englishman, no Englishwoman, assuredly not Mrs. Gaskell, who can present to us the true Charlotte Brontë in the true Brussels school. (For this purpose we may usefully confound Belgian and French;

for Charlotte's education there was principally in French literature, and indeed the language in common does away with the chief differences of race.) Alone among the innumerable writers who have made their comments upon Charlotte's life and works, M. Dimnet has set down a just judgment upon the bitter woman with her arrogant thoughts of herself and her truthfulness, and her wounding thoughts of others. He, nevertheless, takes up again the whole tradition of the English province when he shrinks with Charlotte into her parsonage and watches with her the duty-ordered, sorrow-broken years go by.

M. Dimnet has the fine sense of English verbs and their characters that causes him to pause for a moment upon the rhetorical primness of these parts of speech as Charlotte Brontë used them in her earlier style. She did, in fact, inherit a manner of English that had been strained beyond rebound, fatigued beyond recovery, by the "corrupt following" of Gibbon; and there was within her a sense of propriety that caused her to conform. Straitened and serious elder daughter of her time, she kept the house of literature. She practised those verbs, to evince, to reside, to intimate, to peruse. She wrote "communicating instruction" for teaching; "an extensive and eligible connection"; "a small competency"; "an establishment on the Continent"; "It operated as a barrier to further intercourse"; and of a child (with a singular unfitness with childhood) "For the toys he possesses he seems to have contracted a partiality amounting to affection." I have been already rebuked for a criticism of Gibbon done by way of parenthesis in the course of an appreciation of some other author. Let me, therefore, repeat that I am writing of the corrupt following of that apostle and not of his own style. Gibbon's grammar is singularly weak, but

the corrupt followers have something worse than bad grammar. Gibbon was fond of "the latter" and "the former." "Oh, do not condemn me to the latter!" cries a lover in Mrs. Inchbald's novel, after a statement of his hopes and fears; and this was wreckage of Gibbon. "After suppressing a competitor who had assumed the purple at Mentz, he refused to gratify his troops with the plunder of the rebellious city," writes the great historian. When Mr. Micawber confesses "gratifying emotions of no common description" he conforms to a lofty and a distant Gibbon. And when an author, in a work on "The Divine Comedy," recently told us that Paolo and Francesca were to receive from Dante "such alleviation as circumstances would allow," that also is a shattered, a waste Gibbon, a waif of Gibbon. Encumbered by this drift and refuse of English, Charlotte Brontë yet achieved the miracle of her vocabulary. It is less wonderful that she should have appeared out of such a parsonage than that she should have arisen out of such a language.

A re-reading of her works is always a new amazing of her old reader who turns back to review the harvest of her English. It must have been with rapture that she claimed her own simplicity. And with what a moderation, how temperately, and how seldom she used her mastery! To the last she has an occasional attachment to her bonds; for she was not only fire and air. In one passage of her life she may remind us of the little colorless and thrifty henbird that Lowell watched nest-building with her mate, and cutting short the flutterings and billings wherewith he would now and then joyously interrupt the business; her building bird was a clergyman. He came, lately affianced, for a week's visit to her parsonage, and she wrote to her friend before his arrival: "My

little plans have been disarranged by an intimation that Mr. — is coming on Monday"; and afterwards, in reference to her sewing, "he hindered me for a full week."

In alternate pages *Villette* is a book of spirit and fire, and a novel of illiberal rancour, of ungenerous, uneducated anger, ungentle, ignoble. In order to forgive its offences, we have to remember in its author's favor not her pure style set free, not her splendor in literature, but rather the immeasurable sorrow of her life. To read of that sorrow again is to open once more a wound which most men perhaps, certainly most women, received into their hearts in childhood. For the *Life of Charlotte Brontë* is one of the first books of biography put into the hands of a child, to whom *Jane Eyre* is allowed only in passages. We are young when we first hear in what narrow beds "the three are laid"—the two sisters and the brother—and in what a bed of living insufferable memories the one left lay alone, reviewing the hours of their death—alone in the sealed house that was only less narrow than their graves. The rich may set apart and dedicate a room, the poor change their street, but Charlotte Brontë, in close captivity of the fortunes of mediocrity, rested in the chair that had been her dying sister's, and held her melancholy bridals in the dining room that had been the scene of terrible and reluctant death.

But closer than the conscious house was the conscious mind. Locked with intricate wards within the unrelaxing and unlapsing thoughts of this lonely sister, dwelt a sorrow inconsolable. It is well for the perpetual fellowship of mankind that no child should read this life, and not take therefrom a perdurable scar. By some means, in some divine economy, the friendship of children who have wept for her may touch her yet, albeit her heart was somewhat

frigid towards childhood, and she died before her motherhood could be born.

Mistress of some of the best prose of her century, Charlotte Brontë was subject to a Lewes, a Chorley, a Miss Martineau: that is, she suffered what in Italian is called *soppressione* in their presence. When she had met six minor contemporary writers—by-products of literature—at dinner, she had a headache and a sleepless night. She writes to her friend that these contributors to the quarterly press are greatly feared in literary London, and there is in her letter a sense of tremor and exhaustion. And what nights did the heads of the critics undergo after the meeting? Lewes, whose own romances are all condoned, all forgiven, by time and oblivion, who gave her lessons, who told her to study Jane Austen? The others, whose reviews doubtless did their proportionate part in still further hunting and harrying the tired English of their day? And before Harriet Martineau she bore herself reverently. Harriet Martineau, albeit a woman of masculine understanding (we may imagine we hear her contemporaries give her the title), could not thread her way safely in and out of two or three negatives, but wrote—about this very Charlotte Brontë: "I did not consider the book a coarse one, though I could not answer for it that there were no traits which, on a second leisurely reading, I might not dislike." Mrs. Gaskell quotes the passage with no consciousness of anything amiss.

As for Lewes's vanished lesson upon the methods of Jane Austen, it served one only sufficient purpose. Itself is not quoted by anyone alive, but Charlotte Brontë's rejoinder adds one to our little treasury of her incomparable pages. If they were twenty, they are twenty-one by the addition of this, written in a long-neglected letter and saved for us by Mr. Shorter's research,

for I believe his is the only record: "What sees keenly, speaks aptly, moves flexibly, it suits her to study; but what throbs fast and full, though hidden, what blood rushes through, what is the unseen seat of life and the sentient target of death—that Miss Austen ignores."

When the author of *Jane Eyre* faltered before six authors, more or less, at dinner in London, was it the writer of her second-class English who was shy? or was it the author of the passages here to follow?—and therefore one for whom the national tongue was much the better? There can be little doubt. The Charlotte Brontë who used the English of a world long corrupted by "one good custom"—the good custom of Gibbon's Latinity grown fatally popular—could at any time hold up her head amongst her reviewers; for her there was no sensitive interior solitude in that society. She who cowered was the Charlotte who made Rochester recall "the simple yet sagacious grace" of Jane's first smile; she who wrote: "I looked at my love; it shivered in my heart like a suffering child in a cold cradle"; who wrote: "To see what a heavy lid day slowly lifted, what a wan glance she flung upon the hills, you would have thought the sun's fire quenched in last night's floods." This new genius was solitary and afraid, and touched to the quick by the eyes and voice of judges. In her worse style there was no "quick." Latin-English, whether scholarly or unscholarly, is the mediate tongue. An unscholarly Latin-English is proof against the world. The scholarly Latin-English wherefrom it is disastrously derived is, in its own nobler measure, a defence against more august assaults than those of criticism. In the strength of it did Johnson hold parley with his profounder sorrows—hold parley (by his phrase), make terms (by his definition), give

them at last lodging and entertainment after sentence and treaty.

And the meaner office of protection against reviewers and the world was doubtless done by the meaner Latinity. The author of the phrase "The child contracted a partiality for his toys" had no need to fear any authors she might meet at dinner. Against Charlotte Brontë's sorrows her worse manner of English never stands for a moment. Those vain phrases fall from before her face and her bared heart. To the heart, to the heart she took the shafts of her griefs. She tells them therefore as she suffered them, vitally and mortally. "A great change approached. Affliction came in that shape which to anticipate is dread; to look back on, grief. My sister Emily first declined. Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She made haste to leave us." "I remembered where the three were laid—in what narrow, dark dwellings." "Do you know this place? No, you never saw it; but you recognize the nature of these trees, this foliage—the cypress, the willow, the yew. Stone crosses like these are not unfamiliar to you, nor are these dim garlands of everlasting flowers. Here is the place." "Then the watcher approaches the patient's pillow, and sees a new and strange moulding of the familiar features, feels at once that the insufferable moment draws nigh." In the same passage comes another single word of genius, "the sound that so wastes our strength." And, fine as "wastes," is the "wronged" of another sentence—"some wronged and fettered wild beast or bird."

It is easy to gather such words, more difficult to separate the best from such a mingled page as that on "Imagination:" "A spirit, softer and better than human reason, had descended with quiet flight to the waste;" and

"My hunger has this good angel appeased with food sweet and strange;" and "This daughter of Heaven remembered me to-night; she saw me weep, and she came with comfort; 'Sleep,' she said, 'sleep sweetly—I gild thy dreams.'" But here and there this one page has somewhat too easy and too loose a diction. Never does the true simplicity wear this aspect of excessive ease; this, for example, is simple and perfect: "Was this feeling dead? I do not know, but it was buried. Sometimes I thought the tomb unquiet."

Perhaps the most "eloquent" pages are unluckily those wherein we miss the friction—friction of water to the oar, friction of air to the pinion—friction that sensibly proves the use, the buoyancy, the act of language. Sometimes an easy eloquence resembles the easy labors of the daughters of Danaus. To draw water in a sieve is an easy art, rapid and relaxed.

But no laxity is ever, I think, to be found in her brief passages of landscape. "The keen, still cold of the morning was succeeded, later in the day, by a sharp breathing from the Russian Wastes; the cold zone sighed over the temperate zone and froze it fast." "Not till the destroying angel of tempest had achieved his perfect work would he fold the wings whose waft was thunder, the tremor of whose plumes was storm." "The night is not calm: the equinox still struggles in its storms. The wild rains of the day are abated: the great single cloud disappears and rolls away from Heaven, not passing and leaving a sea all sapphire, but tossed buoyant before a continued, long-sounding, high-rushing moonlight tempest. . . . No Endymion will watch for his goddess to-night: there are no flocks on the mountains." See, too, this ocean: "The sway of the whole Great Deep above a herd of whales rushing through the livid and liquid

thunder down from the frozen zone." And this promise of the visionary Shirley: "I am to be walking by myself on deck, rather late of an August evening, watching and being watched by a full harvest moon: something is to rise white on the surface of the sea, over which that moon mounts silent, and hangs glorious. . . . I think I hear it cry with an articulate voice. . . . I show you an image fair as alabaster emerging from the dim wave."

Charlotte Brontë knew well the experience of dreams. She seems to have undergone that inevitable dream of mourners—the human dream of the Labyrinth, shall I call it? the uncertain spiritual journey in search of the waiting and sequestered dead, which is the obscure subject of the "Eurydice" of Coventry Patmore's Odes. There is the lately dead, in exile, remote, betrayed, foreign, sad, indifferent, forsaken by some vague malice or neglect, sought by troubled love astray.

In Charlotte Brontë's page there is an autumnal and tempestuous dream. "A nameless experience that had the hue, the mien, the terror, the very tone of a visitation from eternity. . . . Suffering brewed in temporal or calculable measure tastes not as this suffering tasted." Finally, is there any need to cite the passage of *Jane Eyre* that contains the avowal, the vigil in the garden? Those are not words to be forgotten. Some tell you that a fine style will give you the memory of a scene and not of the recording words that are the author's means. And others again would have the phrase to be remembered foremost. Here, then, in *Jane Eyre*, are both memories equal. The night is perceived, the phrase is an experience; both have their place in the reader's irrevocable past. "Custom intervened between me and what I naturally and inevitably loved." "Jane, do you hear that nightingale singing in the wood?" "A waft of wind came

sweeping down the laurel walk, and trembled through the boughs of the chestnut; it wandered away to an infinite distance. . . . The nightingale's voice was then the only voice of the hour; in listening I again wept."

Whereas Charlotte Brontë walked, with exultation and enterprise, upon the road of symbols, under the guidance of her own visiting genius, Emily seldom or never went out upon those avenues. She was one who practised little or no imagery. Her style had the key of an inner prose which seems to leave imagery behind in the way of approaches—the appavelled and arrayed approaches and ritual of literature—and so to go further and to be admitted among simple realities and antitypes.

Charlotte Brontë also knew that simple goal, but she loved her imagery. In the passage of *Jane Eyre* that tells of the return to Thornfield Hall, in ruins by fire, she bespeaks her reader's romantic attention to an image which in truth is not all golden. She has moments, on the other hand, of pure narrative, whereof each word is such a key as I spoke of but now, and unlocks an inner and an inner plain door of spiritual realities. There is, perhaps, no author who, simply telling what happened, tells it with so great a significance: "Jane, did you hear that nightingale singing in the wood?" and "She made haste to leave us." But her characteristic calling is to images, those avenues and temples oracular, and to the vision of symbols.

You may hear the poet of great imagery praised as a great mystic. Nevertheless, although a great mystical poet makes images, he does not do so in his greatest moments. He is a great mystic, because he has a full vision of the mystery of realities, not because he has a clear invention of similitudes.

Of many thousand kisses the poor last,
and

Now with his love, now in the cold
grave

are lines on the yonder side of imagery.
So is this line also—

Sad with the promise of a different
sun,

and

Piteous passion keen at having found,
After exceeding ill, a little good.

Shakespeare, Chaucer and Patmore yield us these great examples. Imagery is for the time when, as in these lines, the shock of feeling (which must needs pass, as the heart beats and pauses) is gone by:

Thy heart with dead winged innocences
filled,
Even as a nest with birds,
After the old ones by the hawk are
killed.

I cite these last lines because they are lines of imagery in a poem that without them would be insupportably close to spiritual facts; and because it seems to prove with what a yielding hand at play the poet of realities holds his symbols for a while. A great writer is both a major and a minor mystic, in the self-same poem; now suddenly close to his mystery (which is his greater moment) and anon making it mysterious with imagery (which is the moment of his most splendid lines).

The student passes delighted through the several courts of poetry, from the outer to the inner, from riches to more imaginative riches, and from decoration to more complex decoration; and prepares himself for the greater opulence of the innermost chamber. But when he crosses the last threshold he finds this midmost sanctuary to be a hypæthral temple, and in its custody and care a simple earth and a space of sky.

Emily Brontë seems to have a quite

unparalleled unconsciousness of the delays, the charms, the pauses and preparations of imagery. Her strength does not dally with the parenthesis, and her simplicity is ignorant of those rites. Her lesser work, therefore, is plain narrative, and her greater work is no more. On the hither side—the daily side—of imagery she is still a strong and solitary writer; on the yonder side she has written some of the most mysterious passages in all plain prose. And with what direct and incommunicable art! “‘Let me alone, let me alone,’ said Catherine. ‘If I’ve done wrong, I’m dying for it. You left me too . . . I forgive you. Forgive me!’ ‘It is hard to forgive, and to look at those eyes and feel those wasted hands,’ he answered. ‘Kiss me again, and don’t let me see your eyes! I forgive what you have done to me. I love my murderer—but *yours*! How can I?’ They were silent, their faces hid against each other, and washed by each other’s tears.” “So much the worse for me that I am strong,” cries Heathcliff in the same scene. “Do I want to live? What kind of living will it be when you— Oh God, would you like to live with your soul in the grave?”

Charlotte Brontë’s noblest passages are her own speech or the speech of one like herself acting the central part in the dreams and dramas of emotion that she had kept from her girlhood—the unavowed custom of the ordinary girl by her so splendidly avowed in a confidence that comprised the world. Emily had no such confessions to publish. She contrived—but the word does not befit her singular spirit of liberty, that knew nothing of stealth—to remove herself from the world; as her person left no image, so her “I” is not heard in literature. She lends her voice in disguise to her men and women; the first narrator of her great romance is a young man, the second a servant woman; this one or that among

the actors takes up the story, and her great words sound at times in paltry mouths. It is then that for a moment her reader seems about to come into her immediate presence, but by a fiction she denies herself to him. To a somewhat trivial girl (or a girl who would be trivial in any other book, but Emily Brontë seems unable to create anything consistently meagre or common)—to Isabella Linton she commits one of the most memorable passages of her work, and one which has the rare image—I had almost written the only image, so rare is it: “His attention was roused, I saw, for his eyes rained down tears among the ashes. . . . The clouded windows of hell flashed for a moment towards me; the fiend which usually looked out was so dimmed and drowned.” But in Heathcliff’s own speech there is no veil or circumstance. “I’m too happy; and yet I’m not happy enough. My soul’s bliss kills my body, but does not satisfy itself.” “I have to remind myself to breathe, and almost to remind my heart to beat.” “Being alone, and conscious two yards of loose earth was the sole barrier between us, I have said to myself; ‘I’ll have her in my arms again.’ If she be cold, I’ll think it is this north wind that chills me; and if she be motionless, it is sleep.” What art, moreover, what knowledge, what a fresh ear for the clash of repetition; what a chime in that phrase: “I dreamt I was sleeping the last sleep by that sleeper, with my heart stopped, and my cheek frozen against hers.”

Emily Brontë was no student of books. It was not from among the fruits of any other author’s labor that she gathered these eminent words. But I think I have found the suggestion of this action of Heathcliff’s—the disinterment. Not in any inspiring ancient Irish legend, as has been suggested, did Emily Brontë take her incident; she found it (but she made, and did not

find, its beauty) in a mere costume romance of Bulwer Lytton, whom Charlotte Brontë, as we know, did not admire. And Emily showed no sign whatever of admiration when she did him so much honor as to borrow the action of his studio-bravo.

Heathcliff's love for Catherine's past childhood is one of the profound surprises of this unparalleled book; it is to call her childish ghost—the ghost of the little girl—when she has been a dead adult woman twenty years that the inhuman lover opens the window of the house on the Heights. Something is this that the reader knew not how to look for. Another thing known to genius and beyond a reader's hope is the tempestuous purity of those passions. This wild quality of purity has a counterpart in the brief passages of nature that make the summers, the waters, the woods, and the windy heights of that murderous story seem so sweet. The "beck" that was audible beyond the hills after rain, the "heath on the top of Wuthering Heights" whereon, in her dream of Heaven, Catherine, flung out by angry angels, awoke sobbing for joy; the bird whose feathers she—delirious creature—plucks from the pillow of her death-bed ("This—I should know it among a thousand—it's a lapwing's. Bonny bird; wheeling over our heads in the middle of the moor. It wanted to get to its nest, for the clouds had touched the swells and it felt rain coming"); the two only white spots of snow left on all the moors, and the brooks brim-full; the old apple-trees, the smell of stocks and wall-flowers in the brief summer,

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the few fir trees by Catherine's window-bars, the early moon—I know not where are landscapes more exquisite and natural. And among the signs of death where is any fresher than the window seen from the garden to be swinging open in the morning, when Heathcliff lay within, dead and drenched with rain?

None of these things are presented by images. Nor is that signal passage wherewith the book comes to a close. Be it permitted to cite it here again. It has taken its place, it is among the paragons of our literature. Our language will not lapse or derogate while this prose stands for appeal: "I lingered . . . under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth."

Finally, of Emily Brontë's face the world holds no reflection, and of her aspect little written record. Wild fugitive, she vanished, she escaped, she broke away, exiled by the neglect of her contemporaries, banished by their disrespect, outlawed by their contempt, dismissed by their indifference. And such an one was she as might rather have taken for her own the sentence pronounced by Coriolanus under sentence of expulsion; she might have driven the world from before her face and cast it out from her presence as he condemned his Romans: "*I banish you.*"

Alfred Maymell.

THE KING'S CHAMPION.

The elaborate formalities which have accompanied the coronation of our monarchs through so many ages include many customs of great antiquity, the most curious and impressive of them all being the appearance of an armed and mounted champion, who offered to do battle with any one who should dispute the right of the sovereign to the Crown.

The office of champion is a survival of the ancient rite of the "ordeal by battle," one of the oldest and most widespread of judicial superstitions. In the following quotation from *The Dooms of Ine* (A.D. 688-725) we have the earliest direct reference to this custom: "There stands no other purgation in an accusation by a Saxon against a stranger save the ordeal." The Church, both in England and on the Continent, early adopted this pagan tribal custom as a Christian ceremony. Royal champions are mentioned as early as the days of Charlemagne, and Otto the First employed them in deciding the succession to the Empire. Doomsday Book contains many entries of cases where men offered to prove their rights or the rights of their lords by the ordeal of battle.

The right of a person charged with treason or capital felony to choose trial either by jury or by wager of battle was legal as late as 1819, when one Thornton, who was charged with the murder of Miss Ashworth, summoned his accuser, the victim's brother, to a trial by combat. After the issue of this challenge the case was not proceeded with, and the right of appeal to a wager of battle was abolished.

The office of king's champion in this country dates back to the time of William the First, who granted the castle and town of Tamworth and the manor of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire to Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye in Normandy, on condition that he and

his heirs performed the service of champion to the kings on the day of their coronation. The Marmions thereafter continued to grow in wealth and power until the death, in 1292, of the fifth baron, Phillip, who left two daughters but no male issue. The Tamworth estates passed to the elder daughter, Margery, who married Alexander de Frevile; the younger daughter, Joan, married Sir Thomas de Ludlow, who succeeded to the manor of Scrivelsby, and their only daughter wedded Sir John Dymoke, a knight of Gloucestershire, an ancestor of whom, fifty years before the Conquest, had married a daughter of the Prince of North Wales. The name Dymoke or Dymock is undeniably of Welsh origin, and Sir Bernard Burke has traced the family back to Tudor Trevor, lord of Hereford and Whittington, and the founder of the tribes of the Marches.

At the coronation of Richard II. Sir Baldwin de Frevile, a descendant of Philip de Marmion's elder daughter, claimed the championship as lord of Tamworth, and on the day of the ceremony rode, fully armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, there to offer combat to any who should gainsay the king's title. His claim was, however, disputed by Sir John Dymoke, lord of the manor of Scrivelsby, who was finally adjudged to be the rightful champion on the ground that the office was holden only by knight-service, and was attached to the manor of Scrivelsby. At the coronation of Henry IV. the then representative of the De Freviles revived the claim against Dame Margaret Dymoke, the widow of Sir John Dymoke, who asserted that she held Scrivelsby *per baroniam* and as head of the Marmion family. Her plea was successful, and her son Thomas officiated as champion in her place. In the event of the male line falling, the rights and

privileges of the female to perform grand serjeantries in respect to their lands at coronations have always been allowed by the Crown. In some instances the serjeantries were performed by the claimant in person, as in the case of Ela, Countess of Warwick, who held the manor of Hoke Norton by the serjeantry of carving before the king on Christmas Day.

There is no official record of the performance of the duties of champion until the coronation of Richard II., when the office was held by Sir John Dymoke, whose motto was "*Dimico pro Rege*." His challenge, we are told, was made in these words: "Yf ther be any man of high degree or low that will saie that this owre soverayne Liege Lorde Richarde, cousin and heire of the Kyng of England, Edward late deceased, ought not of right to be Kyng of England crowned, he is redy now and till the last houre of his brethe with his bodie to bete him like a false man and a traitor on what other daie that shall be apoynted."

Originally the challenge was given before the act of crowning took place; but later, when it became a mere act of state, it was made between the first and second courses of the great banquet which was held in Westminster Hall after the coronation had taken place.

Froissart quaintly tells us that in the midst of the coronation banquet of Henry IV. a "knight appeared called Dymoke, all armed, upon a good horse richly appparelled, and had a knight before him bearing his spear, and his sword by his side, and his dagger. This knight took the king a label, the which was read; therein was contained that if there was either knight, squire, or other gentleman that would say that King Henry was not the rightful king he was there ready to fight with him in that quarrel. That bill was cried by a herald in six places in the Hall and in

the town. There was none that would challenge him."

At the coronation banquet of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Aragon, Hall picturesquely relates that after the second course had been served, there entered Sir Robert Dimmoke, to whom Garter King of Heralds cried, "Sir Knight, from whence come ye, and what is your pretence?" To which his own herald by proclamation replied, "If there be any person of what estate or degree soever he be that will say or prove that King Henry the Eighth is not the rightful inheritor and king of this realm, I, Sir Robert Dimmoke, here his champion, offer my glove to fight in his quarrel with any person to th'utterance."

In the College of Arms is still preserved a portrait of Sir Edward Dymoke, champion of Queen Mary I., in the act of throwing down his gauntlet. He claimed for his fee "one cuppe of gold, the horse and furnytüre with th'armoure which he that day wear-eth, and all other to his furnytüre appertaining, and also xviiij yardes of crymsyn sattynge for his lvery, and full service of meat and drynk belonging to a baron to be conveyed to his lodgynges." He appears to have had some difficulty in getting these various articles, for we find him complaining to Sir William Cecil that he had been bidden to sue for a warrant for them, whereas at the previous coronation his father (Richard Cecil) had delivered to him all his perquisites without a warrant; he preferred, he said, to lose them rather than be driven to sue a warrant for such small things. From the following copy of the bill sent in to Sir William for some of the articles supplied for use at the coronation, it would appear that the champion's hand was more familiar with the "shworde" than the pen:

Item, for a shworde, gerdyll, and scabbard of velvet. . . . xja

Item, for ij purdeynzynes gylte . xjs.
 Item, for a poll-ax xxs.
 Item, for a chasyng staff vjs. viijd.
 Item, for a payre of spowres . xvjs.
 Sm. total, iijl. ivs. viijd.

Pepys notes in his *Diary*, under 28rd April 1661, that it being Coronation Day, he rose about four and got to the Abbey, and with much ado did get up into a great scaffold, where with much patience he sat until eleven, but to his great disgust could not see any of the ceremonies. He afterwards went round to Westminster Hall, and was there more fortunate, for he saw "above all these, three lords, Northumberland, Suffolk, and Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback and staying so all dinner-time, and at last bringing up Dymock, the king's champion, all in armor, with his spear and target carried before him, and a herald proclaims, 'That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a champion would fight with him,' and with these words the champion flings down his gauntlet; and this he does three times in his going up towards the king's table. To which when he is come, the king drinks to him, and then sends him the cup, which is of gold, and he drinks it off and then rides back again with the cup in his hand."

At the coronation of James II. the champion was given a gilt cup in place of one of gold, greatly to his dissatisfaction. The arms he used were a suit of white armor, a pair of gauntlets, a sword, a pair of pistols, an oval shield with his arms painted thereon, a velvet saddle, a breastplate and trappings richly ornamented with gold and silver, a plume of red, white, and blue feathers, and trumpet-banners. These articles were the usual fees; but on this occasion he was required to return them to the Master of the Royal Armory, who paid the champion a fee by way of compensation. At the coronation of

William and Mary he claimed two gold cups for acting as champion for both the king and the queen. On his claiming the usual perquisites at Queen Anne's coronation, he was told that the armor he had used had belonged to Charles II., and could not be given him, but a fee of sixty pounds was ordered to be paid him, which the Board of Ordnance "hoped would be to his satisfaction."

In olden days it had been the custom to claim the arms, horse, and armor only in case a combat ensued; otherwise it was only at the sovereign's pleasure that they became the property of the champion. A combat never has resulted from the challenge, probably greatly to the ease and comfort of modern champions; although the *Gazetteer* for August 1784 says that after the champion had thrown down his gauntlet it was taken up by an old woman, who escaped with it from the Hall, leaving in its place her own glove, in which was a challenge to meet her next day at a specified hour in Hyde Park. This occurrence caused no little amusement in the Hall. Next day, at the appointed place and hour, some one appeared in the same dress, although generally supposed to have been a good swordsman in that disguise; but the champion politely declined to fight with one of the fair sex, and consequently did not put in an appearance. After the Revolution it was frequently a matter of speculation as to what course would be adopted if, as at one time appeared not improbable, the Pretender or one of his friends accepted the challenge and raised the gauntlet. Prynne in his *Ephemers Vitæ* relates another mischance which occurred at this coronation. He says that "when the champion let off his horse to kiss the king's hand he fell down all his length in the Hall, when there was nothing in the way that could visibly cause the same, where-

upon the queen said, "See you, love. what a weak champion you have!" At which the king laughed, but said nothing, and Dymock excused himself by pretending that his armor was heavy, and he himself weak with sickness, which was false, for he was very well, and had had none."

Prior to the Peace of Amiens in 1802 our kings were crowned Kings of France as well as of Great Britain and Ireland, two persons being present to represent the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy. At the coronation of George I. two actors were selected to play the parts of the dukes, and they did homage to the king in the same manner as did the English peers.

As the last appearance of the champion was at the coronation banquet of George IV., the occasion may be deemed of sufficient interest to warrant the following quotation from the *London Magazine* of the day: "After the soup the gates of the Hall were thrown open, and a noble flourish of trumpets announced that the champion was about to enter. He advanced under the gateway on a piebald charger and clad in complete armor. The plumes in his helmet were tri-colored and very magnificent. He bore in his hand a steel gauntlet ready for the challenge. The Duke of Wellington was on his right hand and the Marquess of Anglesea on his left. Having come into the Hall, the herald read the challenge: 'If any person of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, son and next heir to our Sovereign Lord George the Third, the last king deceased, to be right heir to the imperial crown of this United Kingdom, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his champion who saith that he lieth and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with

him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed.' At the conclusion of this challenge the champion hurled the gauntlet on the floor. After a few seconds' pause the herald took up the glove and delivered it to the squire, who kissed it and handed it to the champion. The same ceremony was performed in the middle of the Hall and again at the foot of the royal platform. The king then drank his health and afterwards sent him the cup, and he, taking it, drank to the king."

Sir Walter Scott tells us that "the champion was a fine-looking youth, but bore a little too much the appearance of a maiden-knight to be the challenger of the world in the king's behalf. He threw down his gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and showed as much horsemanship as the crowd of knights and squires around him would permit to be exhibited. His armor was in good taste, but his shield was out of all propriety, being a round rondache, or Highland target, a defensive weapon which it would be impossible to use on horseback, instead of a three-cornered or leather shield which in the time of the tilt was suspended around the neck. However," he concludes, "the young lord of Scrivelsby looked and behaved extremely well."

An amusing incident, to which Sir Walter did not allude, occurred at this ceremony. The champion, in withdrawing from his sovereign's presence, should have backed his horse out of the Hall so that his face should keep towards the king. To prevent any hitch at this part of the ceremony, the Duke of Wellington, who was acting as the Lord High Constable, had hired a specially trained horse from Astley's Circus for Dymock's use; but through some unfortunate perversity the animal obstinately persisted in turning tail and backing towards the king, until it was

slued round in the opposite direction by the grooms.

That the backing of the horses by the champion and his supporters should be graceful and free from any mishap had caused no little anxiety at the coronation of George III. To this end a dress rehearsal of this part of the ceremony had been held in Westminster Hall by the champion and Lord Talbot the day before the coronation. The former rode a gray horse said to have been used by the king at the battle of Dettingen, while Lord Talbot bestrode a very fine bay horse. Notwithstanding the precautions taken, Lord Talbot when entering the Hall beside the champion could not prevent the animal from advancing backwards towards the king, and it was only with considerable difficulty that the attendants could induce it to advance in the orthodox fashion. His lordship was subjected to a considerable amount of chaff anent the incident, and afterwards fought a duel with John Wilkes for making it the subject of an unpalatable joke.

At every coronation from that of Richard II. to George IV. a representative of this ancient family has performed the duties of royal champion. Sir Henry Dymoke, the seventeenth representative of the office, died in 1845. His grandfather, John Dymoke, was champion to George III., but his father, the Rev. John Dymoke, being in Holy Orders at the time of the coronation of George IV., appointed his eldest son, the Henry Dymoke above mentioned, to act as his deputy. On the death of Sir Henry, his brother John succeeded to the championship, in which he was followed by his son, Lionel Henry Dymoke, who died and left a widow but no issue. At the coronation of William IV., owing to the parsimony of a Whig Government, the great banquet at Westminster Hall was dispensed with, and the champion was

not called upon to perform his customary duties. At the two following coronations this precedent was followed, although at the coronation of Edward VII. Frank Dymoke made appearance at the Court of Claims held at Whitehall, and claimed, as owner of the manor of Scrivelsby, to appear as "champion of England," and asked for the revival in his favor of the baronetcy granted to his predecessor in the manor of Scrivelsby, in lieu of rendering services at the last two coronations. The court, however, decided that it had no jurisdiction.

In the church of Scrivelsby are many interesting monuments of the Dymoke family. Whilst the recent restoration of the building was in progress a skeleton was discovered under the floor, the place of the head being occupied by a ball of clay. This is conjectured to be the remains of Sir Thomas Dymoke, who was beheaded by Edward IV. after the battle of "Loosecoat Field." fought near Stamford, when the fugitives threw away their coats to expedite their flight. Since that time the Dymokes have been very zealous supporters of their sovereigns, and suffered for their loyalty, the representative of the family at the time of the Commonwealth being fined two hundred pounds a year and also a sum of four thousand six hundred and sixty-three pounds for his "delinquency." At the Restoration the champion was Sir Charles Dymoke, who was held in high esteem by Charles II.; he was knighted prior to fulfilling his office. His father, who died in 1644, bequeathed two thousand pounds (a large sum in those days) to Charles I.

Standing before the entrance to the old baronial residence at Scrivelsby is the Lion Gateway, over which is a stone lion *passant*, indicative of the official hereditary honor of the house; and in the hall were formerly many of the suits of armor worn by the cham-

pions, together with a large collection of champion cups. After the death of Sir Henry Dymoke much of this fine collection of armor was dispersed. In 1877 a cap-à-pie suit of plate-armor and some horse-armor belonging to the late champion were purchased at Christie's for the collection at Windsor Castle. The cups had been bequeathed to Queen Victoria, but she afterwards bestowed them on the succeeding champion.

The coronation ceremonies have in recent years been considerably curtailed to bring them more in accord
Chambers's Journal.

with modern ideas, but only at the cost of many services which were especially interesting as illustrative of the customs of a bygone age. Among them has been the challenge of the royal champion, which was the most perfect relic of feudal times, and one that had been carried out in its entirety for nearly eight centuries. It cannot but be a matter of regret that an office which is of such peculiar interest has not been retained among the many elaborate ceremonies which still attend the coronation of our sovereigns.

Julian Strange.

THE WILD HEART.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (*Mrs. Francis Blundell*).

CHAPTER XXIX.

Martha could not make up her mind to go to bed at the usual hour, but telling Miss Strickland she had a bit of sewing to finish, promised to join her presently.

"You needn't keep a light burning," she said; "the moon is shining as bright as day—I shan't want a candle when I come up."

Her hands, however, lay inert on her unfolded work after her aunt had left her; she sat gazing out into the still moonlit outer world, thinking, thinking.

Now she seemed to see David's active figure come swinging down the winding lane, and to hear his flute-like whistle; anon he was working in the garden, sitting back on his heels to gaze up at her as she tossed him the rose—that rose which he disdained to wear, which he had brushed aside as he had brushed her aside. Next she recalled the expression of his face when, forgetful of her pride, even of her womanly instincts, she had offered herself to him, begged of him his love

and he had rejected her, not only with scorn but with abhorrence.

Now she understood the reason of that abhorrence—she, who had thus degraded herself, was the widow of the man whom he had murdered; he hated her for the sake of his own misdeed. Yet he could forget both her and poor Dick, he could laugh and talk and frolic—he could even return to the wild ways which had wrecked her life and threatened to work his own undoing.

She had reached this point in her meditations when the sound of heavy steps accompanied by growling, inarticulate conversation reached her ears, and presently two figures halted by the garden gate. A little delay ensued while an evidently unaccustomed hand fumbled with the latch, and then the two proceeded with somewhat devious gait up the narrow path.

The brilliant moonlight revealed to her that one of the figures was that of Sam Strange, while the man on his right was a certain Harry West, her husband's cousin. At first she thought that both were the worse for drink, but

presently discovered that only Sam was in this condition, the other, though evidently excited, being quite sober.

Harry, catching sight of her at the open window, stopped short.

"Is that you, cousin Martha?" he exclaimed. "I didn't reckon on you being up so late. However, 'tis maybe as well—we can get this young gentleman indoor without disturbing your aunt."

"I'll open the door in a minute," said Martha, "though I don't think Sam Strange is fit to come into any decent house in the state he's in."

Sam made some unintelligible protest in rejoinder, endeavoring to assume a dignified air, and almost overturning his supporter in consequence.

"I'd let him lay on the sofa if I was you," observed that individual, as he recovered his balance and holsted Sam over the threshold. "We'll never get him upstairs."

Martha stood by until the youth was installed on the horsehair-covered couch in the living-room, an expression of deep disgust on her face.

"I should think a respectable man like you ought to be ashamed to encourage a lad of his years to make a beast of himself," she exclaimed indignantly.

"Well, that's a nice thing to say," rejoined Harry. "It was but out of good nature I did help him home-along, else he might have been found smothered in a ditch to-morrow. Besides, if I'm to believe what the young chap do say, it's you yourself what drove him to it, cousin Martha. There, he've a-been carryin' on awful. And up at the Cup o' Genuine 'tis a very strange tale what he do tell, mind ye."

Even in the dim light of her ill-trimmed lamp she could note the eager inquiry in his eyes.

"What do you mean?" she cried sharply.

"Well, 'twas a funny notion your

sending the chap to spy on his own sister's husband, and if I'd been him I'm dalled if I'd ha' done what he did do. Blood's thicker nor water—that's what I do think, and that's what I do mean to act on, if you don't, cousin Martha."

"What do you mean?" repeated Martha, this time more faintly, and with palling lips: it formed no part of her plan to allow herself to be forestalled.

"Why, poor Dick was my cousin, as you do know, and the man what killed him had a tattoo-mark on the right arm of two crossed flags and an anchor. It seems that the husband o' Miss Tam-sine Strange—I don't call her Mrs. Davidge, ye see, for I'm not so sure she's a right to that name—it do seem that he's marked on the right arm in the same way. I d' 'low you'd some notion o' that, and sent up Master Sam to make sure."

Martha did not answer.

"I d' 'low you don't mean to let the matter rest there," went on Harry.

"I don't know what I mean to do," answered she, after a long pause.

"If the man's going about what killed Dick West, somebody did ought to make a move," insisted he. "Justice is justice—and then there's the reward. I shouldn't wonder but what that mid be had yet."

The reward! Martha knew what her reward should be. Harry's insinuation infuriated her.

"This is not time to be talking over such things," she cried angrily. "We can make some plan to-morrow. 'Tis time for you to be off home, anyhow."

"If I was to take the trouble off your hands, you an' me mid share"—the man was beginning, when with a thrust of her vigorous arm she pushed him out of the house, shutting the door behind him.

As she was closing and bolting the window he pressed his face against the pane.

"I can see how 'tis," he called out;

"you do want to keep it all for yourself, but I——"

Martha did not wait to hear the rest of the sentence. She jerked down the blind and banged the shutters to. After a moment or two she heard Harry's heavy steps move along the flagged path and gradually lose themselves in the distance.

She sat down, apparently oblivious of Sam's presence, though the little room was echoing with the sound of his stertorous breathing, and, after a brief interval, dismissed the irritating memory of Harry West's repulsive greed. She wanted no blood-money—but she wanted justice; it was she alone who had been injured by David Chant, and it was she alone who should by rights encompass his destruction.

"If you heard the way he's been carrying on," Harry had said, alluding to Sam; perhaps Harry was not the only one to hear and resolve to take action on Sam's revelations.

Perhaps some friend of Tamsine or her husband might be even now hurrying to warn David and thus balk her of her vengeance.

Extinguishing her light, she opened the door and stood a moment or two hesitating. Everything was still, yet it seemed to her that the air was full of voices, that the very rustling of the leaves whispered the secret which was no longer hers. If David Chant should be even now preparing to escape!

She closed the door noiselessly behind her, crept down the path, passed through the little gate, and soon found herself making her way upwards to the downs.

David Chant must not escape! Strange's would be surrounded by the police soon after daybreak—and meanwhile she herself would keep watch. She would take note of his every movement and would track him whithersoever he went.

Thus at the very hour when David

hearkened to the seductive call of the woods, his enemy, following the promptings of her own vengeful heart, was impelled to draw near to his dwelling.

Crouching in the thick clump of gorse, in the shadow of which David had lain on that sunny Sunday midway in his courtship, she watched and listened. She could not, from her place of ambush, see the figures moving in the attic, but she heard the voices of husband and wife, though she was unable to distinguish what they said.

It was past midnight—how came they to be astir at this hour? She listened in tense eagerness, and presently heard, without identifying, the light pattering of feet of the roe deer as they pursued their course to the wood. Another moment she was alert, almost springing from her lair as she noted David's hurrying feet upon the wooden stairs, the bang of the house-door, the whistle. In yet another moment she saw the two flying figures of man and dog climb the brow and vanish into the night. Leaping to her feet, she was instantly on their track. It was hopeless to compete with the extraordinary fleetness of the pair, yet for a time at least she got occasional glimpses of their forms, fitting almost noiselessly in and out of copses and furze clumps.

At length they vanished into the wood proper, and Martha, pausing breathless, owned herself defeated.

Leaning against a tree on the outskirts of the plantation, she asked herself what she should do next. The presence of the dog reassured her to some extent. Had David's object been to escape from justice he would certainly not have chosen a companion which must at once lead to his identification; he was simply at his old tricks—poaching on a night particularly adapted for the purpose. If she waited with patience at this spot, which commanded a full view of the

downs, she would no doubt presently decry him returning with his booty, and, following up her plan, would continue to keep him in sight until her end was attained.

Sitting down under her tree, she waited, taking note neither of the wild life stirring about her nor of that part of nature which seemed to slumber in the midnight stillness.

The night birds were abroad, rabbits were feeding but a stone's throw away from her, somewhere in the rear of the copse a little stream was trickling; but the breeze had died down and the leaves over her head were motionless; the tufts of rank grass in the neighborhood of the copse stood with spears pointing upwards—tiny rigid blades of silver such as fairy warriors might have grasped.

Martha sat hugging her knees, turning her head occasionally from one side to the other, but making no further attempt to move.

By-and-by the moon set and the night was lighted only by myriads of stars, and then there came a kind of sigh passing through the wood, lifting the hair from Martha's forehead, making the grasses rustle; a bird note sounded, and then another, and another; there were stirrings among the boughs, flutterings of small birds, rattlings of heavier wings; then, as the breeze freshened, more distant branches creaked and groaned, one near the heart of the wood grating upon its fellows with almost irritating persistency.

Martha looked about her with fresh alertness. The grass out there in the open, even the leaves over her head were beginning to take color; the day was on the point of breaking.

Suddenly on her quick ear fell the report of a gun-shot followed after an interval by the sound for which she had been waiting during all these hours—the sound of running feet.

Springing up, she rushed to the entrance of the glade, and, looking down its long dusky length, saw a man's figure emerge and pause, outlined against the growing radiance.

He was carrying a burden of some kind across his shoulder and was followed by a deerhound. Depositing his load on the ground, he began to reload his gun, Martha observing him with straining eyes and ears. The operation appeared to be of a complicated nature. He drew first one object and then another from his pockets, and presently there came the rattle and tap of a ramrod. The widow caught her breath quickly; the gun was a muzzle-loader!

Now there came a shout a long way off from the direction of the keeper's house, and the man, catching up his burden, which she now saw to be a roe-buck, set off running, and followed by the hound, which almost seemed to dance along, disappeared into the undergrowth.

Martha made a few irresolute steps to right and to left, uncertain which course to pursue. If she ran to warn the keeper David would have disappeared by the time they got upon his track; on the other hand, how futile it would be for her to pursue him herself! Did not Keeper Meatyard say that once Davidge took to running he could distance both man and beast? A woman would certainly have no chance of overtaking him. In her frenzy she did not ask herself what she should do if she did come up with him, how her strength could cope with his. Her one dread was that, in his endeavor to elude the keeper, he should give the slip to the police.

Suddenly an inspiration came to her; the old lime-kiln where he and Tam-sine had hidden from Shepherd Cornick with such success—what more natural than that he should now make for the same harbor! He might lurk there in

safety until immediate danger was past, and even leave his quarry there until he could return under cover of the darkness to fetch it. Unless the keeper had actually seen him or the dog, he might suppose it to be impossible to verify his suspicions. But David Chant should not escape justice if Martha West could help it!

Even while these thoughts passed through her brain she had begun to run, her wrathful desire seeming to lend her wings. Here was the oak wood now, here was the path which led downward to the chalk-pit; yonder the clump of gorse and briar behind which she had hidden.

Running round the brink of the hollow till she reached the top of the kiln, and drawing aside the brambles, she looked hastily down; he was not there yet. If she should have gone on a wild-goose chase after all!

No! here was the sound of running feet again; perhaps in order to mislead the keeper David was purposely approaching his goal by a circuitous track.

Martha had only just time to dart across to her former place of ambush when he came in sight, running very swiftly, yet with a smile on his face.

Instead of following the winding path which led downwards to the bottom of the hollow, he made straight for the edge, and laying his gun carefully down within a yard of Martha's hand, pushed the dog over the steep side, saying to him the while with a laugh, "Over you go, old chap. That was a near shave. Isn't this fun?"

Martha, crouching in her lair, glanced from the gun, which she instantly recognized as that which had brought death to her young husband, to the face of his destroyer—excited, gleeful, evidently revelling in the adventure.

"Fun!"

With incredible quickness she seized

the gun, leaped to her feet, and just as David was about to let himself down into the hollow, sent the charge into his body.

It seemed to her that his eyes were still full of laughter during the second which intervened before he and the little buck rolled together into the pit.

She paused for a moment, thunder-struck at her own deed, then, in an access of wild terror, flung the gun from her and fled from the wood.

CHAPTER XXX.

Tamsine remained kneeling by the attic window after David had left her. She wept long, and an occasional sob still shook her as she watched the night, hoping always to hear the returning steps of her husband. Her eyes, heavy with tears, took note at length of how the surface of the dewy down grass became silvery gray in the morning twilight. She saw a sparrow or two flit out of the hedge and a starling preening himself on the apex of the cornstack, chattering meanwhile. "He will soon be home now," she thought. And then, suddenly, she knew not how, she fell asleep, her head resting on her arms, which were folded on the narrow sill.

Presently a shot rang out, reverberating over the silent downs.

Tamsine sprang up, broad awake, to find that day had fully dawned, and that the cheerful bustle of the outdoor world had begun. Fowls were clucking in the yard, pigs grunting, old Bob rattling his chain; and here was Shepherd Cornick descending the slope with Jack at his heels—and she was not dressed.

She rose from her knees, stooping lest Cornick should chance to raise his eyes and behold her still in her night gear, but as she entered her own room she heard, to her surprise, the shepherd's voice sounding from beneath her open window.

"Mrs. Davidge, Mrs. Davidge,"—and then, earnestly, "Tamsine."

Having muffled herself in a cloak, she looked out:—

"What is it, Tim?"

"Is your husband awake?"

"Yes, but—he isn't here. He's gone out."

"Lard! of all the unlucky—where to?"

"I don't exactly know," faltered she. "He went towards the woods—before daybreak."

The shepherd clacked his tongue; Tamsine saw that his freckled face was pale.

"Look—see," he said, "we must get hold o' him somehow. They'll be up here lookin' for him afore we can turn round."

"What!" gasped she, falling back against the wall.

"There, poor soul, it's all come out about—well, you know what, I fancy. 'Twas that good-for-nothin' brother o' yours gettin' drinkin' an' talkin' about Davidge at the Cup o' Genuine last night—about the mark on his arm, ye know. And Dick West's cousin Harry did chance to be there, an' they do tell me he's gone off already to Brans-ton for the police."

"Oh, merciful God!" gasped Tamsine, clasping her hands. She had no tears now.

"There, ye must keep up, my dear," said Cornick brokenly for his heart was wrung for the young forlorn creature. "But we mustn't lose a minute. We must search for him all roads. Have ye no notion at all where he mib be?"

Then, as she shook her head, "Maybe the dog 'ud find him."

"He took Swift with him," rejoined she. "I think he's gone after the deer, Tim. Ye know they little roe deer what's up in the big wood? Last night he chanced to look out an' see two or three o' 'em crossing the downs.

They'd been feedin' i' the patch o' oats over yonder——"

"Well, then," interrupted Tim, "I'll run up to the big wood so fast as I can, an' go round by Holl Wood if I don't meet en; he mib come back that way, but you'd best bide here in case he gives me the slip. Pack him out o' this so quick as you can."

"I will, I will," groaned she. "Oh, Tim, hurry, hurry! No, wait; I'll gie ye some money—he'll want that—an' a bit o' food."

Drawing her cloak about her, she hurried downstairs and unlocked the drawer which held such loose cash as she kept in the house, and having hastily wrapped up some bread and meat, thrust the whole into Cornick's hand.

"He'll have to write when he can, so as I mib join him," she said breathlessly.

Cornick turned away, carrying with him the memory of the bare-footed, girlish figure, with the dark hair falling about such a white, terrified face. Tamsine's blue eyes, so piteous now, seemed to haunt him.

"God help her!" he said, and he drew the back of his hand across his own eyes as he broke into a shambling run.

Tamsine dressed with all speed, and then took up her post at the attic window, scanning the downs as she had scanned them during the long hours of the night. Which would approach first, she asked herself—the dark forms of the police who came to drag her husband back to captivity, or David's young, careless figure, strolling homewards in ignorance of his impending doom? What she dreaded most of all was that both should appear simultaneously, and that the pursuers should catch sight of their victim before she had time to warn him. As this thought struck her she turned from the window, and running downstairs and out of the house, climbed to the top of that fold of down which sheltered it,

whence she could obtain a view of both approaches to the house.

All at once her heart stood still. Something was moving yonder in the brake—now it emerged from it—a flying shape—the dog, David's dog, came galloping towards her, rapidly covering the ground by his immense strides; but Tamsine saw that he was alone, and soon perceived that the animal's long-sighted eyes had taken note of her presence and that he was making straight for her.

Now he was upon her, almost knocking her over in the violence of his onslaught, his great paws on her shoulders, his hot breath on her face, his eyes glowing almost red with eagerness. Then in a moment she went staggering back as Swift leaped aside, and wheeling, turned in the direction whence he had come; bounded forward, and then returned, gazing at her beseechingly, making a step or two towards the wood, and evincing an unmistakable desire that she should follow him.

"Good Swift, clever Swift!" cried she, tears springing to her eyes in gratitude to the dumb creature who was her husband's friend.

David had doubtless heard of his danger and was in hiding, and the faithful beast had come to show her his whereabouts.

They ran along together, the dog leaping in advance, but always returning, Tamsine's feet carrying her with a swiftness lent to her by the extremity of fear and desire.

The dog made straight for the oak wood, and presently took a sharp turn to the left, then wheeled to see if Tamsine were following.

"Of course!" exclaimed she, "he's gone to the old lime-kiln—I mid ha' knowed that 'ud be the very place he'd choose."

The dog disappeared over the lip of the hollow, and she came hurrying af-

ter, her eyes fixed on the arched entrance to the kiln, so that she tripped and almost fell over an unexpected obstacle in the path.

It was a gun, David's own gun, thrown down in full view of any passer-by. She was about to stoop and pick it up when a whine from the dog made her look round. He had not approached the kiln, but had run round the tangles of briars beside which the path wound. She could see him crouching on his haunches beside something.

With a cry she hastened forward. There, on the thyme-grown bank where they had so often sat together, lay David, one arm lying feebly across the neck of the great hound, his head pillowed on the russet flank of a dead roe deer.

His eyes met hers as she approached, and he smiled faintly, but she knew that there was death in his face, even before, on throwing herself down beside him, she saw that the mossy sward where he lay was dyed red.

"Oh, David," she gasped, "David, they've shot ye an' left ye here to die. Oh! my God, could anyone be so cruel as that!"

"No, no," he said feebly—" 'twas my own gun."

Even in that supreme moment he maintained the resolution he had taken with regard to the two women; he would not betray Martha nor trouble his wife.

But Tamsine's face was now convulsed with an awful fear; her mind was still running on his pursuers, and she fancied that he had destroyed himself, according to the threat often made in former days, rather than allow himself to fall alive into their hands.

"Oh, may God forgive ye, my poor love!" she groaned. "Is it possible you've taken your own life?" He smiled again, with even something of gentle amusement, such as she had

often seen evoked by her simple speeches.

"An' why should I do that?" he murmured. "Me that was so happy."

He knew nothing—he need never know! Thank God for that.

She threw her arms about him and kissed him, unable to speak, and he kissed her back with the remnant of his strength.

"Yes," he went on, "we've been very happy, haven't we? Yet I d' 'low if I'd ha' lived I mld ha' brought you trouble, love. I was startin' to gie ye trouble even now—How long was we together afore that Sunday when I see'd thik little buck?"

"Three weeks," answered she, with an irrepressible sob.

"Three weeks," he echoed. "Well—we've a-had those three weeks, haven't we?—an' now I've a-had to pay my reckonin'."

A shudder shook her frame. It seemed to her for the moment as if David had been struck down in the very act of revolt by an avenging Heaven, the stiffening form of the dead deer bearing witness to his misdeeds. In some inexplicable way he had doubtless injured himself with his gun. The fate which had overtaken him was the direct consequence of his own sin. To her untutored mind, now clouded by sorrow, the slaughter of the innocent animal, the direct breach of the law, was a crime differing only in degree from the act which had originally cut off David from existence amid his fellows. Her heart stood still within her for a moment, and then her faith, strong and living for all its simplicity, came to her rescue.

"There's mercy above," she said; "God's good."

"Yes, He's good," he acquiesced. "I did pray ye might come to me—I was afear'd I'd have to go wi'out sayin' good-bye, but He let ye come. An'

ye're good—you showed me all the good I ever knowed."

Tamsine sat up, rallying all her strength. If indeed she had been able to help him in the past, surely she could help him now.

Gently edging herself into the place hitherto occupied by the dead roe, she pillowed her husband's head on her lap, and bending over him, looked into his eyes.

"'Tis true, 'tis true that God's good, David," she said earnestly. "He'll forgive ye if ye turn to Him. There's no sins so great that He won't forgive them. He did say Himself—even if they was red as scarlet——"

David looked up with eyes already dim; his lips moved, and she bent closer to catch what he said.

"A thread o' scarlet," he murmured. "Thy lips as a thread o' scarlet, an' thy speech comely." That's in *your* song, Tamsine."

"Oh, David, David," she exclaimed, almost voicelessly. "You mustn't think o' me now—think o' God, the great God you're a-goin' to meet. David, dear David, lift yourself up to Him!"

Her tears dropped upon his face, but he was smiling.

"You—lift me up," he said.

Drawing this inert form a little higher into her embrace so that his head rested on her bosom, she raised her voice in obedience to a sudden inspiration, and began to sing.

She forgot all about the threatened advent of the police; in that solemn moment she scarcely realized her own overwhelming sorrow; she only thought of David's ebbing life and that it behoved her to make the most of the few moments that remained to turn his thoughts to higher things. And David had always loved to hear her sing.

Sitting there, with her world crumbling to ruins about her, she put the whole intensity of her faith and love into the words which were to be the

last he should hear on earth. Her voice steadied itself after the first few bars and floated upwards, piercingly sweet—

"When other comforts fail, and helpers flee

Help of the helpless, O, abide with me."

The silence of the oak copse was invaded by many tramping feet, and birds flew shrieking from the boughs as a number of tall, helmeted forms forced their way into their quiet paradise.

As the police, led by Harry West, advanced, spreading themselves out in line, they became conscious of a curious and unexpected sound—a girl's voice high and clear, singing in rhythmical cadence a hymn which was familiar to them all. Then a sudden discord was introduced by the deep baying of a hound.

"Dalled if that isn't his dog!" exclaimed Harry, as a gray, shaggy form leaped upwards apparently out of a tangle of briars.

"Well, he must be a pretty cool hand," rejoined a constable. "He's gone out for a morning stroll, seemingly, wi' his wife an' his dog, too."

"Hush!" said another, who had walked a step or two in advance. "There's a kind o' hollow here—that's where the dog come from. I believe we've got him all right."

In obedience to the directions of their leader the men surrounded the pit, and drawing close to the edge, peered in. The dog, suddenly silent, slunk back to its master's feet and the girl, still supporting his motionless form, continued her clear, unwavering singing.

As they stared aghast, she stopped, glanced downwards at the face which rested on her breast and drew the lids over the unseeing eyes.

Then she looked up at the ring of curious faces with a sort of smile.

"You may take him now," she said.

For indeed the Wild Heart was quiet at last.

EPILOGUE.

About four years later a woman was making her way rapidly along the rough grass-grown lane which led from Chudbury to the downs, when a sudden turn brought her face to face with a freckle-faced, sandy-bearded man was sitting. The horse was cropping the wayside grass and the cart itself was pushed back under the shadow of the tangled growth which bordered it. The driver had dropped the reins and was placidly smoking on his perch.

It was a May day, very soft and mild, with a light breeze lifting the tendrils of wild rose and honeysuckle which festooned the hedge.

The woman, after one keen glance in the man's face, was about to pass on, when she suddenly wheeled and paused beside him.

"Is that you, Shepherd Cornick?"

He took his pipe out of his mouth and stared before replying.

"Well, there, if 'tisn't Mrs. West! Us thought ye was dead an' buried, Mrs. West, nobody hearin' from ye for so long."

She hesitated, patting the horse's neck idly for a moment, and then looking up with sudden fierceness.

"P'raps it would be better for me if I was," she answered, "but I'm alive—an' likely to live, though there's not a soul that cares whether I do or not."

"Well, poor Miss Strickland did take it very unkind you goin' off like that." Cornick was beginning, when she interrupted him:—

"Oh, I know all about that—everybody's been telling me, but it can't be helped now, and anyhow I don't care what anybody thinks of me," she added defiantly.

"Ah!" said Cornick, commiseratingly. "You was i' hopes o' findin' the poor

would body aliye when you come home, but o' course nobody could write an' tell ye about her bein' took bad, seeln' as ye never gave no address."

"Of course they couldn't," she agreed, without answering his implied question. "Are you working up at Strange's still?" she went on sharply.

"Ees," said the shepherd, tapping his pipe on the edge of the cart. "My mother bides there now to keep Mrs. Chant company, an' I do work for her same as ever."

"Mrs. Chant!" echoed Martha, with a changed expression.

"Ees," rejoined Cornick. "She do feel it right to call herself by her husband's real name."

"I should have thought she'd have been ashamed," said Martha harshly.

A slow flush mounted in the man's weather-beaten face.

"She's no call to be ashamed," he cried, "an' she do know it. There's nobody but what do respect her an' think well of her."

He looked at Martha challengingly, and went on with increasing heat—

"You was never her friend, Mrs. West, an' there's nobody hereabouts but what thought it cruel hard o' ye to gie notice to the Darchester police. Breakin' thik poor young thing's heart wouldn't ha' brought your husband back to ye, an' there's many a one 'ull pass t'other side o' the road rather than speak to Harry West—but in the end neither one nor t'other o' ye done any mischief, for the poor chap shot hisself accidental wi' his own gun afore either lot o' the police could get en."

"Yes, I read about that in the paper," said Martha, in a strangled voice.

At this juncture certain rustling sounds proceeded from the straw at the bottom of the cart, and Cornick immediately lowered his voice.

"There, I didn't ought to ha' spoke so loud wi' the child so sound asleep."

"What child?" ejaculated Martha, falling back.

"Why the mistress's—little David Chant. There, he's awake, sure enough—come an' show yourself, Davy."

Two chubby, sunburnt hands laid hold of the rim of the cart, and were presently surmounted by the laughing face of a little boy about three years old, a bonny little fellow, with a skin that was ruddy as an apple and downy as a peach, and crisp curls of very dark hair. From beneath the black, finely-pencilled eyebrows looked a pair of eyes, clear and fearless, of the color of a hazel sapling in spring.

"His eyes," gasped Martha, "his eyes!"

"Aye," agreed the shepherd, "they're his father's eyes, sure enough. I d' 'low old Maister Cosh 'ud turn i' his grave if he was to know that the next owner o' Strange's was to be a boy wi' eyes like a hawk's, instead o' a blue-eyed maid what he did always fancy there."

"Let I drive, Daddy Cornick," said the child, reaching for the reins.

"Daddy!" exclaimed Martha, laughing harshly. "Is that how the wind blows? Are you going to marry the convict's widow?"

"The wind doesn't blow nohow at all," rejoined the shepherd stolidly. "As for convict's widow, I'd be proud an' glad to have her if she could bring her mind round to me, an' I'll tell you straight out, Mrs. West, as I've axed her time an' again. But I've allus had the same answer, an' now I'll ax her no more. This little chap did call me Daddy of his own accord, an' I do take it as an honor as he should, an' I'll work for him an' his mother faithful so long as I do live an' never think o' bein' nothin' better nor their sarvent. Ees, Davy, Daddy Cornick 'ull let ye drive. 'Tis gettin' on for dinner-time, an' mammy 'ull be lookin' out for

ye. Can I give ye a lift anywheres in this direction, Mrs. West?"

"No, thank you," answered she. "I only just chanced to stroll up this way. I don't know why I did—I don't know why I came to Chudbury—but it's seen the last of me now. Nobody'll ever set eyes on me in these parts again."

The cart went jolting on up the incline, and Martha, standing still, gazed after it.

"Mammy'll be looking out for ye," she repeated. "She's had David's love—an' now she's got his memory and his child. And I've nothing!"

Meanwhile Cornick, jogging up the road, decided to keep his encounter
The Times.

THE END

DAMASCUS.

For the first time I journeyed to Damascus by train. Not that the railway from Beyrout was an innovation—it had existed long before I knew Syria; but I had always ridden in to Damascus out of the eastern or the southern deserts, or marched over the passes of Anti-Libanus with my caravan. No doubt these are the best ways of approaching the Arab capital, but the railway is not without its charm, nor, in mid-winter, without its advantages. Before we were half-way up the steep slopes of Lebanon the snow was falling thickly round us; when we reached the summit, the long opposing ridge of Anti-Libanus rose up before us a barrier of dazzling white; the hollow plain of Coele-Syria was snow-besprinkled, and to the south Mount Hermon gleamed frostily in the January sun. A wintry landscape. My companion in the railway-carriage drew his thick brown cloak more closely about him, and for the twentieth time he asked me whether I thought he would

with Mrs. West a secret from his mistress.

"'Twould maybe hurt her to think o' that hard-hearted 'ooman bein' so near the innocent child," he said to himself. "It did make I feel queer to see the way she did look at en, but there, she'll never trouble us again."

"Daddy Cornick," said little David again, "Isn't this nice, Daddy Cornick?"

"Turr'ble nice, sonny," he rejoined. "*Daddy Cornick!* Well, 'tis somethin' to be a daddy, even if ye be never to have a son o' your own. I'll never have no wife, an' that poor soul up yonder 'ull be a widder all her days—but for all that there's the child between us, thanks be!"

be able to get a glass of tea at the next station.

"Effendim," I replied (also for the twentieth time), "the Arabs know not tea, but coffee will be found."

He wrinkled up his old face into a patient smile and proceeded to expose to me in voluble Turkish the superior comfort of travel in his country, which was Persia, where there was not a posting-house but would supply you with the desired refreshment at an instant's notice; and with that he relapsed into his mother tongue and recited verses from the poets, wherein I caught the words *snow* and *tulip*, and guessed therefrom that they referred to the manifold beauties of nature. He had engaged my sympathies from the moment his servant had bundled him and his immense hold-all, his sole luggage, into the train at Beyrout. No sooner had he given me the salutation and settled himself breathlessly into his corner than he composed his countenance and recited the morning

prayer. When his religious obligations were fulfilled we contrived to hold some converse, what with my scanty Turkish and his yet scantier French.

"My age," said he abruptly, "is sixty-five; I think you must be thirty."

I left it at that, since it seemed to satisfy him,—it represents a heavy weight of years for a woman to carry in the East,—and he took up the matter in French and repeated contentedly, "Soixante-cinq; terente, terente, terente," I wondering meanwhile whether all the information he gathered on his journey were equally valuable and trustworthy. He pressed upon me portions of the bread and sour curds and goat's-milk cheese which, in default of tea, he purchased at every halting-place, and was much grieved because I would not share with him the joys of his hubble-bubble. He, too, was going to Damascus: he would be obliged if I would tell him which was the most commodious hotel. I satisfied him on this head to the best of my ability.

The curds and cheese had not blunted my appetite, as I found when we stopped at the half-way station of Rayyak, where lunch was awaiting us at the buffet. Immediately after leaving Rayyak we entered the narrow gorges of Anti-Libanus, through which I had ridden a couple of times on former journeys. The tiny villages huddled against the flanks of the hills had a familiar air; in spite of the railway they are still very remote from civilization, and their inhabitants belong to a Moslem sect which is noted for fanaticism and ignorance. But the prospect changed when we had topped the summit of the pass and run down to Zebedani, famous for its apples,—I had camped in its orchards when they were as white with scattered blossom as they were now white with snow. My Persian friend scrambled out and bought me a basket of the fruit: small and rather tasteless it is, for all its re-

nown. From Zebedani the line follows the course of the Barada, the Abana of Naaman, through a cleft where the rocks are honeycombed with ancient tombs, and so down a winding valley rich in fruit-gardens and poplar groves, gray and leafless now, against the gray and snow-flecked wall of the hills. The gods of rock and stream had been worshipped here: I should not have liked to confess to my pious companion that I had once poured out a libation of curds over the Roman masonry of a small temple platform on the hillside, where, below a rushing spring, many a passer-by before me and before the Romans had given due meed of thanks and praise.

My thoughts were brought back from prehistoric sacrifice by the insistent present. We had drawn up at a station, and from out the carriage next to mine a boy—he was little more—wearing the uniform of a private soldier was alighting. He kept the muscles of his round beardless face under the strictest control; not a sign of emotion did he exhibit, although a large family party and all his village friends, including the station porter, were eagerly watching his descent on to the platform. Before he would allow himself to embrace his father (the relationship was not difficult to guess) he turned back anxiously to the carriage and received from the hands of his fellow-travellers his miscellaneous baggage—bundles tied up in cotton handkerchiefs, nondescript packages, together with a number of large earthenware jars, such as the Syrian cottager uses for the storing of his drinking water. These jars, being of a highly brittle nature, required delicate handling, and it was not till they had all been placed carefully in a row by the lean and weather-beaten old peasant who was to be the happy recipient of them, that father and son had leisure to greet each other with a kiss on

either cheek. Then came the turn of the porter; next various small males (younger brothers, perhaps, of the gallant soldier) were embraced with much solemnity, and finally a selection of the onlookers was similarly honored. Meanwhile the mother—you had only to see the beaming satisfaction that irradiated her face, and the eyes that followed every movement of the newly-arrived passenger, to know that she was the mother—stood in the centre of the crowd, a stout woman and a plain, except for the happiness that illumined her. She bided her time, but just as the train moved away I saw the boy go up to her and throw his arms round her, and the double kiss was given not once but over and over again. Then suddenly I realized the significance of the scene. They were Christians, these people. That fat old peasant woman with the unveiled face had not come out of a Moslem harem, and they were welcoming back their soldier son, the first Christian soldier I had set eyes on in the Ottoman Empire. I leaned back in my seat with a gasp of surprise, and if my Turkish had been more fluent I would gladly have confided my feelings to the Persian. Christian soldiers! why, of course, I knew that the law enjoining Christians to serve in the army had been passed eighteen months ago, yet its actual execution seemed nothing short of a miracle. How often have we not been told that the Moslem army is the lynchpin of Moslem supremacy, that the Khalif can only be defended by those who believe in his spiritual as well as in his temporal authority, that no Christian can be trusted to follow where a Moslem officer leads nor any Moslem to follow a Christian, and here were these worn-out sophistries fading away before the simple human presence of a recruit embracing his mother. Yet so conservative is the mind of woman that I did not quite re-

cover from astonishment till after the second encounter with the Christian soldiery. I was standing in the shop of a Damascene photographer when the door opened and four privates entered. The photographer kept us waiting, and I fell into talk with him who stood nearest to me.

"Effendim," he said, "we have come for our pictures, for these three are from Cæsarea in Anatolia, and they wish to send their pictures to their family." Now two years ago Cæsarea narrowly escaped the horrors of a massacre.

"And you," I asked, "are you from Damascus?"

"I am from Jerusalem," he answered. "Your Excellency knows Jerusalem the Holy? It is a beautiful city."

"Please God I may return there," I said.

"Please God," said he, and added: "These three are Armenians, and since they speak only Turkish and are newly come, I am their dragoman to interpret for them in the bazaars."

"But you are a Moslem?" said I.

"Praise God," he replied.

"Have you many Christians in your regiment?" I asked.

"Wallah, many!" he affirmed. "They are all Armenians from Anatolia."

Thereupon we returned to our respective businesses, but the three Armenians from Cæsarea and their Moslem dragoman had taught me a lesson. The old order changes.

No less remarkable are the adventures of the aged Persian. The train ran down the Barada valley, past Douma, where wealthy Damascenes have built among gardens their summer resorts, past the house of the Amir Umar, that mighty hunter, son of the great Algerian, Abdul Kadir, and out into the plain of Damascus. The hour was near sunset. The western light struck the minarets of the city, and was reflected from the windows of the

high-lying suburb of Salahiye; it bathed the fertile plain which is the frontier of the Desert, and picked out every curve and hollow in the barren hills that reach out like a long arm of the Desert itself, into the heart of the well-watered meadows. However often you may come to Damascus, the sight of its fair landscape, bidding defiance to the wastes beyond, calls up undimmed the keenest of former impressions, and awakens anew that sense of the permanence of impermanent beauty, which clothes without a hint of diminution its gardens and its spires. I helped my old friend out of the carriage and trundled his hold-all after him. He reassured himself as to the name of the hotel, and disappeared into the crowd. Then I got out, stepped into a cab, and drove to the hotel. But I could not find it in my heart to stay there, though the sun was setting. I slipped on a fur coat and hurried out into the streets, for I was determined, before night closed in, to feast my eyes upon the splendors of the Great Mosque. It was six years since I had last found my way through the bazaars, and I had no very clear recollection of their windings. Consequently I plunged into a dark alley which led nowhere but to the citadel, where a sentry turned me back. He stood where the Roman had stood, and the Greek, and who knows how many before, for the citadel occupies the site of all the former citadels, and Damascus is one of the oldest towns in the world. A moment's wandering brought me to the bazaar of the Greeks—the modern Greeks, be it understood,—and here I was upon familiar ground, for I remembered that it led straight to the Great Mosque. The bazaar is covered with a vaulted roof (it is, alas! of corrugated iron, but in the darkness I might be permitted to forget its ignoble substance), the shops were nearly all

closed, a very few lights burned at long intervals down either side, and I hastened stumbling through a deserted city, full of mystery and full of the past. Between two tall columns which once flanked the central opening of the triple outer gate of the temple, the precursor on this site of church and mosque, I passed into the narrow street lined with smaller columns which leads to the door of the Moslem sanctuary, as it once led to that of the Pagan; and looking backwards I recognized between the battered capitals of the colonnade the splendid mouldings and enrichments of the outer gateway, crowning the southernmost of the triple openings of the Roman entrance. Apollodorus of Damascus, the famous architect whom Trajan brought to Rome to build his Forum, may have designed them. I stepped through a small door into the court of the mosque. It was too late for tourists. The man sick of a palsy, who has lain within the door ever since I knew Damascus, had been carried home; the box of cotton slippers which he keeps for the use of the Infidel was locked, and it was too cold to take off my shoes. Therefore I committed the sacrilege of walking through the arcades into the court fully shod. But it was the only sacrilege of which I was guilty: the place and the hour would have inspired the least devout. The court was plunged in silence, the minarets pointed quiet fingers to a heaven wherein pale stars were mastering the last flush of sunset, the windows of the mosque glowed with the lamps that lighted those who were assembled within at the evening prayer, and under the arcades the shadowy night had gathered. The sanctity of temple, church, and mosque were joined together in a holy calm, that the congregation of the Faithful might bow down and worship at the evening prayer the name of God.

When I returned to my hotel I was greeted by a somewhat unmannerly landlord in the following terms.

"I am much obliged," said he sarcastically, "for your recommendation, but I could not take in your friend."

Now my thoughts were busy with the age of the Seleucids. At all events, any one posterior to the Khalif Walid, who built the mosque, had escaped my memory for the moment, and I replied rather snappishly, "I have not the least idea what you are talking about," and went into my room to unpack. But I had barely unfastened a single strap before I brought to mind my fellow-traveller.

"The Persian!" said I, hastily reopening the door.

"Yes, the Persian!" he replied angrily. "He came here and gave your name. I did not know what he was, but I let him come in. What did he do but go into the salon and begin to say the evening prayer—and I have an English bishop in the house! And then he called for a hubble-bubble. That was too much: I turned him out."

"Wah, wah!" said I. "Alas, alas!" And the English bishop, when I related the anecdote, echoed the exclamation.

This is the end of the story of the aged Persian. He vanished with his hubble-bubble I know not where. But I like to think of him as a political exile, of merit as distinguished as is his courtesy.

My first care next morning was to revisit the Great Mosque. As everyone knows, the interior was gutted by fire some fifteen years ago, and except for the long lines of Roman columns and capitals, all is modern. No, not all, for a few fragments of mediæval mosaic still cling to the transept walls both inside and outside. The destruction of the interior, remodelled though it had been since the days of Walid, was an irreparable loss, but the magnificent proportions of the building,

and, it must be added, the discretion with which it has been repaired, make it one of the finest of all mosques, in spite of the misfortunes that have fallen upon it. I did not confine myself to the inside, but examined the whole of the outside as well, climbing, by means of a ladder balanced precariously upon a wooden table, on to the roof of a bazaar to photograph the southern doorway now blocked, which is a relic of the temple, though the Christian inscription upon the lintel must have been added by Arcadius, the founder of the church. That done, I hunted through the bazaars for remains of the vast outer enclosing wall of the temenos. And when I had begun to realize the nature of the problems to be solved, I sought the aid of one who has that love of ancient walls and that reverence for ancient masterpieces that mark the true antiquarian, and with him wandered through the bazaars afresh. He pointed out to me the fragments of columns that give the line of the outer arcade of the temenos, showed me where the inscription had been found which contained the name of Apollodorus—involuntarily in our thoughts we connected it with the renowned architect,—and called my attention to the plan where a Roman doorway, leading doubtless into the temenos, had been inserted into the massive plastered wall of an earlier time. Here was a clue: that earlier wall must have been Seleucid, the enclosing wall of the precincts of the Greek temple; but if so, then the similar wall, with its huge masonry and pilasters, that forms the south-west angle of the mosque, was Seleucid too, an explanation which accounted for the curious capitals with the Egyptian gorge profile that crown the pilasters. Thus it is that the work of all periods, Greek, Roman, Early Christian, and Moslem, is still to be seen in this wonderful structure. I devoted another

day to the tracing of the line of the city wall. The greater part of it dates from the time of the Mamluks, but here and there remain the huge foundation-stones which, to my thinking, were of Seleucid origin, and frequently the same stones have been re-used by Roman and Moslem. All the oriental cities of the Roman and probably also of the Seleucid age were built upon a definite plan: The two main streets, lined with colonnades, crossed each other at right angles; the smaller streets, many of them also colonnaded, ran parallel to them. At Damascus the main street from east to west still exists: it is the street called Straight, the Long Bazaar. At its eastern end stand the ruins of a Roman triple gate, but the western gate has vanished. One more trace of the Greek fortification round the town is to be seen in the solid arch which spans a street to the north of the mosque. To the south of this arch, within the city limits, are the remains of another doorway, Roman this time, and without question one of the entrances of the temple temenos; while to the north of the arch a fine doorway of Mamluk architecture, the Bab el Hadid, shows that the city wall of the later Moslem period ran outside the defences of the Greek. The quarter between these three gates is called to-day *Bein es Surein*, Between the Walls; but whether the name implies the space between the temenos wall and the Greek city wall, or that which lies between the Greek and the Mamluk city walls, I cannot say. Moreover, the Roman temenos gate is known as the Gate of the Mosque, and the name preserves the memory that it once served as an entrance to the sanctuary.

Damascus was the capital of the Umayyad khalifs, but of their palaces and shrines nothing remains save portions of the Great Mosque. Their successors, the Abbasids, removed the capital to Baghdad, and their building

activity was expended on Mesopotamian cities; but with the Mamluks, Damascus became once more an important centre of the arts. One of the best examples of the architecture of this period is the library of Malik ez Zahir. You must not go there in search of the latest literature, nor yet in the hope of finding complete editions of the Arab classics, for the collection of books is small, though it contains some valuable unprinted works. Above all, do not attempt to study in Malik ez Zahir's library upon a cold day. Not the smallest apology for a fire lurks under that high dome, half the windows are broken, and in winter the keen airs chase one another merrily round the single bookcase that stands in the middle of the room. I went, not to read, but to photograph Malik ez Zahir's mosaics, for the composition of which the artificers of Persia and of Byzantium seem to have joined hands. One or two turbaned scholars of mature years were shivering, wrapped in their furs, over crabbed texts.

"Lady," said one, "in your library in London is the reader provided with a pencil to write down what he reads?"

"Without doubt," said I. "And with pens and ink."

"Mashallah!" he exclaimed. "Not even in Egypt is ink allowed."

"Ink!" interposed the librarian. "Who would allow ink where there are ancient books?"

I tried to soothe his ruffled feelings by offering to send him copies of my photographs. "God reward you!" he replied politely. "I have the original, what do I want with the picture?"

From the library I went to the tomb of Saladin, which is close at hand. The building is old and contains some fine tiles, but the tomb is modern—renewed, perhaps, in honor of the German Emperor whose wreath, a memorial of his visit, lies in a glass cupboard at the head of the grave. More interesting

than the imperial wreath is the tomb of Saladin's wazir, which stands under the same dome. It has been much injured and badly repaired, but it still shows some fine woodwork. Thence I carried my camera to the north gate of the mosque, where hang two fine bronze doors adorned with the heraldic devices of the Mamluks. And as I was coming away, reluctant as ever to leave the precincts of the mosque, I fell into the arms of an old friend whose green turban proclaimed his high status in the world of Islam. He is one of those who lead the Friday prayers, and he lives but a few steps from the main entrance.

"Kinship and welcome!" he cried, and wrung me by the hand. "Honor us! we are now at my house."

With like effusion I accepted the invitation, further extended to the Nakib's companion, with whom I had also the pleasure of being acquainted,—a man with a great reputation for learning and for agile wits. Over the cups of coffee he embarked upon a discussion of which the subject was the relative merits of diverse creeds.

"Your Excellency," said he, "has travelled much; which religion have you found to be nearest to the truth?"

"Effendim," I replied cautiously (for to meet Doctors of the Law upon their own ground is a dangerous thing), "I have found truth in all and honest men in all."

"But I," he pursued, "believe the Protestants to be nearer the truth than the Catholics, for the Catholics worship pictures."

"The ignorant worship pictures," said I, not wishing to see half the Christian world disposed of in this summary fashion.

"Eh! the ignorant," he replied; "in Islam neither the ignorant nor the wise bow down to any image."

"You do well," said I.

"In Islam," he continued, "we bow

down to one God, may He be praised and exalted,—the Creator of heaven and earth and of all living things. But the Christians worship three Gods."

"The three Gods are but one," I said.

"Effendim," he returned, "once I spoke with a divine of the English, and to him I said, 'How do you know God? Do you see Him? Do you hear Him? He answered, 'No; by the intelligence we know Him!' Then I said, 'Expose to me the doctrine of the three Gods.' But he replied, 'It is a matter above the intelligence of man.' I said; 'How is it that you know God by the intelligence, yet the three Gods are above the intelligence? Is not the knowledge of God the highest knowledge?'"

"True," said I, non-committally; and then by good fortune the Nakib, who had wearied of a disquisition which he had probably heard many times before, interposed and asked me whether I did not wish to see the latest photograph of himself. It was a question which I found easier to answer than those of his acute friend.

The time had come for the return of the Hajj. The bazaars of Damascus were crowded with pilgrims from Mecca, Turcomans and Central Asiatics, many of them Russian subjects, clothed in high boots and shaggy fur caps and dingy fur coats, which they were busily replacing with garments of a more fashionable cut. A group of these natives of the mountains and steppes was to be seen before every clothier's shop in the Greek bazaar, haggling over the extortionate prices which the Damascene tradesmen wring out of their ignorance and their harmless vanity,—you can imagine that a new outfit from Damascus must create a considerable sensation in Turkestan. The hardships of the pilgrimage had been increased this year by the unusual cold. The railway to Beyrout was

blocked for ten days by snow, and the poorer pilgrims, not being able to afford a lodging in the town, had spent several bitter nights packed into the carriages which stood weatherbound in the station. Moreover, other risks had attended the journey along the Mecca line. The desert had for some time past been restless, uneasily aware that a new Government had come to birth in Turkey, and that upon their secular liberties of raid and revenge a stronger hand might now be laid than any to which they had been accustomed. In the autumn the Vall of Syria resolved to give proof of his authority, and he ordered the registration of the settled Bedouins in the desert fortress of Kerak and of the nomad tribes in the neighborhood, that their young men might be forced to serve in the army and their old men to pay up arrears of taxation. The order was ill-timed. The desert saw that its worst fears were to be realized, and it took precautions. The Kerak Arabs persuaded the commandant of the town to send out the half of his garrison in small bands to execute the Vall's decree, assuring him that their nomad brethren intended no resistance. The desert Arabs fell upon these bands one by one and annihilated them, the gates of Kerak were thrown open, and the governor and the commandant were besieged in the citadel. Nor was this all. At Katrane, the station for Kerak, the Bedouins held up the train that runs three times a-week from Medina to Damascus. The station-master, seeing the clouds of horsemen bearing down upon him, telegraphed up the line for help, and was shot down as he completed the message. The engine-driver took fright, uncoupled his engine, and fled away. The train was surrounded and looted. It was a rich haul, for, as ill-luck would have it, there were among the passengers two Mecca merchants who were conveying a large sum of

money to Beyrout. Strict inquiry was then made as to whether any servants of the railway were in the train, but a staunch negative was returned to the question, and the life of the guard was saved. One of the railway accountants hung on the edge of death for several minutes. His European clothes roused the suspicion of the raiders: "when in doubt, a rifle-shot" might be taken as a summary of desert policy, and this solution was about to be applied, when one of the Mecca merchants had the presence of mind to exclaim, "Why, this is Yusef, my secretary," and the man was spared. Not so fortunate was a doctor who was wearing an Ottoman decoration. "This is one of the Government," cried the Bedouins, and shot him where he sat. Finally, they stripped the passengers naked to the skin, burned the train, and wrecked the station. It was night, and winter; for ten hours men and women wandered naked along the line until the relief train for which the station-master had telegraphed brought them succor. The railway was hastily repaired and strongly guarded, and the pilgrims came up it in safety; but the desert, when once it breaks into revolt, is not easily quieted, and a long task yet lies before the Turkish soldiery. They are better prepared to cope with it than they were before the granting of the Constitution, for they are now well clothed, well fed, and regularly paid, and their commanders show greater energy and decision than they dared to exhibit in the Days of Tyranny.

Yes, it is changing, this Eastern world. Six years ago, when I sat in the great houses of Damascus, we talked of sport or of desert politics, and sometimes, under our breath, we whispered of the terrible misgovernment, of the jealous spite that pursued the high-minded (Fuad Pasha lay in durance close at hand to point our words), and

of the spies that lingered behind every door. Now I sit in the same rooms, and we discuss whether fathers who wish to give their sons every advantage should send them to Paris or to London or to Berlin; we develop projects of reform, and we weigh the merits of the candidates at the coming election. But do not think that we conduct our elections here as you conduct them in England. We have not, in two years and a half, attained to a full and comprehensive understanding of the Parliamentary system. Firstly, our candidates have no programme, nor is a public expression of their political opinions expected of them. In a recent election in the Syrian vilayet one man only published what might be regarded as an election address, and he received for his pains two votes out of a hundred and fifty. Secondly, they do not represent, nor are they selected by, any political party, except always by him who is understood to be designated by the Committee at Salonica. And herein, be it said, lies the strength of the Committee, its views are more or less current, and it has a definite organization. And thirdly (though far be it from me to urge this as an objection in Turkey), the deputies are elected by a method which approaches but distantly to popular suffrage. The body of secondary electors is very small; it is composed of members of the municipal and administrative councils of the vilayet, who have in the first instance been ap-

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pointed by primary electors, also limited in number. The real weakness of the system is the inordinate number of candidates who see fit to present themselves: the man chosen can rarely, if ever, command an actual majority. To take, again, a Syrian example: in an election which has just occurred here, nineteen candidates offered themselves, the secondary electors number 150, the successful candidates received 28 votes, and the other 122 votes were divided between his opponents. The difficulties of a Western scheme of government are not to be mastered in a day.

Would that they could be wisely combined with methods more suited to the present condition of the Ottoman Empire! Would that the old and the new could merge together, each rectifying the faults of the other,—fortifying the virtues! If the Turk with his administrative capacity, the Arab with his sharp wit, the Greek with his commercial ability, the Kurd with his martial qualities, would work harmoniously with one another, what a State they might bring into existence!

But I have wandered far from the Seleucid and the Roman,—scarcely less far from the aged Persian and the Christian recruit. He who speaks of Damascus touches a many-sided theme. The life of the desert and the life of the city are combined in her heritage: she has played her part bravely through all the ages of recorded history, and her voice is not yet silenced.

Gertrude Louethian Bell.

DAYLIGHT SAVING?

On the face of it, the proposed Daylight Saving Bill is distinctly good. For a certain season in the year the clerks in the City of London will get one more hour to spare before the sun goes down. As a result of this they will

have more time for the enjoyment of fresh air, more time for outdoor amusements, more time to learn rifle shooting, gain more health, become happier men, and enjoy other benefits. If this is really the case, then the clerks in

the west of England, who have for years and years enjoyed 33 per cent. more evening sun than those in the eastern counties, ought to exhibit at least some trace of the benefits which accrue from an extra dose of daylight. Possibly the inhabitants of Cornwall are really more happy and bright, vigorous and enterprising, than the inhabitants of Kent; but is this really a fact?

Next, where does happiness come in if on a cold spring morning you have to get up one hour earlier? What will the wife and children say to the arrangement? Turning out too soon on frosty mornings, groping about at 4 A.M., to find a box of matches to light the fire, may give rise to domestic irritation, bronchial catarrhs, and other illnesses. Thousands upon thousands of workmen in the north of England to be at work at 6 A.M., when it is really 5 A.M., will have to disturb their households at the time specified. At the commencement of April a man will get up in the dark, walk to his factory in the dark, and commence work by artificial light. Whatever light and fuel has been saved on the previous evening in the house or workshop will be spent in the dark hours of the early morning. For about six months, or 182 days, which I believe is the period over which the new-fangled time is to extend, men will frequently have to rise before the sun; nature will be asleep, but he must be awake and run counter to Divine intentions. As matters now stand during this period workmen get up on 127 days *after* sunrise. The new Bill will reduce the number of these occasions to 52. He will have been robbed of his morning daylight, and have 75 extra days of morning darkness.

There is not so much daylight saving in the Bill as may popularly be supposed. It gives an hour in the evening, but cuts off an hour in the morn-

ing. Will a darkness creating Bill please the British workman?

When to give pleasant afternoons to the few who always go to work in daylight, the workmen in this country, in their trains and trams, and on their "bikes" or on their feet, take to blundering about in the morning dark, it suggests an increase in the number of accidents, more litigation, more illnesses, and more funerals. Doctors and lawyers will have more employment, and insurance companies may raise their rates.

Many medical men are supporting this proposed alteration, and have emphasized the benefits that may accrue from the greater amount of sunlight that people will enjoy if these changes are adopted. Obviously, of course, those requiring more sunlight can, if they will, get up earlier in the morning without any dislocation or changes in standard time. But to compel all workers to get up an hour earlier some months of the year may have effects upon the health quite other than seems to be supposed. Man is largely the creature of habit, and the habits acquired by long usage cannot be broken through suddenly without ill results. When early in April the time is suddenly altered, the result will be that for some days, possibly weeks, workers, clerks, and all others compelled willy-nilly to accommodate themselves to this incompletely considered scheme will find themselves at work, still half asleep, with serious results to their own efficiency, to their own health, and their employers' pockets.

In addition to all this, as I have before said, England, by destroying the time standard of the world, will have gone back on her bargain with other nations, and her steamship and other communications with other countries will have been disturbed.

The defenders of the Bill admit that it has its defects, but they do not point

out how these are to be remedied.

To say that different parts of the United States keep different times, and that Cape Colony has found the adoption of the 30th meridian a boon, has nothing whatever to do with the question at issue. These and other countries have adopted a *fixed* time and adjusted their clocks to the Greenwich standard and not to a time that is altered at least twice a year. In these circumstances why references to the United States and Cape Colony have been brought forward I do not understand. The unthinking public might infer that because certain countries have altered their clocks there can be no great harm in altering ours. If this was seriously intended, these arguments are a reflection upon their authors, and indicate that certain reasons for the adoption of the Daylight Saving Bill rest upon curious foundations.

Some years ago, with the assistance of the Foreign, Colonial, and India Offices, I had occasion to inquire into the varieties of time kept by all accessible communities of the world. The only people I remember that have a *shifty*

Nature.

time are Mahomedans and savages, and it is now suggested that we should take a step downwards and join their ranks.

Astronomers and navigators are, however, to be left in peace. I imagine that those who desire to save daylight recognize that a movable time system might lead to shipwreck and to difficulties in the construction of nautical almanacs, and other astronomical work. If these departments are to be freed from the new arrangements, why should not the same freedom be given to meteorology and all other sciences in which it is necessary to have time observations comparable with those of other countries?

The simplest solution to the whole question would be to commence work one hour earlier in the morning and not confuse ourselves and others by altering the clock. In Japan thousands of schools open in the summer time at 7 A.M., Government offices open at eight and close at two; and what is done in Japan is done in other countries. Surely it is possible for business houses in this country to do something similar.

John Mims.

A FLOOD.

It seemed to him that he was in very cold muddy water full of little waves, and that by treading water and putting forth all his strength he was able to keep himself above them. But the wind blew them higher; they slapped him in the mouth, and he had much trouble in getting his breath between. All of a sudden it occurred to him that it would be much easier to abandon this painful striving and to lie back amid the waves. He took a long deep breath, the water slipped down into his lungs, and he lay quite natural and comfortable until a dinning sound began over

his head. He tried to sink deeper into the stream, but the noise grew louder and he could not but think that he was rising to the surface. At last he opened his eyes.

"It's this infernal rain on the roof that makes me dream," he said.

A bed had been made up for him in the kitchen on three chairs, and when he awoke he found himself sitting bolt upright with his arms bent as if he were treading water, his legs stiff and numbed with cold. The hearth was full of ashes with a last spark fading in the dawn light, and catching

an end of his blanket he rubbed his hands against it. His perceptions lengthened out and he went to the window, but seeing water everywhere he fancied for a moment that he must be still dreaming. The pigs had broken out of their styes and were swimming amid various wreckage; the house dog was swimming alongside of his kennel; the hens rose in short flights—two were already drowned, the others were drowning—but the cock perched on his coop crowed defiantly. Tom looked to where the day was breaking; a thin pale light soaked slowly through the clouds, and he could just distinguish the top of the willows above the water.

The staircase behind him creaked, and turning hurriedly he saw old Daddy Lupton awful in his night-shirt, like Death himself coming to bid him good morning.

"Well," said Daddy, "what do 'ee think about the jade now? She makes one feel young again. The biggest flood we've had these fifty years."

The old man's levity inspired hope in Tom that the river would not rise any higher, and that the house was not in danger. Tom asked him if this were so, but Daddy continued to babble of a great flood of sixty years ago in which he had nearly lost his life. A big flood it was, but nothing to the great flood of nearly eighty years ago. It had carried a village quite away, and the old man followed Tom to the window, telling him how the water had come down the valley faster than a horse could gallop.

"All my brothers and sisters were drowned, father and mother too; but the cradle floated right away as far as Harebridge, where it was picked up by a party in a boat. There h'ant been no flood to speak of since then. A fine jade she once was, and when it rained like this we used to lie quaking

in our beds. Now we sleep sound enough."

"I must wake 'em," said Tom.

He rushed upstairs, called out, and in a few minutes the pointsman and his family were standing in the kitchen: John Lupton, a tall man with a long neck and thin square shoulders, a red beard and small queer eyes and hands freckled and hairy, and Margaret Lupton, his wife, a pleasant portly woman of forty, with soft blue eyes and regular features. Her daughter, Liz, took after her father—a thin-shouldered, thin-featured girl with small ardent eyes and dark reddish crinkly hair. But Billy, Liz's brother, took after his mother. He was very like her, the same soft oval face with blue eyes and no distinctive feature; the same sweet retiring nature, more of a girl than a boy; but the boy in him expressed a certain curiosity for Tom's boat.

"Shall we go in the boat, father?"

"What boat, sonny?"

"Tom's boat."

"Tom's boat wouldn't hold us all."

"We needn't all go together."

"My boat is far enough from 'ere by this time," said Tom, "or most like she's at the bottom of the river. I tied her last night to the old willow."

Tom was a fair-complexioned, broad-shouldered young fellow, an apple grower that lived on the other side of the river. He and Liz were to be married at the end of the week, and yesterday being Sunday he had rowed himself across at sundown, and they had gone for their wonted walk. When they came home supper was on the table, and the hours after had gone by pleasantly, his arm being round Liz's waist, till the time came for him to bid her good night, but on seeing the swollen river she had turned her pretty freckled face to his and dissuaded him, and they had returned to the cottage.

"I never seed the river rise so quickly afore," said Lupton.

"I did. I did."

It was Daddy that had answered. He was still in his nightshirt, and his last tooth shook in his white beard.

"Go and dress 'eeself, father. And why, mother, don't 'ee light the fire? The morning is that rare cold we'll all be the better for a cup of tea."

"Yes, father, I don't be long now," and she began breaking sticks.

While the kettle was boiling Tom told them that the pigs had broken out of their styes; they lamented the loss of their winter food, and Billy burst into tears on hearing that Peter—his friend, Peter, the house dog—had gone away, swimming after his kennel.

"Come, let us sit down to breakfast," Lupton said.

But they had hardly tasted their tea when Billy cried out:

"Father, father, the water be coming in under the door yonder. Take me on 'ee knee, father. 'Ee did promise to take me to Harebridge. But if I drown I shall never see the circus."

Lupton took the little chap on his knee.

"There will be no danger of that. Grandfather will tell 'ee that this be nothing to the floods he knew when he was a little boy."

The water continued to come under the door, collecting where the asphalted floor had been worn, and they watched it rising out of these slight holes and coming towards the table. It came at first very slowly, and then suddenly it rose over their knees, and while Mrs. Lupton took the baby out of the cot the others searched for tea, sugar, bacon, eggs, coal, and candles.

"We shall be wanting all these things," Lupton said, "for the water may keep us upstairs for hours to come."

And they were very wet when they

assembled in Lupton's bedroom. Lupton emptied his big boots out of the window and called on Tom to do the same. Liz wrung out her petticoats, and standing round the table they supped their tea and ate some slices of bread and butter. The baby had been laid asleep on the bed, and Daddy sat by the baby softening his bread in his mug of tea, and mumbling to himself, his fading brain full of incoherent recollections.

"The folk in them fine houses will be surprised to see the water at the bottom of their parks," said Lupton, to break an oppressive silence.

"They be like to live so high up the water, will never reach them," Mrs. Lupton answered.

"It h'aint like them to think for to send us 'elp."

"They 'aven't no boats up yonder," said Tom. "They be a good mile up from the river."

"Tom, dear, it's a pity your boat be gone, for you might have row'd me right into Harebridge."

"Yes, Liz, if you'd set still I might have taken 'ee through them currents, or as likely we might have gotten sucked under by an eddy, or a hole be knocked in the boat by some floating baulk."

"I be lighter than Liz; would 'ee take me, Tom?" said Billy.

As the tops of the apple trees were still visible they judged the depth of the water to be about ten feet. Cattle passed the window, some swimming strong and well, others nearly exhausted. A dead horse whirled past, its poor neck stretched out lamentably, and they all laughed at the fox that floated so peacefully in the middle of a drowned hen-roost. The apples came by in great numbers; Billy forgot his fears in his desire to clutch some, and a little later they saw two great trees rolling towards the pointsman's box.

"There she goes!" cried Lupton.

"And how she do swim! She'd put me into the quay at Harebridge as well as a steam packet."

There was nothing to do but to watch and wonder if the flood were rising. Liz was certain it was sinking, and pointing to a post she said there was no sign of it ten minutes before. Lupton was not so sure, and when the post disappeared, which it did a few minutes afterwards, there could be no hope at all that the flood was not still rising, and then every one began to wonder what the cause of the flood might be, and every one, except Daddy, waited for Lupton to speak. But he was loth to tell them that he could only understand the great rush of water if the embankments up yonder at the factories had broken, and if that were so, "God help them!" As Lupton said these last words their faces grew paler, all except Billy, who returned innocently to his grandfather to ask if he didn't think the flood was as big now as the great flood of sixty years ago.

"It be a flood and a big one, but the biggest of all was eighty years ago, when my cradle was washed away down to Harebridge and stuck fast in the alder." And he began to tell a story of other children whose cradles had been carried just down to the sea, frightening everyone with his loquacity.

"Tom, 'as 'ee a bit of baccy to give to daddy to stop his jaw with?" said John Lupton.

Tom fumbled in his pockets, and when their eyes met each read his own thoughts in the other's face.

"We must be doing something, that's certain," said Tom. "But what shall we be doing?"

"Yes, we must be astirring," Lupton answered. And without another word he began to look about the room. "Now, if we 'ad but a few bits of timber we could make a raft. It's a pity that bedstead is of iron."

Tom, who had gone back to the window, cried suddenly:

"Give a hand here, John, for 'ee was talking about a raft and blowed if I 'avn't gotten one."

And looking over Tom's shoulder Lupton saw that he had caught a few planks tied together—a slender raft that somebody up yonder had launched, as a last hope.

"Very likely so," said Lupton, "anyhow it is ours. It might carry one of us."

"Yes, one of us might chance his life on it and bring back 'elp."

"That's right enough; it's an off-chance, but one of us had better risk it. Get along, lad, get along, and come back in a boat."

"Don't leave me, Tom," cried Liz; "let us be drowned together."

"Be 'ee mazed, lass?" said Lupton; "for Tom will manage right well on them planks, and he'll come back in a boat."

"No, father, no; I'd sooner die with Tom than live without him."

"'Ee ain't the only one; 'ee'd better let him go or yonder church will see no wedding party next Monday. Tom, get astride of them planks at once."

"I think I'd better take this 'ere shutter with me;" and while it was lifted from its hinges Lupton lashed two broom handles together.

"Not much of a punt pole, but the best I can give, and maybe it will get 'ee out of the current."

But Liz held Tom back.

"Yes, Liz, Tom loves 'ee and that is why he must go: Come, girl, hands off. I don't want to be rough with 'ee, but Tom must take the risk of them planks. Now, Tom."

And away he went in a swirl, trying his best to reach bottom with his broom handles, but the raft rolled in the current, and Liz's last sight of her lover was when he attempted to seize some willow branches. The raft

said from under his feet, and he fell into the flood.

"He's gone from 'ee now, and we shall soon follow after if we don't bestir ourselves."

"It matters naught to me now," said Liz.

"I ne'er seen one mazed like 'ee afore."

"But I seed many; sixty years ago all the sweethearts were parted, and by the score. The jade got them, here a girl and there a boy, all but Daddy Lupton, for a wise woman said she shouldn't get 'im, and her word came true. I ain't afeard of 'er. I've seen 'er in worse tantrums than to-day. It's the rheumatics that I'm afeard of. These 'ere walls will be that damp. will be that . . ." The old man's voice died away in the whiteness of his beard.

At that moment three tiles fell from the roof; a large hole appeared in one of the walls, and they all felt that the house was falling about them bit by bit. But the immediate danger was from the great baulks that the current swept down. If any one of these were to strike the house, Lupton said, it must topple over into the flood, and lest their luck shouldn't last Lupton took a sheet from the bed and climbed on to the roof.

"See a boat coming, Liz"? her mother asked, for Liz sat looking towards some willows as if she saw something.

"No boat will come for me. I want no boat to come for me."

"Come, Liz, come, Liz, I wouldn't have 'ee talk like that," her mother answered. The baby began to cry for the breast, and while suckling Mrs. Lupton raised her head to her husband sitting on the broken wall, but he waved the sheet so despairingly that she did not dare to ask him if a boat were coming.

"I can't sit up 'ere any longer," he said at last. "Let us do something.

I don't mind what, so long as it keeps me from thinking."

"I think we'd better say our prayers" said Mrs. Lupton.

"Prayers? No, I can say no prayers. I'm too bothered; I want something that will keep me from thinking. The babbling of that water will drive us mad if we don't do something. Let us tell stories. Liz, don't sit there looking through the room or what's left of it. You read stories in the papers, can't you tell us one of them?"

Liz shook her head. He asked for the paper; she answered that it was downstairs, and begged that she might take his place on the corner of the wall and wave the sheet on the chance that a boat might be passing within hail.

"She don't pay no attention to what we're saying," said Lupton. "Now that Tom's gone I think she'd just as lief make away with herself . . . and what may 'ee be smiling at so heartily, father? 'Ee and the baby are the only two that can smile this morning."

"What be I smiling at? I heard 'ee speak just now of stories. I can say one, lot's of 'em."

"Then tell us a story, father, and a good one. It'll keep our thoughts from that babbling water."

"Well, I was just a-thinking. It be now seventy years ago . . ."

"Well, tell us about it."

"I've said it was nigh seventy years ago; I was a growing lad at the time. I remember it as if it were yesterday. Me and Bill Slater was pals. At that time Bill was going to be married; I can see her now, a fine elegant lass, for all the world like our Liz. It had been raining for weeks and weeks—much the same kind of weather as we've had lately, only worse, and the river . . ."

"We don't want to hear about the river; we want to forget it. I suppose 'ee wants to tell us that Bill Slater and his lass was drowned? We don't want

that sort of story, we wants a cheerful story with lots of happiness in it."

"I only knows stories about those that the river took—plenty of 'em. plenty of 'em. The jade didn't get me, for a wise woman said that she would never get me."

"Did she say, Daddy, that them that was with 'ee was safe too?"

Daddy was only sure of his own safety; and waking suddenly he said—"I've 'eard John say that 'ee would banish thinking with something. Us better have some cards then. Cards will wake us up."

"The old chap's right," said Lupton. "Where be the cards? Be they downstairs too? Where's Liz?" Lupton climbed to her place, and after looking round he turned to those in the room and shook his head. "I'm afraid Liz has gone after her sweetheart."

"Very likely," said Daddy. "The jade always gets them in the end. Where be the cards?"

"Yes, where be the cards?" Lupton answered almost savagely. "Be they downstairs, mother?"

"No, John; they be in the drawer of the table."

"Then, let's have them out. What shall we play? Half-penny nap? Come, mother, and Billy too, and Daddy. Come, pull your chairs round. I gave 'ee sixpence yesterday, father. Find them out; 'ee can't have spent them, and mother have 'ee any coppers?"

"I've near a shilling in coppers. That will do for Billy and myself."

As there were only three chairs the table was pulled up to the bed where Daddy was sitting.

"Come, let us play, let us play," Lupton cried impatiently.

"I'm thinking of the baby," said Mrs. Lupton. "How unsuspecting he do sleep there."

"Never mind the baby, mother; think of your cards."

After playing for some time Lupton found he had lost threepence.

"I never seed such luck," he exclaimed.

They played another round; again Lupton went nap and again he lost.

"Perhaps it will be them that loses that'll be saved," he said shuffling the cards.

"Father, I can't play," said Billy.

"Why can't you play, my boy? Ain't mother a teaching 'ee?"

"Yes, father, but I can't think of the cards; dead things be floating past the window. May I go and sit where I can't see them?"

"Yes, my boy, come and sit on my knee. Look over my cards; but mustn't tell them what I've gotten."

"Grandfather seems to be winning; he has gotten all the coppers, father."

"Yes, my boy, grandfather is winning."

"And what will he do with the winnings if he be drowned, father?"

"Grandfather don't think he will be drowned."

The old man chuckled, and turned over his coppers. His winnings meant a double allowance of tobacco and a glass of ale, and he thought of the second glass of ale he would have if he won again.

"Whose turn is it to play?" said Daddy.

"Mine," said Lupton, "and I'll go nap again."

"E'll go nap again."

Lupton lost again, but this time instead of cursing his luck he remained silent, and at that moment the rush of water beneath their feet sounded more ominous than ever.

"I'll play no more," said Lupton. "I dunno what I be doing. There's naught in my poor head but the babbling of that water."

A tile slid down the roof, they sprang to their feet, and then they heard a

splash. The old man played with his winnings and Billy began to cry.

"It's sure and certain enough now that no help will come for us," said Mrs. Lupton. "Let's put away the cards and say our prayers, and 'ee might tell us a verse out of the Bible, John."

"Very well, let's have a prayer. Father, give over counting your money."

"Then no one will be coming to save us," cried Billy. "I don't want to drown, father. I be too young to drown. Grandfather's too old and baby too young to think much about drowning. But if we drown to-day, father, I shall never see the circus."

"Kneel down, my boy; perhaps God might save us if we pray to Him."

"Oh, God, merciful Saviour, who has power over all things, save us. Oh, Lord, save us."

"Go on praying, mother," Lupton said, as he rose from his knees, and taking another sheet from the bed he climbed to the top of the broken wall; but he had hardly reached it when some bricks gave way and he fell backward and drowned. Mrs. Lupton prayed intermittently, and every now and then a tile splashed into the water.

"The way to manage 'er is to take 'er easy. She won't stand no bullying, and them giddy young folks will bully 'er, so she always goes for 'em."

Five or six tiles fell, the house rocked a little, and they could feel the water lifting the floor under their feet.

"Mother," said Billy; the child was so calm, so earnest in his manner, that he seemed suddenly to have grown older. "Mother, dear, tell me the truth—be I going to drown? We have prayed together, but God don't seem like saving us. I'm afraid, mother; bain't you afraid? Father's gone and Liz's gone and Tom's gone, all except grandfather and us. Grandfather and

the baby don't seem afraid. Mother, let me 'ave your 'and; 'ee won't lose hold of me."

Mrs. Lupton took the baby from the bed and looked at it, and when she looked up she saw the old man playing with the coppers he had won.

"Does drowning hurt very much, mother?"

The wall wavered about them, some bricks fell out of it; Billy was struck by one, struggled a little way, and fell through the floor. The floor broke again, and another piece of the roof came away, and Mrs. Lupton closed her eyes and waited for death. But death did not seem to come, and when she opened her eyes she saw that the floor had snapped at her feet and the old man was standing behind her.

"A darned narrow escape," he muttered. "As near as I have had yet."

"They're gone, they be all gone, all of them. Baby and all."

"'Ee must have let her slip when the roof came in."

"I let the baby slip!" And looking down she saw the child floating among broken things.

"Well, that was a narrow escape," chimed the quaking voice of the octogenarian. "I'm sore afraid the house is in a bad way. I seed many like . . ."

By some great beams the south wall still held firm, and with it the few feet of floor on which they were standing.

"They be bound to send a boat afore long, or else the wise woman . . . Everything's gone—table, cards and a shilling in coppers."

"They're all gone; every thing is gone."

"Yes, the jade's got 'em. She 'as brought near every one I knew at one time or the other."

Then the wild grief of the woman seemed to wake reason in Daddy's failing brain.

Her eyes were fixed on the bodies of her husband and child dashed to and fro and sucked under by the current, appearing and disappearing among the wreckage.

"I can't grieve like that; I ken grieve no more. I'm too old, and all excepting me baccy and the rheumatics are the same to me now."

"Saved!" cried a voice. "Give way, my lads, give way."

"Saved, and the others gone!" cried Mrs. Lupton, and as the boat approached from one side she flung herself into the flood from the other.

"Are you the only one left?" cried
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a man as the boat came alongside.

"Yes, the jade 'as got all the others. There, they be down there; and my daughter-in-law has just gone after them, jumped right in after them. But it was told by a wise woman that the jade should never get me, and her words comes true."

"Now then, old gent, let me get hold of you. Be careful where you step. Do nothing to risk your valuable life. There you are, safe, safe from everything but the rheumatics."

"They be very bad at times, and I must be careful of myself this winter."

George Moore.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER IV.—ON THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

BY THE RIGHT HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL.

1. Who carried what peculiarity into Devonshire?
2. Who had been a little unfortunate in taking cold at what ceremony?
3. Who did not go to church on Christmas morning with the old couple and the pewful of children?
4. "What the Italians call—" Complete the sentence.
5. What did the Englishman say who learnt French and thought it so like English?
6. What feminine idiosyncrasy "is fruitful hot water for all parties"?
7. Who lived at Taunton Vale?
8. Whom would the prospect of find-
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- ing anybody out in anything have kept awake under the influence of hembane?
9. What ultimately became of the old gentleman who labored under an erroneous view of the locality of his stomach?
10. Who made a spectral attempt at drollery, and in what colored spectacles?
11. At what date was aptitude for business to be rewarded with a bowl of punch?
12. Who, in ordering dinner, expressly barred slugs?

KILLING NO MURDER.

Of the Commandments that define duties towards one's neighbor, "Thou shalt not kill" has always been accepted as the most serious. The breach of it is usually regarded with greater horror than theft, adultery, lying, covetousness, or the dishonoring of par-

ents. In some ages and countries the penalty of death has been used to maintain other Commandments, but at the present time nearly everywhere, it maintains the Sixth alone. Yet, in spite of this general horror, in spite of axes, hang-ropes, guillotines, electrocu-

tion and all the other equipments for vengeance upon the offender, the Sixth Commandment is the only one in which a breach becomes more pardonable in proportion to the number engaged in committing it. The more people conspire to break the Commandment, the more easily they are forgiven; until, when a certain degree of complicity has been passed, their deed becomes not merely venial, but glorious. "Thou shalt not kill"; but let a thousand or two go killing, and their action passes from murder into war. War is the chief source of glory, and as the Penguins said of their great Trinco, who brought the race to utter ruin, "glory never costs too much."

It is an old theme for satire, and if ridicule killed, war would be dead as its victims. A century ago man was still sometimes defined as a reasonable being. No one would use the definition now, but still reason is believed to enter into some of man's motives. Yet neither ridicule nor reason has killed war; neither has had much effect on it. To most people, history still means a succession of wars, and when we think of any century it usually takes a particular color according to its battles. In compiling a history of "War and Peace" for the Home University Library (Williams & Norgate), Mr. G. H. Perris has found it necessary to compress into 250 pages, if not universal history, at all events the history of Europe, and parts of Asia and America. For if he omitted any portion of that history, he would omit war, which is his theme. He has accomplished the task with remarkable skill; but it is lucky for him that the science of opposites is the same, or else we might be asking why "Peace" is mentioned in the title at all. From the beginning to the last few pages, peace hardly breaks out, but from his summary of wars a fairly complete knowledge of history may be gained.

It is the same in the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." What space is given to wars, and rightly given! With what exactness the course of all campaigns is followed, the positions of the armies being illustrated by maps, so that there may be no mistake about them, the totals of the men slaughtered or disabled during the war recorded or conjectured! If one did not know it beforehand, one could learn from these pages the existence of a whole class of men whose duty or pleasure it is to investigate and keep in memory the tracks along which armies have passed, the means by which they were fed, the bits of hill or plain they have occupied, the methods by which they tried to kill each other, and the extent of their success in the attempt. Darwin observing the movements of earthworms was not more scientifically accurate. Scholars have spent less commentary on the noblest literature. In some of the articles, as in the account of the French Revolutionary Wars that culminated in Napoleon's Italian campaigns, the story is told with a delight and infectious enthusiasm such as peaceful benefactors of mankind never inspire. And what vast industrial movement has ever excited the intensity of interest, or the minuteness of criticism, with which the movement of Moltke's armies upon Sedan is still followed by thousands of readers from year to year?

As to the causes of all this slaughter, the average murderer's motives appear rational and respectable in comparison. Time is thought to increase man's wisdom, but as we turn the records even of recent centuries, what insanity the avowed origins of war suggest! Spanish successions, Austrian successions, Renunciations, Pragmatic sanctions, Archduke This against Elector The Other—as though it mattered to the men who died which in a line of fools ruled over them! Hamlet wondered

that twenty thousand men should go to their graves like beds for a fantasy and trick of fame, or fight for a plot which was not tomb enough to hide the slain. But a suburban garden would be better reason for contest than the claims of half-imbecile kings, to which thousands on thousands have been sacrificed. Take the killed alone in the war between the two most civilized countries of Europe only forty years ago. The "Encyclopædia" tells us that the German killed numbered 28,000, the French 158,000 (not reckoning the 145,000 disabled on both sides together). Large numbers of those dead might be living at this moment if Bismarck had not deliberately garbled a telegram. In a moment of meditative retrospect, he said afterwards that he had made it all right with God. One is glad to hear it, for the deed called for some rectification. But what are now the feelings of the Archdukes and other courtiers of the Tsar when they think of the dead round Mukden, and remember those timber concessions on the Yalu which made them clamor for the war? Cain, who did the first murder, was more justified than they.

We do not wish here to expose the motives of rulers, or to add up the corpses that have served them. We would speak rather of that other side of war recalled by Mr. Galsworthy's recent letter on the use of aeroplanes. The relation of art and science to war has long afforded another opportunity to satirists. From the time when hairy man just tied a gut to a heavy stone, or pointed a shaving of flint, the chief use of invention and discovery has frequently been slaughter, and human skill has reached its height when devoted to bloodshed. How swiftly man adapted for death the smelted iron, the horse's back, the marvel of the spring, whether in bows or in the catapult that hurled rocks four hundred yards through the air, the work-

manship of steel, the artistry of Spanish metals, the explosive power of chemicals in combination, the speed and steadiness given by a spin, the time-fuse, the floating iron, the twisting propellers at the stern, the flashing mirrors, and the current that speeds invisible! There is hardly a scientific miracle or form of art that man has not turned to the destruction of man. And now, after infinite effort and innumerable ages, he has invented a machine by which, with frightful risk and labor and noise, he can accomplish what our ancestral lizards managed fairly well, and what any albatross does to perfection without the visible movement of a feather. Hardly is the miraculous attained, and man moves through the air unsupported even by gas, when the latest marvel of invention is diverted to a means of killing men. All the military staffs of Europe are busy with their aeroplanes. Our own panic-stricken patriots raise almost as much clamor over them as over Dreadnoughts. The cry of "Two wings to one!" will soon arise from the "Observer's" office. The dawn will again become a wonder when terror sees it flecked with aerial navies, and citizens will turn a penetrating glance upwards to the central blue in hourly apprehension. Already M. Prier has given them the shivers with his picture of five hundred aeroplanes leaving London at breakfast-time, destroying Paris at lunch, and returning in time to dress for dinner in Piccadilly. It was considerate of the Frenchman thus to arrange the picture, but citizens know it might have been turned the other way round. London is a bigger mark, the dinners in Paris are superior, and knowing this they tremble.

With fearful eye fixed only on our sea-power (perhaps less than double the power of a possible enemy), the Bishop of Liverpool has been saying "we can no longer regard ourselves as

secure because our shores spurn back the ocean's roaring tide." He has beheld "a vision, an awful vision, of a foreign host upon our fertile shores, of burning homesteads, of meadows reeking with English blood, spilled lavishly, and perhaps spilled in vain." That is, indeed, a terrible warning, coming from one of those ecclesiastical authorities who so often devote their leisure moments to the contemplation of war. But if the thought of aeroplanes had occurred to his mind, we hardly know what extra colors he could have found to paint his vision awful enough. Between the European world and such trips to Paris as M. Prier has proposed, it seems as though nothing stood but a rather dubious sheet of paper. At the first Hague Conference, Count Mouravieff proposed the prohibition of all missiles from balloons, but this country, always behindhand in reducing the horrors of war, refused consent. In the end the prohibition was agreed to for five years only, and at the second Hague Conference the renewed proposal was rejected by seventeen Powers. All that could be agreed upon was the prohibition of projectiles and explosives hurled from balloons upon undefended places. That was nothing new, since the bombardment of undefended places had been already prohibited under the first Hague Conference, and the provision might possibly be interpreted to cover London, but would not cover Paris, Cologne, Berlin or most other European cities. Yet this dubious sheet of paper is all the protection that civilization has secured against the atrocity of helpless destruction from the air.

Already Sir Hiram Maxim has told us that, in association with M. Blériot, he intends devoting the years still remaining before he departs in peace to the construction of an ethereal warship, with suitable projectiles, for the devastation of men and cities. Al-

ready the "Army and Navy Gazette" announces that Messrs. Ehrhardt have brought out a new gun for attacking airships from below. It is a high-velocity 9-pounder, is carried on a motor, with six men and 140 projectiles, at a speed of 35 miles an hour, and is mounted on a pivot that can be adjusted so as to be exactly vertical. So the wild game of mutual destruction continues. The offensive power advances, the defence advances to meet it. A projectile is hurled from heaven, another projectile is flung up to heaven against it, and there is no limit to man's insanity. Well might the Japanese diplomatist exclaim in his familiar protest:—

For two thousand years we kept peace with the rest of the world, and were known to it but by the marvels of our delicate ethereal art, and the finely wrought productions of our ingenious handicrafts, and we were accounted barbarians! But from the day on which we made war on other nations and killed many thousands of our adversaries, you at once admit our claim to rank among civilized nations.

There, with brief irony, the whole absurdity is exposed, and the question now is whether the civilized nations are going to take one more step along that absurd and hideous road, or will at last draw back from the enormity before them. There is need of haste. Vested interests are arising, and we know what the power of vested interests in armaments may bring about. As Mr. Galsworthy says:—

One determined joint effort and the air is saved. It is no more difficult now to agree to ban aerial warfare than it was to agree to prohibit the explosive bullet; no more unnatural than it was for boxers to agree not to hit below the belt. But every month that goes by will make it more difficult; and when a few millions have been spent on this new form of devilry it may already have become too late.

Peace is just now in the air. Is it not a special opportunity for a Conference, held at Weybridge, or The Hague, or in Italy, or wherever diplomatists prefer, to lay down a universal law that civilized men will never attempt to kill each other in or from the air as long as the world standeth? It would be

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difficult, for such a law would mark the most astonishing advance that mankind had ever made in humanity and practical wisdom. But let us not despair. Mankind has often taken equally astonishing steps in folly and bloodshed.

CLASS HATRED.

A few weeks ago an old lady, refusing an extortionate demand from a woman whom she had helped to the utmost of her ability, said feebly: "Really, I don't know what the world is coming to!" "Then I'll tell you," said the disappointed applicant furiously. "Us is going to be you, and you'm going to be we!" Is this an exceptional state of feeling, a relic of more barbarous ages, or is it a "sign of the times," a revelation of deep-rooted class hatred? Does class hatred exist to any serious extent? Is it greater or less than it was a hundred years ago? If greater, is it greater in the sense of being more widespread or more intense? Is it more felt or more expressed? Does expression relieve or intensify the feeling? Are the speeches which one hears and reads mere rhetorical fireworks which fizzle out harmlessly in the cool night air, or do they imply deliberate conviction which will lead to concerted action?

Class preference must always exist; it is as natural and, within due bounds, as morally useful to prefer one's own class as it is to prefer one's own children, parents, or country. People who profess to hold another class in higher estimation than their own, or maintain that they are "as much at home in the cottage as in the hall and manor-house," are like those who pride themselves on their perfect knowledge of a language and cannot open their lips

without betraying to any educated man that they are foreigners born and bred. If such persons as they claim to be could exist, they would be in danger of resembling the Italianate Englishman of the well-known proverb; but to love and serve one's own class without hating or diserving any other is well within the powers of the human mind and conscience.

The rich speak of class hatred as if it were, and always had been, entirely one-sided in this land of freedom, but there are many traces of a hatred that they must at some time have felt for the poor. In the improving children's books of sixty or seventy years ago the sin of pride, in the form of galling and arrogant behavior to dependents and social inferiors, is much dwelt on. Like other savage traits, it lingered among children when it was a thing of the past with most adults. I can remember a few playfellows of my own, especially those brought up in the country, whose inborn unreasoning scorn and contempt for the poor were simply amazing, considering that there were no visible signs of these evil feelings in their parents and elders, and that any display of them was promptly crushed. Class hatred lingered in public schools, and could be traced commonly among boys long after it had become exceptional in girls.

Among the poor most of what is called class hatred arises from igno-

rance on both sides, from loosely-held tradition, or from a more or less well-founded sense of personal injury. Some degree of acquaintance must precede liking, but mere ignorance gives a tolerably firm foundation for dislike. One constantly hears working men and women say of a person, who is perhaps literally the only member of a dis-trusted class known to them, "Oh, he isn't like the rest of 'em, with no feeling for anyone but themselves;" or, "They say he's a hard man, and I was fool enough to believe it; but when at last I had to go to him, I found he's like myself—he can deal with anybody that's straightforward. He don't like shifty ways. No more don't I."

Many people imagine that they are victims of class hatred when, in reality, they are hated for not conforming to the accepted standard of their class. Officials are not hated for doing their duty, even in a narrow and unintelligent manner, but for doing it with brusquerie and lack of consideration. Often my patients have returned home from some long-thought-of quest in such cheerful, contented mood that I have been astonished to learn that their mission had failed: "No, the gentleman said it couldn't be done: it was against the rules; but he said it hadn't ought to be. He spoke very nice, and he seemed quite put out about it." As the greatest official in England maintained, three hundred years ago, severity breeds fear, but roughness breeds hate.

There is a class hatred arising from bitter, mortifying personal experience. As manners soften, this source must diminish; but although there is less to resent, we must expect that it will be more resented because more vividly realized, and because the sense of personal dignity is more generally diffused. Mental injuries are self-renewing things of power, and when people are highly developed enough to feel them it must not be expected that they will

be as easily forgotten as purely physical injuries or accustomed hardships. A Russian revolutionary prince tells us in his memoirs how, on one occasion, in a passion of childish sympathy, he kissed the hand of an educated house-serf who had been cruelly and unjustly punished, and of the grief he felt when the man drew himself away, scornfully telling him, "You, too, will be like the rest when you grow up."

This would not have been the attitude of an African slave: it proved the man's height in the moral scale, not his depth. When the case was reversed, and the boy and his brother were in danger of receiving punishment as hasty and almost as brutal for a mere accident which had occurred in the course of their play, this man and the rest of the house-serfs subscribed what was to them a large sum, and secretly repaired the mischief. Another serf, first highly educated at his master's expense and then set to servile tasks which he performed unwillingly, was sent into the army, a sentence locally regarded as equal to and rather worse than death; the funeral service being actually performed before he left the village. He reached a very high official position, and years afterwards, when his master was wholly at his mercy, he voluntarily used his power to save him from social disgrace.

At the time of the French Revolution we find many perfect examples of class hatred; neither sex, nor age, nor extreme youth afforded protection from its rage. In proof of the comparative weakness of actually existing feelings, one need only take the generally indulgent attitude of the poor towards the children of the rich, towards the old and suffering among them, and their usually protective attitude towards all women.

Where virulent hatred exists, it is often out of all proportion to the alleged offences, and probably has more

to do with inborn character than actual experience.

Many men whose daily hardships and uncompensated misfortunes and untended sufferings might well have turned their blood to gall, yet seem to have no lasting sense of resentment, and respond to the first show of kindness. Others have received some small injustice, and that little has kindled an inextinguishable fire. Some are born to hate as others are to love; we must not forget how bitterly many men hate those who are merely their official superiors, with no power to affect their private lives or social position. Any dog-in-the-manger spirit is greatly resented among the poor. "My husband would gladly have paid a shilling for an old cask, but they'd rather let it drop to pieces than let you have it," complained a cottager who had no means of storing the rain-water that she so sorely needed.

There is a great lack of confidence between rich and poor. How many domestic servants tell their employers their real wishes? Often the privilege or exemption that they desire intensely could be easily granted, while the employer thinks to content them by granting indulgences which are so inconvenient to himself that he feels sure they must be welcome to his employees. Many and many a poor man and woman privately regret that they have not the self-control to make their grievances known in civil language, and they brood over a wrong until it becomes intolerable.

One reason why we are all too ready to believe in class-hatred is because we think that, as the poor are constantly engaged in a struggle with hard material conditions, they are inevitably ma-

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terialistic in their views. A hungry man must think more of his dinner than his soul, but it does not in the least follow that he thinks more of a good dinner than of his soul. Starving Esau must have the pottage at any cost, but it was food, not savory meat, that was his intolerable temptation. There is little realization of the spirituality commonly found among the thoughtful poor, or of the extent to which their religious beliefs impress the duty of forgiveness and dwarf all worldly inequalities. A rich man is but a fellow sinner, and one for whom they may well have pity because of the "greater condemnation" that awaits him.

This belief in the utter materialism of the poor is at the back of the frequent outcry: "If we make workhouses comfortable, we tempt them to idleness; if we make prison life tolerable, we tempt them to crime." There is some foundation for these protests, but less than we are apt to imagine. Most men, and nearly all women, love liberty better than ease and comfort, and a good name infinitely beyond any advantages that prison life could offer.

The industrious poor do not spend their time and strength in hating the rich; they think very little indeed about them. They are occupied not only with cares of meat and drink, but with the great things of life, and they realize the essential similarity of the human lot. An old man who was never known to read books, and who prided himself on his extreme hardness and practicality once showed me an epitaph which he had copied from a newspaper: "I was not, and was conceived; I loved and did a little work; I am not, and grieve not." "That," he said emphatically, "is *Life*—everyone's life."

M. Leane.

PORFIRIO DIAZ, — AND AFTER.

Rebellion is Spanish America's equivalent for constitutional opposition, and a revolution means no more than a general election in England. There has been no revolution in Mexico for upwards of a generation, so that a change is overdue. But having waited so long, it is strange that the malcontents did not wait a little longer. After all, President Diaz is over eighty, and the other side's turn was bound to come soon. Perhaps it was Diaz himself who provoked trouble by showing that he feared it. At the last presidential election he threw the Opposition candidate into gaol, and sent the most popular soldier of his army on an empty mission of honor to Europe—a confession of weakness which could not pass unchallenged. Moreover, these violent methods failed of their object. Opinions wavered, and a crop of rumors crystallized into a belief that the President looked to the hated Yankees to see him through. The belief may not have been altogether baseless, though it is only fair to Diaz to remember that in earlier years he was fully alive to the risk of financial tutelage to the States, and spared no pains to attract British capital instead.

Right or wrong, however, the belief became general, and the riots out of which the rebellion has sprung usually began with a demonstration against the Stars and Stripes. To the Mexican the Yankee is a neighbor who must be kept at a distance. There is little purity of blood on either side the international border, but the civilization of Mexico is as distinctly Latin as that of the United States is Anglo-Saxon, and the two ways of life cannot be blended. The mutual antipathy is backed on the Mexican side by a definite grievance. There is no doubt that of late years concessions have been

granted with too little supervision. The central administration has never thought very much of the needs of the masses provided the development of the country went on apace; and the local officials have too often betrayed their trust for the sake of a share in the pickings. The Indian inhabitants of the country have been disciplined with a very stern hand, and as Aztec blood runs clean through Mexican society their grievances have met with a good deal of sympathy. Until recently, however, Porfirio Diaz was popularly regarded as more or less of a safeguard against Yankee commercial tyranny, and it is largely his real or assumed defection that has driven some of the people to arms.

Why should the Mexican laborer in the end succeed any better than the French vigneron? Apparently because the local administration, which in France has stood firm, in Mexico has turned traitor. This is a serious thing for Diaz, since his organization of the Mexican provinces has been the most important achievement of his rule and the foundation of all his past successes. His work under this head may fairly be called Napoleonic. Like France, Mexico clamored for efficient centralized rule; twice before Diaz established himself an attempt had been made to revive the system of the old Aztec Empire: and like the France of 1795 the Mexico of 1870 had all but sunk into anarchy. There are men still living who, having set out on the journey from Vera Cruz to the capital, arrived stripped of their possessions and clothed only in an improvised costume of newspapers.

Banditti, in fact, were everywhere. The brigand's life was the only life for a gentleman, and there are always plenty of gentlemen in Latin countries.

The brigand chiefs formed, as it were, the aristocracy of Mexico, the one class with any power of handling men. Diaz used them; it was the mark of his greatness that he was able to make them the instruments of his rule; and it is therefore inexpedient to peer too closely into the antecedents of most of his earlier governors of provinces. Being what they were, these men required to be controlled with a strong hand. They could themselves keep order, but a sense of public duty was not among their virtues. When at the end of his first term of office the President allowed the supreme power to pass into less able hands, the local administration at once began to fall to pieces. Corruption made its entry, and even Diaz has never been able quite to get rid of it.

Resuming office in the eighties, Diaz showed that he had learnt his lesson. He pushed forward his old policy with new vigor, holding fast to his main aim of restricting the freedom of action of his dangerous lieutenants. So exclusively did they occupy his attention that he overlooked the welfare of the masses. The Church presented a magnificent means of raising the general level of culture, but Diaz neglected it. His business was to build railways and telegraphs, and thus link Mexico City up with the centres of provincial government. Hence his first appeal to foreign capital, an appeal which led to a further development of policy. Diaz saw that a host of concessionary companies would serve as so many pillars for his rule. A governor on the make could get the people behind him, but a vested interest is immovable. Vested interests ask for nothing more than steady government, and every new company meant a check on rebellion.

The process has gone on too long. The old governors have mostly died out, and the new generation feel little loy-

alty towards the old man in Mexico City ever ready to limit their authority. The telegraph, again, should have permitted an occasional relaxation of grip. Things cannot now go far wrong before the President has word. But Diaz has used his new weapons to control his subordinates more firmly than ever. And as time went on he has become more terrible because of his isolation. The men who helped him to make modern Mexico are dead, with the one exception of Señor Limantour; and Limantour has never pretended to be anything but Diaz' subordinate. Jealousy, and not ambition, is the last infirmity of noble minds, and Diaz has apparently wished it to appear that he could have no successor. When a man of over eighty works on the assumption that the world will not go on after he has left it and is perpetually keeping young men in their proper place, he is asking for trouble. The Civil Service became discontented, and when the people suspected the President of selling himself to the Yankees they found their leaders at the nearest magistracy.

Has Diaz outlived his work? It was his task to give Mexico peace, and he succeeded by a justice which set swiftness before mercy. Now many of the Mexicans think the time has come for milder methods. It was his further task to develop the resources of his country. In that, too, he has succeeded, and to such a degree that his critics can now charge him with forgetting that resources are made for men and not men for resources. Diaz is the greatest of a type, peculiar to Spanish America, which possibly has seen its day. Disaster has already overtaken Castro in Venezuela, Reyes in Columbia, and Zelaya in Nicaragua; and though Estrada Cabrera still rules in Guatemala, it is only because of American support.

To Europeans the most interesting

question is, what will the United States do? Will America intervene in Mexico, either on the pretext of demanding reform or protecting her threatened citizens? The wild politicians and the big financiers are already demanding intervention, but that way danger lies. Let the Yankees cross the border, and they will see all Mexican parties unite against them. The country might be reduced in the end, but seeing that America has but a tiny regular army and Mexico could put in the field half a million of trained men, it would take the United States with all their ninety odd millions of inhabitants many years to finish the war. Uncle Sam would not

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enjoy paying the bill either in money or men. Probably Mr. Taft will leave Mexico alone so far as armed intervention goes. The more so that his meddling might close up all the South American States against him. He will rather try to dominate Mexico by trade and political influence. More and more do American Presidents meddle in South American politics—not to the advantage of any but themselves. This the South American realizes and prefers both commercially and politically to deal with Europeans. But the Yankee is on the spot, and necessarily has a great pull. He wants careful watching.

DOUBLE-FACED DEVOTION.

He was a poet of the minor kind,

He felt the thrill of springtime stir his blood,
The country called him, though his polished mind
Abominated mud.

He took a cab (the Tube his temper tried
Electric manners were a thought too brisk),
And fared to a suburban country-side
To see the lambkins frisk.

With tasselled tails that flicked at every bound,
With juvenile and fascinating "baas,"
With arching backs they bucked, and romped around
Their undisturbed Mammæ.

And, as the fleeces frolicked with a will,
Through their spectator's inmost bosom swept
A gush of sympathetic joy, until
He very nearly wept;

And, filled vicariously with vernal youth,
Returned, to render as a poet can
In dithyrambic verse the artless truth
That lambkins teach to man.

Nor could they tempt him from his proof-strewn den
To take his tea or snatch a moment's rest
Until on foolscap, with a fountain pen,
He'd got it off his chest.

When, later, pale but satisfied, he dined,
His words, curt and compendious, were these
(They show the poet's latitude of mind),
"The mint-sauce, if you please."

Punch.

THE VALUE AND USAGE OF WORDS.

In the very morning of time, when men lived basely, fighting and feeding, there were probably no words. We can believe that all the emotions of which man was then capable were expressed by vague sounds almost unconsciously uttered. It would only be now and then that some primeval poet would, to the wonder of his tribe, achieve complete expression by using a sound at once so appropriate and compelling that it became for ever sacred to one meaning. The sound would be uttered in some moment of overmastering passion, rapt contemplation, or ecstatic reverie. Terror, or worship, or the tenderness of lovers would be suggested by it. There would be something of the lion's nobility in its name, and a wondering awe in the titles of the sun and stars.

The growth of language was thus gradual, word by word, and every new word was literally a poem or a prayer. In those early times words could be only of the simplest and vaguest. Not only would man's intellect be insufficiently developed to appreciate subtle differences and minute distinctions, but both his voice and his ear must have developed gradually. With the growth of knowledge and experience, however, the need for a more subtle and sensitive language would be keenly felt, and as men came by exercise to a greater command of voice and ear their attempts at expression would become more ambitious. Their world was a place of wonderful noises for imitation, and the more quick-witted of the tribe would invent new words, to be laboriously learned and adopted by their slower-minded fellows.

With the invention of the first word all things became suddenly possible. Until then knowledge was held in a perishable vessel—the mind of a single

man—but with the possibility of transmission and the later possibility of record came the certainty of progress. Men die, but Man is immortal; and the knowledge won by individuals through bitter experience was held and inherited by the race. All succeeding generations began the astonishing struggle upon more favorable terms.

Without language, written or spoken, anything like a race-memory is impossible. The whole accumulation of fact and theory, the result since the world began of all man's experience and speculation, is available to us through this one instrument only. In the course of its development a language is naturally moulded into an instrument peculiarly capable of recording and transmitting the ideas which most appeal to the people using it; it becomes possible in time to give exact and brief expression to their subtlest variations. The native language only can fully and easily express the native mind. The alien speech has been evolved by a people dominated by other ideals, responsive to different emotions. This is why the gradual decay and death of a noble language is a pathetic and awful thing; its deliberate suppression a crime against the human race.

Apart from the written sign or the spoken sound, the word exists as the expression of a mind; and having come down to us through so many minds, no dictionary can fully define its meaning. Every new arrangement brings out some new beauty. The sound and rhythm, the very look of the word, subtly affect its significance. Nor are these the only influences that modify the meaning and enlarge the content of words. They come after long use to be influenced by a dozen niceties of position and association. Individual experience gives, too, a local or private

application to them, so that the meanest and most familiar of words may strangely affect the hearer. It is part of our responsibility, therefore, to consider the effect of our words apart from their absolute meaning. It is easy to propagate falsehood by the cunning statement of truth. Nor need we postulate dishonest intention. The reasoner will often unconsciously enlarge or narrow the content of his most important terms in the course of a single argument. And that which would have been untrue, had the term held its original meaning and no more throughout, is triumphantly demonstrated of a something which has varied with every repetition of its name. It becomes imperative to keep always in mind the reality for which the word stands. We may exhaust dictionaries in our search for the magic syllables, but our mental image of the thing must not waver for an instant.

The important thing is not so much to state a fact with scientific precision as to convey to the mind of the hearer a fact, an emotion, or an idea, completely and in the desired intensity. This is the ultimate justification of the poet, the rhetorician, or the stylist. We falter and are baffled in spite of the precise fluency of our scientific mentor; but the poet finds the immortal phrase which illumines the landscape like a flash of lightning. The thing has been transmitted in an in-

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stant from his mind to ours; and in its white-hot intensity. It is thus that in the day of battle ten words may stiffen the knees of an army and be worth ten thousand bayonets.

Nor should we insist on the power and importance of words, to the neglect of their wonderful beauty. We may even consider language as an instrument of absolute music. In the greater minds beauty of sound and rhythm are combined with and help to the perfect expression of noble ideas. But it may be permitted to the smaller man to fill his writings with strong-syllabled, clamorous words merely as part of the orchestration—to trumpet the cunning of the craft-proud workman. Indeed, a mere list of words may interest one intensely. We can imagine the word-lover gloating over a dictionary as some wealthy jeweller might revel in a basket of beautiful unset stones. Here is the material for all craftsmen: sweet liquid labials; words that shimmer and sparkle; splendid and terrible adjectives, servants of Fury, the trumpets of the wordy orchestra. This was Shelley's treasure-house, the arsenal where Marlowe fashioned his thunder-bolt lines. Out of this work-shop what wonders of inspired art have come! Yet there remains after the riot of pillage, the original treasure. Inexhaustible as the impossible hoards of the fabled misers.

DEPOPULATING THE BRITISH ISLES.

While the people of this country are fighting about constitutional machinery, while the Parliament Bill and coming Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment Bill are absorbing most of the national attention, the process of rural devastation goes on unchecked. For sixty years, under a one-sided policy

of development, the country has been sacrificed to the town. Our manufacturing industries have advanced, our centres of population have spread and thickened, but the advantage of this progress has been reaped more and more by the foreign and less and less by the English producer of foodstuffs.

Our country population has steadily poured into the towns, intensifying all those social evils which to-day almost defy remedial measures. During the last few years this process has been quickened by the colonial emigration campaigns in our country districts. A great deal of our best rural manhood is being tempted out to the broader shires of England over the seas, and our island countrysides are being reduced to still deeper desolation. It is very desirable that intending emigrants should be diverted to British from foreign shores, but there is surely a limit to the extent to which this country can afford to part with its people, and especially its all too scanty country populations. England cannot afford to maintain this lopsided policy much longer. It is essential that the heart of the Empire should be sound, and that cannot be if country life and labor are to be practically abolished and our entire population crowded into the towns. The Colonies themselves are determined to develop along the whole line, industrial as well as agricultural. They are not prepared to restrict themselves to the function of providing the United Kingdom with food and raw materials. They will not sacrifice their industries even to British competition. England on her side is perfectly justified in defending her agriculture against unregulated competition even from the Colonies, giving their produce, however, a substantial preference over that of foreign countries. The people of this country have given no serious thought to these problems of rural life, emigration and so forth. They are drifting along currents which they never intentionally entered to unknown and unchosen destinations. More and more people are beginning to realize that these forces are carrying up to national danger and disaster, and that some very vigorous measures will have to be taken in the

near future if these are to be avoided.

The recently published report of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, giving the agricultural statistics for 1910, is dismal reading. The year 1910 has added the usual tribute to the tale of decay and desolation. Comparing that year with the preceding, we find that the arable land of Great Britain was reduced by a further area of 61,788 acres, while permanent grass increased by 24,635 acres. The area under wheat, the most essential of all food-staples, fell by 14,644 acres. The Report gives a striking comparison between the first decade of the new and the last of the old century. The same process is illustrated, only on a larger scale. Comparing the average areas for 1901-10 and 1891-1900 we find that arable land in Great Britain has diminished by 932,110 acres, that the wheat area has diminished by 247,960, and the acreage of all crops by 523,609. Permanent grass, on the other hand, has increased by 621,602 acres. Comparing the average at the beginning of the twenty years (1891-93) with that at the end of the period (1906-10) we find that arable land shows the enormous decrease of 1,589,377 acres, and permanent grass the vast increase of 1,020,249 acres. Between the same years wheat has decreased by 388,519 acres, and all corn crops by 801,790 acres. And these tremendous losses are set off by no compensations elsewhere. There can indeed be no compensation for the loss of all this plough-land. Stock has made no attempt to develop in proportion to the increase of population. There are only a few more cattle in this country than there were twenty years ago. The idea that an extension of pasture at the expense of arable land stimulates the increase of stock is, as every student of these subjects knows, an exploded delusion. There is no doubt that a revival in corn cultivation would result in a corre-

sponding development of the stock-raising industry. Is it not time that the statesmanship of this country set itself seriously to combat this appalling decline in our most important national interest? The task will never be accomplished by a politician who looks simply to the immediate party advantage. The experience of the last few years has shown how hard it is to induce our electorate to approve the slightest tax on imported food-supplies, however great the inducements of indirect advantage may be. We have to thank Mr. Richard Cobden and his friends not only for the approximate destruction of English agriculture but for the endowment of the industrial classes in the towns with the preponderant political power in the country. Free trade has driven the countryfolk into the towns. We can now see the terrible results of our one-sided development, but the towns have the majority of the votes and it is almost hopeless to appeal to them in the interests of our stricken agriculture. It is no use pointing out that the towns themselves are losing the nearest and most important outlet for their manufactures in this devastation of the English shires. It is vain to warn the electors against the danger of becoming dependent for almost all our food on imported supplies. Every appeal of this kind is met by the only too successful argu-

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ment, comprehensible to the most ignorant voter, "Your food will cost you more." Every intelligent person can understand the baseness, as well as the danger, of that effective election-cry, but that scarcely helps matters. It looks as though the galloping decline, as illustrated in this new Report, must continue until by some disaster the nation is brought—too late—to a sense of the fatal policy it has pursued.

There will of course be many proposals of a safe and discreet nature. Small holdings, credit banks, co-operation and so forth will do duty for a drastic change in the nation's economic policy. But these superficial remedies will never arrest the progress of the disease. Nothing but a complete reversal of the policy which the nation has applied for seventy years will avail. Bismarck effected that reversal for Germany in the seventies of last century. But the two-party system, as existing in this country, seems not to favor the production of men of the Bismarckian thews, and our party leaders have to follow the line of least resistance and shape their policy in accordance with electoral conditions. The prospect is therefore the reverse of cheerful, but it is at least the duty of all patriotic persons to warn the nation of its danger and urge the necessity of reform commensurate with this great and ever-growing evil.

MATERIALISM AND MISGIVING.

"Learn what is true in order to do what is right." This sentence was not said by an ecclesiastic engaged in defending the theory that dogma is the only firm foundation of morality; it is the "summing up of the whole duty of man" by the late Professor Huxley. The words might be taken as the text

of a book of extracts from Huxley's works chosen by his wife and edited by his son ("Aphorisms and Reflections from the Works of Thomas Henry Huxley." Rationalist Press. 6d.). The book is deeply interesting—far more interesting than most books of extracts. As a whole the impression that it

makes upon the reader is one of strength, sincerity and—paradoxical as it may sound—duality. The sympathetic reader, as he seeks to see things from the author's point of view, finds himself rocking always between two opinions. The general impression left upon the mind is of an eloquent exposition of materialism made by a man seriously troubled by doubt of his own theory.

It would be untrue, however, to say that there is any passage in this book in which Huxley dogmatically declares himself a materialist. Indeed, in a very trenchant passage he guards himself against any such profession of faith. "The man of science who, forgetting the limits of philosophical inquiry, slides from these formulæ and symbols into what is commonly understood by materialism seems to me to place himself upon a level with the mathematician who should mistake the *x*'s and *y*'s with which he works his problems of real entities." A most enlightening comparison! In spite, however, of such a passage as we have quoted, the author often speaks as though he took materialism for granted. He points out, also, that there are more terrible theories—and would seem to defend it by a threat. He speaks of "the garment of make-believe by which plious hands have bidden" the "uglier features" of life, and of "the tragedy of science" which has destroyed a beautiful hypothesis by means of ugly facts. He declares the existence of a God—of a Creator even—an open question, and in one passage doubts if it is possible, even if we grant His existence, to plead His benevolence in the face of a suffering world. "Do we not base our belief in the Divine benevolence upon the intensity of our desire to rely upon it?"—he inquires in effect. "It is not to be forgotten," we read, "that what we call rational grounds for our beliefs are often extremely irrational attempts to

justify our instincts." Take, again, the following passage: "Our sensations, our pleasures, our pains, and the relations of these, make up the sum-total of the elements of positive, unquestionable knowledge. We call a large section of these sensations and their relations matter and motion; the rest we term mind and thinking; and experience shows that there is a certain constant order of succession between some of the former and some of the latter." Immediately after these words Huxley guards his Agnostic position by declaring that materialism cannot be deduced from them for certain, but all through the book he constantly compares the idealist and material positions to the detriment of the former, which he occasionally ridicules, while he always treats the latter with respect. Evidently we are to "learn what is true" by setting aside all conclusions that cannot be proved: "all truth in the long run is only common-sense clarified."

But when we come to the object of all knowledge, which Huxley has declared to be "doing right," the reader cannot but be struck by a change of position: "Whatever practical people may say, this world is after all, absolutely governed by ideas, and very often by the wildest and most hypothetical ideas." In every page we trace the frankness of the man who makes no sacrifice to consistency. "In whichever way we look at the matter, morality is based on feeling, not on reason," we read, and again "justice is founded on the love of one's neighbor, and goodness is a kind of beauty." Moral feeling is based, he says, on intuition. "If you ask why the moral inner sense is to be (under due limitations) obeyed; why the few who are steered by it move the mass in whom it is weak, I can only reply by putting another question: Why do the few in whom the sense of beauty is strong—

Shakespeare, Raphael, Beethoven—carry the less endowed multitude away? But they do, and always will. People who overlook that fact attend neither to history nor to what goes on about them." Men of genius do increase knowledge, apparently by other than reasonable methods, and to the upsetting of all calculations,—“genius as an explosive power beats gunpowder hollow!”

“The practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which, in all respects, is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion it demands self-restraint; in place of thrusting aside, or heading down, all competitors, it requires that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help his fellows; its influence is directed, not so much to the survival of the fittest, as to the fitting of as many as possible to survive. It repudiates the gladiatorial theory of existence.” This passage forms a curious comment on the words, “The meek shall inherit the earth.” Such a sentence as “the fitting of as many as possible to survive” has again a Christian ring. “Honesty, energy, and goodwill,” he says, alone make “intelligence, knowledge, and skill” of any real use.

The aim of all education which is worth having, he tells us, is to turn out a man “whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience, who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and respect others as himself.” But if the prophet of science agrees with the Hebrew poet that “it is by these things men live”—if all that is best worth having in life is founded on intuition and feeling—is it reasonable to dismiss all those intuitions and feelings which have no direct practical out-

come as unreasonable and of no account? Professor Huxley has been dead some time. The sense of horror which ran through the world when materialism in its modern garb was first suggested as an explanation of the universe has passed off. Ordinary men are becoming content once more to found their assurance of a spiritual explanation where Huxley founded his moral assurance, and where all men found their assurance of their own free will—upon intuition. But Professor Huxley’s threat still makes us wince. What if the Deity were not benevolent? What if man at his highest moral moment does not reflect God? We must be as bold as Professor Huxley and say Religion is based on feeling and intuition, not upon any collection of acts. Why do the men who tell us that God is good carry us away, as Professor Huxley admits that the great moralists and prophets of the beautiful convince and carry us away? We can only reply, as Huxley replied, “They do, and they always will.” He speaks of Christ with the deepest respect—though he is not respectful to what may be called Church Christianity. The Galilean, he thinks, did not conquer. A religion with which he would have had little sympathy conquered in his name. His paramount moral genius he appears to grant. When Christ spoke of God as perfectly benevolent, He gave voice to an intuition which is surely as general as the intuition to which the great painters and poets gave expression. The fact that there are plenty of people who have no intuitional perception of beauty is not allowed by the man of science to bear at all upon the reality of beauty any more than a few utterly selfish people are allowed to bear upon the rightness of altruism. “Such pathological deviations from true manhood are merely the halt, the lame, and the blind of the world of consciousness; and the anat-

mist of the mind leaves them aside, as the anatomist of the body would ignore abnormal specimens." Truly the doubts of his own plan of thought which Professor Huxley raises in the minds of his readers are sufficient to form a creed.

When all is said and done, is not the
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supreme intuition, the belief in God, the greatest of all realities—it may be the one reality? Materialism fades and changes, and with its perpetual flux and welter of vibrations eludes us at every turn. That to which the spirit witnesses remains, and is firm and unchanging.

QUACK RELIGIONS.

A number of good people are concerning themselves very deeply at present with the alleged missionary efforts of the Mormons in England; and meanwhile a far wider-reaching and more mischievous business, also directed from America, is being prosecuted, not only without opposition, but apparently with considerable success, among the unhappy people of this country. I say the unhappy people because it is always they who fall the most ready prey to things which are offered as universal remedies for human ills. Long ago the Americans discovered what a profitable source of money-making existed in people's bodily ailments, and they organized the quack medicine business on such a basis that it has reached the gigantic proportions which we know to-day. It was they also who discovered how to work the field, hitherto untilled from a commercial point of view, that lay in spiritual sickness; and they have now organized quack religions on a scale that threatens to rival the business of the pill and the bottle. It is not the people who are whole that need a physician, but they that are sick; and this the Americans recognize so well that they avoid young and healthy communities, and fasten themselves upon the over-civilized and the diseased, as certain parasites in a fish-pond attach themselves to the bodies of fish that show signs of age

or debility. The effect of these quack ministrations is almost entirely disastrous; not because they do not sometimes seem to effect cures; not because people are not sometimes apparently happier and better for the mental exercises prescribed for them, but because nearly all of these sham philosophies are based on the principle of self-deception, the practice of refusing to face facts, and on a conspiracy to call things which are unpleasant by pleasant names, and ultimately to cheat oneself into the belief that they do not exist. The best that can be said for them is that certain wretched people, who have hitherto lived aimless lives of morbid introspection and meditation on their own sufferings, have some mental discipline applied to them, and are given amusing mental exercises to perform which take their thoughts off themselves. Then they get better and ascribe their cure to some magic and mystical effect of the Truth, or the Light, or the Science, or the New Thought, or whatever the trademark may be of the spiritual bolus which they have swallowed. And then they go out into the world and themselves become eager missionaries; they work in association with others; they have something to do; in short, they find life interesting, and the game goes merrily on.

I went last Sunday evening to Bech-

stein Hall and attended an entertainment described as the "New Thought Church." The hall was four-fifths full of middle-class women and a fair sprinkling of men. Most of the people were unhappy and disagreeable-looking, and wore ugly clothes. There were few outward or visible signs of exceptional inward grace among the audience. The entertainment began with the playing, by a violinist and pianist, of the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" as an opening voluntary. Many of the New Thinkers bowed their heads as though in prayer; although on consulting a pamphlet that was on sale at the doors I gathered that they were not praying, but "concentrating." When the music ceased a lady with a hard and powerful American accent and a plain, strong countenance, commanded us to repeat the "Affirmation of Union," which was a kind of dogmatic imitation of a creed, in which the following clauses occurred: "When thou God searchest my heart thou wilt find it clean utterly," and "I am one with health, wealth, and love; they are manifesting for me now," and "I have perfect peace, power, plenty, and divine realization"—whatever that may mean. Then the lady commanded us to rise and sing the opening hymn—which was merely a piece of doggerel which, so far as doctrine went, might unfortunately have appeared in any Christian hymn-book. Then came a series of announcements about various meetings and classes and lectures, some of which were free and some not free, but all of which were designed obviously to give occupation and interest to the New Thinkers; to keep them busy and thinking about the New Thought. Then the lady recited some verses of poetry which I could not hear. Then we had another quack hymn. The lady then recited—still with an American accent—a passage from one of the Gospels, immediately following which

a few bars of the piano sounded, and Miss Esther Palliser's voice was heard singing "Is it raining, little flower?" The audience appreciated this song so much that they encored it, and we were for the moment back in the true Bechstein Hall atmosphere.

Then came the address. The most sympathetic description that I can give of it is that it was a piece of not very lucid exposition, the result of some very cloudy and uncloud thinking. It told the audience of many things about the history of Jesus Christ, which, unless they were New Thinkers, they had not heard before. Jesus, the lady told us, studied first under all the doctors of his own land and acquired the "whole consciousness" of their learning; then he went to India and acquired the whole consciousness of Indian learning; then he went to a place which the lady called "Tibbet" and acquired that; then to Persia, Greece, Turkey, Egypt and other centres of learning and civilization. I was only surprised that America was not included in this itinerary. After that the exposition went on with a great deal of cloudy thought about what the speaker called the "noo civilization" and the "noo cahnsconsciousness"; and often she referred contemptuously to the "old civilization"; and it was some time before I discovered that by the "old civilization" she meant the facts of life and the universe as they are recorded by history and interpreted by a consensus of enlightened and educated opinion; and that by the "noo civilization" she meant what they think in Boston and America. She said "I am often asked questions on this side about the noo civilization and the noo thought, questions which show that you on this side are still puzzling and inquiring about things that we in America have long ceased even to question." She went on in a very kind and gentle way to attempt to put

things, as she thought, plainly for our backward and benighted minds, so that we too should be able to get out of that awkward habit of questioning things that were accepted as unquestionable truth in Boston. But though I honestly tried to understand what she meant she did not make anything clear to me. She used freely and impartially the pseudo-philosophic jargon of the Theosophists, and of other sects which in comparison with her own are of a quite venerable antiquity, and such phrases as "emanation," "cosmic consciousness," "planes of consciousness," and such words as "at-one-ment"—that kind of dreary religious pun which a very young curate makes in his first sermon—were freely drawn upon; but I do not think that the audience really understood very much. I came away as soon as the sermon was over, thus escaping the collection and the final hymn, of which the first and the fourth lines of the first verse were "I'm healed, praise God, I'm healed," and of the second verse, by a pretty antiphonal conceit, "You're healed, praise God, you're healed." Toll was paid at the door, however, by the purchase of two little pamphlets, costing about a penny each to produce, for which half-a-crown was charged.

I do not pretend I have given a fair or full exposition of what is called the New Thought; but I have recorded quite fairly the impression that this "church" produced on me; and I do not think that any amount of spending twenty guineas on a course of lectures, or of many half-crowns for many pamphlets, would either enlighten my mind or make life any easier for me to live. I am not in the least unsympathetic to the people who search for and find these alleged cures for the burden of life. If this quack religion made life permanently better and happier I should try to be an adherent; but the trouble with all these nostrums

is—what the stupid and unhappy people who flock in crowds to enrol themselves will not see—that they are utterly unseaworthy craft in which to attempt the voyage of life. They are smartly painted, turned out from America with all the latest things in patent gears, dressed with attractive flags, and guaranteed to reach the Eldorado that people persist in seeking in the least possible time, with the least possible effort, and in the greatest possible comfort. And so they are crowded with emigrants from the country of fact to the rosy land of illusion. But alas, they never reach their destination. The unhappy voyagers are not even immune from sea-sickness; and at the moment when they need shelter most, when they are farthest from land, down goes their rotten craft under their feet, and they are left struggling again in the sea of life, weakened and enervated by their long course of make-believe. A few manage to swim ashore, or to cling to rafts and life-belts, until they are picked up or drift within the beams of one of the calm fixed lights that never quite leave the world in darkness. We have all seen such cases. Those who have friends who are addicted to any of these fraudulent and intellectually bewildering schools have generally not long to wait till they see some such result as I have described. That many of the apostles of these quack religions are themselves in earnest I have no doubt. I do not accuse the lady of Sunday evening of being a fraudulent person; I think it likely that she is a much more dangerous kind of missionary, one who herself believes in the quack medicine and is earnestly anxious to extend its benefits to others. Hence her laborious life, hence her assurance that everything desirable is quite simple. Our present life is difficult or painful; she tells us that there are "planes of consciousness," and that

we must abstract ourselves from one and get into another, when it will be easy and pleasant.

Yes, there are planes of consciousness; there are likewise stupors of unconsciousness; there are also, good

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Madam, quite bottomless abysses of stupidity and black error from which, if we fall into them, no rope made in Boston, or anywhere else in America, will be long enough to drag us out.

Filson Young.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mrs. Constance Garnett is engaged upon a translation of Dostolevsky's novels, which will be issued in a uniform edition. This will give English and American readers an opportunity to become better acquainted with one of the most powerful of Russian novelists, whose "Crime and Punishment," crude and diffuse though it be, is a masterpiece of literature.

The subject of the latest volume in the compact and attractive "Popular Library of Art," of which E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers, is William Hogarth, and the author is Mr. Edward Garnett, the editor of the series. Mr. Garnett's review of Hogarth's life and artistic career is necessarily brief, but well-proportioned; and he is both cordial and discriminating in his appreciation of Hogarth's too-long underrated genius. Thirty or more full-page illustrations present copies of Hogarth's best-known work.

In preparing "An Ethical Diary" Mr. W. Garrett Horder has drawn upon many sources, ancient and modern, Christian and pagan, for sound and practical reflections and admonitions concerning conduct, and presents one for each day of the year. He has omitted to draw material from the Old or New Testament, not because he fails to recognize the truth and beauty of their teachings, but because they are

in every one's hands. It is interesting to notice that Emerson furnishes the largest number of selections,—more than one day in ten, and that Faber comes next. E. P. Dutton & Co.

A delightful story of Irish horses, hounds, hunting and hospitality is Dorothea Conyer's "Two Impostors and Tinker." The impostors are young Derrick Bourke Herring and his charming sister Josephine, to whom comes, by a mistake of the mails, at the moment when the death of their guardian leaves them practically penniless, the letter which offers the mastership of the Mullenboden hounds to their millionaire cousin, an older Derrick, who chances to be shooting big game in Africa. Derrick impersonates the master, and Josephine masquerades as his first whip, while Tinker, their terrier, does his best to complicate the situation. The writer's deft management of details offsets the obvious improbabilities of her plot, and her descriptions of Irish life and scenery are uncommonly readable. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Edward K. Parkinson's "The Practical Country Gentleman" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) is an extremely useful handbook for city-weary men, who wish to "get back to the soil" for a diversion if not for a livelihood, but who have well-grounded apprehensions

as to their knowledge and equipment. The book is especially addressed to owners of country estates, large or small, and the aim of the author, who writes from a large store of experience as a consulting agriculturist, is to show how the cultivation of such estates may be made not only a source of pleasure, but a means of revenue. The author is optimistic, but his optimism is well grounded and a careful following of his suggestions may well make the "gentleman farmer" less an object of commiseration and gentle ridicule than he has sometimes been. The book is fully illustrated.

Present day lovers of opera—and their name is legion—number an increasing proportion of those who go beyond the mere enjoyment of performances on the stage and are interested in the past and future development of this modern institution. Modern it truly is, comparatively, for two or three centuries ago when literature and painting had reached high splendor, musical art of all forms was in its infancy. Opera was born in Italy, and for a study of its beginnings Mr. W. J. Henderson, the musical critic of the New York Sun and a widely known author, has given us the results of his painstaking and scholarly research in "Some Forerunners of Italian Opera." Beginning with the crude and often grotesque dramatic performances for centuries given only in connection with the Church, the author traces the uncertain progress of the lyric drama until in the hands of the Florentines in the latter part of the sixteenth century a surer footing was gained and true opera was gradually evolved. Mr. Henderson has gone to original chronicles for information as to the manner of early operatic productions, the singers, orchestral instruments, character of music, etc. The book is both interesting and educative and worthy of

reading by all who take more than a superficial interest in opera. Henry Holt & Co.

The revived interest in the biological writings of the late Samuel Butler should ensure a welcome for the reprints of his books which E. P. Dutton & Co. are now publishing. In his lifetime, Mr. Butler's contributions to the discussion of Darwinism and kindred subjects were not given the consideration which their thoroughness of research and clearness and pungency of statement deserved; but of late there has been a veering of sentiment in his direction. His "Erewhon" and "Erewhon Revisited" are now followed by his "Life and Habit" and "Unconscious Memory." For both of these Professor R. A. Streatfield furnishes a preface or explanatory note; while for "Unconscious Memory" Professor Marcus Hartog furnishes an Introduction which will aid the reader to understand not only the views which Butler presented in so picturesque and aggressive a fashion, but the controversies to which they were related. Few writers have possessed in larger measure than Butler the rare gift of discussing abstract and difficult questions in such a way as to engage the attention not merely of men of science but of the general reader. If some passages in "Unconscious Memory,"—chapter four, for example—seem unduly combative in tone, allowance must be made for the provocation under which they were written.

Very intimate are the glimpses of personal experience which "Carmen Sylva," the beloved Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, gives us in the book entitled "From Memory's Shrine." She says in her preface, "I am about to throw open the sanctuary I have so long jealously guarded from the world,—the private chapel within whose niches my mem-

ories are enshrined." This she does; and it is the atmosphere of the sanctuary and the chapel rather than of the court that pervades the book from cover to cover. There are here none of the scandals which one has become accustomed to expect in court memoirs. The intimacy to which the good queen admits her readers is that of her childish friendships, the great people whom she admired and the humble people whom she loved, her governesses, tutors and servants, her enthusiasms, occupations and aspirations, and her literary acquaintances and diversions. Madame Schumann, Arndt the poet, Bernays the scholar, Bunsen, and Karl Sohn, the portrait painter, are among the figures whom the author recalls most vividly; but the most intimate and touching chapter is the closing one, in which the queen tells the story of the excruciating physical suffering, sweet character and triumphant faith of her little brother Prince Otto, whose pathetic figure she recalls after fifty years as clearly as if the tragic experiences of his life had closed but yesterday. Nine portraits illustrate the book. The translation is made by her majesty's former secretary, Edith Hopkirk. J. B. Lippincott Co.

"Argentina and Her People of To-day" (L. C. Page & Co.) is one of the most important and interesting of the series of volumes in which Mr. Nevin O. Winter has undertaken to make American readers better acquainted with the Latin-American republics. Earlier volumes have described Mexico, Guatemala and Brazil. Like the earlier volumes, this is the fruit of close personal study and observation as well as a careful comparison of au-

thorities. But it is as far as possible from being a mere compilation of facts. It is graphically written, touching sufficiently upon the history and topography to furnish a background, but giving a vivid picture of Argentina as it is to-day, the pursuits and pleasures of its people, the agricultural wealth of its great plains, the swift development of its commerce, and the direction and scope of its almost incredibly rapid progress. A large map and more than forty full-page illustrations from photographs illustrate the book.

Flippancy, bitterness and cynicism one expects in a book called "When God Laughs," and one may feed on them to satiety from Jack London's stories. Of half the even dozen that make the collection there is little to be noted except their repulsiveness—powerful they may be called, but only as any horrible tale is powerful by sheer pressure on shrinking nerves. But there are three or four on a different level, three or four whose horrors make what the sympathy recognizes as a legitimate appeal. "The Apostate," an intensely realistic story of a factory-child grown to manhood and abandoning work for the hobo's freedom; "The Chinago," a picture of life on a plantation in the South Seas where a Chinaman is gillotined by the French sergeant as Ah Chow in spite of his insistence that he is Ah Cho; "A Piece of Steak," the story of an aging prize-fighter who loses the purse that meant supper for his wife and kiddles for want of the substantial meal that might have made him fit—these linger in the memory as masterpieces luger. The Macmillan Co.

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LI.

No. 3491 June 3, 1911

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VOL. CCLXIX.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

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THE GREAT GALLEON.

[“The operations in Tobermory Bay carried on so successfully for the past three weeks have now been temporarily discontinued until stronger suction plant, capable of dealing with the immense masses of shells which cover the Armada galleon, have been constructed and put on board a more powerful salvage vessel. The construction of the new machinery will entail a delay of fully six weeks, so that operations will not be resumed in all likelihood before Christmas.”—*Daily Paper*, October 19th.]

We left the Tagus banks behind and
shores of pleasant Spain,
Our gallant great Armada, to sail
across the main,
And never a one among us recked that
we should lie to-day
Down among the dead men in Tober-
mory Bay.

We saw the pennons flaunting, heard
the loud bells ring
To celebrate the mightiness of our Most
Christian King;
Our fleet it was invincible. But now
our bones we lay
Down among the wreckage of Tober-
mory Bay.

Upon our silent culverins gross barna-
cles must feed:
For chains upon our necks hang tan-
gled skeins of waterweed:
Through the sockets where our eyes
once shone the cod and conger play
Down among the dead men in Tober-
mory Bay.

Above our heads the perilous Atlantic
combers surge,
But here we lie unheeding their full
tempestuous dirge:
We joy not in the sunset nor heed the
break of day
Down amid the twilight of Tobermory
Bay.

The noble and the base, we sit to-
gether, and we keep
All in the clammy ooze and slime a
brotherhood of sleep,
Hidalgos of Valladolid and beggars of
Biscay,
Down among the dead men in Tober-
mory Bay.

We lie in powerless splendor, to lord it
o'er our wreck,

And listen to the shuffling of the diver's
feet on deck.

Our swords are rust-devoured, our
armor riven to decay,
Down amid the shells and sand of
Tobermory Bay.

We prized and hugged our honor that
you hold to-day so cheap:
You pick and pry and fumble and you
wound that honor deep.
Our everlasting curses shall the sacri-
lege repay,
Down among the dead men in Tober-
mory Bay.

We shall hear the archangel's trumpet
and the loud bells boom,
When we rise before the Judgment-seat
to meet the Day of Doom.
But, till that day arises, let us slum-
ber, let us stay
Down amid our comrades in Tobermory
Bay.

Oh vex us not, oh leave us here to our
ashamed repose,
And yield us not again unto the taunt-
ing of our foes.
Oh vex us not, but leave us in our sol-
emn sea-array
Down among the dead men in Tober-
mory Bay.

John Aston.

The Spectator.

“WHO CAN TELL HOW OFT HE
OFFENDETH.”

Whenever humbly I begin
To search my heart and own to Thee
My great perversity and sin,
Thou hinderest me.

How can I tell what evil drifts
Beneath the bench, behind the door,
When, everywhere I turn, Thy gifts
Fill all the floor?

Miserere is not said
Ere Benedictus is begun;
O' visit not upon my head
What Thou hast done!

Anna Bunston.

BRITAIN AND HER OFFSPRING.

The Motherland, God bless her! has had a long and illustrious history marked by many vicissitudes. Even in recent times the struggle for the right of the people to rule has culminated more than once only upon the brink of revolution, as the earlier struggles did between King and Nobles. It has not been her usual policy to meet such issues directly. When it became necessary, for instance, to revolt against absolute monarchy, instead of direct attack, after the French method, our ancestor forefathers preferred a flank movement, which, by retaining monarchy, avoided revolution. The king was accepted, together with the doctrine that as the Lord's anointed he could do no wrong, with the result, inevitable as that night should follow the day, which was soon discovered, that he could not therefore be allowed to do anything. The king was required to swear that he would take the advice of his ministers appointed by a majority of the House of Commons. Hence, the triumphs of the flank movement and of constitutional monarchy.

It is significant to note in these days of dispute between the hereditary and elected chambers that, strange to say, the House of Lords was ignored in this vital constitutional change. The elected chamber, the House of the people, assumed sole and sovereign sway over the monarch. Never was a more drastic device applied, yet one withal so simple and direct that it has never been questioned, and apparently never can be while the monarchical system endures.

Centuries ago, having invested one chamber with the sole power to appoint His Majesty's advisers whom he must obey, yet notwithstanding its success, to hesitate in our day to trust that same chamber with the final word in

legislation, would surely be swallowing the camel and straining at the gnat.

This transcendent power invested in the elected House settled the question and made constitutional monarchy from one point of view even more democratic than the republican form, for the elected head of a nation is necessarily possessed of great powers. Those of our American President, for example, far surpass those of any emperor to-day, and are clearly defined. He appoints the members of his cabinet, possesses the power of veto over legislation in peace (two-thirds majority required to overcome it), and in war instantly becomes Commander-in-Chief of Army and Navy; imprisons disloyal citizens without trial, and is responsible to no one except by impeachment. But let it be remembered no novice reaches the Presidency. The people who elect presidents know their men, who are not born to office; like British Prime Ministers, they must first achieve greatness.

To the native-born observer residing outside of the old home but ever deeply interested in it, she seems one of those strong old-fashioned, managing mothers of great sons, constitutionally opposed to change of any kind, especially to new-fashioned improvements; and hence remains a generation behind, notwithstanding her up-to-date daughters who set her a worthy example.

Let us contrast her with her offspring. Quite recently the *Times*, appropriately typifying the dear old lady, endeavoring to prove that the Republican idea was in our day giving place to the monarchical, instanced Canada "as seeing no reason why she should change her institutions for those of her Southern neighbor, the Republic." Quite true, for the irresistible reason that Canada has already her neighbor's

institutions and rejoices in them; no change is required. She has sole power over her Army and Navy as the Republic has. Her Prime Minister, under direction of her Parliament, alone directs these as the American President directs the forces of the United States. She makes treaties with other nations direct. Hereditary legislators are unknown, no peers reside in British Colonies as citizens. All British Colonies pay Members of Parliament, and require them to sit during the day and transact the business of State as their occupation while fresh and sober-minded, not as a social entertainment after dining. They pay no official election expenses. In all these matters they have American, not British, institutions. None of the Colonies know anything of that gross injustice, plural voting, which denies the equality of the citizen; neither of its fellow iniquity, unequal electoral districts. All Britain's children shun the example of the Motherland and adopt the Republic's electoral laws, one man's vote the equal of any other, the districts being equalized after each Census.

In the vital domain of religion, here again we find prevailing everywhere the precious element of religious equality; all religious sects fostered, none unduly favored by the nation. We find the old mother stolidly adhering to unfair discrimination in this, the most sensitive of all departments—the religious, the ministers of the unjustly favored sect holding themselves aloof from the other sects, refusing to exchange pulpits or to recognize equality, dividing the rural communities into opposing social factions, producing discord where all should be harmonious as in the other lands of our race. That no other English-speaking nation retains the odious system of preference of one sect by the State marks another wide

divergence between the Mother and her more progressive children in other lands, and one in which the American example stands pre-eminent. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the American Republic alike discard the example of the Motherland and treat all religious sects alike.

Public schools in all British Colonies are upon the American model, free from sectarianism, which is never permitted to produce such lamentable results as in some parts of the Motherland, dividing the people by maintaining schools belonging to or governed by the one favored sect. Catholics generally throughout the English-speaking lands send their children to the public schools because they find little or nothing to object to there, the elements of sectarianism being carefully eliminated in accordance with the spirit of this progressive age, which seeks to draw people together, not to divide them into quarrelling sects.

We find another ominous contrast in the land question, a serious problem indeed, in Britain, with its ancient primogeniture and entail, of which no trace is found in any of the new lands, the general custom there being to follow the law which, in the absence of directions, divides wealth equally among the children, the widow's dower of one-third generally obligatory. Here is an illustration of what is fair and just among the members of a family, no unjust discrimination to create feelings of disappointment or resentment among the members, the bonds of family love preserved and strengthened.

It seems impossible that the people of the old home can long tolerate primogeniture and entail, upon which every other English-speaking community has set its stamp of disapproval as unjust. Touching the land question in general, there is none of a serious nature yet in the new lands, with only a few inhabi-

tants per mile average, and even in the Republic not many over thirty, and all free for sale or purchase without any general restrictive law, taxes in all cases assessed according to value, whether town, city, urban or agricultural land, and whether fallow or under cultivation. Britain cannot follow entirely the example of her children in legislating upon the land question, conditions being different. Denmark seems to point the way to her for the solution of that problem. It is, however, significant that Australia already levies progressive taxation upon land holding, and charges non-residents higher rates than residents.

It is obvious that just as the masses grow in intelligence (and the school systems ensure this) they will demand in all lands and obtain a fairer distribution of the comforts, rights, and privileges of their day; especially is this true of men of our own race in the old home, who have before them the rights already enjoyed by their fellows in the other lands of their race. What the people of Canada, Australia, and America have to-day, the Britons will soon demand and obtain. Nor must we of the newer lands fail to remember how much beyond all that our fellow-men have now, they must, by a law of their being, steadily demand and obtain, especially a more equal distribution of wealth, under Adam Smith's law that citizens must contribute to the expenses of the State "according to their ability to pay."

We even in the new lands labor under no delusion in this matter; while the condition of the masses is infinitely better under the colonial system than under the British, there is to be no rest in the march of progress with us towards greater uniformity of material conditions. Political rights in the Republic and the Colonies all already enjoy; one man's privilege every man's right. This is perfect and cannot be

improved upon; it is final, because any change would produce inequality, the foe of democracy. No citizen of Republic, Dominion, or Commonwealth is denied equality under the law, his vote weighs as much as the millionaire's. His religion enjoys equality with all others. As child of his parents he shares equally under the law with his brothers and sisters. His rank is equal with others. Equality of citizenship is the foundation of a democratic State, and until this is reached in the old home rest is impossible. It should therefore be matter of serious consideration with all parties in the old home whether the lamentable condition of affairs as shown is to be permitted to differentiate more and more the Colonies and the Republic from the old Motherland, which seems unwise in retaining so many unjust measures, contrary to the spirit of the age, which tends to draw people together, not to divide them into classes.

Elections in the new lands occur at stated times, and in all cases for fixed terms of service: thus in the Republic members of the House serve for two years, the two State Senators for six, but these draw lots at the first election after a State is admitted into the Union, for a short or long term, two years or six; thus one-third of the senators have to appeal to the State legislatures for re-election every two years, and are thus kept amenable to public sentiment. All States vote upon the same day, and the presidential election occurring every second State election only requires an additional ballot to be cast. The result, unless unusually close, is known before the crowds retire, by midnight and generally earlier, even although between six and seven millions of votes are cast.

The fixed term of service gives the nation a respite between contests, and the party in power sufficient time to produce results, regardless of passing

gusts of passion. This feature is commended to the attention of the old home, where the leaders in Parliament resemble so many performers balancing themselves on the tight rope, liable at any moment to fall, the nation absorbed looking on. As no other English-speaking people follow the British but all follow the American plan, it may well be worth while for the old home seriously to consider the subject.

There remains another American institution which every British land has adopted, always excepting, of course, the dear old-fashioned mother. This is the Federal system, which Bryce pronounces the greatest contribution the Republic has made to the political world. The Republic now has forty-seven States, each with its own State legislature—not congress, please note, for this distinction is important. There is only one Congress, and that is over all, and it will be well for Britain to note this fact when she adopts devolution, for there is much in the name “Legislatures” for the parts, and in the word “Parliament,” being supreme, sacred, and reserved for the whole. How surprising, how strange it is for one to sit in the House of Commons, attracted as the writer was by an expected debate upon a question of international importance, only to find that the sewerage of a Midland city had precedence. It was said of the Nasmyth hammer when invented that it could forge anything from a pin to an anchor. So it seems to be with Parliament, but we never heard of the hammer being devoted to the trifling work of pin-forging. It was reserved for tasks worthy of it. So should the Mother of Parliaments be reserved for national and international problems worthy of her powers. Canada, Australia, the Transvaal have here all followed the example, not of the monarchy but of the Republic, and all enjoy the fruits of the American Federal

system. Since these have been promised to Ireland, it seems highly probable that the opportunity will be embraced to extend the same to England, Scotland, and Wales, thus bringing the whole English-speaking race under the Federal system. The closest government of the parts we find makes the strongest government of the whole, *i.e.* local resident people are the best governors of local affairs.

This general divergence of all her offspring in political conditions from those of the old home makes the Motherland appear to the onlooker a hen with ducks for chickens, spending her energies loudly cackling on the shore while her adventurous brood breasts the waves. The propensity which the stay-at-home Briton has so far shown for adhering to ancient laws has compelled her hardy sons abroad to look for guidance to Britain's first-born, the Republic, which has hewn her way to pre-eminence in political development, keeping up with the times, and not afraid to march forward.

An illustration of this British trait of aversion to change was until recently found in the tenacity with which British manufacturers held to old-fashioned machinery. When the United States broke all records in steel-making, her reported results were discredited, but after an interval one leading company engaged an American engineer to remodel their works and practice, and in due time others followed. In ship-building the same result ensued. We are informed that not one shipyard in Britain exists to-day which does not use American tools. Imagine a manufacturer who boasted to-day that he used the same tools his father did. Machinery that is old is *prima facie* evidence that it needs reconstruction and improvement, or should be discarded, and equally so with political institutions which are bound to improve or become useless. The proud boast of

the Briton is that his parliamentary system is centuries old, his not a written constitution as modern constitutions are in new lands, but handed down from precedent to precedent. When, however, the strain of modern conditions recently came to bear upon it, alas! the rickety old machine was found unequal to its work, and to-day, in order to meet the emergency, there is already in Parliament a written document which is without precedent, awaiting acceptance, very modern indeed and up to date, making sure record of the coming change. Nothing stands still, all moves forward in human society; that which has been, better than that which was, and that to come better than what exists to-day, constitutions not excepted. There is never a time in which one or more of the State constitutions in America are not being "improved," all constitutional changes, however, being submitted to a vote of the people.

We have seen that the antiquated institutions of the old home have compelled her sons abroad to follow the example of Britain's first-born, the American Republic, and now a constitutional crisis has arisen in the old home, created by the irrepressible conflict between the old and new political ideas—*Elective v. Hereditary Chambers of Legislation; Equality of the Citizen v. Hereditary Rank; Church of a Sect v. Equality of all Sects*. Fortunately, the grand old mother finds as of yore that she has worthy patriotic sons true to the sacred trust reposed in them, able and resolved to guide her in treading the true path of ordered political development, drawing her nearer and nearer to the standard attained by her worthy children who know nothing of hereditary privilege, or primogeniture and entail, religious preference, or inequality of citizenship.

None need fear the result; there will be no violence, no law-breaking—all

will be peacefully adjusted, the rich saving common sense of the race will secure strict adherence to law. The grand old Motherland, God bless her, is to renew her youth and add triumphs worthy of those of her glorious past, when she led the world in establishing the germs of constitutional government of the people, for the people and by the people, which her children in other lands have so successfully developed. Thus steadily, from this time forth, the dear old Mother and her children are to draw closer together in their political institutions, until our entire English-speaking race enjoy the blessings flowing from government founded upon the equality of the citizen, one man's privilege every man's right.

March 24, 1911.—Reading this proof to-day all seems so trifling, so unimportant, that the writer hesitates to send it for publication. Since it was begun, a bugle blast has blown which has startled the civilized world. A year ago we stood in the venerable Guildhall, London, and revealed to a crowded audience what President Taft has since dared to proclaim—*viz.*, all international disputes should be submitted to arbitration, questions of honor, territory, money, or anything else. Never did bugle blast affect the writer as that message did, upon reading it at the Grand Canyon, Arizona—Nature's grandest wonder. He immediately wrote to the bold President, hailing him as the foremost leader in the greatest of all causes, predicting that if he adhered heroically to this standard, and won, he would be the greatest ruler of men known to history, since no man can be credited with so sublime a world triumph as the expulsion from earth of brutal war, "the foulest fiend ever loosed from hell."

To read of the fervid conversion of Sir Edward Grey—usually so calm and

self-poised; of Mr. Balfour—Conservative leader—breaking irresistibly forth, revealing that in this holy cause he was no partisan, but a patriot, declaring that from no quarter would President Taft receive warmer support; of Mr. Redmond following in the same lofty strain; of the Archbishop of Canterbury from his lofty pedestal calling a meeting in Albert Hall and inviting prominent members of all sects to join with him in a service for what had come to pass; Canada and Australasia joining in the chorus of approval; to read every morning added proof that at last the dear old Homeland had been stirred to the heart, and that partisans, drawn together by the majesty of the cause, had united as patriots vying with each other in their devotion to the cause of blessed peace soon to prevail, when war (international) will be banished as duelling (private war) has been from within the wide boundaries of our race—all this caused the writer, wondering whether he was not dreaming.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

ing, to ask himself, "Can such things be and overcome us like a summer cloud without our special wonder?" Daily the cable added new proofs that our race in every land had felt the impress of a mighty power, lifting it into the higher regions where visions of the coming day are seen, when men "shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks," and learn war no more, our own Republic grandly responding.

Should the writer be spared to see his native and adopted lands—Motherland and Wifeland—united hand in hand, never again to part, but ever to stand shoulder to shoulder leading the world in all that elevates man, human life will possess for him a charm unknown before, creating within him sweet grateful happiness for the blessing which makes earth to him a heaven, yea, almost leading him to murmur with bowed head, "Now let thy servant depart in peace."

Andrew Carnegie.

THE RISING CRIME-RATE.

Nothing is more likely than that there will be more crimes committed in this country during the present year than during any previous period of twelve months. There will also be less complaint from the suffering-public. The list of offences against society and the law will be swollen chiefly by thefts and burglaries accomplished with careful intention and by well-practised system rather than by misdeeds of the savage and vulgar kind arising from bad instincts, degenerate natures, and uncontrollable excesses of passionate feeling, in which class are to be included bodily injuries maliciously inflicted by men upon men and women, manslaughter, and murder.

Probably the proportionate increase of these crimes will be greater in London than in other parts of the kingdom. Such predictions may be made with a very good confidence by those who are well acquainted with some of the circumstances and tendencies of the time in regard to criminal affairs and the attitude of the general public towards them. It was shown in a blue-book that was issued recently that the number of persons who were tried for indictable offences in the year 1909 was nearly seventy thousand, which exceeded any previous year except the one immediately before it, when there were about a thousand more. The figures for last year are not yet available;

but in the light of the circumstances and tendencies which have been referred to one should be prepared for another very probable increase—a record. Trade depression and shortage of work for the humbler classes are not enough to account for the growth of these criminal statistics; indeed, it is doubtful whether they should be allowed as the reason for any part whatever of the increase, since such conditions of trade and labor tend only to the committing of comparatively minor, and in a sense more excusable, offences such as the stealing of food and clothing needed for immediate use; and in a large proportion of cases there is a reluctance on the part of the sufferers—either through their sense of compassion or their desire not to be inconvenienced any further with a business which generally cannot be mended, and had therefore better be ended as quickly as possible—to prosecute. It is held also that the rising crime-rate is not due to an increase of habitual and regularly professional criminals. It is simply that criminality of a more or less casual kind has been more prevalent in the community; but of course, in the processes of time and habit, many of the offenders in these cases must develop into regular criminals.

The prophecy of a substantial increase during the present year is based partly on the general tendency towards increase as shown in the figures which have been published, and partly upon the fact that this year is to be one of great excitement, disturbance from the normal state of life, more numerous and prolonged absences of people from their homes, and a greater laxity of precautions for the safety of their belongings. This is because of the Coronation, which will bring the people from the country to London as nothing else has done since the Coronation of the late King. The crowning of

the monarch, and all the attendant ceremonies, celebrations, and displays, make the spectacle of a lifetime; and, happening as they do when London is at its best and brightest, they constitute a reason for coming up to town for a visit of a few days or weeks which is appreciably stronger than the reasons afforded in other seasons. Months ago, when the winter was only just begun, there were indications in London that a larger crowd of visitors was expected and was being prepared for than ever before. Apartments were even then being engaged very extensively for the summer months; and so noticeable was the demand in this respect that large numbers of people of a speculative disposition, particularly middle-aged and elderly ladies of the spinster and widow varieties, determined upon becoming temporary boarding-house keepers, and prospected about the suburbs, making seductive offers to private householders to take their furnished places from them for periods of from three to six months at rentals considerably higher than are generally obtained. London is more attractive as a show-place and a holiday resort in these present times than it has ever been before; and it is a circumstance that is becoming well understood and appreciated by the people outside, who realize that this year it must be most particularly attractive. Getting about the town is an easier, cheaper, and quicker matter than it used to be in days not long gone by, and the result is that more can be seen and done in a given space of time, and at less cost. Then there is more to see and more to do, and the attractions are better fitted to modern moods and tastes than was once the case. The change in some respects may not be altogether for the better; but it is certain that the proportion of visitors who are happiest in doing a round of calls at Westminster

Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower, the National Gallery, and an exhibition of waxworks is vastly smaller than it was in the closing days of the last century. Well, then, all this emptying of the provinces and the filling of London means that country homes will be left in a state of half or no protection, and people nowadays have less hesitation and less fear in this matter than their parents had, inasmuch as burglary insurance is a far more general thing. It also means that with all the crowds and crush in town, and all the hurry, excitement, and resulting carelessness, and all the ignorance of the various enterprising methods of metropolitan thieves, the latter will be busier and almost certainly more successful than during any previous season. No doubt they look forward to the Coronation with eagerness, in the belief that they will reap such a harvest as will keep them in a state of contentment for some time afterwards. The Coronation will be a good thing for all except the resident Londoner, who becomes more and more tired all the time of his Metropolis being turned upside-down, of its being more frequently invaded by more and more millions of sightseers from outside, and of the conditions of his existence being made more restless and uncomfortable. Not less in their loyalty and desire to display it on all suitable occasions than others are, the proportion of Londoners who will escape from town and rest themselves in quiet places until all the excitement is over will assuredly be a large one.

If the race itself is not degenerating, how does it come about that in modern times there should be great increase in crime, a most disquieting thing, and one which, considering the increasing perfection of our civilization, seems to be so utterly unreasonable and tantalizing? One explanation is given in a preface to the blue-book

to which reference has been made, and it may very likely be that this is the chief and the truest explanation, new as it will be to the majority of people who are brought to consider it. Mr. H. B. Simpson, of the Home Office, is responsible for it, and the essence of his statement is that crime in this country nowadays is virtually encouraged by the sympathetic attitude which is adopted by the public and the Press and writers in general towards criminals of all classes. Mr. Simpson says that no intelligent person can have failed to notice the marked growth during the last dozen years of a strong sentiment of compassion for the criminal. Among the various outcomes of this sentiment have been mitigations of prison discipline, the Probation of Offenders Act, and the establishment of the Borstal system. In the long-run these efforts towards the reclaiming of the criminal to the ways of honesty and industry may be fruitful in good; but the public sentiment at the present time in favor of making the lot of the criminal a happier and easier one than it is or has ever been undoubtedly, as Mr. Simpson urges, goes far beyond these efforts. There is commonly something in the nature of a sub-conscious feeling in favor of the abolition of all punishment of the criminal in each individual case; by which one means that though the public will state very plainly and very loudly that it is all in favor of adopting the most rigorous measures for the prevention of crime, it is a scandalous thing that in our excellent and well-managed England in these splendidly civilized days there should be so much of it, and that the public is all in favor of adopting the most painful of the boiling-oil methods for the punishment and suppression of the parasites of society, yet at the same time, as each new crime of a sensational character engages the public attention, there is a scarcely dis-

guised feeling of sympathy with the man who is in the dock or ought to be there. The people become interested in him, and then, through a very loose and maudlin way of thought, they arrive at the stage of a kind of ignorant pity and at least a half-desire that the villain may go free. They conceive him to be courageous, ingenious, daring and enterprising, and they find much excuse for him in the hardness of his lot and the provocation that he received. When a hue and cry is raised for an unarrested murderer, and the home and foreign police are searching for him everywhere for several days or even weeks in succession, there are always many nice people to say what a dreadful thing it must be to be hunted in this way, the whole world against the fugitive, and his life depending on the maintenance of his freedom; and beneath the surface of the mind there is a hope half-formed that the "poor beggar" may escape in the end, and nothing more be heard of the wretched business. If the great general public had its way, most of the murderers and malefactors would be stalking the land in open liberty, and, so far from suffering for their sins, would be having something done for them all the time, and would be in receipt of greater ease and pleasure in their lives than if the records of their conduct had been perfectly clean. This may appear to be a strong proposition, but it is undoubtedly the truth. During recent years there have been several murder trials which have excited unusual public interest, and have been reported to the extent of whole pages every day in the newspapers by reason of the fact that the devilish cunning and ingenuity of the accused have been such that it has been impossible for the law, with all its resources, to establish that clinching proof which is necessary for conviction and punishment, and the murderer, hav-

ing held his own in this terrific battle, there have been sighs of relief upon his ultimate success. When he has gone free he has been made much of, has been made an object of almost affectionate interest, has been given employment of a most highly remunerative character, earning as much in a week as he would have done in six months or more if he had not committed his crime. In such cases as we refer to now there could not be the slightest doubt in the minds of ordinarily sensible people, nor was there any doubt in the minds of the misguided sympathizers, that the objects of their concern were really guilty; but just one small particle of clinching legal proof was wanting, and so the villains were saved for themselves and given a certificate of "Not guilty." Surely in the light of various trials that have taken place in recent years we do require in England a third alternative verdict of "Not proven," as there is in Scotland, notwithstanding certain objections that are urged against it. Then in the most recent times there have been murders of a peculiarly atrocious character, the perpetrators of which, although they were duly convicted and put to death, would almost certainly have suffered a far less drastic fate if the jury had been the entire general public, each adult person having a vote, such were the absurd feelings of compassion stimulated. One cites murder cases because the offence and the punishment are each the worst in general estimation; but it is the same in regard to other crimes of the most serious character that attract the public attention, such as great forgeries, remarkable swindles, and burglaries done on the most extensive plan and in the most scientific manner. The people are full of pity for a bank clerk who has been robbing his employers for years because he explains that he has a wife and children, and after his first undis-

covered offence those subsequent were committed only with the object of getting himself straight again. A little while since the readers of the papers were fascinated by the tale of how a man went to several banks in the course of one day and cashed worthless cheques drawn by himself for large sums at all of them, explaining to each manager how his account was being transferred from another branch to that one. This was considered to be splendid, and there was great public sympathy with the perpetrator; while it was suggested that the banks deserved all that they had suffered, for that they should have a system which would have rendered such frauds as this and all others quite impossible.

But most of all do the public like a daring burglar, one of the kind who plan great hauls worth ten or twenty thousand pounds, and who, as they imagine, are men of fine breeding, education, and excellent instincts, who spend most of their time during the day in London clubs reading the speeches that have been made in Parliament, and in the most immaculate evening-dress leave a box at the opera in order to meet some of their colleagues and proceed as soon as convenient to the jeweller's store in Piccadilly or Bond Street which is their next objective. Such men of the fancy are not considered as burglars at all. They are heroes, brave and clever gentlemen of the most perfect taste and manners, who are often considerate and generous to the point of weakness and absurdity in what they take away and what they leave for their victims, and the manner in which they carry out their operations. Their admirers have a feeling that these fine fellows would certainly be very delighted to die for their country on any occasion that was presented to them for doing so. Yet of course there are no more redeeming features in the characters and

actions of the best and nicest of our modern burglars than in those of their predecessors. Perhaps they are cleverer; for burglars, like other people, must move with the times, and they have come to understand that it pays best not to look in the least like a cracksmen when not professionally engaged. It does seem that in these dull days, when there appears to be so little that is romantic in the ordinary affairs of life, the weary public, harder working all the time, tries to envelop all these mere crimes, all that are simply disgusting, with an atmosphere of romance; and while this attitude is held and even encouraged, as in some ways it is, according to Mr. Simpson, by those who are responsible in a measure for the guidance of public opinion. It is clear that the inducement for new recruits to join the ranks of the thieves and burglars must be considerable, and the danger not by any means exaggerated in the arguments and conclusions that Mr. Simpson has laid in his report. He says that in the magazines and newspapers that are ordinarily regarded as reflecting public opinion, articles on crime and punishment are commoner than ever they were, and the sentiment expressed towards the criminal is almost universally compassionate and often sympathetic to an extent that no previous generation has shown. "From some of the expressions used," he says, "it might almost seem that the reading public is on the side of the criminal as against the law. Tales that would be unhesitatingly rejected if they were told by a beggar in the street appear, when urged from the dock as an excuse for theft, to be received with much readier credulity." He quotes a case of a man who was fined for trespassing on a railway, and who pleaded that he was gathering flowers to lay on his father's grave. But it was shown that his father had been dead for five years, and that the

son was in the company of known poachers. The plea, however, took the sympathetic fancy of the public and the papers, and the story went on from one to another, getting better and better from the offender's point of view all the time, until at last it appeared in America with large headlines intended to mock at this sample of British justice thus: "Plucked Flowers for Father's Grave, and Eleven-year-old Boy is Jailed." Mr. Simpson urges that of all influences for the repression of crime the most potent is exercised not by the courts nor the police nor the prison authorities, but by public opinion. A community that no longer resented crime, he says, and had learned to feel nothing but compassion for the criminal, would in the course of time inevitably find itself faced by a flood of criminality against which police and prison authorities

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would struggle in vain; and, though we are far at present from any such catastrophe, he considers it permissible to suggest that the steady increase of crime during the last ten years is largely due to a general relaxation of public sentiment in regard to it. To pose as being the victim of society rather than the enemy of it is becoming a much commoner thing with convicted criminals than it used to be. It is, by the way, shown in this blue-book that the real victims of the majority of thieves are not the richer classes, as the sympathisers with the victims might like to fancy, but the poorer ones. It is easier to rob the poor than the rich, and no sentiment stands in the way of the thief and the burglar in the prosecution of their objects, despite the fine feeling in such matters that is displayed by some of the hero-criminals of fiction.

Henry Leach.

FANCY FARM.

By NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER I.

This was our notion of a man, in Schawfield—that he should look like Captain Cutlass. This was our standard of gentility—a race as old and rare as Captain Cutlass's, a voice like his to kindle and command, and yet so kind for natural incapacity; an eye so brotherly for honest rags, a heart without guile, a hand to scatter, and a passion for home. When we were boys, and reading worldly books on Sabbath, hidden in stable-lofts or crouching in the heather, all the gallant men-at-arms were Captain Cutlasses—the knights, the scourgers of buccaneers, the great old sea commanders. When we grew older, and a hat or necktie was to buy, we took our cue from the wear of Captain Cutlass. As lovers with the village girls in evening woods, owl-

haunted, rich in secret moonlit groves, we kept us decorous by some influence that came from meetings with the Captain; as men of the world (in our rural way) our mouths were wondrous clean, and often we drank but little, for that, we were told, was the way of Captain Cutlass.

No saint, remember; saints are, for the most part, women, invalids, and elders—the virtues that come to some of us late in life being naught to brag of, only a moral rheumatism; Captain Cutlass knew himself so well, and the hazards of his place, that all his life he feared the devil and fled temptation. 'Faith! 'tis the only way for some of us; come, good fellows, let us drink one toast to Captain Cutlass,—*Non inferiora secutus*—following no inferior things—as his motto went on the white stone

over the ashlar pediment of Schawfield House.

It was only behind his back we called him Captain Cutlass—a nickname he had heired at second-hand, like Schawfield itself, from a grandfather who used the weapon woundilly in some old sea-fight, when British sea-fights were in fashion. Here, nicknames run in a family like corner cupboards, and curling-stones, and the Schaws of Schawfield are like to be Cutlasses for generations to come, even if they never breed a sailor. His name and dignity were, properly, Sir Andrew Schaw, and to hear of his oddities and exploits made stupid people call him a little daft. I wish his kind of madness was more common.

Yet what was the world to make of such a baronet, who was on terms of galeity with any random creature he would meet upon the road, played pranks so droll, indulged so queer a fancy, laughed so heartily, at the solemn rituals of society, had the heart of a boy when his hair was gray; never kept a carriage, or went to London; married—

Ah! the cat was nearly out of the bag there—just a little prematurely; but, after all, this is not to be the story of that escapade; what I contemplate is the diverting history of his great experiment in training the Ideal Wife.

"He's so easy-osy a man in other things you would think he would take his chance like other men and grab the bonniest," said the wives of Schawfield village, which presented some deplorable results of a fashion of wooing so primitive.

"Mind the man's motto, though, 'Nothing but the best!'" said Mrs. Nish of the Schawfield Arms, who bought her napery on that principle, and had a passion for necklets and brooches made of the same material as her parlor mantel-shelves and timepieces, so that

she sometimes clattered in her movements like a quarry. "It's not every day a laird's in the marriage market, and Sir Andrew's braw enough, and young enough, to pick his lady at his leisure the way I pick my hens. Besides, he's had his lessons, honest man!" and she would sigh profoundly, dew-laps quivering, buttons straining like to burst across her bounteous chest.

There it was,—the origin of Sir Andrew's great experiment; he had had his lesson, honest man! and Schawfield village knew it, as I sometimes think it knew the utmost penny Schawfield paid in interest on his mortgages. There are no secrets of the country mansion hid from the neighboring village anywhere so long as there are gallant lads and laundrymaids for them to make love to. The odd thing is that my lords and gentlemen should go on believing that high walls and acres of surrounding policy can foil the wings of gossip,—a free wild bird that flies farthest over parks and desert places. I have seen it nest in a charter-house behind an iron door.

For two years he had borne the burden of his error, carrying it gaily like a man, and lost it with a pang. She died, did Lady Jean, without a single look or word or act from him to show he had grieved for anything in their brief time together, except the prospect of her absence. A poor little wisp of a thing, to be petted and borne with; she put the lap-dog off her bed for a moment on the day she died, and drew her husband's head beside her on the pillow.

"Andy! Andy!" she said woefully, "I've known about you and Lucy all along, and you've been—you've been the very prince of husbands."

"What?" said he abashed. "Who told you?"

"It was Aunt Amelia," said she, "but she meant no harm."

"She never does," said the baronet,

"but I wish she could have spared you. As God's in heaven, Jean, I have been happy!"

"Oh, Andy!" she exclaimed—a feckless body—"I must look a fright with my hair cut, but I would die with joy if I could think you really loved me."

"Love you, Jean!" he said, with his arms about her; "I have seen you sleeping and have heard you breathe in dreams, and for all those days and nights we have been companions: it would be a bonnylike thing if I did not love you."

She sighed and toyed with a lock of his dark hair, and mournfully looked in his eyes. "Ah!" she whispered, "it was not that way I was thinking of. You are a man who loves all things living, and would die to save a dog from hurt, but—but I'm so selfish I would like to think I had not much mislaid you, and that you prized me a little more than all the rest, and never rued you married me."

"I never rued aught in my life but my sins," said the gallant Captain Cutlass, "and that I was not a better husband."

"I could not have had better," she protested. "Tell me you were happy."

"As the day was long!" said my brave Sir Andrew, and he lay beside her till the hour of the turn of the tide, when she hung for a moment breathless on the verge of things, and then released herself of life and care in one contented sigh.

Some hours he spent wandering about the farm like a man demented, pained as if he had lost a limb, feeling solled as though the slough of despond was veritable mire; then up and saddled the mare, and rode like a fury for the old home. It is ever in the body or the mind to some old home we go with all our triumphs, failures, pains, as the red hind in her travail makes for the hills where she was calved. He swept through the fallen leaves of the

winter-time, trampled dock and bracken, tore along the canters through the woods, sought fervently the upper valleys where the winds blew free. It was the spring: the larch was hung with tassels; all the woods were sweet with the tang of pine, the chuckling thrush, and the flurry of honey-moon wings. There had been rain in the early morning; no speck of dust was on the world, as clean as if it had been new created, and the burns ran merrily, merrily, twitching in fun at the lower founces of the lady ferns that bent adoring over them. Each mossy cliff dropped gems, and every dyke was burning with the pale flame of primroses that surely grow in Schawfield as they grow no otherwhere,—so soon, so long, so unmolested, as if a primrose crop were the single aim of nature. Along the hunting roads where the hoofs of the horse sank soundless in the turf, the coney scuttled and the founmart flashed. A ruddy patch of hide was stirring in the thicket; he saw the dappled fallow nibble leaves in the enchanted clearings; wood-doves murmured; willow-wrens laced the bushes with a filigree of song so fine it would have missed the ear of a traveller less observant. Life! Life—Lord, how he felt the sting and splendor of it in his every sense! So had he ridden in the old bold days, capless and young, and this a sample of the glorious world; so had he felt himself a part of the horse between his knees, a part of the turf on which they thudded, a part of the windy pine, of bird and beast, of scent and song, omnipresent and eternal, like the living air!

And then—and then he felt ashamed of his health and his forgetfulness, in that magic air, of her he had left behind in Fancy Farm, remembering she had never shared his sense of well-being, and could not realize the wonder and glory of life for soever little a space in the bewildering desert of time.

It was not the spoiled and feckless wife he saw, the aimless languid Lady Schaw, but the girl she was once, pretty as a flower, Jeanie Jardyne, who had been one time happy with her young companions. Her slim, sweet, girlish form he thought of, and the winds of the Indian sea blowing her flowing garments; a way she had of clinging on his arm; evenings with her in the woods while still she had her bridal mystery, peaceful nights when she was lying by his side.

Nobody met him that day in his woods and avenues, for the folk of Schawfield ever evade an eye be-reaved, knowing when company is an infliction and condolence a wound; and he had seen no face of man when, climbing the brae at Whitfarland, he emerged from a bank of whin upon the prospect of the sea.

For a moment he checked the mare, took off his wide gray hat, and, breathing deep of the landward breeze, stared at the archipelago. Silver and green, with the pillars of birches and their tender plumage, the lesser isles were lying like fairy gardens in the Sound, and far away—far, far away,—sailing among the sunset's gold, were the great isles of the Hebrides. He looked upon them like their first discoverer—a lean man, a clean man, smirched by no town reek nor sallowed by greasy foods, late hours, and the breathed atmosphere of herded populations; tan and ruddy, satin-skinned, brown-haired; an eye that quested like an eagle's, and swooped on distant things as does the seaman's eye or the old hunter's. No flesh pads spoiled the structure of his shaven countenance, his teeth were drift-white, his ears close on his head and poluted a little like a faun's; his nose looked like one on which a sculptor had spent great care and a memory of antique marbles; his hand in repose was like a woman's, but tightened on the reins raised up cords of steel.

The cut of his gray clothes and the fashion of his scarf gave a hint of the dandy.

Below him the sea surged noisily, the leafy banners of the little isles streamed multitudinous; a gannet poised, and tern sloped piping shrilly down the wind. He glanced behind him at the mansion woodily recessed—his ancient proper home,—got off the horse, inhaled the salty perfume of the tide on the wracky beaches, then passed through the sea-pinks to the shore, where he stripped a sunburnt body behind the shelter of a rock, and walked to the edge of the bay, and stood for a moment with his arms held high, his eyes ecstatic on the far horizon.

A moment later he was breasting the waves, swimming with mighty strokes, the sea-weeds trailing across his lips, the salt spray in his nostrils.

CHAPTER II.

In Schawfield village one funeral pall of thick black velvet, heavily fringed, did duty at our funerals for two hundred years, so that velvet, like the lilies of Lent, which till latter years, we saw in kirkyards only, is ever associated in our minds with mortuary sentiments. The books of the kirk-session still bear record how Quinten Hogg, a vintner and an elder, going on a jaunt to Edinburg, was commissioned there to buy "twenty ells, with fringe and tassels conform, for the common town's use, inasmuch as the old mort-cloth is sore moth-eaten and abused." But, twenty years ago, in revolt against the charges of the session for a pall that had long since earned its cost, some thrifty folk in Schawfield started a Mort-cloth Fund, and bought a rival pall, which lowered so much the cost of obsequies that death, in the words of pawky Cooper Leckie, was almost popular.

"And quite right, too; we must be

movin' wi' the times," said Mrs. Nish of the Schawfield Arms, till the craze for economy in the shows of grief began to threaten her monopoly of the hearse, and then she was all the anti-quary—for old times, old manners, and the mort-cloth in which the lairds and all the ancient people of blood had been happed at last without regard for a half-guinea more or less.

Her hearse in its day had been the glory of the parish. Golden angels romping among golden clouds played cheerful-looking post-horns upon every panel; great ostrich plumes cocked and nodded upon the top of it, like Highland soldiers' bonnets; and texts like "So passeth away all earthly glory" were in the Latin tongue on scrolls upon its gables. It was the only funeral wagon (except the poor man's cart) for more than thirty miles, and its engagement called for a certain ritual of bargaining, since the cost of its hire depended upon things that might seem quite irrelevant—as the season, or the price of wool or oats, the social plane of the departed, or the money he had left—the latter only open to conjecture.

A man with a melancholy eye, and his natural voice restrained to a pious whisper, would come into the inn at gloaming, lean over the zinc of the tiny bar, and mournfully ask for a glass of spirits.

The landlady would sigh her sympathy as she turned the faucet over the half-gill stoup, and pouter her bosom like a dove, till the stone-work of her necklet went like a mason's yard, would indicate that all was known to her,—the peaceful ending and the very hour of it, the last words, and the doctor's diagnosis.

Then the bereaved, with short despondent sips at the glass, as one for ever henceforth indifferent to earthly appetites,—“Ay, Mrs. Nish, he was a game ane, but he's gane, and that's

the lang and the short o't. Slipped awa' at an awkward time for us, wi' the hay no' cut and the weather broken. Forbye, we lost a calf in the dam last week,—a maist unlucky summer! Poor John!”

“Here we have no abidin' city,”—and the dewlaps would be wagging like a barn-fowl's wattles. “Your uncle was an honest man, and it's aye a consolation that he died respected. I wouldna' wonder but ye'll want the hearse?”

“I wouldna' say but we might; the guidwife kind o' mentioned it. I think it's pomp and vanity mysel', and Uncle John was a man o' nae pretences: the cart would suit him fine. There's nae great grandeur called for wi' a man's remains.”

“Deed no! At the best we're a wheen o' worms!”

“But the guidwife's aye for a bit o' style; ye ken yoursel' what wives are, Mrs. Nish. She bade me ask what, aff and on, might be the hire o' the hearse for Friday.”

“Poor body! She'll be the ane to miss him; he was so evendoon and regular——”

“As regular as the clock! She used to say she could boil the kettle on him. And he was aye that fond o' you! His wife, ye mind, was your husband's second cousin. What did ye say about the hearse?”

“It would be fifteen shillings; is the mistress well?”

The bereaved, with a dramatic start,—“My God! mem, fifteen shillin's! David Watson's widow last week paid but ten, they're tellin' me.”

“I'm no' denyin' 't, but ye see she was a widow,—for widows it's always ten; puir things! it's their only consolation.”

After this fashion haggled the customers for Mrs. Nish's hearse: her long experience had given her the skill to guess, in the first few sentences of

such an interview, within a shilling or two of what was a proper fee for the vehicle; only once or twice had she given the bereaved her lowest terms, to be shocked later at the news of handsome legacies.

"Folks'll get an awfu' surprise when I die," said Makum Ross, the merchant, to her slyly, once; he was a miser whose aim in life was to die worth fifteen hundred, which, for his sins (that, like all the worst of sins, had cost him nothing) he meant to bequeath to the Free Church.

"You'll maybe get an awfu' surprise yoursel', Makum," said Mrs. Nish, with sinister meaning.

"Dod! she's sharp in the tongue, but I'll hae repartee for her yet," he had remarked, chagrined, as he left her presence, attended by the wild guffaws of farmers in for a wool market, and he had the laugh against her at the end, if a sense of humor goes with middling honest Scottish merchants to the shades. When he died his sister came to the inn.

"Makum and you were aye good frien's; he thought the world o' ye," she said to Mrs. Nish, who hated to do business with her sex.

"A worthy gentleman!" said the landlady, "ye'll miss him sore, but ye have aye the consolation that he died respected. Ye'll be ettlin' on the hearse; I'm glad it's just been newly painted. I never saw it look so braw, —five books o' genuine gold Willie Crombie took to the cherubim and seraphim, and ye never saw such trumpets!"

"It wasna' the hire o' the hearse I ca'd about," said Makum's sister, with a bitter woman's satisfaction, "it's an awfu' pity about his will,—every penny to the kirk, but a hundred pounds for a parish hearse to be kept for the use o' a' and sundry by the Mort-cloth Fund!"

So passed away the glory of Mrs. Nish's hearse: its rival cut her prices

down to the cost of plain post-hiring, and would have driven the seraphim and the cherubim completely from the field if it had not been a hearse of startling new design, with no black plumes, and sides of glass, which made a burial "far mair melancholious than there was any need to be," as some of the natives said, who were used to obsequies where the leading rôle was not so ostentatious. "It's makin' a parade o' the departed! And there was something nice and cheery in the look o' the golden angels wi' their trumps," said they.

Fat days then for the Mort-cloth Fund! Its revenues accumulated till they became a kind of incubus, which was finally made less on one occasion by a Mort-cloth Ball. Behold the folk of Schawfield jigging, then, in Mrs. Nish's hostelry. Watty Fraser with his fiddle, perched high in the nook of the big bow-window, shut his eyes, and pumped with ecstasy from the unseen source of the music that bubbles and gleams eternally about the world: 'twas as if he tickled the young girl Joy, and made her laugh. The floor rocked under the mighty tread of the country dance and the beat of the strathspey. A velvet pall should have been hung for banner under the chandelier,—*memento mori*,—the innocent cause of all this gaily, but Schawfield had its sense of the proprieties; it called the dance the Jubilee Celebration, and the pall was absent, in the darkness of its kist within the vestry of the silent kirk, under the mourning unforgetting trees. Play up then. Watty! another dance; give us "The Miller o' Dron" or "The Wind that shakes the Barley"; landlady, make the old mell gurgle, and send in another bowl; are we not young? and it is long till morning.

In a little room behind the bar, to which the scuffle of the dance and the stampede of the young men charging across the floor for partners came like

gusty rumors of the sea each time the door was opened to let in another loaded tray, four or five worthies sat, too fat, old, or sedate for dancing, doing their best to lower the credit side of the Mort-cloth treasurer's intrusions.

"That's right. Johnny! be always comin' in with it in quantities; it'll no' go wrang," said Fleming of Clashgour, the farmer, whose bosom ever swelled, and whose interest in another world than that of nowt and sheep invariably awoke at the sound of jingling glasses.

"Man! there's one thing vexes me," said Jamie Birrell, the Writer, plowtering with his toddy-ladle, and his rosy face all glistening. "It's that the Captain's such a recent widower; he would have fair delighted in the evening's entertainment."

"I havena' seen him dance since he was married," said the banker. "The last time we saw him shake a jovial leg was at his home-comin', when he led the Grand March and Triumph wi' his cook. 'I never see her equal at an *entrée*,' said he with another fling—though it's known very well he could live on brose himsel' if his frien's were well set up in dainties; and he waited on her at the supper like a titled lady."

"Makin' her mighty blate and ashamed o' hersel'," added the lawyer. "That's the worst o' Sir Andrew's democratic cantrips; they're well meant, but cursedly embarrassing to the folk he plays them on. The cook would have been better pleased wi' a touslin' frae the gardener. But what can ye make o' the selfsame gentleman? He's droll and that's the lang and the short o't" ("droll," in Schawfield, signifying something approaching amiable lunacy). "If he wasn't droll there wouldn't be all this surplush in the Mort-cloth Fund, and we wouldn't be having our ordinar' Friday night sederunt spoiled by idiots posturin' to Watty Fraser's old birch fiddle."

It was the year—it was indeed the very week—on which the new school-master came to Schawfield—a poor east countryman with no head for a dram, as it turned out later; but as yet this fatal disability was undecerned, and he sat with the other worthies in the parlor, looking desperately jovial, but sinfully, slyly pouring most of the mercies down the table-legs.

"I don't understand," he exclaimed in his high-piped voice. "It's not the laird who's giving the party, is it?" And Clashgour, with a "Ha! ha! that's a good one!" rumbled into convulsive laughter at the notion of the laird signaling his release from the wrong wife by a ball.

"Not exactly, Mr. Divvert, not exactly," said the lawyer drily. "The circumstances would scarcely warrant that with strict propriety. To let you know, his wife—peace with her!—died some months ago, and, as baronets most properly pay more for their burials than common folk, there was a sudden augmentation of the Mort-cloth Fund that only such an occasion as this could restore to its old sufficient and safe balance in the Union Bank. Do you take me, Mr. Divvert—do you take me?"

"Good Lord!" cried the dominie, "I was not aware of the circumstances. Might it not seem a bit incongruous to Sir Andrew if he learned that his hearse and mort-cloth fees paid for—paid for our conviviality?"

"That shows ye don't ken Captain Cut—Sir Andrew—nor his story," said the lawyer, "and that ye don't ken Schawfield very well either, or ye wouldn't know that there's little chance of any rumor reaching Sir Andrew that would vex him. By the blessing of God, it's the semi-jubilee year of the Mort-cloth Fund, and ye're expected to assume that it's that we're celebrating. Not that the Captain's feelings need on this occasion be very scrupu-

lously considered, for the death of his poor departed in the spring was of the nature of release for both of them—at least, it might be so considered by any other husband than Sir Andrew. How he would look on anything, I would not take it on me to jalouse; and he may be breaking his heart for her for all I know to the contrary.”

Still the dominie looked bewildered and the company mysterious, nodding their heads like mandarins.

“A delicate woman,—the wrang ane a’thegither,” hinted the banker with a wink.

“A’ a mistake! Maist deplorable!” conveyed Clashgour in a husky whisper. “But he was game, man, game, and stuck to it like a man!”

“I have never heard a word of it,” said the schoolmaster.

“Of course not,” agreed the lawyer. “It’s quite between ourselves in Schawfield,—a kind of family affair,—and I trust it will go no further.”

“I’m nothing if not discreet,” the dominie assured him, so eager for the story that he choked on the first honest gulp he had made at his toddy-glass.

“There was a time, two or three years ago, yonder,” said the lawyer, settling back in his chair, “when two sisters, daughters of an Indian officer, came for a month to a lodge that’s over the way by Whitfarland, with their father. Jardynes they were called—Lucy and Jean Davinia. I’m no great judge of the sex myself, but here’s our friend Clashgour, he’s made them a kind o’ a specialty. What do ye say, Clashgour?”

The farmer raised his hands in the gesture of a man whose admiration almost stifled words. “A clipper!” he exclaimed with fervor. “Such a carriage! and such style.”

“Just that!” Mr. Birrell broke in impatiently. “If ye get off on that key there’s no stopping ye. Premise, Mr. Divvert, that one was a most ex-

traordinar’ fine young lass, the other in mind and body no way to compare wi’ her. In the ordinar’ course the laird should have called on the Jardynes, but the customary bee was in his lordship’s bonnet—this time about the folly of social calls and suchlike ceremony,—and he left the duty to his aunt Amelia. She came back loudly singing the praise of the bonny sister. As her swans are apt to be geese in the long-run, Sir Andrew was no way impressed by her account of what he missed by refusing to go to Whitfarland, and was only to be set right on that point the very day before the Jardynes left for India. It was the Sabbath: he had been to the kirk, in one of his droll relapses into an interest in the faith of his fathers, and he saw the lassie worshipping. I think, mysel’,” said the lawyer in a pawkier key, stroking his rosy face, “that a woman never looks better than under these particular circumstances, if one is young enough to have an interest of the kind and it’s not too devout an hour for the observer. What do you think yoursel’, Clashgour? You’re winkin’, eh? At any rate, the lady took the Captain’s eye, and I daresay he was not the only one that day for whom she spoiled Dr. Cleghorn’s sermon. The Captain dragged his aunt forward for an introduction when the kirk had skailed, and well, that’s the reason why we’re here at the Mortcloth Ball.”

Jamie Birrell was, in his way, an artist; he liked in debate, or speech, or story to keep his hearers balanced for a little on the brink of climax, and the eager interest of the dominie’s eye was ample ministry to his vanity.

“Awfu’ unfortunate! Might hae happened to ony man!” said Clashgour, spilling the surplus snuff from a tiny ivory spoon on the terraced front of his waistcoat as he fed a capacious nose, and, lest the narrative should be

spoiled by clumsy interpolation, the lawyer hurried to its close.

"Sir Andrew walked and talked for five-and-twenty minutes with the sisters; found the one a tonic to his wit and a joy to his carnal eye, and the other but her feeble echo. He went home, I'll warrant, with his head buzzing, and it looked like the end of it, for the Jardynes sailed in the morn's morning. But the ship they sailed in met with stormy weather, was wrecked near Madras under circumstances that filled the newspapers, and Colonel Jardyne was drowned. Full of compassion for the orphan girls—particularly the tall one—Sir Andrew sent Miss Jardyne the condolence of his Aunt Amelia and himself, and it was the start of a correspondence."

"I understand! I see! I see!" cried the schoolmaster, and the company watched his face with zest, and still nod-dodged like mandarins.

"Miss Jean Davinia Jardyne could be a most clever hand at a letter, it would seem; it was not many months till Sir Andrew and she were plying an ardent correspondence wherein every thought she revealed was born companion to his own convictions. He proposed, ram-stam, by telegraph; was accepted, and the lady came home in the care of a relative that he might marry her. If it was not at the kirk door he met her first, it was gey near it, and he saw his Aunt Amelia's blunder—he *had brought home the wrong lass!*"

"Bless my soul, you don't tell me he married her!" cried the dominie, and the company nodded on like mandarins.

"In faith he did! You would not doubt it for a minute if you knew him. You see the fault had not been hers, save in the one dubious particular that she had got the inspiration for her letters to the Captain from her younger sister, who, in correspondence with another lover, and one she was to marry some months later, had put a vast

amount of genuine feeling into her sister's pen. The Captain, always kind, said never a word of his disappointment, but put a plausible face on his reception of his unexpected bride, and married her there and then without letting her know he had so cruelly been deceived."

"It beats all! What a quixotic creature!" cried the excited schoolmaster, taking another sip of toddy,—with a properer enthusiasm for the manifold and fantastic quirks of human nature he might, as we sometimes thought in Schawfield, have been as good as his neighbors at the bottle, and lived as long as they did. "And yet, do you know, there's a likeable side to a folly of that kind. I could not do it myself, but I admire the man who's fit for it. It shows, do you know, a noble abnegation." He aired the sentiment—guileless Mr. Divvert!—as if it were a new philosophic truth now for the first time discovered, and the mandarins looked each other in the eye, uneasy to find the Forfar body was so shallow, shallow!

"That is an idea that whiles occurred to ourselves," remarked Jamie Birrell slyly. "You'll find few in Schawfield, Mr. Divvert, who would call Sir Andrew anything but the perfect gentleman."

"See him on a horse!" suggested Peter Wyse.

"Or sailin' a boat, or swimmin'," said the banker in tones even more admiring.

"Hear him laugh!" said Clashgour. "It's smittal—his laugh; and he can get on better terms wi' a stranger in ten minutes than maist o' us could get in a fortnight, even across a bottle."

"And you're only on his surface even then," remarked the lawyer, shutting a mouth like a letter-box. "The rarest qualities of the laird are only gotten at on close acquaintance; he has a thousand hare-brained notions I daren't air

myself, or my business would go to stramash, but sometimes—only sometimes, mind ye—they find a curious pleasant agreement in my mind, and look like convictions a body would die for, if one was young enough, and living wasn't so much more comfortable, being a thing one's used to."

Watty Fraser's fiddle jinked drowsily over the measures of "The Hay-makers," slurring whole bars, content to give only the accent to the dancers. "It's near the end, I can hear," said Clashgour regretfully, thinking of six miles on horseback that must be covered before he got home to bed.

"He's young,—he'll likely marry again," remarked the schoolmaster, already affected by the Schawfield interest in Sir Andrew's future. An hour ago he had been itching to be home; now he would bide till broad daylight if he could gossip about the baronet.

"I wouldn't wonder," said the lawyer, yawning. "Wha's for hame? If I was him, and o' the marryin' kind, I would tak' Norah!"

The company, all but the Forfar alien, looked at him with some surprise; he seemed to realize, himself, in a second, he had been too free, and shut the letter-box mouth with a snap of some ferocity.

They all streamed out into the lobby among the retiring dancers, and out into the street.

Clashgour scrugged down his cap upon his forehead, threw a reluctant leg across the saddle, audibly commended himself to God, and, glucking horribly with ale as he posted to an easy trot, disappeared up the lamp-lit lane that led to the dark surrounding country full of brooks, declivities, and other hazards. "There gangs a d—n good horse!" said the banker, buttoning his topcoat, listening to the clatter of the hoofs on the broken causeway. "It'll take him

hame some day deid; Clashgour should be teetotal." And himself meandered home with a sappy sense of well-being, apparently possessor of himself, as he could not wholly be in other hours, having for the nonce a poet's exaltation, thinking the world magnificent! magnificent! Young folk, wrapped against the morning chill, walked off from the door of the inn with the rhythm of the fiddler still in their feet; their chatter and laughter sounded down the street, and sank to whispers in the closes. Watty Fraser, with his violin wrapped in balze, an Orpheus half-asleep, and a portion of art's reward—a knuckle of ham in his coat-tail pocket,—sought his attic. The solemn little town took on for a space a revel spirit, as the woods wake up and twitter sometimes just before the dawn. Quick, one by one the windows darkened in the inn, as Mrs. Nish, the canny woman, hurried about the house like a virgin anxious of her oil; and the last of the merry-makers, having drawn a final glass before the bar, were left outside a banging door. High on the steeple clanged the hour of five, and echoed among the hills, and Divvert, counting the strokes incredulously, realized that every peal smote him inside the skull with a pang of headache.

"Dash it!" he said to the Writer. "I'm little used to hours like these, nor to all this toddy. I was wiser sleeping among my books," and Mr. Birrell chuckled. He listened to the dying rumor of revelry down the street, and looked at the sky, where an old moon sliced her way through a welter of night and cloud. "Books!" said he. "With less devotion to the books, Mr. Divvert, you would have had a better head for toddy. This is Life—Life! the thing that all you sober cloistered gentlemen most deplorably miss the fun and splendor o'. On such a night did Dido—did Dido—how is it, now,

the Captain puts it? Never mind; the main thing is, we're livin', and there's mony a body deid, puir souls, includin' the Captain's lady."

"This Norah!" said the schoolmaster, pressing his brow. "Who might Norah be?"

"Norah," repeated the notary, cocking his head to the side with a forensic glitter in his eyes. "Did I, by any chance, make reference to a Norah?"

"In the room, you know. You said if you were him you would marry her."

"Did I? Faith!" said the Writer, "I trust I put it more grammatically, not to say more respectfully; and, whether or not, it was an unpardonable liberty. Mr. Divvert,"—he patted the teacher with an impressive finger on the chest,—“the lady's Norah only to her admiring friends, and among the most reverent o' them's one—James Birrell, M.A., Edinburgh. To all else she is Miss Grant, the Captain's ward and second cousin and to be named with due discretion.”

"Man! you might be in love wi' her yoursel', you're so particular," said Divvert, turning up his collar, and the Writer looked at him sternly in the rays from the fanlight over the door of the Schawfield Arms.

"Mr. Divvert," said he portentously, "you have something yet to learn of delicacy and the general situation. Understand!—the general situation. I

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have at my age nothing at all to do with love, nor love with me. I am Sir Andrew's man o' business, and you will kindly delete from your remembrance anything I may have said in there among my personal and discreet friends. The party I named is a lady,—so was the dear departed,—and we must consider feelings." He put his hand upon the teacher's shoulder, and with his mouth close to his ear—"Let all I said in there be quite delete," he whispered with profound impressiveness. "You are not yet in the local atmosphere; you cannot understand the general situation. By-and-by, with the favor of God, you'll realize that here in Schawfield we are all one family, from the laird himself to Watty Fraser, and we must be loyal. Whatever we are, let us be Scottish gentlemen."

So saying, the little lawyer shook the teacher ceremoniously by the hand, and entered his house a few doors from the inn; and Mr. Divvert, with a head confused by toddy and a diplomatic atmosphere he could not comprehend, went round the back of the church to his lodgings.

"They're very sly!" said he to himself as he went to bed. "What harm could it have done had Mr. Birrell been a trifle more explicit. Oh mighty! but they're sly, sly!"

(To be continued.)

TAMING ANIMALS.

It is curious and somewhat humiliating to recall that civilized man has added scarcely one useful creature to the list of those which he inherited from his savage forefathers. Even for the few which have been introduced to Europe since prehistoric times, as buf-

falos, cats, poultry, no credit is due to him—they were tamed elsewhere. But all the earth has been explored in these days—new birds and beasts beyond counting have become familiar. It might have been assumed that in such a host many would be found worth

domesticating. But it is not so apparently—of all these animals only zebras and ostriches have been turned to the service of man; and the latter can only be called tame in the sense that they do not fear human beings.

The zebra promises to be serviceable. There is a stud at Dar-es-Salaam in German East Africa, so large and so prosperous that applicants can be supplied with colts not only for riding and driving, but for "field-work," as is officially announced. They are broken more easily than horses; Count Götzen, Governor of the Colony, rode one which had been saddled only three months before, and he writes with enthusiasm of its docility and pleasant paces. Apparently the zebra "has come to stay," in Africa at least; indeed, Mr. Walter Rothschild used to drive a pair about the neighborhood of Tring a few years ago. And the hybrid of horse and zebra, called zebula, is said to be more excellent than the mule for every purpose—quicker, better-tempered, and stronger of constitution. A specimen may be seen at the Zoological Gardens—a strong, well-shaped beast. But I gather that it has not been ridden nor used in any way.

At the same time it must be remembered that the domestication of zebras is not a new idea. Mr. Theal cites an Order of the Dutch Council of Polity, dated so far back as 1742, forbidding the slaughter of these animals under a penalty of £10—a great sum then; the reason assigned was that "the sight of them on the veldt is pleasing, and Burghers ought to tame the young." Some Burghers did, evidently, for, as soon as newspapers came into fashion, zebras for sale were advertised not infrequently. Yet they never became common—one might put it they did not catch on. Boers are unenterprising, but no fools—especially in matters of this sort. A beast suit-

able for riding and transport which is immune to the tsetse fly would have enormous value; even in my time a "salted horse," one which had been bitten and survived, fetched £100 if it could only toddle. But zebras were countless, to be got for the trouble of catching, in the eighteenth century and long afterwards. One cannot but suspect that the shrewd Boers found they did not answer in the long run. However, the experiment is being tried again.

It is not altogether unreasonable to doubt whether elephants would have been tamed by Europeans. Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English have been established in Africa four centuries and more, but one may venture to say that none of them have made an effort to utilize the elephant up to the present time. It is roundly asserted in books not out of date in the publisher's point of view that the African species cannot be trained. Cape Colony was full of elephants when the Dutch arrived, and they were familiar with them in India. To the present day we can find no use for them alive. Twenty years ago I remember two were actually imported from Burmah for road-making—at great expense, of course; they promptly died, and no one thought of replacing them from the native stock. The Germans are said to be taming elephants now. A single one has been employed for some years at a Mission in French Congoland. One might almost think that the intractability of the African species was a fiction circulated to cover the stupid indolence of the authorities. Its falsehood has been recognized for a generation at least, but nothing is done. Tavernier mentions casually that there was a regular trade in African elephants supplied from Melinda, on the East Coast, to India. An inscription lately discovered at Heroopolis states that Ptolemy Philadelphus sent a general with troops to the land of the

Troglodytes to catch elephants. The expedition was notably successful, bringing back many captives.

Everybody knows that our domestic animals descend from wild species, but all the same we are apt to regard them as gifts of Nature; not quite unreasonably, for the pedigree is lost as a rule. I am not competent to treat the matter scientifically, even if this were the place; but in a long course of miscellaneous reading, and much experience in lands comparatively little known, I have gathered a store of odd facts which may amuse.

One hesitates to speak of cats, when so many books have been devoted to them of late years, but perhaps something new may be found even in that case. For example, some may be surprised to hear that cats were rare in Europe so late as the Christian era. Schoolboys able, and willing, to read Aristophanes may incline to mutter "Bosh!" In the "Peace," a householder tells his wife to cook some game in the larder unless *galé* has carried it off—"I heard him there just now, bustling about and making a noise." Other passages show that the *galé* lived in the house, that it stole things, ate mice and birds, and did so much mischief that slaves made it an excuse for breakages and mysterious disappearances. Obviously a cat, and so the word is translated, unless by those who have studied Professor Rolleston's careful review of the evidence. He proves that the *galé* was the white-breasted marten, which is still favored as a useful pet in the Levant.

It is not likely, however, that the cat was unknown even in those days, when trade had been so brisk in the Mediterranean for ages, as we have discovered lately. Perhaps it was not so tame then, or the *galé* may have been preferred on its merits, for that is a charming creature by all accounts. If the famous Etruscan tomb at Cer-

vetri is as old as some archaeologists believe, there can be no doubt, for a cat unmistakable is represented there with a mouse in her jaws; but we have not any real assurance of the date. When cats became common in Rome they were certainly called *felis*. But the Rev. Mr. Houghton ventures to say that "in all the voluminous writings of Cicero that word occurs but once, and then he is speaking of Egyptian cats." Ovid also uses it only once, Pliny several times, as might be expected; but he wrote fifty years at least after the Christian era. Nevertheless Pliny advises the husbandman to sprinkle his seed corn with water in which the carcase of a *felis* has been boiled, in order to scare away the mice. This recipe would not apply to a cat, which has no smell—whilst the single objection to the *galé*, as to all other weasles, is its stench.

There is no reference to cats, I think, in the Old Testament nor in the Cuneiform records, so far. But the Jews must have been acquainted with them, since they were common in Egypt before the Exodus; and the Assyrians must have known them long before the fall of the Empire. For some reason they were not favored. It cannot be because mice were not troublesome, for in the Egyptian legend of Sennacherib's rout, told by Herodotus, mice which gnawed the bowstrings and the handles of the shields were substituted for the pestilence of Scripture. It is not so surprising that Sanscrit literature should contain no reference. Max Müller says: "Cats were comparatively a recent introduction to India."

That Europe received them from Egypt is indisputable, but a late discovery suggests, not to say proves, that the credit of taming a beast peculiarly savage must be bestowed elsewhere. A papyrus of the eleventh or twelfth dynasty, not less than 3,000 B.C., mentions cats among the articles imported

from Nubia. But Professor Owen demonstrated many years ago that the Egyptian animal could not descend from the Nubian wild species. Did those savages obtain the specimens they bartered to Egypt from another people more distant? Perhaps—but it does not follow; a second wild species has been discovered in Nubia, and I am not aware that its anatomy has been scrutinized in this point of view. But there is something more. Professor Sayce reports that among the mummied cats sent to England from the great cemetery at Bubastis—a ship-load, for it was hoped that they would make invaluable manure—"naturalists have found no bones of the modern variety"; upon the other hand, several bronze images of cats turned up amongst the mummies, and "they unmistakably represent the domestic animal." These belonged to the Ptolemaic era, somewhat less ancient than that of the mummies probably. But it remains a puzzle. The history of cats is not so simple as one might have thought.

Doubtless they were tamed by savages, whether in Egypt or elsewhere. Darwin remarked in South America that the business of domesticating birds and animals captured is left to wild Indians; their settled kinsfolk cannot find the patience, unless in easy cases, as fledglings taken from the nest. He learned also that the work is done especially by the women—their gentle perseverance succeeds in time. When a fierce creature can be persuaded to take food from the lips it is nearly vanquished, and to effect this is the grand endeavor. But one may venture to say that the Indians do not waste their time over wild cats—fancy offering one's lips to those demons! If the original of our household puss partook of their nature it must have been tended with patient care for many generations before it could be handled—

and some protest that cats are not really tame even now.

But it could not be tended from generation to generation. Wild cats are very seldom induced to breed, and when that rare event happens the young ones are devoured with the utmost promptitude. But unless kittens were obtained there would be no advance, and whenever the succession failed all the weary task would have to be begun anew. One could not conceive a more hopeless enterprise. But we have still to learn what the original was—it might be not so ferocious. Possibly also the primeval savages who did the work had means of subduing it with which we are unacquainted.

Dogs must be omitted; they form a subject infinitely too large for me—as large as anthropology. Professor Steenstrup, of Copenhagen, ingeniously proved that even the men of the Kjekkenmødden Age had dogs. He found no remains which could be distinguished from those of wolves. But in the rubbish-heaps certain bones of wild cattle and deer are always missing. Pondering this fact, Steenstrup confined a number of dogs and gave them carcasses; they promptly accounted for the missing bones. It is very unlikely that wolves would always be on hand to consume them when the rubbish-heaps accumulated for generations.

Horses also must be treated with discretion, but a good many facts not generally known, though generally interesting, occur to mind. Of the American discoveries and scientific questions I have nothing to say. Wherever the horse came from, vast herds roamed the central plain of Europe after the Reindeer Age, and the inhabitants lived on them mostly. We have even a contemporary drawing, scratched upon a bone, which represents two naked men with spears stalking a couple of horses. The Cave of Solutr , in the

Dordogne, Southern France, could scarcely accommodate more than half a dozen families, however tightly packed. But the entrance was protected by two walls of horse-bones, one a hundred and fifty feet long, ten high, and twelve thick; the other forty feet long and five high. M. Toussaint, who explored this remarkable shelter of primeval man, roughly computed the number of animals thus stacked as forty thousand. So many in one spot could hardly have been tame; and, if they were, a large proportion would be old. But every one was quite young, many of them foals. Evidently they had been killed in the chase, cut up and brought home for eating.

We should naturally conclude that the hunters were horsemen. Boys would jump upon the back of a quarry wounded and overtaken; the sport would teach them to ride, and presently they would take to catching foals. All the steps of the process follow logically. But perhaps the first did not occur to our remote forefathers. Asiatics never thought of riding till they were infinitely more advanced; Gauls and Britons still clung to the chariot in Cæsar's time. The lake-dwellers were horsemen certainly—we find their bits and accoutrements. And they used the same breed of horse which the men of Solutr  ate, as the bones show. But that was a thousand years later, perhaps two or three or more.

The horse is first seen on Egyptian monuments about 1600 B.C., harnessed to the chariot of the Sun. We cannot believe that it was never ridden in the long ages that followed before the Assyrian conquest. But is there any sort of evidence? The Bible knows nothing of horses until David's time. Certainly the animal was strangely slow in travelling westwards, for the Accads were acquainted with it at least a thousand years before. This

fact alone would suggest that if any people used it for riding the example did not commend itself to their neighbors. But there is direct evidence. The Assyrians must have perceived the value of cavalry at the very outset, for they were masters of war and they did not lack horses. But the bas-reliefs recording the campaign of Shalmanesir in Elam always represent them fighting in chariots whilst the enemy are mounted. Still they did not profit by the lesson. M. Masp ro states that Sennacherib was the first to put soldiers on horseback, and then only in the form of mounted archers—moreover, riding was still such a desperate enterprise that a footman ran alongside with his hand upon the bridle, in case of accident, as the sculptures show.

This precaution was soon dropped. In a few years the great soldier perceived that a horseman can keep his seat even though both hands be occupied with the bow. But I think there is no suggestion of a charge with sword or lance in all the pictures of Assyrian warfare. Certainly there is nothing of the kind in Egypt, and the heroes of the "Iliad" never mount their horses. It is a safe conclusion that riding is not by any means such an obvious practice as it seems to us.

We must recollect, however, that "the Ancients," whether Asiatic or European, had no stirrups—nor, indeed, saddles—until the third century A.D. Neither invention seems to demand much ingenuity, but somehow clever Greeks and practical Romans alike failed to think of them. The earliest reference to stirrups is found, I believe, in a treatise on the "Art of War" by the Emperor Maurice at the end of the sixth century A.D. He calls them *scal e* (ladders), and their value as a convenience for mounting in haste is the point he specially insists on. Long habit in riding bare-backed may

have given the trooper of that day a firmer balance-seat than is usual with us; but hitherto a man who could not vault into the saddle set his left foot on a rest projecting from the spear and threw the other leg across. It is possible that stirrups were invented by the Northmen and introduced to the Roman Empire by the Goths. Very early examples have been found in Scandinavia.

But the unwillingness of "the Ancients" to learn riding suggests a curious train of thought. It seems not only contemptible but unnatural to Englishmen. I should be afraid to tell many excellent persons of my acquaintance that the same disinclination was a national characteristic of their own forefathers, if I did not know that they would regard the statement as too laughable to be offensive. But it is true, though incredible. Alfred has left a precious hint upon the subject in his translation of "Boethius." The philosopher remarks that if a man rides for his health's sake it is not the exercise but its result which gives him pleasure. Enlarging on this sagacious observation as usual, Alfred points out that when a man mounts a horse it is to "earn something"—we should say, he has an object. It may be health, as the author says, or to gain time when anxious to reach a place where he has business as quickly as possible. This is to say that no man of sense gets on a horse for amusement; nor hunts, unless "for the pot." The good King expressed the general opinion of his subjects. He himself was a desperately hard rider, but "by medical advice," to combat his epilepsy; thus he came under the heading of those who took horse exercise for health's sake, and no one would call him a fool. A century later Bishop Aldhelm expressed the general opinion. In a homily extant he classed riding *pro vagatione*, "for idleness," that is, for

pleasure, with drunkenness. It is "a vain indulgence" which faithful ministers should "curse."

There was no cavalry under the Dragon flag at Hastings, and I have heard a bright little girl wonder why. The reason is that Englishmen would not fight on horseback. This is not a supposition, but a statement of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, best of authorities. Five years before Hastings a great host of Irish and Welsh burst into Herefordshire. Ralph the Earl called out the fyrd; "but," says the Chronicle, "before a spear was thrown the Englishmen fled, and there was great slaughter." A contemporary note explains: "quia Anglos contra morem in equis pugnare jussit." Ralph the Earl was one of Edward's Norman favorites, unacquainted with the native habits probably, and scornful of them. He put his levy on horseback, which was "against their custom," and they promptly bolted.

Again, the Britons had horses when Cæsar landed, for they fought in chariots, and the number certainly increased during the four centuries of Roman rule. Yet Procopius notes that the chiefs of the British Mission sent to ask help against the invading English had to be "lifted" on their horses and off when they waited on the Emperor. On the whole, we perceive that the notion of riding does not follow of necessity though men be familiar with horses. It was the conquering Norman who taught our ancestors to enjoy it, and they themselves inherited the taste. Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes were all enthusiastic horsemen in the Viking era.

My gossip must come to an end: I return to the starting-point. It may be urged that if no additions of importance have been made to the list of animals domesticated in prehistoric time, the reason is that all which would repay the trouble were discovered and

annexed during that mysterious epoch. One hears people argue thus. But the proposition cannot be maintained. It is absurdly improbable to begin with, and, then, no denizen of the farmyard is the direct descendant of a wild species. Zoologists dispute over the parentage of all. No wild sheep has wool, and the earliest bones discovered of individuals certainly domesticated represent a creature different from any now known. The young of wild boars in every part of the world are striped, and this peculiarity seems ineradicable. But no race of European pigs shows a sign of it. For this, among other reasons they are accredited to the Chinese strain mostly; there are no wild boars, *Sus scrofa* in China. How *Sus Indicus* came to Europe, Heaven alone knows, but bronze figures of pigs exactly like our modern Berkshire have been found in Etruscan tombs; the Chinese variety is miscalled *Indicus*, just like the Chinese azalea, because it arrived in ships of the East India Company. So a Mexican bird is called a turkey and again a dindon.

With such patient care our domestic animals have been evolved by forgotten races in forgotten time. If we are content with them, well and good; but it is grotesque to say that Nature has refused us further opportunity for choice. Consider poultry. Some authorities trace their parentage to the common jungle fowl of the Himalayas, which is remote enough, and the mountaineers are barbarous enough. But most, I understand, at the present day, assign it to *Gallus Bankiva*, native of the Malay countries—Sumatra, Java, Malacca, the Philippines—but not of Borneo, New Guinea or any island between, which is curious. Countries less accessible till modern times could not easily be found; but thence the birds have spread over all the earth, taking endless peculiarities. It is vain to ask who first tamed them or how

they started on their travels. There is some reason to think that they were carried to Egypt long before they reached Babylon or Assyria, though not a single representation of them has been found in the tombs, where geese and ducks are common. But fowls are not mentioned in the Old Testament, for the Hebrew word so translated means ducks. It may be supposed that they were very rare in Persia when Zoroaster composed his law, for the reference is somewhat startling: "Whosoever shall kindly and piously present one of the Faithful with a pair of these my parodarsh birds, male and female, it is as though he offered a house of a hundred columns. Whosoever shall give my parodarsh bird (a cock) his fill of meat I, Ahura Mazda, have no need to question him more. He shall go straight to Heaven." Parsis still keep up a form of reverence for poultry.

Unfortunately the date of Zoroaster is uncertain; also we must doubt whether he is responsible for his own holy book. But if *Gallus Bankiva* was known in Egypt at 1000 B.C., almost certainly it travelled by sea. We do not hear of it on the continent of Asia for centuries afterwards. Very slowly it made its way to Europe. Homer does not speak of it, nor Hesiod; and the silence of the latter proves his ignorance, since farming and country matters were his theme. In the British Museum we see cocks and hens most admirably sculptured on the Lycian monuments assigned to the fifth century B.C.; but for Aristophanes the cock is still "the Persian bird." With such pains, continued for generations beyond estimate, our poultry were made serviceable. The Spaniards found turkeys domesticated in Mexico. The guinea-fowl is not domesticated yet, but such progress as has been made is due to the negroes of the West Coast, not to the Portuguese. It is

incredible that other useful species could not be introduced had we something of the antique patience. For that matter I have seen a dozen curassows hanging about a house in Nicaragua. The great birds were friendly enough to embarrass a visitor with their welcome, sailing up joyously, alas!

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most flapping him with their wings. They and their ancestors had been fed for many years, but they were not tame. Had the Indians taken the curassow in hand, doubtless it would have been familiar now in the warmer parts of Europe.

Frederick Boyle.

COMPULSORY SCIENCE VERSUS COMPULSORY GREEK.

BY SIR RAY LANKESTER, K.C.B., F.R.S.

In setting down some thoughts as to what should be the place of the study of Nature—the Natural Sciences—in our Schools and Universities, I desire to begin by making what provision I can against the misunderstanding and misrepresentation with which all attempts at the advocacy of the opinions on this subject which I, in common with many others, hold, are met by those—happily a diminishing number—who are committed to the maintenance of the present condition of education in our great schools.

In the first place, let me say that I am well aware that, so far as the system of school education which I consider to be bad and harmful is concerned, the teachers who work under it, whether assistant-masters or head-masters, are as much its victims as are their pupils, and have less responsibility for it than have the parents of the youths subjected to it or than have the statesmen who have neglected higher education whilst legislating for primary schools. We are all in this matter, as in so many others, suffering from the ignorance, apathy, and immobility of past generations of those who have been allowed to control great matters which concern the State.

It seems also necessary to say that I do not approach this subject as an outsider. The system of school education to which I object is that which

prevailed in the public school—St. Paul's—which I attended for six years as a boy. The curriculum was limited to Latin, Greek, and a little mathematics and less French. The selection of subjects was objectionable and the teaching of them as bad and perfunctory as it possibly could be. My condemnation of the system is not due to any failure on my part to fall in with it. I was the head-boy and prize-winner in successive classes of the Latin and Greek curriculum, and the whole condition was in my case vastly ameliorated by the fact that St. Paul's was a day school and that I had leisure to pursue other studies at home, not included in the school programme.

I am further especially anxious to guard against an unwarranted assumption which I have encountered when advocating the alteration of the present system of education in the great public schools, and in the preliminary subjects of study enforced by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in such a way that a considerable proportion of the pupil's time shall be devoted to the study of the various branches of Natural Science—namely, the assumption that I do not desire that a training and exercise in literature and in history and languages should also be an integral part of public-school education. Such an assumption is due to a complete misapprehen-

slon. I should wish it to be quite clear that I do not desire to see Natural Science take exclusive possession of the educational field. The claim to exclusive or predominant possession of the educational field for any one subject is, in my judgment, injurious; yet it has been and is still put forward on behalf of the very ill-considered instruction in Latin and Greek which is now allowed to occupy most of the time and attention of teachers and pupils in our great schools. It is, in my opinion, a preposterous claim. I am quite unable to admit that there is any difficulty in assigning a reasonable amount of time and care to the subjects included under the term "Natural Science," as well as a reasonable amount of time to ancient and modern literature and languages and mathematics.

Let me, after these statements intended to prevent misapprehension and misrepresentation, proceed to state what appears to me to be wrong with the system at work in the great public schools of this country, for it is with these that my criticisms are chiefly concerned. The main source of the evil appears to me to be that it is a system which is a mere undesigned survival of antiquated methods and subjects—a system which has never been considered, and has not been adopted, after any intelligent examination of the purpose in hand. It is a system largely due to the very natural and pardonable desire of schoolmasters to avoid change and to make their own work as easy and as profitable as possible. It is also accounted for by the desire of well-to-do parents that their sons should go to schools frequented by youths of a superior social class; this desire being unchecked by any anxiety as to whether a reasonable system of education and instruction is pursued in the favored school.

While the parents of the boys who

are sent to our great schools are thus apathetic, there is no recognized criticism of school methods by any independent authority. Our universities are so constructed as to be constitutionally unable to exercise any control. The crowd of the convocation or congregation of M.A.s is not an intelligent or effective body for such a purpose. So far as the M.A.s concern themselves with the doings of schoolmasters, they are themselves merely a congregation of actual, future, or past schoolmasters, less sensitive and capable of judging in the matter than actual schoolmasters, and have no independent point of view or interest. The only test applied to the schools in this country is the extremely injurious one of a competition by examination for scholarships in various special subjects. It has been compared by those who think it a fine thing (as appears in *The Times*, last autumn) to a steeplechase. It is in fact a sort of sport in which the unhappy competitors are trained and run for the purpose of glorifying the schoolmaster who has trained the largest number of winners, whilst real education and instruction, as well as the health and future development of the competing boys and the interests of "non-runners," are misconceived and neglected. So far from the competition amongst schools for success in examination having a good effect upon the schools, it has more than anything else perverted and injured them; for it has in the most disheartening way forced the efforts of able and energetic schoolmasters (such as Walker of St. Paul's) into the bad and mind-destroying methods of scholarship-hunting.

The main question which I desire to raise is whether the right choice of subjects for study is made in our public schools, and whether it is reasonable and proper, as I shall suggest, to cease altogether the cumbrous efforts

to teach the Greek language to school-boys, and to substitute for it, as a regular and necessary part of the curriculum, a well-considered, duly adapted, and skilfully designed course of instruction in Natural Science—using that term in the most comprehensive sense.

I think it can be shown that what at one time was the legitimate and reasonable aim of a study of Latin and Greek authors can only be attained, in the present changed condition of knowledge, by giving the hours now misapplied to Greek to such instruction in Natural Science as is fitted to the mind of growing youth. The older Renaissance of Learning led very rightly to a widespread study of the ancient stores of knowledge contained in Greek and Roman writings. They have served their turn. We still regard them with affection and interest; but we have entered on and are far advanced in a new Renaissance. The whole world of thought and knowledge has changed during the past century. We no longer live in the pre-scientific age. An immense new birth of knowledge of Nature and of our conceptions with regard to man's place in Nature, as well as of our methods of investigation, not only in regard to our surroundings, but in regard to man himself—in regard to the study of his history, his language, his art, his knowledge, his schemes of society and government—has taken place. This new Renaissance must be fully and adequately recognized in the great public schools. The studies of the old Renaissance must not be altogether thrown aside, but they must make place—ample place—for the new. What is valuable in the old must be retained. The school-teaching of the old knowledge has become sadly unreal, perfunctory, slow, and obstructive, as happens when the conduct of a difficult duty is entrusted to monopolists. The husk of it is mistaken for the ker-

nel, the letter for the spirit, mere dexterity and verbal acrobatics for true learning and sound mental discipline. We can in the future retain some study of ancient history and literature, and even one of the classical languages—namely, Latin—while giving serious attention to the new knowledge—the Natural Science of our present Renaissance.

It must be evident to everyone who considers this matter that the reform consisting in the suppression of Greek grammar in schools and the introduction in its place of proper teaching of the Natural Sciences, free from cram-work and the shadow of competitive scholarship examinations, is truly enough like that of putting new wine into old bottles. The bottles are the present school methods and organization; and it is not to be wondered at that there are people who declare that one must not introduce the new wine of Natural Science in large and effective quantity into the existing schools—because the bottles would burst if one did so. I quite accept this view. I do not desire that the bottles shall burst; and, without attempting to discuss the matter in detail, I will indicate how I would mend or reconstitute these old bottles so that they would not burst.

I will put my suggestions briefly and baldly:

(1) All great public schools should be day schools, not boarding schools. No master engaged in teaching in the school should be allowed to keep a boarding house, or be paid for his work as teacher by profits obtained as a boarding-house keeper. All arrangements for the boarding of such pupils as do not reside with their parents should be independent of the authorities of the school. As a rule it is of great value to a boy to have the benefit of home surroundings while attending school, and (in the case of the well-to-

do the boy or the boys of family should be provided with a suitable study or work-room at home.

(2) The teachers in schools should be paid such salary as will make the profession of "schoolmaster" attractive to the ablest and even to exceptionally able men. They should be asked to be "teachers" not "dames." They should be experts not only in the knowledge of the subject which they teach, but also in the art of teaching. Though, no doubt, both these conditions are sometimes fulfilled at the present day, yet I think all will agree that it is a matter of chance, and that the teacher is not well enough paid, that he has often to use up his strength as a house-master, and that no means exist of making sure that the most capable teachers shall be employed to teach in our great public schools. Too often, I am convinced, the schoolmaster is no teacher at all, but a mere machine who demands that a lesson shall be learnt or an exercise written, and punishes inaccuracy, but never "teaches." It seems to me that whilst men of the special capacity required might be employed to train boys in gaining certain acquirements such as languages, the elements of mathematics and similar instruments or keys of knowledge (what I shall speak of later as "equipment studies")—men of the highest quality as approved and gifted "teachers" should lecture and demonstrate to them in such subjects as history, literature and the various branches of science (which I would call "final studies")—men who would proceed on no cut-and-dried lines laid down in hackneyed school-books, but who would use their own judgment and personal quality in order to command the interest of their pupils and lead them to the development of thought and understanding. As a school-boy at a London public day school, where I was never taught by anyone, I was able to attend

lectures, out of school, by great teachers such as Huxley, Owen, Tyndall, and Hoffmann the chemist. No doubt there are some teachers as great as they in some of our great schools. It seems to me that as a definite system such men, and such men only, ought to be employed in our great schools to give regular teaching in all larger subjects which are not merely keys or instruments to knowledge. They should be employed as non-resident masters or professors. I attended in 1864 six evening lectures on "Modern Chemistry" given by Hoffmann and published afterwards by him in a little book. They were the best teaching I ever listened to. I do not see why twelve such lectures a term (only one a week!)—thirty-six in the year—should not be given by such men as Hoffmann in every great school, and similar lectures, in similar amount, by other equally able teachers on experimental physics, on natural history, geology, biology, and physiology—while practical work in connection with the lectures might be carried on by their assistants.

No doubt such teaching would involve large expenditure, but the necessary funds could be found by existing endowments and by State-aid to render it accessible to the sons of poorer men: while the rich should be made to pay far more largely for good teaching as distinguished from boarding-house accommodation than they do at present. The increased expenditure on efficient teaching in the great public schools should not, by any means, lead to their becoming more exclusively the possession of the rich. It is of great importance to the community that rich and poor should have equal opportunity of attending schools in which the best teachers and the best methods are employed.

Supposing that we could change in the way I have indicated the wine-skin or antiquated public school frame-work,

and were free to put into it what wine was considered best, what should we put there? What, if freed from the domination of tradition and prejudice, should we teach in a public school for boys taking the fullest course of study and perhaps going on afterwards to the University? Education is a much misused term. One commonly hears it said that this or that man has had no education, whereas in reality every human creature is educated in thousands of ways, and as an absolute necessity of existence. By "Education" people commonly mean what they consider to be "good" as opposed to "bad" or "defective" education, and very generally restrict it to that small part of education which is carried on in schools and colleges. Some animals are more "educable" than others, and man is by far the most educable of all animals. It is indeed his great and special distinction. The results of education are not transmitted by physiological heredity. Every individual born has to commence its education on a blank sheet. But man has created for himself a perfectly gigantic and over-powering possession, a sort of physical envelope of customs, taboos, traditions, laws and knowledge, which though not transmitted to a new individual at birth as part of his structure, is yet a heritage, since it has accumulated and has been treasured as oral or written, painted or printed record from prehistoric times to our own day. It is this tremendous heritage by means of which man is educated. This heritage is put into his possession by gesture or by word—spoken, written or printed—by law, by the training given in the nursery and school, and by the experience of life. Though new generations do not inherit physiologically—in the substance of the brain—the results of education, the individuals do not start with an equal chance even if we leave out of account the circumstances of race, nationality,

and social advantage. Individuals vary very largely in the capacity for being educated—what we call "educability."

It is the business of the "educator" to ascertain the various degrees and kinds of "educability" in the young, and to adapt the course of education administered to them to their varying aptitudes. It is above all one of the most solemn and tremendous duties of the adult members of a community to enable the young to enter upon the vast heritage open to them by well-considered education—to assimilate the experience of all past generations of men, to enjoy it and to make use of it. When one realizes this great fact, it becomes clear that the well-educated man is he who has been enabled most fully to benefit by the accumulated inheritance of human knowledge and experience—those long results of time—so as to enter on manhood as the heir of all the ages, equipped for the acquirement of every human art and science. He need have no over-burdened memory, nor the dulled and one-sided intelligence of the book-worm. But he must be provided with the key to every chamber of the treasure-house and possessed of such wide training and experience as to give him assurance as to the extent and limitations of his own capacities, and a knowledge as to the directions in which he can most happily employ them.

It is and remains, however much we consider and examine the circumstances, a most astounding fact that what is considered by many serious people as a "good education" should have become, in the last two centuries and in this English land of ours, so narrow and perverse a thing as it is. It is interesting to trace the history of that perversion and valuable as a contribution to the understanding of human folly. Those who at this moment over-burden and stifle the developing

mind of youth with what is called "compulsory Greek" profess, as their reason and excuse a great reverence for the art and wisdom of the ancient inhabitants of Hellas. One may therefore rightly ask: "Do they follow in regard to school and University education the example or the precepts of the great Greek teachers? Do they attempt to consider how the Greek himself was educated?" It is flagrantly the case that they do not do anything of the sort. The ancient Greeks were not educated at school by attempts to study more ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics or Assyrian cuneiform text. They read and learnt to recite and to criticize the writings of their own poets, philosophers and orators: they learnt geometry, music, astronomy and natural history—the natural sciences of their day. And they attained to a very definite conception of the purpose and value of school education. Let me quote one of their writers on this subject. He says:

An educational course of study should have as its aim one or the other of two distinct degrees of proficiency in the acquirement of the various branches of knowledge or science. The first is the more thorough and special knowledge of the man who desires to take part himself in the advancement of a branch of science, to become in fact a professor or an expert. The second is, on the other hand, the more limited degree of knowledge which should be attained as a feature of a general education. A well-educated man should be able to form, with confidence, a judgment as to the goodness or badness of the methods and arguments made use of by a professor or expert who is expounding new views or new discoveries. In fact to be able to do this is the test of being "well-educated." To be what is sometimes called "a man of universal education" is to possess this ability not in one special subject only but in all or nearly all branches of knowledge. It is of course possible and more usual for a

man to attain to this competence in one branch of knowledge without having it in all.

Those words, which I think could hardly be improved upon at the present day, are a translation of the words of the greatest man of antiquity—Aristotle of Stagira—and form part of his preface to his treatise "On the Parts of Animals." These words find no sympathy, and the actual performances of the ancient Greeks in scientific discovery and in the production of great and delightful works of art have no counter-part, in the modern advocates of compulsory Greek. On the other hand, the "Greek spirit," of which these advocates merely talk, is realized, is in fact re-born and exists in our present phase of civilization in the splendid creations and the self-reliant, hopeful and sober enthusiasm of the men of science of the nineteenth century. I claim that the true Hellenism is to be found in the creations of the cultivators of Natural Science and not in the worship of Greek texts by the united pedagogues of Europe. The Greeks who called no man master would have, were they able to visit us now, nothing but contempt for the oriental self-abasement before them of our Greek compulsionists. The words of Aristotle indicate that he did not consider an incomplete instruction in the grammar of a dead language to be a part of a good education. And we know from the treatises on various subjects written by him which have survived to this day that nothing of the kind was taught by him or valued by him as a feature of school education. How is it that, almost worshipped as he and other Greek teachers have been in succeeding ages, during the development of Western Europe, his method and conclusions in regard to education have been during the last two hundred years increasingly disregarded and opposed? How is it that now we have the strange

spectacle of leading teachers in our public schools and Universities declaring the wisdom of the ancient Greeks to be above all great and valuable, and yet, contrary to Greek precept, sacrificing the life's opportunity of hundreds of our best class of boys in a hopeless struggle with Greek grammar, in order that one per cent. may become Greek scholars, and be able to read the actual words of Greek writers instead of the excellent and sufficient translations of them which we now have. How is it that the teachings and spirit of the ancients are utterly disregarded by those who profess to admire them, and that a mere botch of the rudiments of the Greek language is all that most school-boys acquire after years of the approved but incapable teaching of "Greek" to which they are subjected?

The answer is not far to seek. What we call "a classical education" originated in the genuine attempt to impart a purely utilitarian knowledge of the Latin language for the purpose of reading the only books of any value which existed in the earlier Christian period of European civilization. In the early Middle Ages, Latin was acquired as the key to or means of reading the Vulgate and the Liturgy, the Lives of the Saints and the works of the Early Fathers of the Church. Later in the Middle Ages a new value was found in the Latin tongue. Great books on science of all kinds had been written in it and in it alone. Therefore the purpose of imparting to the youth of the day a facility in the Latin tongue became simply this—that he should study the Latin translations of parts of the writings of Aristotle, of the Physiologus and other translations and compilations from Arabic and Greek sources then current. Later again we come to "the revival of learning," the Renaissance, after which a third and a fourth period of new im-

pulse to the study of Latin have been recognized. The earlier of these was when men studied the Roman writers, chiefly Cicero, for their beauty of form and expression; the second, a later movement, when Roman writers were studied for their intellectual and philosophic value. It was in the latter half of the sixteenth century that men such as Erasmus and Colet introduced the study of the Greek language—with the same general object as that with which Latin had been studied in early times, but more especially with that of actually reading Greek authors instead of the Latin translations of them. Greek was not a general study either in the great schools or the Universities of this country until much later. Indeed, the futile attempt to make it compulsory in high-grade schools—the invention of that foolish piece of wasteful aggression called "compulsory Greek"—did not occur until we were well launched in the nineteenth century. Latin had in very early times acquired the character of the *lingua franca* of learned men, and the mastery of it was a necessity until a century ago for all who would study learned works, and indeed, it is used to-day, although in a diminished degree, as a medium of publication.

But this plain and honest reason for the acquirement of Latin does not exist, and never has existed in the case of Greek. The schoolmasters who for centuries of well-established tradition had taught with increasing inefficiency that necessary key—the Latin tongue—to all their pupils, took it into their heads a hundred years ago, just when the whole of classical education was becoming effete, to magnify their office by forcing the Greek language on all their pupils. And they taught it in the same cumbrous way as that which they had arrived at in teaching Latin. For this they had really no justification or excuse. The enforce-

ment of Greek was due to sheer ignorance of subjects which might have been taught in the place of it, and has never been a success.

A so-called "classical education" has from time to time been defended on the ground that a really gifted teacher, taking a Latin or Greek author as his text, can make it the means of imparting to his class an immense variety of information in regard to science, history, morals and the art of expression. This is the attitude of the old-fashioned "scholar" who endeavored to bring universal knowledge to bear on the elucidation and illustration of his text. There is much to be said in favor of such a method of imparting knowledge to young pupils, and exciting their interest in a variety of problems. But there is this to be said against it as an exclusive and sole method. It was possible a century or more ago when a great commentator might aspire to something like universal knowledge; it is no longer a good method, because science has vastly progressed and no really adequate teacher of the kind could be found. The modern classical master knows his own limitations and does not attempt such teaching. More and more his range has become narrowed and specialized, and ceased to comprise a compendium of science as it once did. So that it is necessary to have several teachers to take up the various branches of universal knowledge which the old scholar attempted to expound in connection with his Latin or Greek text. But even were there such wonderful teachers to be found as the commentator-theory of classical education demands, there would be no reason why they should not take selected books of the English Bible or plays of Shakespeare for their texts instead of Latin and Greek productions.

It is when we consider the serious pretensions of those who, like Profes-

sor Zielinski of St. Petersburg, advocate the study of classical texts as the peg on which a great scholar and commentator can hang fragments of every science, art and history, that we fully realize what it is that has happened to our school education. Science was actually and genuinely taught by the aid of Latin texts of Greek and Roman authors two hundred years ago. Within the memory of many of us, Aristotle was regularly spoken of at Oxford as "Science." The examination paper in Aristotle was the "Science" paper. But a great change has occurred since those old days. What has happened is this—Aristotle has ceased to be studied as a text-book of science. All the classical authors, once studied as real sources of information, have ceased to be so studied. The natural sciences and even history are not studied in those writers. These subjects have passed into new and far advanced developments, but the dear old writers' books remain, and are still, by mere force of habit and inertia, pounded at, mis-translated and explained as though it really mattered what they say. This brings me to the explanation of the antithesis which I have taken as title of this essay—"Compulsory Science *versus* Compulsory Greek." It is because the study of Greek *was* the study of Science—but is no longer so and cannot possibly be made any longer to be so—that Science must be taught independently and of set purpose without Greek and instead of Greek, and as a primary and compulsory subject. It is because the study of Greek is no longer, as once it was, the study of Science, that Greek must cease to be a compulsory subject, and that the acquirement of the Greek language (never successfully accomplished) must no longer even be attempted in schools. The immense amount of time thus set free, the unassigned energy, and the improved

mental health thus gained by the extinction of a mind-crippling tyranny, must be devoted to doing that very work in school education, viz. instruction in Science, which the study of the classics at one time performed, but for more than a century has been unable to touch. The various branches of natural science naturally and properly take the place of the shrivelled pretense of fallen Greek omniscience which is called "compulsory Greek." The sciences in virtue of which Greek was originally sought and honored, must now, as a universal and compulsory part of good education, be studied in their actual living form.

The usurpation of the leading position in human organizations by a method or by a man, originally encouraged only as a subordinate means to the achievement of greater ends, is a characteristic feature in the failure of human effort. The inferior and accidental stepping-stone tends to receive the adoration of the crowd, and the kingdom beyond, to which the stepping-stone was meant to lead, is forgotten. It is thus that Greek has temporarily taken the place of Science and must now be dismissed. It is thus that the hall-porter in his gold lace uniform has masqueraded as the lord of the palace, and must now be repressed. It is thus that the art of stage-dancing has degenerated to mere exercises in toe-stepping, and that musical compositions and performances are valued not for their beauty, but for their difficulty and technical skill.

The advocates of the retention of the curious rudimentary survivals of Greek study in our schools make use, in an elusive way, of first one and then another plea in its favor. The chief of them are:

(1) That the Greek language is well adapted for teaching in class by unskilled teachers and for examination competition. This needs no reply: as

a recommendation it is self-condemned.

(2) That it is a better training than any other in the use and analysis of language.

My reply is, that it is very doubtful whether it has any such advantage over English or Latin as to make it worth learning on that account.

(3) That Greek literature contains fine works of poetry and philosophy.

My reply is, that not one in a thousand who have acquired a little Greek reads them except in English translations.

(4) That the Greek civilization has an archaeological and anthropological interest as the starting point of all modern culture.

My reply is, that translations of Greek writings and actual Greek works of art are ample bases for the appreciation of this interest and its pursuit without knowledge of the Greek language, and that the most successful investigators of Greek archaeology have not been readers of ancient Greek. It would be consistent were these apologists to urge "compulsory Hebrew" as a school subject because our religion and our sacred books are of Jewish origin.

(5) Another curious plea in favor of compulsory Greek is that of the schoolmaster who writes to the papers to say that he has taught Greek for fifty years and has always found that it produced abler boys than do modern studies.¹

The reply to this is (a) that the clever boys are always pressed by the schoolmasters on to the classical side; (b) that the teaching of the modern subjects is always neglected and under-mastered; (c) that the gentleman who offers this class of testimonial to Greek does not know anything about "modern" subjects, what they are, how they are taught, or how they should be taught, nor what is their educational value

¹ See the postscript at the end of this Article.

when properly taught—and that the comparison which he makes by appealing to his onesided experience is without importance as evidence on the question of the comparative value of so-called classical and so-called “modern” subjects of school-education.

Having arrived at the chief reason for substituting Compulsory Science for Compulsory Greek in our great public schools, I will revert to the question as to the selection of branches of science for teaching in schools, the place to be assigned to other subjects, and also the very important question as to the method of teaching and the general treatment of subjects in school-education. I will touch on this last matter at once. There is no doubt in the mind of any sane person that the maintenance of order and decent behavior in a class, whether of very young or of older pupils, is an essential duty of the teacher, master or professor. There is also no doubt that next to this, as an essential condition of successful teaching, comes the power of arousing and holding the attention of the class. There has grown up and become established, owing in my opinion to the incapable class of men who have for many generations past been those chiefly employed to teach in schools, and owing to the unreasonable and irksome mode of teaching the elements of the Latin and Greek languages, which has become a tradition with them—an erroneous notion that school lessons must be drudgery, that boys naturally must hate these lessons and that they must be driven by a stern and hostile master through the process of learning by heart certain rules of grammar and certain lines of prose and verse, and that, although the boys’ intelligence is in no way appealed to or brought into activity, yet they have thus been “well-grounded” and have received “a thorough training.” A training in what? It is merely a training in con-

tempt and dislike for what are called “lessons” and often for those who officiate at them. The method is thoroughly bad: it has become worse, age, by age, and is now really farcical. It never leads to a real knowledge of either Greek or Latin, and the more tractable boys submitted to it become, very frequently (I do not say invariably) seriously injured mentally. They lose all their youthful interest in the things of Nature, become gloomy and pedantic and acquire a false estimate of the realities of existence and of their own powers and relation to the world around them. Often this unfortunate twisting of the mind is continued during some years at the University, and although many of the victims, when their period of study is over and they have arrived at manhood, attain the conviction that they have received a one-sided, sadly defective education, and try to pick up in later years some knowledge of the various branches of science, it is usually too late for them to do so. They remain with warped intelligence, painfully conscious of their ignorance and anxious to conceal it.

It is, I think, an essential thing that Natural Science should not be taught in the spirit or by the methods which have degraded so-called “classical education”—a degradation necessarily ensuing upon the unchecked monopoly which “classical learning” has been allowed, to our national disgrace and injury, to arrogate to itself. It would be better that Science should not be taught in our public schools at all, than that it should sink as a school-subject into the mummified condition presented by “Compulsory Greek.” Many of those engaged in teaching Natural Science in our better schools, of late years, are alert on this point, and do not intend to allow their teaching to become a worthless thing of rules, exercises and sums. But there

has been danger of this in the recent past. I remember examining, some thirty years ago, the chemistry class of a public school which had been taught a series of formulæ and sums from a wretched little cram-book—and had never been shown an experiment or demonstration. This evil tendency, in my opinion (I dare say my view is not largely shared), was shown when, in the Preliminary Science Examination at Oxford, a skill in working out sums in mechanics and optics was required, in place of a modicum of practical acquaintance with the experiments by which the main facts have been demonstrated with regard to the phenomena of Motion, Sound, Light, Heat, and Electricity. The admirable courses of lectures and demonstrations on what used to be called Experimental Philosophy have, I fear, been generally abandoned in schools and colleges in favor of the pedantic logic of administering a thorough grounding and drudgery in quantitative work, adapted to the examination juggernaut which leads nowhere, but ends for most boys and undergraduates—where it began. These things may have been reconsidered of late years: I hope they have. I hope and believe that the small band of teachers of Natural Science who have been grudgingly admitted into our great schools will always themselves feel a real interest and enthusiasm for the science they teach, and be able to command the attention and interest of the youngest, as well as of the oldest of their pupils. If the teacher aims successfully, not at forcing a boy to go through what is to him incomprehensible drudgery, but at exciting his interest and desire to know more about the thing which has thus excited his interest, the day is won. The art of teaching—a real and beautiful art—consists in thus exciting interest, and making use of the spontaneous effort to learn more which the pupil is ready to give.

Step by step this process of exciting curiosity, and then judiciously gratifying it, until another excitement of the flagging attention is necessary, must be used, and that not by any cut-and-dried routine procedure, but by the use of quick perception and sympathetic understanding on the part of the teacher. The teacher must have a true delight in what he is doing, and enjoy the effort of skill by which he adapts his teaching to the capacity of his class and leads his pupils on bit by bit, day after day, by carefully selected ways of demonstration and experiment to the achievement of a real knowledge of great facts and principles.

In conclusion I will briefly state what I hold to be a possible and desirable course of school education when Compulsory Science has banished the usurper—Compulsory Greek. Let us suppose a six years' course to be followed by a boy from the age of eleven to seventeen. I hold that at seventeen he should leave school and go to college or university, choosing for himself, when there, a chief and two subordinate subjects for more thorough study. Further, I will suppose that there are three school terms of twelve weeks each, and that there are five mornings (9 to 12) and five afternoons (2 to 4) of school-work in each week. For convenience I divide school studies into two groups. For want of better names I call the first "Equipment Studies," the second "Final Studies." As equipment studies I reckon—

1. English language and recitation;
2. Practical acquirement of the Latin language;
3. Practical acquirement of the French language;
4. Practical acquirement of the German language;
5. Arithmetic.
6. Simple algebra;
7. Geometry and practical measurement of surfaces;

8. Measurement of spatial relations and perspective;
 9. Chemical manipulation.
 10. Simple geography and cartography with ethnography;
 11. Some kind of handicraft.
- As final studies I would reckon—
1. English literature;
 2. English history;
 3. Ancient history and archæology;
 4. Modern history;
 5. General literature;
 6. Chemistry;
 7. Experimental physics;
 8. Biology;
 9. Geology and physical geography;
 10. Physiology and the Laws of Health;
 11. Astronomy.

I should give the mornings to the harder and less interesting work of the equipment studies—and for these a less accomplished type of teacher would be required than for the afternoon lessons or lectures in the final subjects. In six years of 180 mornings each, three of the equipment subjects might be worked for one hour each, every morning in successive years. I should begin with English, Latin and arithmetic: after two years substitute French for Latin and geography for English—and so on. There would be no difficulty in securing a thorough use of the subjects enumerated by means of active teaching in the time assigned. Of course the time-table would be varied—half-hours given to some subjects instead of whole hours, and past subjects reverted to and kept up by special classes. With regard to the final subjects—they are so called because they are the end or goal to be sought by means of the equipment studies. But they would of course be taught only in outline—in well-considered outline—suitable to young people. There should be no pretence of “thoroughness” or a “grounding” with a view to

a later real handling of the subject—which like Henry James’s “Madonna of the Future” never is realized. But the teaching should be accurate and the limitation of its amount be determined by great and judicious teachers. I should begin with chemistry, experimental physics and English history in the first two years, and then get on to ancient history and archæology, geology and physical geography and biology in the next two. In the fifth year I should put in courses on English literature, modern history and physiology, while in the sixth there would be general literature, astronomy, and some repetition of one or more of the other courses.

I am perfectly well aware that almost every teacher will exclaim that this scheme is preposterous and could lead only to superficiality and confusion. But that I believe to be an illusion, due to the fact that I have named distinctly several subjects which are often confused under one head. I see no reason to doubt that the power of talking and reading the Latin language could be acquired in two years’ daily study, and the same with French were the methods of the Berlitz School employed by teachers as capable as those of the Berlitz School. And with regard to the final subjects, it must be remembered that I, at any rate, do not desire any more than does the advocate of so-called “classical education” to make boys into chemists or historians or physiologists. The thing to be arrived at seems to me to be a fairly accurate knowledge of some leading and essential parts of a great many branches of knowledge—a genuine peep or survey which can be extended or completed in later years, if the aptitude exist. It must be noted that I have only assumed five hours’ class work on five days a week, and that leaves a great deal of time both for preparation and revision of notes in

the evenings, and for independent reading or pursuit of a subject, as opportunity might offer in the conditions of home life. The subjects which I think it would be wise to carry furthest, and to which I would give most time during school education, are chemistry, geology, the systematic parts of zoology and botany (included in my list under biology), and a complete scheme or chart of European history. I would also attach very great importance to the learning by heart of a considerable amount of selected passages of the best English prose authors and poets, and also of similar Latin and French selections; and I should make a point of seeing that these were not merely committed to memory and then forgotten, but by returning to them at intervals I should endeavor to make sure that they had become a possession for ever. Of such accomplishments as drawing and painting, singing and the use of musical instruments, I have said nothing. But there would be time for them, and in my opinion, they should be compulsory parts of the education of younger boys. The study and appreciation of art would come after the school period of education.

Postscript.—Since this article was written I have had a conversation on the subject with which it deals, with an old friend, who gained the highest prizes and distinctions in classical studies at the University, and has now been for many years a house-master in one of the greatest and best of our old "public schools." He said: "It is all very well to talk about the value of natural science, but it is not fitted for teaching to a class of boys as Latin and Greek are. With Latin and Greek you can give the boys something to learn by heart, and you can see that they learn it, and punish them if they do not. Now you can't do that with natural science. It is not adapted to

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school-teaching." This remark is a fair example of the state of mind of a large number of schoolmasters. It discloses the assumption that to make a boy "learn something by heart" is a sufficient and satisfactory result, and that the choice of subjects in education should be guided by the ease with which the schoolmaster can thus apply them, and not by their value in feeding and developing the boy's mind, except as a subordinate consideration.

It also shows how entirely erroneous is the notion which a first-class classical scholar may have of the possibilities of perverting the instruction given as "natural science" into the form of "lessons to be learnt by heart." The list of the chemical elements, their atomic weights and the periodic law, endless lists of "physical constants," the enormous lists of the classification of animals and plants, of geological strata and their subdivisions, might all be used by the schoolmaster as "lessons to be learnt by heart" by his pupils without effort on his part, and with only a little more benefit to the schoolboy than the lessons in Greek and Latin grammar advocated by my friend.

Happily no teacher of natural science would at the present day tolerate such a degradation of educational methods in his subject, although it is to this pass that, after centuries of monopoly, our boasted "classical education" has come with the cheerful approval of distinguished scholars such as my friend. It is, of course, of value to the young student to acquire and retain in his memory such lists as those which I have cited above, but the mere storing of the memory with these details is only a small part of his training; its abuse is one of the dangers to which perfunctory teaching and "the examination habit" constantly expose the schoolboy and the undergraduate.

RETALIATION.

It was with genuine regret that I bade good bye to Gunga Singh. In him the regiment lost a good soldier and I a personal friend.

As I watched the stalwart figure of the young Sikh disappear round a bend of the drive, which led from the bungalow, I felt inclined to send a message down to the regimental lines and summon the Afridi company that I might tell them exactly what I thought of them. For it was they who had driven Gunga Singh to cut his name. He had borne their torments unflinchingly and with calm dignity for months, but the breaking-point had been reached at last, and now he was off to start life afresh overseas.

The trouble began whilst the regiment lay on the frontier, and Sikandar, the Mahsud, was the *fons et origo* of the mischief. Sikandar was a border ruffian of a pronounced type. Battle, murder, and sudden death were the salient features of his history. It is true an undercurrent of romance flowed beneath the turgid flood of his sordid brutalities, and at times, there was not wanting a dash of humor—at the expense, needless to say, of his victims—to relieve the grimness of the tale; nevertheless Sikandar was an unmitigated nuisance, and a source of terror to His Majesty's peaceful lieges along the border.

The cold-blooded murder of a Hindoo merchant on the Government road, which, even in the eyes of the clansmen, is regarded as holy ground, first placed Sikandar beyond the pale; and once he had fairly started along the road which leads to the gallows, he followed it hot-foot. Having rallied to his standard a posse of kindred spirits, he and his merry men soon established a lucrative business along the trade-route between India and Khoras-

san. Caravans were robbed, the mails held up, and sentries stalked and shot upon their beats. A price was put upon Sikandar's head, and in the frontier posts our lives were made a burden to us. Patrols tolled unceasingly over the gridiron of hills and valleys which form the marches of India in its northwest corner, and at all hours of the day and night we were worried and harassed with sensational reports of the arch-robber's exploits. Zealous "Politicals" were continually discovering clues to his whereabouts, and we, with equal regularity but considerably more toll, were continually proving each clue to be a mare's nest. Horse and foot, we labored incessantly to get on even terms with the miscreants, till the weeks grew into months and still Sikandar and his gang ran free amongst the hills, levying toll in blood and money.

But the hour of reckoning struck at last, and Sikandar was one day tamely captured by a small patrol. They came upon him alone whilst he was saying the evening prayer. For, as we discovered on better acquaintance, Sikandar was most punctilious in the performance of his devotions. He had despatched his merry men upon an errand, and it was whilst awaiting their return that he allowed the patrol to surprise him. The surprise was at first mutual. Sikandar had laid aside his rifle and sandals in order to repeat his prayers, and when the patrol appeared he hesitated for one fateful moment between war and diplomacy. Diplomacy won the toss. Theoretically, it should have succeeded, as the chances were against his being recognized; for, in addition to the fact that none of us had the honor of his personal acquaintance, the most sanguine of patrols would have found it difficult to realize

that the redoubtable Sikandar would actually walk into their arms. On the other hand, had he decided to fight, the odds were heavily against him.

But Fortune is a fickle jade, and Sikandar's star was set. For whilst the non-commissioned officer of the patrol was passing the time of day with the devout stranger, an inquisitive young sepoy caught sight of the regimental number of the stock of Sikandar's rifle. Without more ado he threw himself bodily on the outlaw. In a few moments the prisoner was securely bound, and the patrol lost no time in placing as many miles between them and the spot as possible, for they were fully alive to all the possibilities of the situation, and had no mind to meddle just then with the smaller fry of the gang.

When the party arrived at the fort, the news of the capture spread like wildfire, and Sikandar's vanity should have been tickled by the amount of interest his appearance awakened. The joyful tidings were at once tapped on to the wires, and soon the whole frontier was throbbing with delight and calculating the additional "nights in bed" it could now enjoy and the arrears of sleep due. Meanwhile safe lodging was provided for the captive, pending the receipt of orders as to his disposal.

The summer was at its height. The heat within the walls of the fort was well-nigh insupportable. Inside the guard-room it was more than human beings could survive. We had caught the greatest criminal on the border, but we had no desire to roast him alive, so, instead of consigning him to a lingering death inside the guard-room cell, we bound him hand and foot and let him live in the open air like the rest of us.

In appearance Sikandar was not prepossessing. Of middle height, his broad shoulders, deep chest, and short,

sturdy legs conveyed an impression of vast strength. His hair fell in a tangled mass to his neck, and was cut off square at the nape. His face was of a light-brown shade, eyes deep-set, nose flat and fleshy, and mouth large, thin-lipped, and cruel. A close-clipped moustache and scrubby beard did nothing to redeem a decidedly uncomely countenance. A rope of twisted red cloth, very greasy, was wound round his head. His body was clothed in a long dirty-white tunic of homespun reaching half-way between thigh and knee. A red waist-cloth, voluminous trousers, and a pair of palm-leaf sandals, completed his attire.

On first arrival our unwilling guest maintained a morose silence, refused food and drink, and behaved much as would a wild animal fresh taken from the jungle. But after he had recovered from the chill shock of capture he expanded genially and long before the expiration of the week which, thanks to the delays and formalities with which legal proceedings are ever to be identified, he spent with us, our captive was on terms of jovial familiarity with his gaolers. He appeared to become quite reconciled to his fate, and, as though anxious to make reparation for the past, threw himself with almost frenzied energy into the exercise of prayer. At his earnest request the services of the regimental Maulvi were placed at his disposal, and the repentant Sikandar passed many hours in the company of His Reverence acquiring merit. Needless to say, such extreme piety did not pass unnoticed, but made a deep impression upon the Afridi company. So exemplary, indeed, was the prisoner's behavior, that no relaxation compatible with his safe custody was withheld from him. Indeed we were all not a little fascinated by the wild border thief. Villain as he was, he had shown himself a dauntless leader of men, and the glamour of his

adventurous career cast a spell over us, making us almost wish that the end of the bold highlander could be other than a shameful death on the gallows.

At last, one evening, the orders arrived for Sikandar to be marched under strong escort to the headquarters station of the district to stand his trial. All the necessary preparations were made for an early start on the morrow. On the whole, we were relieved to think that our responsibilities with regard to so valuable a prisoner were nearly at an end, though these feelings were not entirely untinged with a somewhat illogical regret.

That last night of Sikandar's sojourn amongst us was hotter than usual. Not a breath of air stirred, and the mud walls of the fort seemed almost to glow with heat after the sun had set. We all slept *sub Iove*. The guard, as usual, had the prisoner tied into his bed, which was placed within a circle of others occupied by the sentries' reliefs. The havildar of the guard slept on the bed next to that of Sikandar. The guard consisted, as was the custom, of a mixture of Afridis and Sikhs. It is thus that the maxim *divide et impera* receives practical interpretation in the Indian Army. Sikh and Pathan, Dogra and Punjabi Mahomedan, stand shoulder to shoulder, ready to repel the King's enemies, but equally prepared to drive bayonets into each other at His Majesty's command,—for oil and water will commingle sooner than Hindoo and Mahomedan will love one another or share one another's ambitions, be these political, social, or professional.

The commander of the guard that night was Dilawar Khan, a havildar of the Afridi company. He was a striking-looking man, with a fair complexion and blue eyes, a handsome nose and a long flaxen beard of which he was extremely proud. In European garb he would have passed for a splen-

did Saxon. Many years of gallant service stood to Dilawar's credit, and the day was not far off when the three stripes on his arm were bound to be replaced by the stars of the Jemadar, or native subaltern, on his shoulders, for it had practically been decided that he should fill the next vacancy in the commissioned ranks of the Afridi company. But, alas for human hopes! Dilawar fell a victim to Sikandar—the last that the outlaw could claim.

Had he remained amongst the mountains of Tirah instead of entering the service of Government, Dilawar would undoubtedly have become a mullah. He would have preached *jehad* for the glory of Allah and his Prophet. He might even have turned *ghazi* himself, and crowned death with martyrdom. For the fires of his faith burned fiercely within him, and it was only the iron will of the man that kept them under restraint. For an Afridi he was well educated. He had sat at the feet of a mullah of great repute when a youth, and from him had imbibed education and enthusiasm for the faith. A family quarrel, however, changed the current of his life, and the hot-headed youth forsook home, kindred, and master, and took service under the banner of the Great Sirkar. His conspicuous ability, dash, and the influence he exerted over his comrades, soon marked him for promotion, and he rapidly ascended the ladder till the topmost rungs were practically in his grasp.

On this eventful night Dilawar came face to face with the second crisis of his life, and this time he was called upon to choose between his faith and his duty. On the one side the life of a fellow Moslem lay in the hollow of his hand; on the other was loyalty to the Government whose salt he ate. One path led to a blissful hereafter; the other to wealth, honor, and all that a soldier holds dear on earth. The

strenuous plety of the wily Sikandar had raked up the smouldering fires within Dillawar, and it needed but that last whispered appeal from the doomed man to his fellow Mahomedan, as they lay side by side in the still, dark night, to fan the embers into flame. But if Dillawar was a zealous Moslem, he was also a Pathan, and a desire to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds is a weakness with every Pathan. So Dillawar decided upon a compromise. He would acquire merit by rescuing a true Believer, but, at the same time, he would contrive that appearances would in no way jeopardize his credit with the Infidel. It was the will of Allah that he should be on guard this night, and, if the prisoner escaped, that too would be the will of the All Merciful.

Silence lay over the fort, broken only by the monotonous tread of the sentries as they measured their beats along the walls. There was no moon, but the night was clear and starlit. The white-sheeted beds of the sleeping garrison stood about in clusters in all directions, and gave the courtyard of the fort the appearance of a badly arranged graveyard.

Suddenly a shot rang out, accompanied by a piercing yell. A second shot followed immediately after. In an instant every bed was empty, and the men who slept with their rifles buckled to their wrists, were doubling to their alarm-posts. The guard had already stood to arms, and Dillawar, a smoking rifle in his hand, was making towards one of the sentries on the wall. The sentry was leaning over the parapet peering down into the darkness below.

There was no need to ask what had happened. Sikandar's bed was empty, and the rope with which he had been bound lay beside it. The Commandant at once joined Dillawar and the sentry who had fired. The man was Gunga Singh, the Sikh. His story ran

that he had seen a white figure make a sudden dash from amongst the beds of the guard, climb on to the wall, and leap over. He fired just as the fugitive balanced himself for an instant on the crest of the parapet, and he felt sure he had hit him. The second shot seemed to him to come from the direction of the guard. Here Dillawar interrupted the speaker, and explained that, awakened by the sentry's shot and at once realizing what had happened, he fired his rifle to give the alarm.

Without delay a party of men hurried out to search for the escaped prisoner. They had not far to look. Sikandar lay dead close under the parapet, shot through the back. He had cheated the gallows after all.

Again the telegraph instruments were set a-ticking, and the news of Sikandar's death was known from Harai to Peshawar before the sun was over the hills.

There followed the inevitable Court of Inquiry, the military Coroner's Inquest which deals with all the accidents which can befall the soldier, from the loss of his boots to the loss of his life. After the usual amount of browbeating and cross-questioning on the part of the court, and the customary contradictions, subterfuges, and prevarications on the part of the native witnesses, Havildar Dillawar Khan was deprived of his belt and side-arms and was placed under close arrest. Then came the court-martial, and the truth, or rather, as much thereof as was necessary to convict Dillawar of permitting, if not aiding and abetting, the escape of a prisoner confided to his care, was dragged out of the witnesses. For it would indeed be rash to suppose that any judicial inquiry in India, be it ever so skilfully conducted, can be expected to elicit the whole truth.

In due course the finding and sen-

tence of the court were confirmed, and, with military promptitude, promulgated at a parade of the whole garrison. Dillawar was the central figure, and the cup of bitterness was surely filled to overflowing when the drum-major of the regiment, a Sikh, advanced towards the unhappy man and pulled the stripes from his arm, removed the regimental badges from his shoulders, and cut off the buttons of his jacket. Next day the regiment knew Dillawar Khan no more.

But sometimes "the evil that men do lives after them"; and so it was with Dillawar. As far as the regiment was concerned he no longer lived; but he had left behind him, amongst his intimate friends and admirers in the Afridi Company, as a legacy, a burning desire to square accounts with the young Sikh whom in their childish and vindictive unreason these hot-headed partisans blamed for the downfall of their hero. That an unbelieving dog of a Sikh should have killed a gallant—albeit outlawed—Pathan was bad enough; but that he should, further, have been instrumental in bringing ignominy and ruin upon another Pathan who (and here the shoe pinched hard) was shortly to become their patron and a source of many good things—including promotion and unlimited leave—was more than flesh and blood could endure. If only they could have smuggled that Sikh across the border in to Yagistan, how simply and even pleasantly the whole affair could have been adjusted! But, alas! in the woe-fully law-inflicted realms of the Sirkar cumbrously slow and laborious methods would have to be employed, and even then the satisfaction to be derived would probably be more than doubtful.

However, days, weeks, and months passed without anything happening to disturb the even tenor of our lives. Sikandar's death had given the frontier

peace for the time being. His merry men, bereft of their chief, dispersed to their homes amongst the mountains, and, no doubt lived luxuriously on the fruits of more strenuous days. The stirring events connected with the capture and attempted escape had ceased to be the all-absorbing topic of conversation in the fort, and our minds began to be occupied with alternate hopes and fears regarding the approaching winter reliefs, which, we fervently prayed, would see us moving to more congenial surroundings as far removed from the frontier outposts as possible. If there was anything that might have struck a close observer as being a departure from the normal, it was the improvement in the behavior of the Afridis. They seemed to have turned over a new leaf and to have become models of military virtue. But if any one gave it a second thought, the improvement was probably attributed to the sobering effect which Dillawar's fall might have had upon them. No doubt it would soon wear off!

Then a strange thing happened. One night, soon after "lights out" had sounded, and we were all snug in bed, a series of shots in rapid succession sent us hurrying to our alarm-posts. Again! It was Gunga Singh, the Sikh, who had fired. He happened to be on duty at the same post as when he shot Sikandar. This time he explained that, hearing the tread of feet, accompanied by the clatter of loose stones, in the ravine beneath his post, he had challenged. Receiving no answer, he had fired at a dark object which he saw, or thought he saw, moving towards him. All was, however, now still, and the enemy or thieves must have either withdrawn on finding themselves discovered, or were waiting till the alarm should have subsided before making another advance. A strong patrol was immediately ordered out and the parapet manned. The

patrol cautiously felt their way down the ravine, but could discover no trace of an enemy. After a long and careful search they were about to return to the fort, when one of the flank men reported that he thought he heard the groans of some stricken creature. Following the direction from which the sounds appeared to come, the patrol discovered a cow lying mortally wounded among some boulders. The mystery was therefore solved, and a titter ran round the walls as the leader of the patrol shouted out the news.

But for Gunga Singh there was no humor in the situation. He, a Sikh, had killed a cow—that is, had committed the foulest sacrilege of which a Hindoo can be guilty. He would thenceforth be unclean—a pariah amongst his brethren. The native officer of his company asked permission for him to be relieved at his post, and, having obtained it, snatched the rifle from the unhappy man and pushed him from the place with curses calculated to wither him on the spot.

The old Sikh priest of the regiment then took Gunga Singh in hand, and immediately instituted a rigorous course of purification. After certain preliminaries had been duly fulfilled, Gunga Singh was given leave in order that he might betake himself to the sacred Ganges and wash and be clean. Many were the penances that were required of him, heavy the fees he paid before he was permitted again to share the cup and platter. But he fulfilled all that was required of him without a murmur and with the steadfast courage of a true Sikh, and came

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back to the regiment prepared to take up the thread of life where he had left it. This, however, he was not allowed to do. He met with no overt hostility; no one abused him or threw the past in his teeth, yet Gunga Singh found it impossible to settle down in his old place. It was not that his brother Sikhs had not forgiven him; they had received him back into their midst with every token of good comradeship, and even his stern old company officer had bade him a gruff but kindly welcome. Nevertheless, even the British officers could not but be sensible that a subtle influence was at work throughout the regiment—that strange indefinable suggestion of “something wrong,” which none know so well how to inspire as the natives of India—and Gunga Singh became daily more miserable.

The Afridis meanwhile remained steeped in what might be termed absolutely obtrusive virtue.

At last the strain became more than the proud young soldier could bear, and Gunga Singh left us to woo fortune afresh, still beneath the banner of the Great Sirkar, but under far distant skies.

On his departure the Afridis regained their normal high spirits, and once more the “defaulter's call” sounded through the lines with monotonous regularity.

“Gunga Singh's Cow” has become a regimental legend, and any newcomer who seeks enlightenment on the subject, or is curious to know “how the cow got there,” is advised to ask the Afridi Company!

THE GARDENS OF CHAUCER AND SHAKESPEARE.

May is the poet's month, and when it opened under the Old Calendar, some fourteen days later than it has done since 1752, it was perhaps a little nearer the poet's ideal than it often is with us, who jibe at May, and wear surcoats in June. To Chaucer, indeed, May was the perfect month of the year. He never wearies of singing its praise. In a land still thickly forested and undyked, winter wore a sterner aspect, and spring a diviner radiance than with us. The month of May gleams through the gladness and the sadness of the *Knights Tale*.

O Maye, with all thy floures and thy grene,
Right welcome be thou, faire freshe Maye.

And this superb romance, one of the greatest inventions of an English pen, opens, after a necessary prologue, with an exquisite description of a garden in the prime of May. Mr. Sieveking, in the charming introduction to his edition of various essays on gardens by the great stylists of the seventeenth century, draws attention to the statement in *The Legacy of Gardening*, published in 1651, that "Gardening is of few years' standing in England." The passage, quoted at length by Mr. Sieveking, apparently only refers to what is called by our modern garden essayist "the kitchen or utilitarian garden," though this is not altogether clear. But in any event, both the author of the *Legacy of Gardening*, and Thomas Fuller, who followed his lead, are wrong if they meant to do more than tell us that at the end of the sixteenth century Dutch gardening was giving encouragement and new resources to our own gardeners. This is clear enough, even in the case of the kitchen garden, from various passages

in the plays of Shakespeare, while Chaucer, and many another writer, tells us of glad garden-closes long before the days of gardening had begun in the Dutch lowlands. Who can forget the garden in the *Knights Tale*, the Athenian garden planted in England, where the shining Emelle, the young sister of Ipolita the Queen, walked on a fair May morning in sight of those woeful prisoners Arcite and Palamon? If we look with their eyes from the square barred window in the keep down into the garden, we light on a happy picture:—

. . . Emelle, that fairer was to sene
Than is the lilie upon his stalke grene
And fresher than the Maye with floures newe
(For with the rose color strove hire hewe
In'ot which was the finer of hem two).

She was walking there to do honor to May morning and the sunrising. A child, as fresh as any rose, as songful as any bird, she walked in the dawn:—

Hire yelwe here was broided in a tresse,
Behind her back, a yarde long I gesse.
And in the garden at the sonne uprist
She walketh up and doun wher' as she list.
She gathereth floures, partie white and red,
To make'a sotel garland for hire hed,
And as an angel hevenlich she sang.

The dungeon keep lay beside the garden wall, and thence, looking down, the woeful prisoner Palamon, as the day broke over the noble city, saw the garden-close and its happy warbler,

And eke the garden, full of branches grene
Ther as this freshe Emelle shene
Was in hire walk, and romed up and down.

The contrast of such beauty and such woe as this, struck Palamon to the heart:—

The fayrnesse of a lady that I se
Yond in the gardin roming to and fro
Is cause of all my crying and my wo.

Chaucer's Athenian garden, where the freshness of an English spring belies the far-off name, inspired the creation of another and scarcely less famous garden in literature, hardly a quarter of a century after great Chaucer was buried in the Chapel of St. Benedict in the Abbey. It is the garden of the Tower of London, made famous in *The Kingis Quhair*, written by King James I. of Scotland when in captivity. When he gazed down into the garden and there saw the beauteous Joan Beaufort, he must have recalled the story of Palamon and Emelie. His poem indeed proves this. But first let us see his garden, his May-time English garden:—

Now was there made, fast by the Tower's wall,
A garden fair, and in the corners set
An arbor green, with wandés long and small
Railed about; and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges
knet
That life was none walking there
forby,
That might within scarce any wight
espy.
So thick the boughés met the leavés
green,
Beshaded all the alleys that were there;
And midst of every arbor might be
seen
The sharpé, greené, sweeté, juniper,
Growing so fair, with branches here
and there;
That, as it seemed to a life without,
The boughés spread the arbor all
about.

And on the smallé greené twistis sat
The little sweeté nightingale, and sang
So loud and clear the hymnés consecrat

Of Love's use; now soft, now loud
among
That all the garden and the wallés
rung
Right of their song.

It was in this Garden of the Tower that King James espied Joan Beaufort walking with her two women:—

Ah, sweet, are ye a worldly créature
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature.
Or are ye god Cupid's own princess
And comen are to loose me out of
band?
Or are ye very Nature, the goddess
That have depainted with your heav-
enly hand
This garden full of flowers as they
stand?

This golden-haired maiden, decked (says the poet) with pearls and rubies, emeralds and sapphires, crowned with "a chaplet fresh of hue," and flower o' broom, showed "her fair fresh face, as white as any snow," as she walked under "the sweet green boughs," and won the heart of a captive King.

These English gardens of the fourteenth century were part of the poetry of a romantic age, when the damoiselles and damoiseaux of each little feudal Court wandered from Bower to Garden-close (thick set with hedges and roses, planned with walks and arbors) in that atmosphere of chivalry which did so much to soften the harshness and violence of medieval life. Garden culture was not the least part of the culture of the age. The Romans had brought their gardens, with so many other things and institutions that in changing forms have survived, to Britain, and it is pleasing enough to look back on the lost springs of half a thousand years ago, and on the lost gardens of their kings and queens. Each of us can cry, with Charles d'Orleans, "*Jeunesse sur moi a puissance*," when the spring time stirs our garden

as it stirred those gardens. We can, if we think truly and strongly enough, answer poor François Villon; we can call up once again the gardens and those that walked therein, and so answer the plaintive cry:—

Dictes moy oh, n'en quel pays,
Est Flora, la belle Rommaine?

She is here, and with her are all her company.

Shakespeare knew this well enough, and we must wander, with easy scorn of speeding centuries, from the gardens of Chaucer and the King to his gardens, so sweet and full of spiritual help. They are his own gardens, not the brilliant gardens of earth and earthly love that the exquisite art of Pierre de Ronsard pictures in a thousand forms, that are sad with the sadness that haunted Ronsard and his school, the thought that love and beauty do not abide:—

Et bref, Rose, tu es belle sur toute chose

and yet the Rose and the Gardens of Bourguell must pass utterly away. It was not so with Shakespeare; he knew, at least as well as Keats, that

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases.

The garden to Shakespeare is utilitarian in the most spiritual of senses; it is a symbol of spiritual growth. To see this we have but to turn to the wonderful Garden Scene in *King Richard II.* (Act III., Scene IV.). The Queen and her two ladies are in the garden seeking "to drive away the heavy thought of care"; but all sport falls them and suddenly the Queen cries:—

But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.

A touch that gives a sense of size to the garden. Then instantly follows a dialogue, between the gardeners that gives us a clear peep into Elizabethan gardening methods while we hear the moral of the life of unwise Richard:—

Gardener. Go, bind thou up you
dangling apricocks,
Which like unruly children, make their
sire

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal
weight:

Give some supportance to the bending
twigs.

Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast growing
sprays,

That look too lofty in our Common-
wealth:

All must be even in our government.
You thus employ'd I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit
suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome
flowers.

First Servant. Why should we, in
the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due propor-
tion?

Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole
land,

Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers
choked up,

Her fruit trees all unpruned, her
hedges ruin'd,

Her knots disordered, and her whole-
some herbs

Swarming with caterpillars . . .

Gardener. O, what pity is it,
That he hath not so trimmed and
dressed his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our
fruit-trees,

Least, being over-proud with sap and
blood,

With too much riches it confound it-
self:

Had he done so to great and growing
men,

They might have lived to bear, and he
to taste

Their fruits of duty. All superfluous
boughs
We lop away, that bearing boughs may
live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the
crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite
thrown down.

The Queen can bear no more and
breaks in on this doctrine of the gar-
den. When she has gone the gardener
ends with a touch that is immortal:—

Here did she shed a tear; here in this
place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of
grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall
be seen
In the remembrance of a weeping
queen.

Could not a treatise be written on
Shakespeare's garden-herbs and flow-
ers? Ophelia, the Rose of May, knew
all about them, and of the Rue knew
most:—

There's Rosemary, that's for remem-
brance; pray, Love, remember: and
there is Pansies, that's for thoughts.
. . . There's Fennel for you, and
Columbines:—There's Rue for you; and
here's some for me: we may call it
Herb of Grace o' Sundays:—You may
wear your Rue with a difference—
There's a Daisy:—I would give you
some Violets, but they withered all
when my father died.

Well might Gertrude strew her grave
with flowers—

There's Rosemary and Rue.

From so sad a scene let us turn for
a space to the utilitarian garden of
Elizabethan times, not procured, we
may believe, from Holland. It was as
plentifully supplied as ours, saving, of
course, the potato, even then on its
way thither from even more romantic
climes. Alexander Iden's Garden in
Kent, where Jack Cade laid down his
valorous life, was a walled garden in

the woods: "On a brick wall have I
climbed into this garden, to see if I
can eat grass, or pick a salliet another
while which is not amiss to cool a
man's stomach this hot weather."
We see Iden walking in his garden:—

Lord, who would live turmoiled in the
Court,

And may enjoy such quiet walks as
these?

This small inheritance, my father left
me,

Contenteth me and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by other's wan-
ing;

Or gather wealth, I care not with what
envy.

Sufficeth that I have, maintains my
state,

And sends the poor well pleaséd from
my gate.

It is a pleasing picture and is clearly
drawn from Nature, and we may fill it
with fruits and flowers and herbs and
more utilitarian produce from other
passages in the plays. If we look be-
yond the garden and beyond the woods
we may see the village with

The white sheet bleaching on the
hedge;

and the fields—

Rich leas

Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats,
and pease,

and hedges filled with blackberries or
dewberries, and in the autumn watch
the farm men

Sow the headland with wheat! with
red wheat.

In the kitchen garden we shall find
"onions" and "turnips." Who does
not remember the wench who "married
in an afternoon as she went to the gar-
den for parsley to stuff a rabbit"? In
the same garden were "good worts,
good cabbage," and there, too, men
used to "sow lettuce, set hyssop, and
weed up thyme." There, too, they

could gather a "bunch of radish," even forked radish; and here hung "peas and beans as dank . . . as a dog." We fear that Rhubarb was used chiefly as a "purgative drug," but it was an age for drugs and the labors of the herbalist.

"Hot lavender, mints, savory, majoram," and sorrel we must add to the other herbs we have already smelt. Shakespeare draws lessons from the kitchen garden as well as from the set parterre. And the moral is put, with the ironic touch of which he was master, in the mouth of Iago: "Our bodies are gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills." What a model of will-power was Iago and what a moralist! We may doubt if any of Shakespeare's moralists has a finer lesson to teach than Iago with his garden moral.

It is pleasing to turn from the utilitarian garden (where, doubtless, the gooseberry of which Sir John Falstaff speaks grew) to the walled orchard where the Prince and Claudio walked, "in a thick-pleached alley." There were fruit trees in abundance, all well-pruned. There grew the medlar tree, there hung the poperin pear Mercutio knew of. It was Capulet's garden, an English garden, after all, whose

Orchard walls are high and hard to climb.

There Peas-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed fed Bottom

With apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.

at Titania's gentle wish. There grew the codling that was to become an apple, and there were gathered "the dish

of applejohns"; and the strawberry, the plum, the cherry; and the fig that Constance speaks of. There, too, was the arbor where Sir John Falstaff would fain have eaten a pipplin of his own grafting with a dish of caraways. The walled orchard was full enough of fruits to delight the heart of childhood and satisfies the desires of our first parents. And through the lovely orchard we wander into that blessed flower garden of Bohemia which Shakespeare found on English soil and set in summer's ripest hour:—

The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streaked gilly-flowers,
Which some call Nature's bastards.

Perdita and Polyxenes—not Iago—gives us the final garden parable:—

Perdita. I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating Nature.

Polyxenes. Say there be;
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean: so over that art
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentle scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race; this is an art
Which does mend Nature—change it rather; but
The art itself is Nature.

Perdita. So it is.

It is wonderful this turning of garden thoughts to the profoundest philosophy. It is good to tarry in this garden. Passage on passage fill it with successive perfumes of Spring and Summer and Autumn. Shakespeare's gardens are one more revelation of his universal interest in the inter-relation of man and Nature and their joint place in the serene scheme of things.

J. E. G. de M.

THE RACE TO THE SOUTH POLE.

LETTER FROM DR. NANSEN.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen writes from Lyssaker, under date April 20, as follows:—

I understand that Captain Amundsen has been blamed in the English Press for not having announced at an earlier date his intention of going to the South Pole before starting on his long North Polar expedition; the opinion being, as far as I can gather, that his plan ought to have been discussed beforehand; indeed, it seems that some people are even inclined to regard his action as unfair. I cannot but think that such views are due to some misconstruction of Amundsen's real motives, and as he is prevented by absence from defending himself, I hope you will permit me to give a statement of the facts in your columns. First, however, I wish to say that I have had much to do with Amundsen, and on all occasions, whatever the circumstances might be, he always acted as a man, and my firm conviction is that an unfair act of any kind would be entirely alien to his nature.

His decision to go to the Antarctic came as a surprise to us all, and I well understand that it might give rise to misconception to people who do not know him. In a letter sent from Madeira, and dated "The Fram, August 22, 1910," he explained his new plan to me. He says:—

It is not with a light heart I send you these lines, but there is no alternative, and I may therefore as well go straight to the point. When the news of Cook's and later on of Peary's journeys to the North Pole arrived last autumn, I understood at once that this spelt ruin to my undertaking [i.e., the North Polar expedition]. I concluded that, after this, I could no more expect to receive the economical support I still needed. That I was right in this was

proved by the refusal of the Storting [i.e. the Norwegian Parliament] of my application for an additional grant of 25,000 kroner [£1,380].

To give up my undertaking never entered into my head. The question then arose how to raise the necessary funds. Unless something very much out of the common were accomplished, it was not to be thought of. Something that could rouse the interest of the great public was absolutely necessary. Only one problem is left within the Polar regions, the solution of which might excite general interest, and that is to reach the South Pole. If able to achieve this I felt sure that the funds for the North Polar expedition planned by me would be secured.

It is hard to confess, but the fact is that ever since September, 1909, it has been my intention to take part in the solution of this problem. I have many a time been on the point of telling you everything, but I always shrank from it, fearing that you might induce me to alter my plan. I have often wished that Scott had known of my decision, so that it might not appear as if I wished to steal my way down yonder without his knowledge, in order to get the start of him; but I have not ventured to risk to make it public in any form, fearing that I might then be prevented. I will, however, do all I can to meet him in the South Polar regions and tell him my plan.

It was thus as far back as September last year that this resolution was taken, and I think I may say that we are well equipped. But at the same time I must tell you that if I had succeeded in obtaining the funds still necessary for my North Polar expedition—about 150,000 kroner [£8,250]—I would gladly have given up this additional trip; but the raising of this sum was quite out of the question.

From Madeira we shape our course towards the south. . . . I cannot decide where we shall go ashore, but it is my intention not to land near the

English expedition. They of course have the first right; we shall have to be content with what they leave us.

In February-March, 1912, the Fram will return to fetch us. We shall first call at Lyttelton, New Zealand, in order to telegraph, and then proceed to San Francisco to continue the work thus interrupted, and, as I hope, with an equipment adequate for an expedition of the kind. . . .

Amundsen's position was therefore as follows:—After Cook's and Peary's return the interest for his North Polar expedition ceased; the support he had been promised from America, his last hope, was withdrawn, and the Norwegian Parliament refused to give him the additional grant required. No other resources were left. If nothing were done, the money of his supporters would be wasted. He had therefore either to give up the whole undertaking, on the preparation of which he had spent some years of his life, or to do something intended to rouse the interest of the public at large in order to put himself in a position to raise the money still wanting. He chose the latter course, and, fearing that we might advise him not to go to the Antarctic, and considering it his duty to take the responsibility on himself alone, he decided not to tell any of us who had assisted him with the preparations for the North Polar expedition about his new decision. And in this he was perhaps right. As for myself, I must admit that if I had known of his plan beforehand I might possibly have warned him against going South, for fear that it would be too hard a strain upon a man first to go on a trying South Polar expedition and then straight away to a drift voyage across the North Polar Basin calculated to last at least five or six years. I have never heard of any plan approaching it, and although my opinion is that Amundsen, if anybody, is the very man to carry out such a gigantic

task, I should not have cared to have taken the responsibility of encouraging him.

As regards the question whether Amundsen had a right to enter into a field of research which had already been the territory of the exploration of others, I am certain that the President of the Royal Geographical Society expressed the feeling of the British nation when he said that no explorer obtains any vested right merely by exploration, and that all foreign competition on the Antarctic continent should be welcomed wherever it appeared. This is in full accordance with the canon of the scientific world universally recognized in all scientific research.

Our aim is to increase our knowledge, and the object of geographical expeditions such as these is the exploration of the still unknown parts of our globe. If one expedition penetrates into an unknown region, it is well; if two penetrate into it, it is still better. To us the individuals, or whoever may come first, are only of passing interest; the main thing is to obtain as full and reliable information as possible about the unknown regions.

It must also be remembered that the bases of operations of Scott and Amundsen lie far apart, there being about the same distance between them as between Spitzbergen and Franz Joseph Land. I am certain that not even the keenest monopolist would venture to suggest that it would be unfair to go to Franz Joseph Land on an expedition in quest of the North Pole, because another expedition with the same object in view was already on its way to Spitzbergen.

It is beyond doubt that such an excellent explorer as Captain Scott, with his carefully equipped expedition, will return with results of very high scientific value; but, on the other hand, Captain Amundsen, by journeying through another region, will most cer-

tainly bring back valuable information of unknown tracts quite independent of Scott. I therefore think that students of the Polar problems have great reason to rejoice that two such eminent

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explorers are at work simultaneously in the South, as their discoveries and observations will supplement each other, and the value of each will thus be greatly increased.

THE SCANDALOUS AFFAIR OF MY UMBRELLA.

It was no article of costly make,
Fashioned of silk and ebony and gold
(The kind that careless men are apt to take),
It was not even very neatly rolled.

Still it was my ewe lamb. And when I found
The place untenanted where erst it stood
I told my sorrows to the wainscot round,
I said some things that nearly warped the wood.

I cried aloud to the Olympian gods
And all the shadowy powers that rule the air
To punish him that did this deed with rods—
I also spoke to the commissionaire.

I said, "This was the apple of my eye,
Bought when a boyish heart was clean of doubt;
I loved the little windows where the sky
Came peeping through when it was opened out.

To some their silken hats are dear, to some
Their overcoats of astrakhan or fur,
To me my ombrifuge, my childhood's chum."
He said, "I will inquire about it, Sir."

Alas! I have no hopes. But this, oh this,
Is what annoys me most about the thing:
I fondly deemed, if e'er I came to miss
The well-known handle, the familiar spring,

Whate'er might be the chances of the change,
Whatever substituted gamp I bore,
Chill to the grasp, and comfortless and strange,
In *value* I was simply bound to score.

Some elder poet, fired with heavenly flame,
Might leave his thyrsus with the gilded knob,
And brandish mine unconscious till he came
Home to his flat and then be vexed—the snob!

Or I myself, through want of proper care,
Might fail to localize my gingham roof,
And seize some editor's of samite rare,
Crusted with chrysoprase—and waterproof.

But now these hopes have crumbled into dust.
Cursed be the man who took beyond recall
The ancient shelter of a bardic crust,
And never brought *his* broolly here at all.

Punch.

Eroe.

THE SITUATION IN MOROCCO.

The French Government will have to walk very delicately if they mean to avoid an expensive, long, and harassing campaign in Morocco on the one hand, and new diplomatic worries in Europe on the other. The news from Fez is slender and exasperatingly contradictory. It might be reasonably said that there is no need for France to send an expedition to Fez to protect her nationals; yet it cannot be proved that her nationals are not in want of protection. They may or may not be. All that is certain is that the Sultan, Mulai Hafid, has asked for French help and that the French Government have sent a flying column. This act is in itself perfectly defensible and, we think, in the circumstances necessary. By the Act of Algeciras France and Spain were recognized as having special interests in Morocco, and, by the permission to police certain seaboard towns, were practically appointed the custodians of public order in Morocco on behalf of Europe. The Sultan is, no doubt, a very bad Sultan, but he is not many degrees worse than any other possible Sultan; and if he were deposed there would be temporary chaos at Fez, very likely a massacre of his hated dependents, and Morocco generally would fall into a worse state than ever. It is, therefore, an axiom of French policy to support the reigning Sultan. We cannot see any excuse for the frequent misunderstanding of this policy, which is simple and obvious. There is no question of interfering with and manipulating unnecessarily Moorish affairs. When Abdul-Azis was Sultan, he had French support; when he was deposed by the clear will of his people, French support was transferred to the new Sultan, his brother, Mulai Hafid. If France and Spain did not use the reigning Sultan

as the instrument of such law and order as can be maintained in Morocco, Germany would be justified in saying that they were not good custodians on behalf of Europe; that the Algeciras Act was a failure and that it must be reversed. France, in brief, is faced by a most difficult dilemma. She must do something, but she must not do too much; she must show that she is not an indifferent custodian, yet she must not provoke German jealousy or let herself be drawn by half-unconscious stages into a profitless and hazardous military adventure. It is quite impossible to define the limits of legitimate action in such a difficult case. France must be guided by circumstances, but we hope sincerely for her sake that she will think twice, and even thrice, before committing herself to a campaign in Morocco of which no one could foresee the end.

The military facts at present are these. The Sultan is loosely besieged by rebellious tribes at Fez, where he has not enough ammunition to hold out long if the siege should be seriously pressed. Nor can he reckon on the loyalty of his garrison. Colonel Mangin, of the French Military Mission at Fez, no doubt gives the Sultan excellent advice, but it is not always accepted. Major Brémont, who, with his *mahalla*, had been posted several miles north of Fez, has returned to Fez without getting the food supplies from Alcazar which he had been awaiting. This is the situation which France is trying to turn in favor of the Sultan. A flying column of some thousands of men under Colonel Brulard, has been despatched from the coast towards Fez, and this column will be followed by a *harka* of natives, which may, or may not, be of some use, probably not. The lines of com-

munication between Rabat and Fez will be kept open by the French—this alone will require a considerable number of troops—and there will, of course, always be a force available on the Algerian frontier, though the French are under a self-denying ordinance not to advance from this quarter unless it is absolutely necessary to do so.

On the whole, we think the danger of France getting at loggerheads again with Germany about Morocco is less than the danger of becoming involved by insensible stages in a large military undertaking. The sanction under which France acts in Morocco is not derived solely from the Act of Algéiras. There was also the Franco-German arrangement of September, 1900, by which Germany abandoned her pre-Algéciras policy of sticking pins into France, and frankly admitted that it was for the good of Europe that France should take the chief part in supervising Morocco. We fancy that Germany has no desire to return to the pre-Algéciras policy. She found that it did not serve the purpose she had imagined; that it brought her an inconvenient amount of unpopularity in Europe, and that it would, therefore, be wise to drop it. We may even surmise that her present policy is the exact reverse. She knows that a France fixing all her attention on affairs in Morocco would be a quiet, uncritical France, without the leisure or the heart to watch the doings of her neighbors very closely. It was characteristic of Bismarck to purchase immunity from foreign criticism for some of his plans by marked conciliation in respect of other plans where the German will might have been expected to clash with foreign ambitions. Thus in 1878 he encouraged France to occupy herself with Tunis, and later he was anxious that Great Britain should be

allowed to plunge her hands deeply into Egyptian affairs.

Remembering those facts, we hazard the suggestion that Germany having abandoned her old policy has done so definitely. If this be so, France should be particularly careful not to rush excitedly along a path which is made attractively easy for her. "Peaceful penetration" is a comforting phrase. But it is to be remembered that the most peaceful of penetrators often have to be protected by armed force. Nor would it be wise to back the Sultan through thick and thin, however great his foolishness or his need of aid. To help him to pull his chestnuts out of the fire at a critical moment is one thing, but to make his policy deliberately identical with French policy is quite another. No Sultan who depends habitually on foreign support can be expected to sit securely on the throne of Morocco, so that a thick-and-thin support of Mulai Hafid would mean keeping an army of occupation indefinitely in the country. Morocco, again, is a difficult field for military operations, and if a *jihad* were preached against the foreigner tens of thousands of Frenchmen would soon be engaged in a war of extremely doubtful prospect. Such a campaign would react most injuriously on the condition of the French army at home, for a modern Continental army is a delicate machine easily thrown out of gear by the drain of a foreign expedition. So far, as we have said, France has done nothing but what her obligations to her own people and to Europe required her to do, but at any moment—by a serious French reverse, for example—she might be brought face to face with the question how much farther she is to go, and then will be the occasion for prudence and restraint.

THE DRAMA OF THE INSECTS.

A country vicar in rearranging his greenhouse found, in the space between two boxes, hundreds and almost thousands of neat round snippets of rose leaves arranged in a beautiful order that he seemed to regard as fortuitous, for he sent them to someone who might know about them, asking whether this was the work of mice. Only once, and that many years ago, the writer saw the leaf-cutting bee at work snipping out these neat ellipses and circles. Every year and in almost every garden that has a rose tree, the snippets vanish while we are not looking, and the holes remain in earnest of the insect's industry. Once again, the bee was seen flying across the garden with the leaf coin held between her legs. She was traced to a neighboring wall, into a hole of which she quickly dragged her treasure. All this and more could be seen on almost any summer afternoon by anyone who went into the garden with the same determination to see higher beings than he has to see the flowers. In this magnum opus of the bee, exhumed by our country vicar, we can see the exact respective use of the elliptical and the circular bits of leaf, and perhaps see, as former observers have persuaded themselves they did, why the bee chooses always leaves that have notched edges.

To a Surrey garden there comes every year a bee that nests in a hole in a larch post. It brings from a pine wood bits of resin which it masses in the sun on the top of its post. When the sun has hardened it, softened it, mellowed it, or otherwise exactly fitted it to the bee's needs, it takes it into the hole. Then there is the insect described by White in these words:—"It is very pleasant to see with what address it strips off the pubes, running

from the top to the bottom of a branch (of the Garden Campion) and shaving it bare with the dexterity of a hoop shaver; when it has got a vast bundle, almost as large as itself, it flies away, holding it secure between its chin and forelegs." Literature and life abound with such scraps of inevitable observation, but England has not bred an investigator who will give to the world a true and sympathetic account of our wilder insects at home. Perhaps it needs more humbleness of mind than we are commonly capable of. The picture arises of a man down on his knees in the garden watching for something to happen in the burrow of a mole cricket. He is more apt to wonder what he looks like than to look at things from the mole cricket's point of view, and then he is not likely to stay down long enough to see much of importance. He will take the insect indoors and dissect it under the microscope, and tell you all about it in that way.

Two books just published by the Librairie Ch. Delagrave, "*La Vie des Insectes*" and "*Mœurs des Insectes*," contain a very rich selection from the works of that prince of observers, M. J. H. Fabre. Here is a monument of thorough-going, ungrudging industry, conferring its own greatness on its subject, however small the world may count it. The naturalist pays the truest tribute to the instinct or skill of the insect by matching his own reason and resources against them, and holding up the result to the laughter of the reader.

For the purposes of his classic observation on the way in which the *Cerceris* paralyzes her prey, he needed a few beetles of one particular species preyed upon by that wasp. He says:—"Vine fields of Lucerne, corn fields,

moors, screes, road-sides I visited, I scrutinized; and after two mortal days of minute search, I was the possessor, dare I say I was the possessor, of three Charençons, worn and frayed, soiled with dust, short of antennæ or of legs, old soldiers that no self-respecting *Cerceris* would look at." When the wasp herself wants her own particular beetle, she just goes away for about five minutes and comes back with a nice fresh plump one, as though she had a private preserve of them close by. She finds them by hundreds, says the author, while he in many years has not found what their particular habitat is.

However, the *Cerceris* did condescend to operate on the beetles when they were substituted for those she had captured for herself, stinging them exactly between the first and second pairs of legs, and in the winking of an eye the prey was insensible, inert without being dead, and ready to go off to the larder. The naturalist tried in vain to imitate her, with the finest of needles and all the chemicals of the pharmacopœia. With all the surgical knowledge furnished by a dissection, he can do no better than kill the beetle, whereas the wasp leaves it alive till its grub has eaten almost the last of it.

Our own investigator of insect home life, if we are to have one, must be born with such a gift of humor as Fabre has. It is a humor that lifts his narratives out of the ruck of mere description without forfeiting anything of their exactness. It soars far beyond the fallacy of anthropomorphism; it clothes the actors in his insect dramas with personality without postulating for them any more consciousness than the sourest scientist would give them. In a preliminary article on the cicada, the long-held futility of the fable of the ant and the "cigale" is exposed and reversed. By chance it has come nearer truth in our country,

simply because we have no cicadas, and must therefore substitute the grasshopper for the insect libelled by the Greeks. We are shown that the ant is a shameless sponger on the cicada, worrying it as it sips the sugary juices from the well it has dug through the bark, till with a most convincing expression of contempt the cicada moves on and leaves the fruit of its labor in the possession of the "industrious" ant. Comedy relieves the wonderful craftsmanship of the sacred beetle. Enterprising beetles, instead of collecting their own globes of provender, wait till others are beginning to roll home their own, and then join them as volunteers. "If the vigilance of the owner fail, one will get off with the treasure; if the watch is too close, then share and share alike. Either way it pays." The owner sometimes stands on the top of her ball, daring the other to take it from her. She merely goes on pushing, and down comes the passenger. If helper and owner fall out and the helper happens to prove the stronger beetle, why then the other must go and get another ball.

The operation practised by some moth-collectors and known as "semling" yields its meed of wonder. Not much for investigation here. A smell that we cannot perceive draws from all quarters, and seemingly for miles, the males of some species of moths to the place where a single female waits them. Forty males of the Emperor Moth were thus drawn to a newly hatched female in M. Fabre's house, and a still more astonishing assembling took place with a species so rare that he and his helpers had only managed to find one specimen in the district in the course of three years. Without any elaborate apparatus, by perfectly obvious means and at last helped by pure accident, the observer manages to find out as nearly as may

be the laws of this striking example of the appeal of like to like.

It may be said sometimes that M. Fabre has the advantage of a larger and more interesting insect world to investigate than we have. The field is still wider and more dramatic in America, where Mr. and Mrs. Peckham, almost alone, have done much work, leaning heavily, however, on the French naturalist. Our own insect world is very little if at all behind that of any single country of Europe. We have some two hundred of the solitary bees, which is the class that has yielded most wonders to the investigation of this French naturalist. We have wasps that carry off caterpillars, spiders, grasshoppers, and one that preys even on the honey-bee. There are cuckoo-bees of wonderful similarity to their hosts, and others that seem to have no feature in common. The relationships between a pair of the lat-

The Nation.

ter description are full of mystery. Sometimes the cuckoo-ship has been denied, and the industry of the alleged cuckoo, after much doubt, has been more or less proved. There are plenty of open problems to be solved concerning the dealings of the rather large genus *Nomada* with the much larger genus *Andrena*. Is *Nomada* suffered as a watch-dog that will keep off worse plagues, such as the jewel flies? Does she merely annex the food that has been gathered? Does her grub sometimes share it on fair terms, or is it a thorough-paced cuckoo? All the rewards of the entomologist cannot be even guessed in advance, because there are fields of observation in which the first glance has not been taken. There are a million tragedies, comedies, and dramas being played hour by hour under our very noses, and for the most part we have not the least suspicion that they exist.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Marion Crawford's talent was far from being at its best in his stories of the supernatural, but few contemporary writers can rival them, and readers with a craving for the weird and ghastly will welcome the volume in which seven have been collected under the title "Wandering Ghosts." Most of them have appeared in magazine form already, but together they seem to intensify one another and to produce an effect of cumulative horror. "Man Overboard" and "The Upper Berth" are, of course, sailors' yarns; "The Screaming Skull" shrieks of murder; "The Dead Smile" is an odious story of lust and hate; "For the Blood is the Life" holds a suggestion of the vampire. But "The Doll's Ghost" is a pretty fantasy, and in "By the Waters of Paradise" the evil spell is broken and love

turns bitter waters sweet. The Macmillan Co.

"Abroad with the Fletchers," by Jane Felton Sampson (L. C. Page & Co.), is a vivacious narrative of a European tour, along familiar lines,—from Boston to Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Switzerland, southern Germany, Holland, Paris, London, Scotland, and the English lake region. The Fletchers are an uncouth rural couple from some remote village who are members of the small party of which the accomplished "Professor" is guide, mentor and friend; and some diverting personal experiences and descriptions and a slender,—very slender,—thread of romance impart a certain interest to the narrative. There are a number of illustrations of scenes by the way.

The mystery in William Le Queux's latest detective story. "The Red Room," gathers about the murder of a distinguished English scientist who is found dead in his laboratory, his features unrecognizable through the effect of a corrosive acid, and his safe rifled of important papers relating to experiments in hardening steel for armor-plate. The chief figure is Kershaw Kirk, a secret-service man of high grade, and the garage-owner whom he tries to train to play Watson to his Sherlock Holmes is the narrator. Ingeniously planned and full of startling situations, the book will be a success with the class of readers for whom it was written. Little, Brown & Co.

In "Prince and Chauffeur," a Russian prince in the secret service of his government, a lieutenant of the United States Navy masquerading as a chauffeur, a multi-millionaire who refuses to buy a husband for his daughter, the ambitious wife who has already ordered the prospective son-in-law sent home on inspection, the charming daughter whose caprice may tip the scale, and the new torpedo that rivals the heiress in the affections of the two younger men—all play their parts against a Newport background under the dextrous management of Lawrence Perry, the author of "Dan Merrithew." "Two Tramps," etc. Though the types are familiar, they are always popular, and the accessories are picturesquely and effectively arranged. A. C. McClurg & Co.

His most appreciative American admirer could hardly have written more intelligently or more enthusiastically of Theodore Roosevelt's career than Max Kullnick has done in his volume "From Rough Rider to President." The author is a German, writing for Germans, and the present edition of his book is a translation by Prof. Frederick von

Reithdorf of Menmouth, Illinois. Dr. Kullnick gives some account of Mr. Roosevelt's boyhood and his years at college, and then passes in review his public career as member of the New York legislature, as civil service commissioner, as police commissioner of New York city, an office which Dr. Kullnick, by a not unnatural error, describes as "chief of police," as governor of New York, as vice-president and as president, and also as colonel of the "Rough Riders" in the war in Cuba. The translator has done his work well; and American readers will find the book, in its present form, a graphic and stirring bit of biography. A. C. McClurg & Co.

Captain R. K. Beecham's volume on "Gettysburg, the Pivotal Battle of the Civil War" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) is a narrative vivid with memories of personal experience, yet surprisingly well-proportioned and free from any suggestion of egotism. Captain Beecham commanded a company in the Second Wisconsin regiment, which helped to hold Seminary Ridge in the first day of the great battle, and in so doing lost a larger percentage of dead and wounded than any other regiment. He witnessed and participated in the whole of the three-days' battle; and now, his memory re-enforced by patient and laborious study of the records of both armies and the descriptions of earlier writers, and by recent visits to the battlefield, he tells the story of the battle in its larger aspects and significance, and comments freely upon the mistakes which were made on both sides. It is a graphic story, which will be read with special interest just now when public attention is turning anew to every incident of the great struggle which opened fifty years ago. A map of the battlefield and portraits of the commanders on either side illustrate the book.

To Professor Richard G. Moulton, whose work in the editing and annotation of "The Modern Reader's Bible" has made his name an household word, we are indebted for a comprehensive and extremely interesting survey of "World Literature," prepared with a view to emphasizing and illustrating the essential unity of literature. Professor Moulton aims at the realization of world literature from the English point of view and the selection of literature entering into this conception. He includes first in his survey the "Five Literary Bibles" as he calls them: The Holy Bible; Classical Epic and Tragedy; Shakespeare; Dante and Milton; and Versions of the Story of Faust; and adds chapters on Collateral Studies in World Literature; Comparative Reading; Literary Organs of Personality, as found in essays and lyrics; and Strategic Points in Literature, with special reference to the correlation of literature with literature. As an aid to systematic as against desultory and haphazard reading, and as a guide to the proper appreciation of relative values, this work can hardly be too highly estimated. The Macmillan Company.

Seldom does a novelist touch successfully so many aspects of the life of the day as Henry Sydney Harrison in "Queed." Does one want a capital newspaper story with a dash of practical politics thrown in? "Queed" is the book for him. A sympathetic picture of the development of the New South, with one of its gayest, brightest, bravest daughters for heroine? He must get "Queed." A series of clever sketches of boarding-house life, with an unexpected touch of pathos added by the death of the landlady's little daughter? "Queed" will make him smile and sigh. A leisurely, but fascinating, love-story, with not a questionable suggestion or "problem" on

one of its four hundred pages? He can yield himself to the spell of "Queed" with perfect confidence. An odd and original character study, developing an intensely narrow young student of sociology whose cosmos is all ego, as the heroine tells him with the candor of heroines, into a hero better entitled to the name than ninety-nine out of a hundred that one meets in fiction? "Queed" will just suit his taste. A first novel with a quality and atmosphere that many writers counted successful have never achieved? He will discover "Queed" with the keenest pleasure and satisfaction. Houghton Mifflin & Co.

Lee Meriwether's "Seeing Europe by Automobile" (The Baker & Taylor Company) is a particularly timely volume just now, when so many Americans are taking or planning a European trip after the new fashion. Twenty-five years ago, Mr. Meriwether "did" Europe on foot, at the modest cost of fifty cents a day, and he wrote so diverting an account of his experiences as to lay the foundations of a literary success which, perhaps, helped to make this second trip possible. But he has not lost all instincts of frugality, and in his present narrative he is at pains to give practical suggestions as to equipment, cost of gasoline, hotels, etc., for the guidance of motorists who are not possessed of unlimited means. He was his own chauffeur on his trip and was able to travel over 5,000 miles at a total cost of but a little more than \$500 for boxing, ocean freight, repairs, oil, tires and gasoline. His route took him through parts of France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Dalmatia, Montenegro, and the Island of Corfu; and he writes of all that he saw and the experiences he passed through with a keen zest which makes his book a record far removed from the ordinary book of

travel. His automobile was christened the "Get-There" and it was certainly well named. Thirty or more full-page illustrations from photographs add to the book's attractiveness.

In "The Incas of Peru," Sir Clements R. Markham presents, in a group of essays, so related as to constitute, in effect, a continuous narrative, the fruits of many years of study and personal observation in a fascinating field of research. It was when a naval cadet, a lad of fourteen, that the author first saw the land of the Incas. He fell under its spell at once. This glimpse led him to an eager perusal of Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," and that, in turn, to a visit to the historian, and the undertaking of an expedition to supplement Prescott's researches. Again, some years later, he was engaged in Peru in plans for introducing the cultivation of the various species of quinine-yielding chinchona trees from South America into India. During the intervening years he has continued the study of all available authorities on Inca history and civilization. Now, at the age of eighty, he has gathered the fruits of all these studies into this volume, which constitutes an admirable supplement to Prescott's history, and is written in so fresh and engaging a style as to appeal to the general reader quite as much as to the special student. In an appendix he presents a free translation of a drama of the times of the Incas, about the year 1470, first reduced to writing three hundred years later. The book is very satisfactorily indexed and contains a large map and sixteen full-page illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co.

A story of unusual quality and power is "The Valley Captives" by R. Macaulay, a writer new to the American public, though he has already published two books, "The Furnace" and "The Secret River." The valley lies on the

western edge of Wales, a secluded, remote, and lovely country between hills and sea, and the captives, to quote one of the most introspective and analytic, "lead a narrow, corner life, stuffy, materialistic, stodgy." Imprisoned most hopelessly of all are the household of Oliver Vallon, a clever, cynical, ineffective man, whose wife's death leaves him with a son and daughter on his indolent, irresponsible hands, and who follows the path of least resistance in letting himself be married by Mrs. Bodger, the widow of a comfortable coal-merchant. Mrs. Bodger brings a boy and girl of her own to complicate the situation, and the melancholy development of Tudor Vallon's sensitive, high-strung temper under the bullying of the heavy and coarse young Bodger furnishes the thread which holds together a narrative simple enough in construction but of keen and tense interest. With no help from a father too ease-loving to interfere, unable to escape the tyranny of his step-brother in their school-days, a pre-destined failure at the university, without means or encouragement to follow the art which might have been his salvation, young Vallon drops suddenly and hopelessly into the routine of a poor country-squire's son, conscious of his wasted talents, haunted by ambition and regret, and thrown continually into the companionship of the man for whom he still feels the old fear, joined with an ever-growing contempt and hate. Only tragedy can be the outcome. But the writer's philosophy—of which the book gives many glimpses—is not unrelieved pessimism, and the story ends on a note of hope, almost of triumph. Brilliantly written, showing a wide familiarity with phases of current thought and a shrewdness of observation tempered wholesomely with sympathy, the book will leave many critics watching eagerly for its successor. Henry Holt & Co.

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LI.

No. 3492 June 10, 1911

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

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MUSIC AND THE WOMAN-SOUL.

All London in dim hurry streams
Beside my door; but I,
Cushioned in comfortable ease,
Repine in apathy.

And flower and plant upon me pall;
Palls too the written page;
The soundless and the sumptuous life,
The splendor of the cage.

Death may some brilliant lightning
flash,
Some waking thunder roll;
But ah! I waste in dreadful calm.
And starve through all my soul.

Only by music am I freed,
In melody find wings;
No written word of poetry
The mighty spaces brings.

Then Sirius far behind me lies,
The Sun is long outsoared;
The Universe is but a sound,
Creation but a chord!

Here can I find my only flight,
Tread where Beethoven trod;
So am I raised, so am I rapt
And lose myself in God!

Stephen Phillips.

The Westminster Gazette.

BEYOND THE WALLS OF PEACE.

If you should meet with one who strays
Beyond the walls of peace,
Who spends the passion of his days
In dreams that never cease,
Oh, tell him that the outcast ways
Find no release.

If you should look into his eyes,
And see the shadow there
Of his dear City's towers and skies,
Where once his heart lay bare,
Oh, tell him those who are most wise
Their vision spare.

If you should see him turn and wait,
Fast bound by his desire,
Beyond the walls disconsolate,
In dreams that never tire,
Oh, tell him that the city gate
Is barred by fire.

No other torches shall divide
The road for his release,
Oh, tell him they stretch dark and
wide,
Long roads that never cease—
If you should meet with one outside
The walls of peace.

Dollie Radford.

THE ROMANY SWAY.

I wish I were a gipsy free
To dance beneath the rowan tree,
To wade in waters cool and sweet
Or press the thyme with naked feet.
I wish I wore a scarlet gown
And ran upon the windy down
To gather mushrooms in the dew,
Sloes and whortleberries blue,
Hips and haws and hazels brown,
For selling in the narrow town,
Where every wide-eyed child would
cry—
"There goes a gipsy passing by!"
And run to buy my wares of me
And wish that he were half as free.

Then with some tea to fill my can
Far out of sight of any man
I'd light my fire and sit and sup
And watch the smoke climb up and
up:
The smoke upon its stairless way
To greet the pine-tree tops and say—
"Those are your boughs that burn so
well."

I'd gather bracken from the dell
To make a pillow for my head,
And every time I turned in bed
Between my eyelid and my cheek
The stars should play at hide-and-seek.

Or if the moon of dreams were high.
I'd be a gipsy that could fly
To visit with the honeybee,
Or chase the swallow o'er the sea;
And in the early morning dark
I'd rise beyond the boldest lark.
And holding to some angel's frock,
I'd enter heaven, and never knock;
And once inside they'd let me stay.
For all would take my part and say—
"Tis but a little gipsy free,
Let be, good doorkeeper, let be!"

Anna Bunston.

The Spectator.

"WHEN ENGLAND AWAKES."

It is important not to misconstrue the European situation in so far as it affects French interests; it is important to see it, for instruction's sake, as it is viewed through French spectacles.

These are the words of warning which I ventured to use several weeks ago in commenting upon the recent Cabinet crisis in France. It is the object of the present article to justify this language.

I.

Frenchmen cherished for a decade and more the illusion that the Alliance with Russia was an earnest of the ultimate recovery of Alsace-Lorraine. It took that length of time for them to comprehend that the armies of the Dual Alliance were the armies of the Hague; that neither the Tsar nor their own rulers had contemplated by the Alliance any other aim than that of defence; that the sole positive good which the Alliance was intended to secure was the maintenance of European equilibrium, and that they who had looked to it as a potential instrument of *révanche* had been tragically duped.

When France realized that the Russian Alliance meant not only that things must be as they had been, but that all hope of better days was gone, the plight of the nation was one that might have given rise to a certain sullen resentment. Such resentment did, in fact, exist to a certain degree among the generations that remembered the war of 1870. Upon the younger generation, on the contrary, the consequence of their slow perception of the real significance, in its European bearings, of the pact with Russia was strangely different. Little by little the notion of *révanche* faded from the forefront of the French consciousness and gave way to a kind of supine satisfaction with the idea of security implied

in the existence of the Alliance. If the Alliance was to be no longer interpreted as a means of realizing French dreams, it meant, at all events, the inexpressible boon of peace. The French soul tended to become relaxed. Humanitarianism, pacifism, anti-militarism, began to flourish rankly all over French soil. France had been *cocorrier* up to 1890. The Russian Alliance gradually calmed her nerves, dissipated her fears, lulled her to sleep. Strong in her faith in the loyalty of Russia to keep strict watch over the German dogs of war in case they seemed to be preparing to leap across her eastern frontier, France, the Republic, was free to respond, without loss of dignity, or dread of the consequences, to the cajoleries and flatteries of the German Kaiser. If he had continued to cajole instead of blunderingly beginning to menace, humanitarianism might have gangrened the whole of France.

One public man of eminence in France, and one public man alone, President Grévy, had a foreign policy which might have saved his country from some of the psychological consequences and from the positive sequence of events that ensued. President Grévy never tired of preaching the utility of isolation, the danger of entangling alliances. But he was overruled, and successive Ministers in France who extolled the Russian Alliance hoped not merely to assure European equilibrium, but to maintain European peace by holding Germany in check. They were also aiming indirectly at the great secular rival of their country, Great Britain. Notwithstanding Bismarck's efforts to thwart the inception of the Franco-Russian Alliance, the heirs of his policy found in the Franco-Russian Alliance, one of their most magnificent op-

portunities. What the Germans rapidly perceived was that in the Dual Alliance, by the nature of things, German hegemony was in being. By that Alliance the traditional bellicose France was paralyzed. With a splendid and almost diabolic ingenuity Germany evolved a scheme for utilizing the Alliance in her own interest. She did all in her power to fan the embers of Anglo-French discord by favoring French colonial expansion. She was aware that the first result would be to pit France against England under every clime and on every sea; the second, that young ambitious Italy would become the deadly foe of France; and the third that she herself would ultimately be able to dictate to a divided Europe the direction of European policy. For long years German foresight was confirmed to the letter. The daring, diabolic and ingenious plan for preventing French resiliency was for a time beautifully successful. France and England came into dangerous collision everywhere. Italy and France glared at each other in Tunis and over the Dauphiné passes, while the Triple Alliance was being slowly consolidated. Successive German Chancellors rubbed their hands in glee, and German hegemony assumed the aspect of a pillar of cloud by day and almost of fire by night.

But the German plan succeeded too admirably. The Greeks, who were practical psychologists, noted that a Nemesis dogs the steps of a man or nation addicted to the unpardonable sin of *ὑβρις*—insolent pride. There came a time, amid the multiple shocks which harassed the nerves of British and French Foreign Ministers, as the lines of British and French Colonial expansion dovetailed throughout the world, when the chances of peace or war between France and England seemed to hang by a thread. Both Powers, after Fashoda, awoke to the

idea that they had been playing the German game; that while they had been irritating one another by constant pin-pricks, Germany had been looming more and more menacingly on the horizon. The scales seemed to drop simultaneously from their eyes. They saw—with the clearness, ironically presented, in the fulness of time, by those superb comic situations staged by the *Zeit Geist*—that either they must go to war for the benefit of Germany or that they must come to an understanding, in their common interest, to the discomfiture of a common rival. Fashoda was the fork on their Damascus road. The revelation which together they received there flung into the most dazzling light the whole maliciousness of the German scheme, of which they had been for years the blindly unconscious dupes. Such was the beautifully logical birth of that Entente Cordiale which shattered as by a thunderbolt a German policy which had lasted, and succeeded, for nearly two decades.

II.

For some months Germany lay stunned and prone. The incredible had happened. There had been long years in the nineties when the Wilhelmstrasse must have known as well as every Parisian that England was even more hated in France than the Power which had dismembered that country in the *Galerie des Glaces* at Versailles. The possibility that England and France could ever come to terms was not taken in Germany as even a remote contingency. It was regarded as a political absurdity. Yet the incredible had happened. And, irony of ironies, it had occurred simply as a consequence of the over-weening success of the Bismarckian plan.

After the first discountenancing blow it was not surprising that the German Chancellerie was a long time pulling itself together. Germany's uncouth

movements and gestures in seeking to wreck the new combination of the Entente Cordiale; her futile efforts in Spain, before the accession of the young Sovereign, to balk the Mediterranean policy of M. Delcassé, and to sweep that Power into the orbit of the Triple Alliance; her invention finally of the Moroccan Question, as a means of cleaving in two the Franco-British block which had only just been welded; her nervous, violently aggressive manner, so *convenue de fil blanc*, however, as the French say,—all these are facts which are fresh in the memory not only of the professional politician, but of the ordinary observer. And the more Germany wriggled, contrived, meddled and stormed, the more rooted became the Entente Cordiale in the hearts of Frenchmen and of Englishmen, the more natural seemed the miracle, the more real the joy of the two Chancelleries and of the two peoples. Only a few keen-sighted observers in either country appeared to realize, amid the strains of optimistic jubilation in which England and France welcomed the reconciliation and the now "definitive" establishment of European equilibrium, that Germany, by the Titanic blunder of her old Bismarckian non-colonial policy, had closed to herself almost every habitable corner of the globe, which she had complacently handed over to France, England and Italy; yet that she had developed a great material civilization, with instincts of economic and commercial expansion which must find an outlet or burst. Only a few appeared to perceive that she was not likely to accept the new *status quo* created by the Triple Entente, and that every practical device which astute *Royal Potnik*, unshackled by scruple or fanatical idealism, and inspired by patriotic national selfishness, could suggest or invent, would be utilized for the destruction of that pact which seemed to

have established the balance of power in Europe.

If it had not been for the issue of the Russo-Japanese War, a result utterly unforeseen by the *Quai d'Orsay*, and the perilous consequences of which from the point of view of French interests had never been taken into account in France, the French nation might have continued, like the English, to remain, as a whole, blandly ignorant of the strategic conditions and of the international relations on the Continent of Europe. To be sure the Algeiras Conference and the Casablanca incident were yet to intervene as object-lessons for the most indifferent; but the defeat of the Russian ally, Russian paralysis as a military power for some years to come, was an event which, at the time, opened the eyes of even the least discerning of French observers. While it enabled them to divine the causes, perhaps better than they otherwise might have done, of the audacity of Germany in her Moroccan policy, it also enhanced for them the value of the Entente with England, and made them all the more vigilant as to the preservation of that Entente, according to the conception of it cherished by its promoters. British politics, both domestic and foreign, were bound to be watched by Frenchmen with as jealous an eye as their own, and even more carefully and jealously than they watched those of Russia. England had taken the place of Russia in French affections. In the same breath in which Frenchmen repudiated, and sincerely repudiated, the notion that the reason why the Entente was dear to them was because it meant to them a possible *revanche*, and insisted, and sincerely insisted, on the fact that they longed above all for European peace, they acknowledged that the Entente was possible only because it satisfied the common interest of France and England in thwarting

the manœuvres of a common foe. That foe was Germany, who was imperilling British sea-power after having torn great strips of flesh from the side of France.

France does not desire war, but she does not wish for a peace which is a "peace at any price." During the past few years, for the first time, perhaps, in history since the Dukes of Normandy ceased to govern both at Caen and London, Frenchmen have honestly, even cordially, desired the well-being of England. Every event which can contribute to England's greatness is to them a sincere joy. Every incident that tends to diminish England's prestige, alter her traditions, weaken her as a world-power, is regarded in France with surprise and with something akin to dismay. I am speaking of the rank and file of the French nation, and the pervasive genuine goodwill of Frenchmen towards England is a fact which stands for all that it is worth, all that it is possible to make out of it for diplomatic ends, even in face of minor differences between the two Governments. But the one thing that Frenchmen see with an almost uncanny clearness is that for France to remain France, England must not cease to be England. When even a Lord Curzon hopes to settle such a question as that of Muscat by an appeal to sentiment, the French wonder if the businesslike and level-headed England with which they have fought on a hundred battlefields, the same England with which they fancied they had come to terms, has suddenly vanished from the map. They see in such a fact as this, as in the rhythm of the humanitarian *sabbat* to which all England seems to them now to be dancing, the evidence of British insularity, the sign of England's ignorance as to the strategic conditions that govern European politics, the apparently hopeless confirmation, in a word, of such language as George Mer-

edith often used to me: "England's political intelligence runs to horns." And when Lord Haldane seeks to drive Field-Marshal Lord Roberts into a corner, by his witty but inept statement that Lord Roberts is insisting upon preparing for the "logically possible" instead of for the "reasonably probable," Frenchmen ask themselves in what world of mediæval scholasticism that Minister acquired his dialectics.

Adversity has made France of the Third Republic a cannier people than was the nation which fell into the snare of the mendacious telegrams of Ems. She has been bruised and buffeted by England, humiliated and flaunted by Germany. Even other than a French intelligence could be counted upon to learn something from so harsh an experience. When one has been the dupe of one's generous sentiments and of one's doctrinaire notions of right, the chances are that one will try to mend one's ways and adopt a more prudent attitude. French foreign politics have begun to become practical, after having been as sublimely and as dangerously disinterested as were those of the ideologue Gladstone. Europe seems to find it difficult to realize that business methods and prudent self-interest can ever dominate at the Quai d'Orsay. It still thinks France amenable to blandishment and ready to follow the will o' the wisps of idealism. The sooner her friends and allies learn that France realizes as keenly as Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg that Europe is Europe, that Continental politics are not politics in a leyden jar, and that the old saying still holds good, "that the weak will be the prey of the strong," we shall have less talk of the sterility of the Triple Entente, no more of a certain *flottement* in that whilom stable pact, and Germany, it may be hoped, will be allowed to expand to her heart's content in regions far removed from the danger-spots in

which she has of late been so meddlesomely (and solely owing to the lack of harmony of the French, Russian and British Chancelleries) demonstrating the inefficiency of the Triple Entente.

The Triple Entente may not be an Alliance in the technical sense of the word, but the feeling in France is that if it be not, *for all practical purposes*, an Alliance, it is a snare and a delusion. No Frenchman is inclined to quarrel over the choice of a word to describe the relations between France and England: modern politics are not a branch of semantics, and French experience of the connotation of the word "Alliance" as employed in description of the Franco-Russian pact, is not calculated, as we have seen, to arrest the growth of a salutary scepticism as to the utility of "alliances." But if the relations between England and France, if the words "Entente Cordiale" and "Triple Entente" mean anything, they, at all events, mean a common sense of the general interests uniting the three Powers, England, France and Russia, and they ought to mean, above all, as the *Times* and the *Temps* are in agreement in acknowledging, that these three Powers have one vital interest: the maintenance of the European equilibrium. What every Frenchman wants to know is whether Englishmen have as keen a sense as they have of the reality of this vital interest. The gratitude of France for the inestimable services rendered her by England during the early period of the Entente Cordiale, when the Moroccan imbroglio menaced the peace of Europe, is still a living sentiment throughout French society. But if the French Parliament, if the French public, drew any lesson from that long protracted and anxious period, it was that humanitarian aspirations are a dangerous luxury. They perceived that of the two great blunders committed by the otherwise impeccable statesman, M. Del-

casté,—his blindness to the fact that in allowing Russia to go to war with Japan France suffered her ally to paralyze her efficiency in Europe, and his neglect to secure for France the army and the navy of his policy, the latter was incomparably the more unpardonable and the most heinous. M. Clemenceau, when Prime Minister, left the British Foreign Office no peace in his constant iteration of the evident fact that England seems bent on repeating the blunder of M. Delcasté. One of M. Clemenceau's main objects was to convert the Entente into a military treaty of defensive alliance. No one saw more clearly than he that "splendid isolation" in the Europe of to-day is an impossible ideal for England. His views have become those of his reflecting compatriots, as they have observed that in proportion as German energy became more rampant England seemed to be curling her European antennæ inward, to be losing her European sense and to be becoming more and more deeply, I had almost said stupidly, self-absorbed. No one in France is ashamed to own that France has need of England. But every one in France is astounded that Englishmen do not realize that they have even greater need of France. French respect for England's judgment and self-poise receives a rude blow when Englishmen are seen to be allowing their domestic island interests, or even the grave and beautiful heraldic interests inspired by the noble hieratic ceremony of the Coronation, to preoccupy them to the exclusion of all sense of their relative position in the world and of the potentially critical aspects of their Imperial contacts. The French are wondering whether all England has not fallen a victim to the sleeping sickness. Above a supine people the all-but-isolated figure of Lord Roberts looms for their vision with gigantic proportions. They had counted on Eng-

land because England had taught them to dread and to admire her. Yet now England seems to them to be selling her birthright of practical sense and of world-wide dominion for futile domestic measures of corrosive import, and dangerous humanitarian dreams that seem to them the negation of an intelligent foreign policy. The one condition of efficiency for the Entente, as well as of European peace, is seen in France to be that England should have the Army and Navy of her traditional policy. Lord Curzon put it admirably when he said that in England the Foreign Secretary was exactly in the position of Moses in the battle with the Amalekites: his two hands had to be held up by the Ministers for the Army and the Navy. France cannot fight—even at Constantinople—the battles of the English alone. Yet Lord Haldane rejects the warnings of Lord Roberts and of the Military Correspondent of the *Times*;¹ Sir Edward Grey calls down upon his head the crushing re-tort of the German Chancellor; and when Mr. Jowett asks the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs "if, during his term of office, any undertaking, promise, or understanding had been given to France, that in certain eventualities British troops would be sent to assist the operations of the French Army," the answer is "in the negative." The pretty little German pocket atlas for 1910 published by the great house of Justus Perthes dubs the North Sea "Deutsche Meer," so that now, as the French weekly newspaper *L'Opinion* reminds us, Great Britain *se trouve donc baignée par la mer allemande*. Yet there are little Englishers still. The abolition of the meridian of Paris with the substitution for it of that of Greenwich has its compensations; but, in France, at all events,

¹ The preservation of France from an attack (by Germany before the weight of Russia begins to tell) is absolutely vital for our [England's] subsequent security. — *Times*, April 7.

such events as this are not regarded as being in themselves a sufficiently characteristic justification of the *raison d'être* of the Entente Cordiale during a period of eighteen months in which Germany—after having, in collusion with Count Aehrenthal, shuffled all the Balkan cards and re-arranged the map of Europe—has been negotiating so effectively with Russia that a man like M. Hanotaux can write, however extravagantly: *les entretiens de Potsdam ont créé, de l'aveu de tous, une situation telle qu'on est bien obligé de se demander, maintenant, si la Russie a rompu le pacte de la Triple Entente*. M. Pichon beautifully explained before he fell from office that Russia had done nothing of the kind and that all was for the best in the best of all possible Triple Ententes. Sir Edward Grey has echoed his words in the same key of optimism, forgetting as well as his colleague of the Quai d'Orsay, that although Constantinople is to-day the diplomatic *ομφαλος*, the centre where the European equilibrium of the future must be delicately evolved, it is the place above all others where France and England seem incapable of a common action. M. Pichon backs the *Times*, or the *Times* backs M. Pichon, on the question of Flushing; but the *Times* is not the British Government, and as little has been heard of the late French Foreign Minister's protests for the defence of Belgian neutrality, as has been heard of the fate of the British ultimatum presented to the Persian Government and ridiculously backed out of to the astonishment of the Quai d'Orsay. But German *welt-politik* follows the line linking the two horns of a crescent which might well pass for the great type-dilemma: that of Kowtow-Flushing. Every one knows now how Russia has solved that dilemma, what Russia thinks of the problem of the Baghdad Railway. She has left France and England to their own devices to settle

matters together—or apart—as best they can; and pending the liquidation of this affair England is arming an expedition in the Persian Gulf to undo the anti-British work of anarchy and piracy complacently favored by France at Muscat. When the French public note facts of this nature, as they are noting them, when they behold, as M. Tardieu, the foreign editor of the *Temps*, has soberly enough put it—and M. Ribot, who has confirmed M. Tardieu, seems to have obtained a sympathetic auditor in the Foreign Minister, M. Cruppi—that *il semble admis que chacun doit aller de son côté sans concert, sans communication préalable au petit bonheur*, they conclude that *chancellerie* is not so bad a name to describe the rocking-chairs in which, with discordant rhythm, the Foreign Ministers of the Triple Entente have been agitating, in unmethodical conversation, ever since the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, the graver questions of European policy. *O mi fili, quam parva cum sapientia regitur mundus!*

It would be an unfortunate thing if Frenchmen were to draw from their perception of the hollowness of certain official optimistic assurances as to the integrity and efficiency of the Triple Entente the conclusion that they would act wisely in seeking gracefully to withdraw from a pact which has served its time. It would be unfortunate for them and it would be unfortunate for England if they should take to meditating too strenuously on the idea recently put to them by an ex-Foreign Minister, M. Hanotaux, in his sensational article, "*Il Faut Choisir*." It would be unfortunate because it is too late now to return to the principle of President Grévy. Germany was not Germany when that statesman extolled for his country a policy of absolute isolation; but Germany is Germany to-day. And at the same time England was England

then, but England is not the same England now. That England should once more become England is the crying European need and the most genuine longing of France.

III.

But if I have felt it to be in the interest of the Entente Cordiale, and, by the same token, in the interest of peace, to reflect with unflinching frankness and completeness the feeling that is abroad in France with regard to Anglo-French relations, with regard to the Triple Entente, and with regard to the European situation, I am bound to report the fact that official utterances in that country may all be summed up in the phrase: *malgré tout, il n'y a pas lieu d'être pessimiste*. And if you press your interlocutor to justify this negative form of optimism he will set forth ingeniously some such considerations as these:

It might legitimately be argued that the anxiety caused among certain friends of the Triple Entente by the rapprochement between Russia and Germany (and do not forget that, as Sir Edward Grey and M. Pichon, M. Ribot, and M. Cruppi have insisted, that anxiety is absurd) is counterbalanced by the feeling of uncertainty aroused among the partisans of the Triple Alliance by the same rapprochement. If France and England have, in a way, been left in the lurch (partially by our own fault), by the independent action of our partner Russia, in coming to terms with Germany with regard to matters on which it would seem to have been to the common interest of the three Powers, Russia, France, and England, to act in unison, Austria-Hungary is, at the same time, cherishing grave misgivings as to the disinterested action of Germany. The Wilhelmstrasse has given several indications of its intention to reap as many advantages as the situation can offer out of the hostility evoked in Russia by Count Aehrenthal's magnificently audacious annexation policy. It is Ger-

man, and not Austrian, prestige that has been enhanced by the success of Count Aehrenthal's schemes, and not only has Germany as yet done nothing to restore cordial relations between Austria and Russia, but she may even be plausibly accused of a desire to apply to the Austrian Foreign Minister the same impertinent anathema which she used against M. Delcassé. That operation, to be sure, might please Russia, but it could hardly fall to wound Austrian susceptibilities. However this may be, what seems obvious is that the alleged dangers to which the Triple Entente is exposed by the so-called Potsdam interview are offset by a certain relaxation of the bonds uniting Germany and Austria, so that things are virtually where they were before the rapprochement between Russia and Germany.

This impression is all the more susceptible of an optimistic interpretation from the point of view of the interests of the Triple Entente, as it is notoriously the case that Italy, the third partner in the Triple Alliance, is to all actual intents and purposes a loyal friend of the Dual Alliance. To-morrow, in Tunisian waters, the French, Italian, and British flags are to unite the colors of the Mediterranean Triple Entente, and the guns of the three fleets are to salute the President of the Republic with salvoes of artillery, the echoes of which, even without wireless telegraphy, will be heard, you may be sure, in Berlin.

It may even be not altogether to be regretted that a new man—not any particular new man, but some new man—should assume the responsibility for French foreign policy. The new French Minister for Foreign Affairs takes office, therefore, at a moment when, however uncertain the state of Europe, the essential elements in the problem of the maintenance of European equilibrium are intact, and when, to use M. Delcassé's phrase, it is imperative for France to *pratiquer* her alliances and her friendships. The action of Russia in accepting a rapprochement with Germany need entail no more untoward consequence, for

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Franco-Russian friendship than did the amicable overtures of France to Austria, and the somewhat lukewarm protests of the Quai d'Orsay against Count Aehrenthal's action, at a moment when a sturdier attitude on the part of France might, perhaps, have thwarted the entire annexation policy. The truth is that each of the two great groups of Powers has been rudely shaken by the successive shocks of the last eighteen months; but it is inconceivable in the nature of things—that is to say, in the nature of European things—that the Triple Entente should not recover its old time efficiency. It may be said of its members that united they stand and divided they fall. When England awakes she will see this fact as clearly as we, and we can desire nothing better than that Germany should go on waking her.

When England Awakes, as the last word of an official utterance, is, after all, an unwitting and fairly disquieting confirmation of the general pessimism which the labored argument that I have summed up was intended to demolish. The only conclusion that I personally draw from the preceding analysis of French feeling, and from the form assumed by official optimism, is that for the Entente Cordiale, as for the Triple Entente, there is no time to be lost, *il ne reste plus de fautes à commettre*. Now that, since the departure of M. Pichon, France possesses a Government ready to *pratiquer* her alliances and her friendships, England would be more than shortsighted, she would be ignoring her own interests, no less than the interests of European peace, were she, at this juncture, draping herself in her Coronation robes, to allow France to cry over the Channel, into her indifferent ears, the words of Henry IV. to Crillon: "We have conquered at Arques, but you were not there. my Crillon."

Wm. Morton Fullerton.

FAIRIES — FROM SHAKESPEARE TO MR. YEATS.

Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.—*Macbeth*.

The fairies, after a long retirement, have lately made their appearance again in English poetry. Allusions to them never did, nor could, wholly disappear thence, but for a long time they figured rather as part of the regular poetical convention, than as objects of personal interest. They are with us again now, and it is curious to compare the fairies of to-day with those of the earlier time, when first they passed from the imagination of the people into that of the poets. Shakespeare, of course, comes first and foremost, as a summoner of the fairy tribes; he is unquestionably the chief authority for all details respecting them, and he shows them to us, in the full possession of a Paradise, that they seem, since his days to have lost. We refer to him for knowledge of their habits, tastes, and social economy, as freely and undoubtedly as we do to Milton for all detailed information about Adam and Eve, and the arrangements of the Garden of Eden.

Before Shakespeare's day there is wonderfully little about fairies in anything that has come down to us. Even in Chaucer's time, their golden age was supposed to be past,

For now can no man see no elvè's mo—

he says in the *Wife of Bath's Tale*. The Renaissance might have done something for them, but so far from that, it produced a perfect crop of nymphs and shepherds, who filled up every space that a fairy might have occupied. Philomela and Terius, Cupid and Campaspe, one meets at every turn, but of fairies there continues to be a plentiful lack, even where the occasion seems to call

aloud for them. In Spenser's *Euphonia*, for instance, it would seem natural, almost inevitable, that Oberon and Titania should hold their revels, as on Theseus' wedding night, and bring a blessing to the hearth. Not at all. Hymen, Phœbus, the Cyprian Queen, Phœbe, Bacchus, the Graces, Jove and Fair Alcmena appear, either by invitation or by way of allusion, and Saints and Angels sing "Hallelujah," whenever there is a pause in the chorus of "Hymen, is Hymen, Hymen," but never a fairy all the while. The only allusions to them, are to Hobgoblins, Poukes, or Evil Sprights, who are classed with "shriech oules," night ravens, damned ghosts, "griesly vultures" and frogs, as creatures who must be kept at a distance from the wedding festival. As to the *Faerie Queen* itself, one cannot truthfully say that the fairies are further concerned in it, than in giving it a name. The allegorical intention is too predominant, to allow a single real fairy to come near its borders, not one of them, even for a moment, could breathe its atmosphere, so laden with moral purpose. Its noble charm is independent of what fairyland can do for it.

It is really curious, considering how largely fairies must have figured in the popular imagination of the time, how little place they hold in the poetry. Percy gives only the *Ballad of Robin Goodfellow*, which has been ascribed to Ben Jonson, and a song called *The Fairy Queen*, published in 1658, and sounding like a reminiscence of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The poets had their heads too full of the classics to find any place for Oberon and Titania. It was left for Shakespeare to bring them into the circle of classic allusion and everyday life, and to put Oberon and Puck beside Theseus and Hyppo-

lita, and also beside Bottom the weaver, and Snug the joiner, in one common, intermingling company.

Mercutio first, in Shakespeare's early days, gave a fanciful sketch of these fairy folk in their relation to dreams, and that first hint is more fully worked out later, when Queen Mab becomes Titania. She changes some of her attributes in the course of the transformation, or rather they are handed over to Robin Goodfellow, all the rough frolicking, the bucolic practical joking, for which she becomes too dainty a lady. Bottom's lady-love is, oddly enough, of a far more refined type than the Fairy Queen conjured up by that very fine gentleman, Mercutio.

In Shakespeare's mind, three several conceptions of the fairy folk seem to be conflicting, or at least acting together throughout *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, sometimes one predominating, sometimes another. First comes the idea represented in parts of Mercutio's speech, of the dainty, tricksey elfin sprites of diminutive size, "Hanging a pearl in every cowslip's ear," creeping into the acorn cups, robbing the bees of their honeybags, and the squirrels of their nut boards, and fanning away the moon-beams with butterflies' wings; tiny flower-like creatures, as light and fragile as the gossamer that floats in the summer air.

Secondly, he sometimes seems to be thinking of them as larger and statelier beings, not far removed from the gods and goddesses of the classic in size, habits, and associations. When Oberon and Titania meet in the Second Act of the *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, their mutual chiding is all in the terms of Greek literature. Oberon is accused of having taken the form of Corin the Shepherd, to woo the "amorous Philida," and Hyppolita, too, is his "buskined mistress" and his warrior love, while Theseus becomes the lover of Titania in Oberon's jealous answers.

The little changeling page may have been the cause of the quarrel's beginning, but he is by no means the only bone of contention. They are evidently mixing with mortals on terms of more or less equal association, and apparently this is an unnatural and undesirable state of things. The fairy world is thrown out of joint, direful results follow to the world of mortals also, the King and Queen themselves have destroyed their domestic happiness and fallen into all manner of varied entanglements, and all this is brought about by their dangerous intercourse with mortal kind. The true elfin life, with its proper quality of pleasures, is restored in the end when, renouncing mortal loves, they bless the bridal of Theseus.

Thirdly, there is the Robin Goodfellow conception of the fairies, the rougher type, approaching to the nature of the hob-goblin, playing rude pranks, and not free from touches of darker and more sinister association. Puck keeps very mixed company at times, we gather. The allusions or similes he makes in passing, show us how much he differs from those whom we may call the fairies of the Court. He belongs to nature in her darker aspects as none of the others do. Oberon in one of his most classic moments bids Puck

Cover the starry welkin
With drooping fog as black as Acheron;

and he is fond of talking of "screech owls," wandering ghosts, damned spirits, and such small deer. In Act II, Scene 3, one gets the impression that Oberon is a little shocked, or disagreeably struck at least, by Puck's choice of topics. He interrupts him in the midst of his description of the

Damned ghosts,
That in cross-ways and floods have
burial,

and breaks in hastily with "But *we* are spirits of another sort," as if in a kind of reproof. There are moments when one would hardly take one's oath that Puck might not have consorted with such comrades as the foul fiend Filibertygibbet, of whom Edgar said, "he begins at curfew and walks to the first cock, he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye and makes the hare lip, mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creatures of the earth." Puck is a strange, hybrid kind of creature, with puzzling, contradictory suggestions and elements about him, with touches of malice, and here and there he brings a hint of fear. But, on the whole, the three conceptions are so blent together, so inwoven, that they leave one clear abiding impression on the mind; of joy, and elfin mirth and delicate delight.

These fairy sprites of Shakespeare's mind touch on human life in a spirit of irresponsible dainty mischief, not unkindly, but treating the mortals as playthings and puppets. The intercourse may not agree with them, but it does not sadden or embitter them. They are far more closely and intimately concerned with the affairs of nature than with those of the human kind. Killing cankers in the musk-rose buds, is really a business of far more consequence than superintending the loves of Hermia and Lysander. The one is a thing that must be regularly attended to, the other an occasional recreation. The fairy and the mortal worlds are two totally different schemes of being, even when, at times, they run side by side. Their measurements of time and space have no relation to one another, and the right equilibrium of each is only attained, as I say, when they cease to be intermixed. The agency of each on the other had been, on the whole, an incalculable, disturbing, disconcerting element, though it has its compensations

of pleasure and interest. It has done neither party any lasting harm. Even to the fairies it has been worth while, and how infinitely so to us.

The Tempest has its elves too. They are of a somewhat different race, these last sweet sprites of Shakespeare's imagination. They are never called fairies, but sprites, a rather higher order of beings, one supposes. But they have the teasing capricious ways of the fairy kind. Ariel's tasks may be compared to Puck's, and so may his journeys, but they are fleetier and further and more fanciful. He can transform himself into a nymph of the sea or a harpy, but his most natural and habitual seeming is, to all intents and purposes, that of a fairy.

The atmosphere is different, so very different, from that of *Midsommer Night's Dream*, a thinner, clearer air.

The climate's delicate: the air most sweet.

Fertile the isle.

Here, we are in the native home of the sprites, they have not followed the mortals to their earthly haunts, as in *Midsommer Night's Dream*. But a mortal has the upper hand. The fairies are under domination, and meddle in human affairs in obedience to human judgment, not at their own sweet will. This is not a permanent or desirable state of things, however. Freedom is to be Ariel's reward. When Prospero sails away we know that the island people, "the elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves," are returning to their multitudinous, joyous spirit life, delighting to be free from the human interference that had never been anything but an oppression. Even while it brought scarce-desired benefits, it had introduced also clumsy, hampering, bewildering conditions and tasks. Prospero knows that, when he bids them farewell. It is a kind of inversion of *Midsommer Night's Dream*,

where the fairy influence predominates over the mortals, following them into their own world. In the *Tempest* there is almost a fore-shadowing of the modern aspect of the fairy world, in which its people are brought into close and constant relations with human-kind, to the over-shadowing of their joy. Shakespeare recognized the pity of that. Ariel may have to pay the price of his deliverance from the split pine, in far journeyings and fantastic labors; but in the end the price is paid, the debt cancelled, and we are glad with him when his freedom is won, and he and his kind return to their own untrammelled, timeless life.

With the *Tempest*, the Canon, so to speak, of fairy-lore ends. One finds but little about fairies in English poetry for many a year after, and what there is, is mostly a mere re-arrangement, a variation upon the Shakespeare theme.

Such are Milton's exquisite fairy allusions, always in the vein of *Midsommer Night's Dream*, and classic in tone, as Oberon's speeches so often are. Milton's fairies generally keep company with nymphs and shepherds, with the Graces and the "rosy-bosomed Hours" — and belong to the Renaissance. Pope's airy and courtly sprites are direct descendants of Cobweb, Moth, and Peaseblossom. Scott's are more romantic, and a good deal more malicious. The elfin dwarf, in the *Lay of the last Minstrel*, is very like an apparition of Puck, though at times we feel even darker suspicions about him. He reminds us that the name Puck, or Pouke, is sometimes used to mean simply devil. Shelley is full of beings very like fairies in some ways, but it would be misleading to apply that word to his

Splendors and glooms and glimmering
Incarnations,
Of Hopes and Fears, and twilight
Phantasies.

His spirit beings are reflections of human moods, projections of the mind, and have hardly an independent existence; whereas the very mark of the fairy kind has always been their entire remoteness from the human mind and human motives.

Christina Rossetti took up the theme in graceful and fanciful fashion, and, perhaps, the present-day type of fairy really begins with her writing. In *Goblin Market* the malign little Kobolds who tempt the girls with their magic fruit are described with dainty skill. Little busy, crowding, half-animal creatures, with a horribly human commercial instinct, and a deadly spite at the human being and his higher possibilities. All the cheery good-fellowship of Shakespeare's fairies is gone, all sympathy with them, all pleasure in their tricks and devices. These creatures are held up to moral judgment and reprobation; they are enemies of the soul, not simply little creatures who do not share it.

There is a deep, subtle malignity in them, a deadly peril in intercourse with them. When the interest of fairies and mortals ran counter in the old days, the game was fairly played out. The fairies had their advantages of dexterity, invisibility, and magical powers generally, but then the mortals were larger and further sighted, and quite as likely to stride through the fairy snares as to fall into them at any moment. Now the affair has become so terribly serious. All the powers of heaven and hell are ranged against one another, and the fairies spend their whole time and energy in wheedling and tempting poor mortals to a petty sort of destruction. It is bewilderingly different from Oberon's inno-

Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and Veiled Destinies,

cently misdirected interference in human concerns, which, after all, would never have taken place, if the opportunity had not come in his way, as he went about the adjustment of his own family affairs. Of course, the darker view of the fairy folk, that regarded them as being closely bound up with the powers of the underworld, had always been current; but in the older days they had figured in English poetry as a joyous and, on the whole, a kindly little people, unconcerned with the deeper aspects of human life and thought, but quite clearly distinguished as "spirits of another sort" from hobgoblins and such malicious spirits. "Lord what fools these mortals be." Puck says it with good-humored contempt. The Goblins of *Goblin Market* would have said it with a fathomless depth of malice.

Then we come to a still living poet: W. B. Yeats. He is the poet of Fairy Land, as no one since Shakespeare has ever thought of trying or wishing to be. And he knows the real irresistible charm to draw the fairies. He can summon them and they come, flocking, trooping in myriads. There is delight, there is almost a sort of intoxication in reading Mr. Yeats's poetry. His imagination has the right ethereal quality, he can ride the wind, and it is unquestionably real fairies who come to his call. His powers in the matter are those of Prospero, not of Owen Glendower. But as we read, the sense of a great change presses in more and more upon us. Perhaps the coming of such a change was dimly foreshadowed to us long ago, when Ariel felt that touch of compassion for the sorrowing mortals, that gave Prospero a moment's surprise.

Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions?

There lay the suggestion of a grow-

ing sense, or capacity, in Ariel, that used not properly to belong to the fairy kind. The mere hint of such a sensation implies an enormous change, and the full meaning becomes clear to us in Mr. Yeats's poetry. A direful thing has happened. To the fairy folk, too, there has come—The Fall. Somehow, somewhere, since old glad days, they have tasted forbidden fruit, and here as in the Garden of Eden, it has proved to grow on the tree of Knowledge. The fairies have found themselves out, and they have found out all sorts of other things, too, all manner of sad truths they never used to suspect.

To begin with—they know now that they are old. They sing:

We who are old, old and gay,
O so old,
Thousands of years, thousands of
years,
If all were told.

There is something rather pitiful in the thought of these happy beings becoming conscious of the flight of time. And they have begun to think about the beginnings of things—

For I have run from where the winds
are born,

one of them says. Their beauty has grown "sad with its Eternity." Thoughts of the "gray wandering Osprey sorrow" haunt these songs about Fairy Land. An inexpressible sadness has come upon its peoples, in all their tribes:

He heard, while he sang and dreamed
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

Instead of—

Come unto these yellow sands
And there take hands,
Courtesied when you have and kist,
The wild waves whist—

We have the Hosting of the Sidhe, with
white-armed Níamb, crying—

Away, come away,
Empty your heart of its Mortal dream,
And if any gaze on our rushing band,
We come between him and the deed of
his hand,
We come between him and the hope of
his heart.

No doubt the fairies of Celtic myth, such as generally come to Mr. Yeats's lure, have always been sadder and wiser than those that haunt English woodlands; but they tell us that Shakespeare's fairy lore represents a Celtic element in him, and that Mercurio's Queen Mab is found again in Maeve of Connaught. The change is great, and, moreover, Mab's reputation must suffer something in the process. Complications more serious than with Bottom the weaver, or even with Theseus, haunt the memory of Maeve. Her many loves are remembered yet in Connaught.

She could have called, over the rim of
the world,
Whatever woman's lover had hit her
fancy,
And yet had been great bodied and
great limbed,
Fashioned to be the mother of strong
children,
And she'd had lucky eyes and a high
heart,
And wisdom that caught fire like the
dried flax
At need, and made her beautiful and
fierce,
Sudden and laughing.

"Bless thee, *lady*! bless thee, thou art
translated!" Her people fight now, in
the long wars of the Brown Bull, not

With the rear mice for their leathern
wings,
To make her small elves' coats,
and she sleeps in her High House at

Cruahan, where the walls are covered
with beaten bronze, rather than on
"a bank whereon the wild thyme
blows."

The kidnapping propensities of the fairies were present in Shakespeare's mind no doubt, but he introduces them in a modified form. The little page over whom Oberon and Titania quarrel, seems to have been entrusted by his mortal mother to the queen's care, rather than carried off by her, and Bully Bottom was not, on the whole, an unwilling prisoner. The shipwrecked company in *The Tempest* might more truly be said to have been kidnapped, but then it was not for the fairies' own gratification, or on their own initiative. But this habit of theirs is persistently present to Mr. Yeats's mind. The fairies of his conjuring up, carry it to the point of being a serious danger and an incessant nuisance to the mortal world. No one is safe, but children and brides are in constant peril. The fairies yearn unceasingly for human company, and move heaven and earth to gain one changeling. With all the painful knowledge that the years have brought them, they do not seem to have learned that even long ago, in the unfallen fairy world, such doings brought trouble. In *The Wanderings of Oisín*, in *The Land of Heart's Desire* (loveliest perhaps of all his fairy poems), in *The Stolen Child*, in *The Host of the Air*, in the beautiful ballad story of *Baile and Ailinn*, the theme is ever the same, the yearning of the fairies towards the mortal heart and soul and body, and the answering craving that they have power to wake in the mortal heart, towards their unwearying, untrammelled life. They cry

Come away, O human child,
To the waters and the wild.
With a Fairy hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping
than you can understand.

You see, the fairy has learned so much that now it can warn the human child about the troubles of life. In Shakespeare's time the saddest mortal could hardly have explained the meaning of sorrow to a fairy.

And when the child or the bride, or the young man, has yielded to the fairies and gone with them, what fate do they meet? For Balle and Aillinn it was no unwelcome lot. Angus, the Master of Love, calls them from the changes and chances of this mortal life, to something better.

For this young girl and this young man,
Have happiness without an end,
Because they have made so good a friend.

Their love was never drowned in care,
Of this or that thing, nor grew cold,
Because their bodies had grown old,
Being forbid to marry on earth
They blossomed to immortal mirth.

But even for them it seems a pale, glimmering, mystic world of twilight, shadowy joys, more perfect than mortal love in its duration, rather than in its quality, one fancies.

That is fairy land at its best. But for Maire Bruin, or for the bride of O'Driscoll, or for the solemn-eyed stolen child, it gives us the impression of being a more than doubtful fate. The freedom they go to, proves to be a cold, tumultuous, wandering life, the gain seems less than the loss, finite or infinite. Maire Bruin cries:

Fairies, come take me out of this dull world,
For I would ride with you upon the wind,
Run on the top of the dishevelled wave,
And dance upon the mountains like a flame.

What she seeks is, as the old priest tells her, "Maddening freedom and bewildering light." The courage that af-

fronts such a change is terrible in the nature of it, alien from humanity or its powers. The glamour of it sucks up the faculties of mind and body destructively.

To enter into the fairy life used to seem a limiting, a giving up, now it is the terrible gaining of faculties too great for human capacity. There is nothing here, of pretty tenderness, of warm flower-like caresses, of miniature joys; only vast spaces of wind and glimmering light, where mortals may stray bewildered, amongst pale, half-seen forms, as Oisín did. It has beauty strange and terrible, glamour that maddens, joys that cannot satisfy; not even the fairy folk themselves, much less mortals. There are other, vaster regrets haunting its changeling inhabitants than "Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay. Hay, good hay, hath no fellow."

And if to be carried off to fairy-land is a troubled fate, to be smitten with craving by its glamour is a far worse one. Its mysterious fascination never can be satisfied, not in life nor in death, as in the man who "Stood among a crowd at Drumahair." Catch one faintest echo of its fatal music and no earthly music can ever be sweet again.

How would it have been with a wandering Athenian, who might have chanced to come within earshot of "Spotted snakes with double tongue"? Would he not have carried away a haunting lingering memory to give a new charm to all the sounds of the forest, interpreting them, and binding him closer to all delight and to life itself, making it dearer to him instead of luring him from it, with the cry

Empty your heart of its mortal dream.

When Mongan, in *The Wind among the Reeds*, thinks of his vision past and gone, he mourns

I have drunk ale from the country of
the young,
And weep because I know all things
now.

When Bottom wakes, restored to his
own proper person, what does he say?

I have had a most rare vision. I
have had a dream past the wit of man
to say what dream it was, man is but
an ass if he go about to expound this
dream. Methought I was—and methought
I had—but man is but a
patched fool if he will offer to say
what methought I had. The eye of
man hath not heard, the ear of man
hath not seen, man's hand is not able
to taste, his tongue to conceive, his
heart to report what my dream was,
I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad
of this dream.

The fairies themselves seem restless,
unsatisfied, hungry-hearted creatures,
yearning in the windy moonlight, for
the glow of the warm hearth, and yet
unable to be at peace there. As Ariel
once pitied the mortals, so we must
needs pity the fairies now. We are
not sorry for them when they dance in
the palace halls on Theseus' bridal
night, nor when Prospero leaves the
island. They are severing their connection
with mortals, but they are returning
to a complete, and, to them, a
satisfying life of their own.

But when the child fairy lures Maire
Bruin from the hearth, when Niamb
loses Oisín, we pity both equally, the
one in success, the other in failure.
What have they to offer? At best, a
kind of limbo, a shadowy floating
world of dreams; at worst, a region

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very like that circle of the Inferno,
where Paolo and Francesca are driven
before the wind.

The child itself has wearied of the
"winds and waters and pale lights" to
which it draws Maire, yet it wears
quickly, too of the "Warm little house."
The gladdest of mortal songs sound
sad to them, when Oisín sings them,
yet fear is always at the heart of
Niamb's love, foreboding and a great
unrest. In a word, they have lost
their own joys, and not gained ours.

Perhaps these fairies of Mr. Yeats
are beings of a higher order than those
of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The Fall,
some theologians tell us, has been a
necessary stage in human development
and progress. Perhaps it will prove
so to the fairies too. Certainly, it
seems possible to discover something
like a premonition of such a thing in
The Tempest, and it has been given to
Mr. Yeats to reveal it fully. Exceed-
ing beauty is about them still—no one
can question that—but it is "a beauty
on which the soul, with all its maladies
has passed." We are grateful to Mr.
Yeats, because he has known the call
they will obey, and has brought the
fairies back to us, but we must be a
little sorry that on them, too, time has
left its mark. We must needs look
back with a little ache of regret to the
days before they knew what age and
sorrow meant, and when, in the woods
near Athens or on the yellow sands of
Prospero's island, they made the time
fleet carelessly "as they did in the
golden world."

H. Grierson.

FANCY FARM.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER III.

The Mort-cloth Ball was ancient history, as all hilarious joys appear when a season or two has gone, and the wedded life of Sir Andrew Schaw seemed infinitely more remote to the village folk, for whom the Lady Jean had always been an alien. Norah sat one day with her cousin by an open window that looked out from Fancy Farm upon landscape she had learned to love in every changing aspect of it; she had been arguing with him, playfully, upon a topic almost stale between them, and at last, impatient of his perverse views, had stamped her foot and, quite forgetful of the dozen years of difference in their ages and the fact that a month ago she had been, in the eyes of the law, an infant in his care, had bluntly called him silly.

He watched her founce across the room, with admiration. "You make me think, lass, of a cat," said he. "There is something feline in the way you put up your back and show your claws upon occasion."

"A cat!" she exclaimed.

"Tut! tut!" he said, "don't scratch; you know how fond I am of cats. A cat is the only creature than can enter a room with absolutely unconscious dignity, be fierce without awkwardness, and idle without becoming fat—not that there seems any danger of your becoming fat or idle either."

The lady smiled; the flash of temper that had momentarily lit her eyes and flushed her brow died out, and she sank into a chair with a gracious easy irrestraint of every limb that really justified her cousin's hint at the feline.

"You're not so happy in your compliments as Mr. Maurice," she exclaimed.

"Well, you know I have neither his privileges nor his practice," said Sir Andrew. "How, if I may ask does

the bard of passion and of mirth in his appreciative moment designate your charms?"

"Is it fair to tell?" she reflected audibly, looking out of deep green eyes that seemed sometimes black.

"I am persuaded that *Dulcinea's* eyes must be green emeralds," said Sir Andrew irrelevantly, quoting the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. "There is no harm, I am sure, in disseminating pure poetry, and in any case, as almost *in loco parentis*, even yet I have some little claim to know if the compliments that are proffered to my late ward and cousin are base metal or the true Parnassian gold."

"I am, it seems, in bearing, like a Virgilian goddess, a priestess carrying sacred vessels."

"Heavens! he could say the same of our milkmaid, Lizzie, carrying the cogues of peasemeal and milk to the calves. I prefer my own comparison—of the graceful and mysterious cat."

"And, sitting, I have—what does he call it?—the hieratic aspect of some old Madonna."

"Ah! the dear lad! what a sad evidence that poets and lovers should derive from life, and not from literature or art. You are too cold to Master Reginald, Norah; a swain so devoted and so fervent, though so confoundedly obvious in his compliments, does not deserve the snubbings that your playful and whimsical affection too often bestows on him. With a little more encouragement the lad could show you he has the stuff of a grand passion under the copy of Keats he always carries in his breastpocket. I dragged him out on the yawl a week ago, and sailed him an hour or two along the coast with the sea coming over the coamings, and I liked the fellow's eye—there was no moment of quailing;

but the idiot spouted Byron! Great Neptune!—Byron at such an hour—with the nor-easter coming down in black squalls and a lost reef-pennant! I was ass enough to give him the tiller, while I went forward for a moment, and he let her gybe. God nearly had us there!”

“Oh!” cried his hearer, “you horrify me! It is the first time I have heard of it; you must not—*must not* do such dreadful things.”

He had risen, and was pacing the floor; the wind blew in from the open window, laden with summer scents, bearing the sounds of the valley—the reapers’ hone, the plunge of the river on the weirs, and the scream of plovers. It blew through her beautiful and abundant hair, and seemed to pale the burnished olive of her pure and healthy cheek. Her eyes stared troublously; she had risen to her feet, and clasped her hands together, sucking her breath through sleet-white teeth, her lips apart and shuddering.

“Ah!” he said remorsefully. “I shouldn’t have mentioned it; and I promise you I’ll never give him a tiller again.”

“You make—you make me furious!” she exclaimed, stamping her foot. “You should never have had him on board; you should never have let him take the tiller; you know very well he knows nothing about it. Had you—had you drowned Reginald?”

“What!” cried the Captain mockingly. “The author of ‘Aphrodite!’

I spurn the sea-billow and mock at the gale,

For thee, Aphrodite—

The devil take it, Norah! why should a man throw off poetry of such a briny flavor if he doesn’t know enough not to let a boat gybe in dirty weather? I like the lad that he seems not to have thought the incident worth mentioning to you: No doubt he’s storing up

all his emotion over the affair for a sonnet in the book. How, by the way, goes the *opus*?”

She looked sideways at him distrustfully, still in a regal humor. “I don’t know, and you are deliberately leading away from the subject we were engaged upon, which was certainly not Mr. Maurice and his poetry.”

“Deliberately,—now, Norah! you give me credit for a slyness I don’t possess. Reggies’ gybe came into my mind quite irresistibly with a twinge from a broken rib I got from a swinging boom in consequence of it.”

“A broken rib!” she cried with knitted brows. “That accounts for your interviews with the doctor. You are the most secretive mortal surely ever breathed. Was it necessary to conceal such a thing from us?”

“No, not absolutely, but judicious. Discretion obviated explanation and alarm, and all the fuss Aunt Amelia would certainly have made about such a thing. A rib is neither here nor there; remember the indifference of Adam to one completely lost.”

“Is it painful?”

“No more at present than Adam’s was; if wives were always to be got so easily,”—he stammered as one confused, remembering; flushed, and sighed. “Norah,” he went on in a new voice altogether, quietly, wistfully. “does the house not seem, even yet, a little lonely? Something chilly in the morning, eh? We are so quiet here. Silences, lapses, pauses.—I can’t ride them down,—not if I rode the mare till she foundered. Would you imagine there would be so much difference? Oh! a man wants a wife! I’m possessed of devils,—the worst of devils,—old remembrance and remorse, and the days are full of ghosts.”

“Go swimming, Andy,” said the girl, suddenly all softened with a pity that welled up in her eyes, and made her bold lips tender and tremulous.

"Swimming!" he cried, flinging up his arms. "I've swam, and behold the sea hath lost its ancient efficacy! Once it could wash away all care, cool the fever of foolish nights, dispel the phantoms of the mind, cleanse, console, invigorate; now, by the Lord! it might be ditch-water! A man wants a wife, a little wife to look at, hear, be kind to. I came to-day on a silly novel, pushed at the back of the *escritoire* in her room, some day perhaps, when she heard me coming, and was afraid——"

"No, not afraid cousin; Jean was never afraid of you; she knew she had no reason; probably shame, poor dear, to be found disappointing you."

"That tawdry volume gave me as much emotion as if it had been part of herself. Ghosts!" He ran his fingers through the thick hair over his temples. "Do you ever realize how bogey is the world?—so much is left behind of folks departed. Their breath is in the wind; their cast-off clothing keeps the shape it took from the pressure of their bodies; the sound of their voices and their footsteps goes for ever through this unchanging space. It isn't only that, but there are ghosts of touch, and hate, and appreciation; Jean's gone, but a wraith of her haunts Fancy Farm, where I hope she was not so unhappy, and whatever she cared for here has an aura about it that belongs to her, and whatever she touched—even the stupid novel—is haunted by the spirit of her hands."

He turned his back upon the girl, and looked out at the piling clouds that billowed silvery in the west against a sky intensely blue. The house of Fancy Farm—once a simple standing, but in recent years a little aggrandized with new wings pierced by low wide windows, gables corbel-stepped, and the deep veranda—stood upon a brae that gave the loveliest prospect of the valley. The brae sloped down in turfy waves that ended at the river,

which went over its granite weirs with a gushing sound that seemed to cool the day, and made its neighborhood melodious; and over the river lay the tawny meadows, populous now with men and women and children making hay. Beyond, the old plantations, garrulous with rooks, and over them the steeple of the village.

"I'm afraid of getting tired of this place, Norah," he exclaimed, in an altered modd again. "Tired! tired! It was all very well when it was Jeanie's Fancy, but now I'd give ten years' of my lease of life to be back in Schawfield, and in the sound of the sea. Yon's the place! I should never have leased it to our English friend,—a decent fellow, but"—he snapped his fingers and grotesquely puckered up his face—"Schawfield is thrown away on him."

"At two thousand pounds a-year," said Norah, twinkling.

"Yes! yes! that's the confounded thing!" cried her cousin impetuously; "the poor devil's not getting anything like the value for his money. He misses the romance of the place: he has only got the house and shootings, and the sunsets, and has not the key to its magic garden; he has not the faintest hint of its old associations. I'm defrauding Beswick; I've half a mind to return him fifty per cent of his rent."

"Yes, why don't you?" asked Norah, looking at him through drooping lashes, and her cousin laughed.

"You know very well!" said he. "It's simply because I don't happen to have a thousand pounds at present at my disposal. What money is in my name is in the oddest corners of the world,—digging gold in West Australla, lumbering in Newfoundland, trapping and tracking furry things in Athabasca. It's feeding men and blazing trails out of the weary worn-out world into the regions of romance."

"And, incidentally, it's not getting much in way of dividends," said Norah, laughing. "Andy, as a speculator, you're a perfect child!"

He actually flushed, quite pleased as at a compliment; shook with the soft chuckle that made Maurice always think of old Melampus in among the thickets, and stroked his chin. "Ha! So! Of course! of course! That's what I want,—the child's illusion, wholesomest and cheapest of all joys. 'Unless ye become as one of these——' But not so very childish, Norah; some day Athabasca will do well. We are growing the finest fruits at Fort Macfadyen, near the Arctic circle. What a world! What a world! Magnificent! Here am I, to the carnal eye, lounging about Fancy Farm, the proudest of lives, but a wraith of me's paddling a canoe and singing chansons on the Mackenzie, or shooting moose and bear for supper. Great value! Great value for my money! And just yesterday I had a splendid adventure,—fifteen hundred pounds sterling of me struck a new reef on the Witwatersrand." He rubbed his hands ecstatically.

Norah sighed patiently. "What a guardian I've escaped from!" said she. "I'm glad the what-do-you-call-thems did not permit you to venture my money on such fairy enterprises. You go into the Stock Exchange as if it were a playhouse."

"So it is! So it is!" cried the baronet, quite delighted at the idea. "That's the way to look upon it,—like a play; or a poem! That's why I'm sorry for poor old Beswick; he takes his Works in the deadliest earnest, looks upon them as a kind of soulless congeries of mechanism for grinding out, not steel for railways, ships, and bridges, but gold for his daughter's Paris bonnets and his own wearisome luxuries, including Schawfield,—but, without the privilege of the magic

garden. By George! I'd let him have the house and shootings, for the rest of his lease for nothing if I could have but the privilege of a hut on the place, and a guarantee that he wouldn't talk Commerce when he met me. I was foolish to let Schawfield, when I think of it. I could have scraped along,—if it weren't that it would involve shutting up the lodges, and paying off a lot of men; I couldn't very well do that,—such decent fellows; almost all of them have been with dad. But, if it weren't for that, I could have rubbed along without letting."

"You never required to let," said Norah, calmly regarding him.

"Never required to let! Good heavens! what would happen to Schawfield as a whole if I didn't? It takes every penny of Beswick's rent to pay the mortgages."

"You never required to let," repeated Norah firmly.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "you're back at it again; you mean. I could have taken some of your money?"

"Borrowed it, and paid me back when the dividends come from the fairy and romantic speculations," said the intensely practical and frank young person.

"There have been one or two rogues in the family," said Captain Cutlass, straightening himself, "but of late we have run to common decency. I like the element of imprudence in your proposal, but I thought we had settled long ago it was not for a moment to be seriously considered. My dear Norah, you have yourself to think of,—and your future. You will marry, and the most attractively poetical quality about Mr. Reginald Maurice to me is that he hasn't as yet made a farthing by the Muse or anything else."

"Mr. Maurice, so far, hasn't done me the honor of asking me to marry him," said Norah, reddening, and with flash-

ing eyes the Captain failed to see.

"The blate wooer!" exclaimed Sir Andrew gaily. "As I have said, you treat him rather cavalierly."

"Because I am indifferent."

"He's not."

"But I am; that is the main thing."

"But, my dear Norah, you confessed a decided passion for the fellow to me, and—and Jean."

"Oh!" cried the girl, rising from her chair and clenching her hands behind her back, "I should never have said so to you; you do not understand."

"Upon my word!" said Sir Andrew. "I believe I really did not understand my duty as your guardian, or I should have brought Maurice to the scratch about you when I had the right."

She stared at him with her lips apart and breathing deeply, her heavy chestnut eyebrows more than customarily close together, her fingers playing the tattoo of the devil on the table she had drawn her chair to, conscious of a tremor of her legs that might betray her even while she sat. It was a mercy that Sir Andrew Schaw, in Norah's presence, ever was a man considerably abstracted—rapt in inner visions; often it annoyed her, now she saw it gratefully. With an effort she quelled the coward flesh of her, and compelled in her voice an ironic accent.

"You are clearly in a hurry to get rid of me," said she.

He did not look; he did not contradict her.

"Norah," said he, "I want a wife," and she hurriedly snatched a volume from a pile upon the table and began to turn its pages noisily.

"You're more than usually irrelevant to-day," said she. "I think we might dispose first of my proposition."

"That's disposed of finally," said he, in a tone that left no argument; "Schawfield's out of the question, and I must make up my mind to be con-

tent in Fancy Farm. But the ghosts must be dispelled. Can't you help me to a wife, Norah?" This time he looked at her wistfully, and she found some passage in her book extremely fascinating.

"I'd as soon recommend you neckties," she remarked, with an attempt at playfulness.

"And I know exactly the sort of wife to suit me," he proceeded.

"Listen a moment to this," she interrupted hurriedly, with a laugh, and read a passage in the book. He listened, laughed politely, though, indeed, the humor of it was not great; plunged again into more important things. "She must be good and wise and beautiful."

"Mormon! It is not one wife you want, but three," said Norah. "The age of paragons is ended. If I were you I would confine my requirements to a single one, which might console me for the absence of the others."

"As what?" he asked, and she looked embarrassed.

"What's wanted most in Schawfield—money," she replied, with an effort at an air of badinage.

"I'd prefer that she had none; my ideal lady hasn't a single penny. I go out, like Quixote, this very hour to look for her," he said, rising to the door, and Norah, looking after him, shrugged her shoulders.

CHAPTER IV.

If Sir Andrew Schaw was "queer" to all his social compeers,—Scottish lairds with ancient Scottish names, who had English mothers, and had gone to English schools, and were Episcopallians, and, in character and accent, undistinguishable from the Englishmen they rode with half the year in Rotten Row,—it was not his fault, but due to his heredity. "The Siccar Schaws" was the bye-name of his folk from far-back years, and the steadfast-

ness that name betokened was in no way else more manifest than in their nationality. They bided, most of them, at home, and married Scottish women; they bred true Scots, who might go round the world in English fighting-ships (with a piper in the poop at even-fall), but ever came back at last to Scotland, there to dwell content among the ancestral woods on the shores of the Scottish sea. The family's hereditary calling made the thing inevitable; no home had they away from Schawfield, save the narrow cabins of their sovereign's ships; no chance to let the glamour of the city sink within them; for years on the wastes of ocean, passing between their stations, or sweltering in clammy latitudes, the one spot of earth that rose to their inner eyes unutterably sweet because of its associations was the native parish where the lapwing whistled and the cool winds blew.

The first Captain Cutlass—he who won the appellation—kept a flat blue bonnet in his shore portmanteau, and put it on whenever he had crossed the Border on his way to the North from Plymouth. "Thank God!" he would say with fervor then; "nae mair, for a while, o' those damned mim-mouthed gentlemen!" And his eye rejoiced, as the coach proceeded, at the sight of brick-built and flat-chested dwellings giving place to houses built of stone, —their gray tones blending with the landscape and the careening clouds. The second Captain Cutlass had been nurtured too in the Scottish sentiment; loved, and rejoiced in his English seamen, but could not stand as he professed, the English climate. "Sunshine and stour!" he summed it up with an honesty that would have much astonished any Continental with a Continental standard of a climate. And Cutlass Tertius, my eccentric hero, absorbed the same sentiments almost as soon as he supped porridge. They

sent him to the local grammar-school and finished him in the College of St. Andrews; they drove him all the way from Schawfield to the Solent, and saw him on his ship, as if he were a convict banished, without allowing him a sight of the siren London. Such times as he returned from his naval duties, he flew North without a pause, —having seen the world widely, strange peoples, solemn temples, cities clamant, spacious harbors; and the first thing he would do when he got home, this sailor, was to mount a horse, dive into the sea at Whitfarland, or walk the roads with some ragged gangrel.

When his father died, Sir Andrew left the Navy. "Fifteen years of it, and never a shotted broadside! I'd be better reading old Epictetus," said he, and settled down to working his estate. With falling rents for his farms, and a distaste for shooting-tenants, he found it a rather barren patrimony, but never once did you hear the man lamenting. He came home from the sea with that air of mystery and romance that country people always look for in the mariner; stories were common of his carry-on in foreign ports,—all lies, as it happened, but for some the lies invested him with charm. At first his people, hearing of his quixotic follies, made some efforts to exploit him for their own advantage, and, faith! at times, he was a marvel of credulity; but it's ill to take the trousers off a Highlandman, and laird and tenants settled down at last to a pleasant understanding based on mutual affection.

A man he was who, in some cranny of his being, kept a wild-flower soul inviolate; nothing could harm him, ache nor care for long distress him: a man with a tutored mind, he thought, was master of his fate and of the world, and every catastrophe could be resolved to nothing in an honest sleep.

We saw him, as I said, in those days, like a creature of our books, so debonair! so frank! and so ubiquitous! At early morning, when the frost or dew was still upon the lawn, he could be seen among the sheep-folds of the upper glens, smoking his pipe with shepherds; at noon no glade of the forest could be so hidden and remote, but we, bird-nesting, gathering white hay, or seeking red-pine roots for firewood, were not liable to find him there before us, standing in the grass like a woodland deity in an old pair of sailor's leggings, and he knew us all by name. At evening sports on the village common Captain Outlass had been more than once the champion; he was often the soul of farmers' parties.

At first they were abashed at this curious condescension in a gentleman, who spoke Scots like themselves, and vastly wondered that he was so careless of the company of his social equals in the shire, and then at last ascribed it all to his want of money. Money he had, 'tis true, but not enough for a country magnate; and he never seemed so happy as when it took the form of scrip for some romantic enterprise that never brought a penny.

He leased the House of Schawfield, and retired to Fancy Farm, that had been for long a dower-house in the family; bred, not unprofitably, red Highland cattle with enormous horns. His aunt Amelia—a florid, bustling, sentimental body, who had never had an offer from a man, and long had ceased to hope for any—was his house-keeper. They were joined in Fancy Farm on the first year of his wedded life by Norah, in her teens, the orphan only child of a Highland cousin, with the true Schaw disregard for money, of which her father and mother had left her more than Captain Outlass, as trustee and guardian, was inclined to look upon with patience.

Upon his easy-going and eccentric

way of life his mistaken marriage had made hardly any difference. Lady Jean and Aunt Amelia between them, apostles of convention, tried to reconcile him with Society, but at their garden-parties it was ten to one he would be missing, or, if he did appear, it was to shock some sense of things "correct" or convenable, as when on one occasion he brought with him an Italian image-seller he had found in Schawfield village. The Italian had a tenor voice of the purest gold, and sang divinely, but his greasy rags estranged from Fancy Farm for ever after half the men and women Aunt Amelia and the wife had set their hearts on cultivating. And then they filled the house, at seasons, with the kind of folk they thought might be a compromise between the vagabonds he loved and the gentry they thought better company for him,—with an occasional poetic soul like Maurice, who had made a hash of life in a picturesque and cultivated manner, nourished himself on thoughts sublime and other people's viands; painter fellows, not particular about their clothes; actors even (Norah made some wonderful acquaintances): in short, they sought to cloy him with a rural rendering of the "*Vie de Bohème*," but he only laughed at them, and, when they were most wonderful, would quit them for the woods, an hour of conversation with the village smith, or a game with children.

Children!—ah! they were a passion with Captain Cutlass, and they always understood him. 'Tilda Birrell, the Writer's sister, understood him, too. "Fiddlesticks! what the man wants is a brisk young wife," said she, "and a wean or twa o' his ain to keep him in amusement. He's just a great big boy, and fine I mind o' him and his fancy rabbits!" Yes, he was aye the great big boy. I know, when we were bairns and he came home from the sea with brass-bound jackets, there was no

company he sooner sought than ours. For a moment or two we feared him, —so tall, so straight, so Englished and well-put-on, but he would stand upon his head, or crawl on all-fours in a way to make himself ridiculous, and then we knew he was not grown-up inside, and was only a naval masquerader. We would speak to him at first in the English of the school-room, —all our vowels thinned, our "r's" with the dirl awanting, and our "ings" fastidious; he pretended he could not understand, and, himself relapsing to the Doric, led us back without our knowing it into the old vernacular, that came to us in moments unembarrassed.

Many a tale he told us, gathered about him on the grass at Cairnbaan; many a nest we found together; many a trout we guddled. Together we plundered his father's apples; he taught us all to swim, and a little of equestrian menage. To be unhealthy—even to be only with a headache—he esteemed a kind of crime; 'twas lucky we were wholesome creatures! A straight back, a high chin, a light foot, and a fearless utterance were, for him, the first of virtues. Books he would sometimes laughingly condemn, yet somehow, by his knowledge of them, made us prize, and well he knew it: it was but his cunning. If I have some acquaintance now with Shakespeare, it is since I sojourned once with Andrew Schaw in a Scottish Arden, heard the voices of "The Tempest" crying round his yawl, and laughed at his Scots perversion of the sinner Falstaff.

And a man so humble of his own capacities! "I'm a splairger!" he would say. I hope my readers know the meaning of the word. It stands for the dauber dilettante, and, in his case, did a manifest injustice to his power, which lay in the line of making life itself a picture. "I'm a splairger," he would say, as he watched

some tradesman skilfully handle tools; "I've the splairger's dreams, man! and would be master of every art and craft and a don at all accomplishments even if it was only playing draughts. But there's nae determined goal for the splairger, Alick; and you're the lucky man, content to mak' a perfect horse-shoe. The splairger's only master in his mind, and there I'm a perfect marvel! I've played at a score o' things, and tired o' them, and finished naething, the time that you were makin' the shoes for a thousand horses."

"Tuts, Sir Andrew, you that can dae onything!" said the smith to him on that occasion; the smith, who had had his visions too, though defective of a leg. "If I had a' my limbs aboot me, it's no' at this tinker o' an anvil I would be, but scilmin' masts oot yonder round about the Horn, and you have seen it!"

"A great muckle jabble o' water!" said the Captain airily; "there's naething in it, and there's hardly a mast nowadays to scilm'; you see mair life here in your smiddy. Try my tobacco, Alick. I once went round the Horn on the *Bellerophon*. We lost a sailor overboard in dirty weather, and I fell after him."

"Oh, I heard about that!" said the blacksmith sagely. "Ye have the riedal."

"Just that: but the point is, it's a curious thing about the sea," said Captain Cutlass "that in tisel' it's a gentle creature, quiet as a bowl o' milk. Before I dived the weather roared about us, whoopin' in the funnels, whistlin' round the yards—a noise that seemed to dominate the world and deafened us so much we had to bellow in each other's ears. But when I left the ship and rose to the surface of the sea it might have been Whittarland Bay on an autumn Sunday—a silence that, coming with such suddenness after the turmoil of the deck, was like a

swoond. Man, I was astonished; and then I saw that it a' fell in wi' my philosophy—that everything is in oursel's, and naething is outside oursel's, except appearances."

The smith hung on his bellows' handle and surveyed him, wondering "Ye would be a gey wet man that day, Sir Andrew!" was his comment: "but a' the same I could be daein', if I had my leg, wi' a little sailorizing. I ken mysel' there's naething in it but imagination, but that'll no' hinder the delight o' dreamin' o't." And at that Captain Cutlass grasped him by his calloused hand and shook it in a frenzy of appreciation.

"Right, Alick!" he exclaimed delightedly, "that's the way wi' me. I'm a' for the things untried. A horse-shoe's fine, but once ye've made them perfectly, there's mony another thing to ponder on. At least, I think so," added the cautious Captain. "I can only guess mysel', since I never brought onything to perfection,—no, not even Schawfield!"

That, for long, had been his most abiding dream, his great ambition,—to have the estate of Schawfield in its way perfection. Coming home from the sea, where a ship was his little kingdom, and everything aboard of her was tidy, in its place, and order and economy of means to ends a law, ropes flemished down, and never an Irish pennant, he wanted to see the land he helred, and every farm and cot upon it, in the same trim order. For this, at first, he spent his money like water,—building, fencing, draining, repairing; but the money seemed to go through a sieve, and he found that an estate is not a ship, since it has no bulwarks. It was lucky his cash was almost done! Before he had wholly ruined himself, he saw that "ship-shape and Bristol fashion" could never be said of any Scottish property so extensive as his own. When he was tu-

toring his tenants at Clonary in the matter of flower-gardens, his tenants six miles off were ruining the land by a neglect of the strict rotation of the crops, or letting their braes revert to whin and bracken. If he built them fences, they none the less light-heartedly helped themselves in winter to the healthiest, straightest firs in his young plantations. Cattanach, his factor, used to be distracted. "The laird's clean daft," said he; "I would squeeze the devils; that's the only way to get the best from them, and, if he did, they would think the more of him."

But there, of course, Cattanach was wrong—Sir Andrew Schaw was the idol of his tenantry, and, when he found that Schawfield could not be transformed into a battleship, he found a comfort in his own philosophy. "After all," he said, "I believe I would hate to see the place perfection after any human plan; arable land is admirable, but I like to see the brackens." It was in vain the factor pointed out that the tenants let their lands run wild from no such æsthetic principle, but only out of idleness; Sir Andrew had a kindly eye even for indolence, at which he professed himself (untruthfully) past-master.

Whatever happened, nothing marred the charm of Schawfield, nor for long dispelled the happiness its owner found in every acre of it. Save for the neighboring hills that massed upon one side, it had a curious English aspect due to trees for which five generations of the family had had a passion. The western portion marched upon a blight of the Atlantic, which had made the Schaws all seamen; the seals played among the rocks below the mansion; night and day you heard—sonorous and majestic, like a murmuring of History—the voice of breakers upon distant beaches, and through the terraced gardens went continually the salt sea

airs. Inland, the estate spread from the hill-slopes over an enormous plain that had harbored the earlier Unknown Race, whose standing-stones and cromlechs sanctified the fields. Cells of the Culdees, old Cistercian chapels, churches of the Living God had flourished there since these lichened menhirs were uplifted in a faith whose meanings baffle us, but the menhirs still were standing, and the chapels were in dust. Those stones, so old, mysterious, and speechless, entered somehow into what Sir Andrew, as a youth, had cherished as his faith. He

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wandered round them often when he should be in the kirk, and thinking many things, but mostly of the flight of time and man's futility. Oh! a daft young soul, I grant you! Likely you and I were wiser in our time.

Sea-shore and inland plain, hill and forest (for Schawfield from end to end was six or seven miles), hamlets and farms, a loch or two, the river and many burns. You would, being a stranger, coming upon Captain Cutlass eating bread and cheese contentedly along with some road-mender, hardly credit him as laird of these.

(To be continued.)

PROPOSALS FOR THE REFORM OF THE CALENDAR.

The importance of a uniform and simple calendar is not a question which affords any ground for dispute. Whether regarded from the point of view of the chronologist, striving to evolve order out of regnal years and intercalary months, or from that of a business man in Cairo, transacting affairs with clients who adhere severally to the Moslem, the Coptic, the Hebrew, the Julian, and the Gregorian calendars, the diversity of system from time to time, from place to place, and between creed and creed, is an exasperating and unmixed misfortune. The New Year festival is celebrated by the motley races which go to make up the population of Singapore on dates which extend over several months. In Constantinople, until quite recently, even the division of the day was a source of grave inconvenience, since the day ended at local sunset. The persistence of such anomalies shows how hard is the way of the reformer. Tradition and religious scruple, and even the mere inertia of custom, are leagued against him. From the point

of view of the whole world, a far greater advance would be made by a large step towards the adoption of one universal calendar than by making small theoretical improvements in a particular system, however important that system may be. Whatever happens, it is certain that the Gregorian calendar in its main features will survive. For this reason alone its reform is not to be lightly undertaken. A universal appeal can only be based on fixity of tenure as a necessary condition. The French Republican calendar should at least be useful as an awful example. Even the Chinese are considering the advisability of eliminating the lunar element from their calendar and following European practice. Hence changes in our calendar can only be admitted after their necessity has been absolutely proved, and then only with the utmost deliberation. It is not a matter in which a false step can be easily retraced.

It is an unfortunate fact that a calendar of ideal simplicity is precluded by the nature of things. Much dif-

difficulty would have been avoided had the tropical year, the synodic month, and the mean solar day been commensurate periods of time, and if, moreover, the number of days in a year had contained certain simple factors. With the Julian calendar, it is true, the lunar month has been placed out of consideration. But the week remains as a fundamental unit of time in human affairs. If only the year had contained 336 days, absolute simplicity would then have been attainable. We should then have had four equal quarters of three months each, each month containing exactly four weeks. As things are, we must be content with something less simple, and, even so, commensurability between the year and the week can only be obtained by placing one day (or two days in the case of leap year) outside the ordinary run of the calendar. This is the suggestion of Mr. Philip, of Brechin, who has proposed that the first day of the year should be thus set aside under the name of New Year's Day, while in leap years a second day of the same kind should be intercalated between the months of June and July. The idea is not, of course, original in principle, for it was used by Auguste Comte in a slightly different way, and has been attributed to Littré. It offers the only means of avoiding a change in the calendar from year to year, and is to this extent attractive. But it has the great disadvantage of introducing discontinuity at the very point where continuity has been preserved in the face of many other changes. The week can boast a most ancient lineage, uninterrupted by the slightest break. Prejudice in its favor must be anticipated, and weighty reasons must be adduced if this feeling is to be overcome.

It has already been pointed out that nature is greatly to blame for not having given us a year of exactly 336

days. Even when the one or two inconvenient extra days have been specially provided for, there remain over just 28 days, and it is in the disposal of these that the calendar reformers have expended their ingenuity. Comte's plan was simply to form them into a thirteenth month, with the extra days at the end of the year. Apart from the peculiar nomenclature in which his philosophy found expression, it is far from clear that this plan has been improved upon by contemporary reformers. The only drawback seems to lie in the introduction of an extra month, and in the fact that a quarter must contain three months and an additional week.

Another proposal is that of Mr. T. C. Chamberlin. This consists in dividing the 28 days into four special weeks placed at the end of each quarter. That this scheme should appear rather crude is not unnatural, and to this extent stronger support may be expected for a plan proposed by Mr. John C. Robertson at the fourth International Congress of Chambers of Commerce held in London in June of last year. This would incorporate the extra weeks in each third month, so that each quarter would consist of three months, containing respectively 28, 28, and 35 days. In this way each month would begin with a Sunday, but it is far from certain that the advantage thus gained would be generally regarded as a fair equivalent for the patent disadvantage involved in the disparity between the months. It would appear that approximate equality was more important in the months than in the quarters.

This consideration seems to have had weight with those responsible for the Calendar Reform Bill presented to Parliament by Mr. Robert Pearce. The Swiss Government, at the instance of the London Congress of Chambers of Commerce already mentioned, has in-

vited an international conference on the subject of the calendar, a proposal now receiving the attention of the British Government, and the Bill is intended as a basis for imperial conference. It is proposed to divide the reduced year of 364 days into four similar quarters, each containing three months of 30, 30, and 31 days respectively. With twelve months no better approach to equality is possible. Moreover, the calendar becomes fixed, in the sense that any given date will fall on a particular day of the week, *e.g.* Christmas Day will always be on a Monday. But there will not be that simple correspondence between the day of the month and the day of the week provided by the other schemes. In practice it will be just as necessary to consult an almanac as at present, and the only difference will be that the almanac will be the same for every year. Is this an appreciable benefit? Almanacs are so common, and so often distributed gratuitously, that few people would probably feel the change from year to year, were it not for a circumstance which has purposely been left for separate consideration. As a matter of curiosity, it may be noted that the Royal Academy of Sciences at Stockholm receives a considerable income from a monopoly in the sale of almanacs.

The circumstance just alluded to is the varying incidence of Easter. Owing to the public holidays associated with this festival, and for other reasons, the desire for a fixed date has been very generally felt and often expressed. The Western Church has followed the ecclesiastical moon as defined by the Council of Nice, and the time seems ripe for removing this last remaining visage of a lunar cycle from our calendar. It is understood that the Pope has raised no objection to this being done, and it is not to be supposed that the other churches concerned will

prove "katholischer als der Papst" in this matter. The German Reichstag will be asked to pass a resolution in favor of the appointment of a definite Sunday on which Easter shall be celebrated. The Bill before Parliament proposes that April 14 shall be Easter Sunday. The fixing of this festival is an integral part of the schemes described above for reforming the calendar, and will engage the attention of the diplomatic conference proposed by the Swiss Government. The precise date must be fixed by international agreement, and the mere verbal definition of the date will naturally be facilitated if a fixed calendar has been previously adopted. But the two questions are essentially independent, and Easter can be fixed with all the precision required for practical purposes without any change in the present calendar. Thus if Easter were defined as the Sunday following April 10, it would never be more than three days from April 14, and would fall automatically on the latter date if the scheme now before Parliament were afterwards adopted. But other dates will probably be suggested for consideration.

The internal arrangement of our calendar is in the nature of things a compromise, and the divergence between the schemes which have been brought forward proves that the reformers are by no means of one mind. The ordinary man does not seem impressed with the necessity for a change. It is alleged that the business man feels some inconvenience, but the English accountant would surely gain far more benefit from a decimal currency than from a fixed almanac. Meanwhile the Board of Trade is very properly taking steps to learn the opinions of the merchants and traders of the country.

It is, of course, mere child's play to invent a calendar. The objection to interrupting the consecutive run of

the weeks must be strongly felt. One wonders therefore that none of those who appear to be so much impressed with the advantage of sub-dividing a year of 364 days have not, so far as we are aware, suggested another plan for getting rid of the superfluous days. This could be done by using the week instead of the day as the unit of intercalation. We begin by allotting 364 days to the common year. We then add at the end of every fifth year (the date ending with 0 or 5) a special "leap" week. This in itself would make the year on the average too long. We therefore omit the "leap" week every fifty years, when the date ends in 25 or 75; and, further, we omit the week at every century which is divisible by 4 (the reverse of the Gregorian rule). The result is to add 71 weeks or 497 days in 400 years, thus making the average length of the year 365.2425 days, or exactly the same as the mean Gregorian year. The special Nature.

week would probably be found a nuisance, but it would only come once in five years, and it has been seriously proposed to introduce four such weeks into every year! Of course, under this plan, the date of the equinox would wander eight days on either side of the mean date. At the sacrifice of simplicity it would be more correct to intercalate eleven weeks in each successive period of 62 years, at the intervals:

6,6,5, 6,6,5, 6,6,5, 6,5 years.

By this rule the equinox would be kept within four days of the given date, while the mean length of a year would be slightly more accurate than in the Gregorian system. Such a variation from the mean date would not be likely to constitute a practical objection. The idea, however, is only suggested in order to illustrate the unexhausted possibilities which lie before the would-be calendar reformer.

H. C. P.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER IV.—ON THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

BY THE RIGHT HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL.

1. Who carried what peculiarity into Devonshire? *Answer*: Stryver: his delicacy. ("*Tale of Two Cities*.")
2. Who had been a little unfortunate in taking cold at what ceremony? *Answer*: Mrs. Bishop at a Confirmation. ("*Little Dorrit*.")
3. Who did not go to church on Christmas morning with the old couple and the pewful of children? *Answer*: Aunt George and Uncle George. ("*Sketches by Boz*.")
4. "What the Italians call——" Complete the sentence. *Answer*: Regularly flummoxed. ("*Pickwick Papers*.")
5. What did the Englishman say who learnt French and thought it so like English? *Answer*: Bob swore. ("*David Copperfield*.")
6. What feminine idiosyncrasy "is fruitful hot water for all parties"? *Answer*: What gentlemen like, the ladies don't. ("*Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*.")
7. Who lived at Taunton Vale? *Answer*: The Hawkinses. ("*Nicholas Nickleby*.")
8. Whom would the prospect of finding anybody out in anything have kept awake under the influence of henbane? *Answer*: Miggs. ("*Barnaby Rudge*.")
9. What ultimately became of the gentleman who labored under an erroneous view of the locality of his stomach? *Answer*: He was ultimately buried at Brixton. ("*Martin Chuzzlewit*.")
10. Who made a spectral attempt at

drollery, and in what colored spectacles? *Answer:* Mr. Peter Magnus. Blue and green. ("*Pickwick Papers.*")

11. At what date was aptitude for business to be rewarded with a
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bowl of punch? *Answer:* One of these days. ("*Old Curiosity Shop.*")
12. Who, in ordering dinner, expressly barred slugs? *Answer:* Bart Smallweed. ("*Bleak House.*")

PRIMAVERA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

James Miscom.

Sir Eldred Handeaw.

Lady Handeaw

Bessie Miscom (James Miscom's Wife).

Miss Captree.

Mr. Hapgood (The Vicar).

I.

The interior of a country cottage. Dishes, plates, and cups on shelves. Gaily-framed pictures on walls. Photograph of Mr. Asquith on chimney-piece. Bricks of floor still damp from morning scrubbing-brush. A saucepan simmers over a small, clear fire, at the bars of which a flat iron is heating. Bessie Miscom is busy with a clean shirt spread on the table. She is a pretty young woman of twenty-four, with bright eyes, cheeks, and hair.

There is a sharp little knock. She seems to recognize it, casts a rapid glance over the room, smooths her apron, corrects her hair with a light touch, and opens the door to a young lady who is awaiting admission. The visitor is about twenty, tall, clad in very workmanlike tweeds, with an air of assured superiority that takes welcome for granted.

Bessie Miscom curtsseys, and wipes a brightly polished chair with her apron before offering it.

Bessie:

You must please excuse me being in a muddle-like, miss.

Miss C. (with quite unaffected condescension):

Your muddle might be a model to

every young wife in the village, Bessie. Well, how is James? (*Looks knowingly at the shirt*) You mean to send him smart to the Poll to-morrow, if he is the wrong color, I see.

Bessie (apologetically, and a little embarrassed):

Men is that fullish, miss and only just across the road too! He won't be long now, miss, not if you want to speak wi' 'im. He's reglar to's meals.

Miss C. (sniffs appreciatively at the saucepan):

I don't wonder, Bessie.

Bessie (gratified):

I do mostly manage to have a bit o' summut hot against he comes, miss.

Miss C. (laughing):

That's the way to manage them! Well, James is a man worth putting oneself out a bit for. Mr. Topskins was telling the Squire that there isn't a job on his farm that James can't do it; and show the man who ought to do it how to do it, too. There's the stuff of a first-class bailiff in him—but I've a poor opinion of men, Bessie.

Bessie:

You, miss! Well, to be sure!

Miss C.:

Well, between you and me, Bessie, I have. Of course, they're our masters and have got to provide for us and all that. But we have the common sense. I'd take your opinion, ten to one, against his.

Bessie (blushing):

You're very good, miss. But that ain't what James do think.

Miss C.:

Better for you both if he did. Now, Bessie, don't let me stop you. Let me see how you iron a shirt. Lady Handsaw is going to pick me up.—She was saying the other day how they want a practical man to save Sir Eldred some of the bother of that home farm of his. He hasn't so much time on his hands as he had, and (*laughing and blushing*) he's likely to have less. I wish he wasn't such a red-hot Tory! But—Ah, there she is! Good-bye, Bessie.

Bessie (*hurriedly and anxiously*):

Oh, I'm sure, miss, Sir Eldred would hear a word from you——

Miss C.:

When we're married, he'll *have* to, Bessie. I'm on my promotion now. Well, *you'll* wish the Squire to come in on top, anyhow.

She goes out and joins Lady Handsaw, who is interviewing the grocer's wife from her pony carriage.

Lady H. (*about fifty; active, decided, and genial*):

In with you, Georgie.—Send those things along with Thomas, Mrs. Figmeal. And don't forget the soap!—Well?

Miss C. (*shakes herself down comprehensively, and pulls her gloves up with some energy*):

Bad! Squire's like a bear with a sore head. The agent got at him the other day and *insisted* on his joining a Small Holders' Encouragement Society! (*Both laugh*) And reports are fishy. He's found out that there's an Anarchist Club in the village!

Lady H.:

Anarchist Club!

Miss C.:

In where I came out of.

Lady H.:

"Raid on a Club." I know the heading. Who is it?

Miss C.:

James Miscom. About the best man in the place, all round—best workman, I mean. As for everything else, he's as bad as he can be. Chapel, teetotal—the Lord knows what. Then there's a mechanic of sorts from Slumbridge. And he's worse. And they've got hold of a couple of others. Good, steady fellows they were, regulars at the Red Lamb. And now they all four meet twice a week at James Miscom's. Pay a penny each for a cup of coffee, and talk. Regular Radical salon, if you please.

Lady H.:

But that cottage is your father's! Why——?

Miss C. (*with bitter sarcasm*):

Oh, yes! And the Shipshire Gazette! But hang elections, I say. Well, how's Eldred? Pretty well sick of his home farm by now, I suppose. What were you saying the other day about his wanting a bailiff?

Lady H.:

Bailiff! Eldred!

Miss C.:

Well, wasn't he. Or mightn't he? Or wouldn't he? Or—as much subjunctive as you please.

Lady H. (*with intention*):

You know best, Georgie. What are you up to? I'm not in it, you villain.

Miss C. (*innocently*):

In what? Well, he's no good at all to us as he is. If it wasn't for *us* and those Unionist women, we should have no more chance in the division than—a dumbledore in a bee-hive. The whole fabric of society is breaking up. Don't *laugh*, you *bad* woman! Well, it *is*. Look at teetotalism spreading all over the length and the breadth of the British Isles like a burning fever, as our good doctor told us the other day, hand-in-hand with anarchy and rebellion. Now, do you know I never believed our agent before, when he plastered us all over with butter after last January. But—

Lady H.:

Oh, I know, Georgie. If we women hadn't badgered the laborers' wives into making their husbands' lives a burden to them, four out of five of them would have gone Yellow. Everybody knows that.

Miss C.:

Only you put it in such a nasty way! Well, ye haven't done it enough this time. We "sat down on our laurels." I didn't, I take my oath of that. I worked—like a skirt-improver. The cakes I judged and the cakes I cut up! And the tea I drank! And the egg-and-spoon races I ran! And the speeches I listened to!

Lady H.:

Come, you made a good many yourself.

Miss C.:

Well, if I did, they weren't so *nau-seating* as some I had to sit out. The worst kind of working-men, you know. There was one carneying, bumptious little beast I could have *throttled* with joy.—Do pull up a moment and let me set myself to rights before we turn in. (*Rectifies hat*) There, will that do?

Lady H. (dorstively):

Do! Don't you go and spoil him, Georgie.

A private road through pasture takes them to an old Georgian house. Sir Eldred Handson comes down the steps to meet them. He is a fine specimen of English manhood, tall, strong, and straight-forward.

Sir Eldred:

Halloa, Georgie! I was just going over. Well, mother, so you picked her up and brought her along.

Miss C.:

It's just as well I cut you off. Squire's unapproachable. If you'd gone pouring cold water on him, as you do, he'd have been seeing me in my coffin, as likely as not. Besides, he's due at Hepston at four, and half-a-dozen places afterwards. I wasn't let

come. Mother's jealous of me. And they do look fascinating as Darby and Joan!

Sir Eldred:

Thank God, to-morrow's the end of it!

Miss C.:

A deal of difference it makes to you! You don't do a thing! You shuffled out of standing yourself, too. It's very hard on me. We should have swept the whole division into my hat—canvassing together.

Lady H.:

Don't fight, you two. (*She passes through a door*)

Sir Eldred (laughing):

I prefer to be an oasis, thank you. You can retire to me when your electioneering simoons are intolerable.

Miss C. (allows herself to be consoled in the orthodox way):

Well, you are reposeful, I admit. But I shall have to work you up to active enthusiasm before next election.

Sir Eldred (devoutly):

Please God, Asquith will sit tight for the next five years.

Miss C.:

Will he? I suppose, then, you'll be pleased to learn that we're as good as beaten. It's all your fault! Why didn't you go about and speak?

Sir Eldred:

My mind has only room for one idea at a time.

Miss C. (somewhat placated):

Silly!

Sir Eldred:

Besides, what is there left to say? It's all on posters and leaflets. Why not leave the poor souls a minute or two to think things over for themselves?

Miss C. (sharply):

Why? Why, because if we did, every man Jack of them would vote Yellow. If it wasn't for us——

Sir Eldred:

Now, look here Georgie. I'm not keen upon Parliament at all. But if

I ever do get in, it won't be by way of Petticoat Lane.

Miss C. (indignant):

Indeed! So you turn your back on Our League, and your mother and me! You are unkind. (*Shows signs of tears*)

Sir Eldred (interferes in the proper manner):

Oh, you're all right, Georgie, you and mother. There's no intimidation and corruption as far as you're concerned. Blandishment and cajolery cover your field of operations. Bad enough, but that can't be helped, I'm afraid. But I'll be hanged if I'm so sure of some of the rest of you.

Miss C. (blushing):

Oh, the other side may be trusted to look sharp enough after that. (*A bell rings*) Luncheon, thank Heaven!

II.

The same evening. James Miscom's cottage. Tea things invitingly set out. Hot dripping toast. Glass jar with jam. Clean cloth. James Miscom sits looking gloomily into the fire. He is a powerful man, in laborer's clothes, with a heavy, masculine face, suggesting the surly good-nature of a bull.

James:

I can't think what's come to Traxall. Says I, "See you to-night, Jack." "Not to-night," he says, "James Miscom." Same as that. And there was Billings and Cox outside the Lamb, a-sniggering as I passed 'em! There's summut up. They ain't gone over, be 'em? It's going to be touch and go, this bout. Squire's changed a bit since last January. Then 'twas, "Please yerself about yer vote and you'll please me." And t'other day he meets me and he says, "Vote as you please, James Miscom. But if you vote for Hilboy, you're voting agin yourself. And so I tell ee." So sharp he was. Billings and Cox I don't say. But Traxall's sound stuff. Do you know aught about it, missus?

Bessie:

There, you eat your toast while it's hot, James. What odds is it to us what they do do? I don't like Traxall. Summut in his pocket for to blow us all up with, as like as not. I'd rather he stayed away, for me.

James (looks at her sharply):

Now, out wi' it. You do know what 'tis. I can see it in the face of ee. Now, I ain't agoing to stand no nonsense. You've been having words wi' 'un, I reckon.

Bessie:

Me words wi' 'un! I wouldn't demean myself! He came along for to say summut about to-night, and I told 'un you'd be a bit early, same as you said.

James:

Well?

Bessie (hesitatingly):

And Miss Georgie, she just looked in afore dinner—I forgot to tell ee—and got to praising you up, as you was fit for a bailiff's place if ever one was. And so you be, James, and if them yaller friends o' yourn was men, they'd see as you was one.

James (sternly):

Well?

Bessie (confused and interruptedly):

And summut about Sir Eldred—as she'll be Lady Handsaw at Easter—and as how they was main put about to find some 'un as could look after the Home Farm, along o' his marrying. And I couldn't help saying, friendly like, as from what Miss Georgie she said, there warn't no doubt o' who 'twould be. And he were downright uncivil. "Oh, that's the way wi' him, is it?" he says, and off, wi' never another word.

James (his face suddenly purple with rage):

You said that, you! You! You went and gave your husband away that way! There, if I took stick to ee, 'twould be less than what you've bin

and earned! But I'll see to—
(*Dashes his fist on the table and goes out in furious anger*)

Bessie:

Oh! Oh! Oh! And us as never had a word afore! I wish Miss Georgie was hanged, I do. Her and everyone of 'em. Oh! (*Covers her face with her apron and cries*)

III.

Same scene. The next morning, day of Poll, 8 a.m.

Bessie (*standing by table laid for breakfast, tear-stained and woebegone; a rasher of bacon is in a frying-pan ready to put on*):

And never a word when he come in! And out agin afore I opened an eye! (*Listens; then puts frying-pan on fire; James Miscom comes in slowly*).

Bessie:

James! I never went for to do ut. I be so proud of ee and so wishful as you should get for to be what you be fit for to be. 'Taint for myself, James, God knows. I've a right to be content, if ever woman had. Now, don't ee bear mallice. I'd a bit my tongue out sooner 'n say a word you wouldn't a had said. Oh! Oh! Oh! (*Breaks down entirely and buries her face against his arm*)

James (*face discolored as if by a blow. collar limp and awry, eyes haggard with want of sleep; he speaks with rough good-nature*):

There, there! Don't ee go on that way. 'Tis all over. And I bafnt sure as you warn't in the right of it. I've a-come to see things a bit different since last night.

Bessie:

Oh, James! You be a good man! You tell I what you'd have said and I'll say it, no matter what 'tis. But there! 'Taint nothing to you and I which of 'em do win. It's you as I do think of. I don't care, not the vally o' this button, what they do say.

And Miss Georgie, she meant it kind. And I—I were that proud o' her saying of it! 'Taint the place. 'Tis the way the gentry think of ee as counts wi' I. (*She breaks off, sobbing*)

James (*with heavy finality*):

I had a word wi' that lot up street last night. And I won't have no more—not never, I won't. They up and told me to my face as I'd bin and sold myself for a balliff's job. And (*with meaning*) I don't think as Traxall is like for to say it agin. Not in my hearing he won't, no matter which way I do give my vote. But there! What's the good o' me standing up agin Squire and every respectable man in the parlish, wi' offal like them o' my side? I'm done wi' it! Them as is respectable was meant for to be respected according. 'Tis the way God made the world and it aint no good going agin it.—You go and get that there girt blue favor as some on 'em left here a week ago. I aint James Miscom no more. I be another man as have learnt what's what and who's who, and orders hisself according.—And the Poll's open by now and the sooner 'tis done, the better.

Bessie:

Oh, James! And Miss Georgie she's that good to I. And Sir Eldred, as you wouldn't find a better master in all Shipshire. (*Goes and fetches the blue rosette*) And you do look so natural in Squire's color! (*She fastens it on his coat*) James! You've bin and made me a happy woman this day! (*He goes out holding his head high and displaying the blue rosette defiantly*)

IV.

The next day. Noon. The street in front of James Miscom's cottage. Bessie Miscom is at her door, looking anxiously up the street. Sir Eldred Handsome drives up, with Miss Captree at his side. She springs down, radiant.

Miss C.:

Bessie! Bessie! You blessed creature!

I heard about James! We're in! Just one half-dozen to the good. It's all you. James's vote! And Traxall and the others never voted at all! We are good for *something*, after all, aren't we, Eldred?

Sir Eldred (gravely):

You are responsible for a good deal, no doubt.—What is it, Mrs. Miscom? You seem upset.

Bessie (courteously):

My humble duty to both of you, sir, and I be main glad as Squire is in—you'll find James a man as'll be worth his place, sir. And we'll serve the pair of ee, Miss Georgie, and you, sir, as if you was the King and Queen. *(Stops and looks again up the street towards the Red Lamb, a few yards off on the other side of the Road)* It's James, sir, as 'as bin and stepped over to the Lamb, sir *(Excusingly)* They kep it up a bit late some on 'em, along o' Mr. Topskins a-sending down a sovrin for 'em to drink Squire's health and success wi'. And, James, he've a gone over 'cos he thought they was like to have the news at the Lamb afore any 'un.

A knot of people surround the dog-cart, and the news runs up the street like wild-fire. Half-a-dozen men bundle out of the Lamb, shouting and waving their hats. Among them is James Miscom, unwashed, unshaven, his waistcoat open, his neck-handkerchief under one ear, with a blue rosette hanging to it. He staggers down and across the street and accosts Sir Eldred.

James:

I wish ee joy of her, sir! It's she as have done it.—What be you a-going on that way for, Bessie? I be all right. It's all right wi' Billings. Where's Billings? I were to say a word for Billings. Come on wi' ee, Billings, then. We'll find a place for ee, among us.—Here be I, James Miscom, the best bailiff—best bailiff—And any day as you say the word, sir. I be

ready for to come over. D—n Topskins. Who's Topskins then? You tell I that.

Miss C. (imperatively):

Get him indoors, Bessie!—Drive on, Eldred. *(Bessie moves forward)*

James (savagely):

Dont' you so much as lay a finger on me, or I'll knock the life out of ee. *(Holds on to the shaft of the dogcart)* Get inside wi' ee, and don't come a-shoving in where you baint wanted. *(To Sir Eldred)* Me and you'll settle it. You be my master—

The crowd is much interested. Little boys comment freely. "Look at 'un! Just look at 'un! Baint he drunk!" A couple of men come forward, touching their caps, and drag his hands from the shaft. Sir Eldred drives on.

Miss C.:

Disgusting beast!—What are you looking at me like that for, Eldred?

Sir Eldred:

So you promised that man the place of bailiff with me, if he gave you his vote?

Miss C. (indignantly):

I never said a word to the man! I may have said to his wife that if you should ever happen to want a bailiff, you might— Well, she may have chosen to take it as a suggestion. But not one word about his vote. And it doesn't bind you, what I say. Besides, you can say that after this disgusting exhibition you see clearly that he isn't fit for a responsible post.—Now, don't look so black just when we are all so happy.

Sir Eldred:

I thought you were fond of that woman.

Miss C.:

Well, so I am.—If he does get drunk now and again, she'll be no worse off than half the other women in the village.—Well, you needn't look so shocked. *(His face does not relax)* What is it after all? One teetotaler

less! *La belle perte!* Come, Eldred!

"Things, you know, like this must be,
At every famous victory."

Now *don't* go and spoil my little triumph. I didn't promise—*anything*.
(*Suppresses a sob*) I *swear* I didn't.
(*Chokes pathetically*)

The Contemporary Review.

Sir Eldred:

Well, I suppose it can't be helped now.—(*Changes the subject with a wrench*) See, they have got the news already! Up goes the Union Jack at the Lodge!

D. C. Pedder.

ABOUT "MARIE-CLAIRE."

The story of how this beautiful book was written is as simple, as pathetic and wonderful, as the book itself.

There was a seamstress named Marguerite Audoux, as poor as any other seamstress working for her bread in Paris, where, it is said, the working-time was eleven hours a day and six days a week. Marguerite Audoux was delicate and suffered so much from her eyes that she was finally warned by the hospital doctor to stop sewing on pain of losing her eyesight. Unable to sew and unable to read, alone for long hours of every day, she beguiled her loneliness and her sore anxiety by writing the memoirs of her own childhood on odd scraps of paper.

This untaught woman had not the least hope of supporting herself by writing; but she had the instinct for writing as certainly as she had the instinct for literature. What we mean by the instinct for writing none of us can exactly explain; but it is something quite distinct from the desire for a publisher, or for daily bread, or for future fame. François Villon was driven by that instinct when he lay in prison on the last night with his fellow-thieves and cut-throats, all in the dismal certainty of being hanged next morning, and what was François Villon doing? Writing a *ballade*; a *ballade* which remains to us, and in its sharp misery is as unforgettable as

the most beautiful thing he ever wrote, even as

Où est Flora, la belle Romaine—

This is an extreme instance of the power of the instinct for writing; it does not of course explain it. One hardly seeks to explain an instinct.

Marguerite Audoux was not without friends. One of them had taken her to a sort of club where various kinds of people met, some of them literary and some not. They found her interesting and attractive, and all were friendly to her, knowing nothing of her writing. She listened to their discussions on literature and their own work, and finally confessed that she too wrote things for her own pleasure. They persuaded her to bring some of these and read them aloud. Perhaps they were only kind and sympathetic, expecting no great pleasure from the reading. But what she brought to the next meeting was the first part of "Marie-Claire," and she read it beautifully. Their ears, their hearts and minds, were all taken captive; they bade her bring more, bring all she had written, and nothing loath she brought more and read to them. With one accord they saluted the new genius, the star that had risen in their midst. How they must have rejoiced, these kind French hearts, to find that the poor young seamstress threatened with

blindness and hunger to-day, had the means in her own hand of winning freedom and happiness and fame to-morrow!

To my mind quite the most delightful part of this true romance is the conduct of the members of the club, true lovers of literature and true friends of the gentle genius whom they praised and encouraged to the utmost, while with perfect tact they refrained from over-advising her. She worked on now in the sunshine of appreciation and sympathy; she is a slow worker, and "*Marie-Claire*" was not written in one year.

Her friends, of whom Charles-Louis Philippe was one of the most admiring, exerted themselves manfully on her behalf, though well accustomed to exert themselves vainly on their own. It was François Jourdain who finally brought the manuscript when complete to the notice of the potent Octave Mirbeau; and he, as we are informed, having once decided that it should be published, worked with incredible fury for long months, preparing the way for the new masterpiece.

To the lay mind there is something mysterious here. We cannot understand, or expect to understand, why such heroic measures are necessary before the appearance of a successful new book. Of course we have long resigned ourselves perforce to the other mysterious necessity for a preface written by some other than the author. In the present instance we find the Preface to "*Marie-Claire*" written by M. Mirbeau unusually interesting, for without it we should not have known the pathetically interesting facts of the writer's life. And though it may be said that these have nothing to do with the permanent value of her book, the one fact that she wrote without any intellectual training or preparation is really of surpassing importance.

For had we not been told of this, we

should all have said: "This is the book of a very experienced writer. It has an exquisite simplicity of language that must have cost years of hard work to acquire. It has distinction, certainty of touch, and the very finest economy in the use of materials. These are all the gains of experience."

Well, it seems that some of the acute critics in Paris were so much puzzled by the discrepancy between the inexperience of the writer and the technical perfection of her book, that they jumped to the conclusion that a good deal of it must be the work not of poor Marguerite Audoux, but of her gifted literary friends. That was a silly conclusion, but a serious charge to make; and so it happened that a Select Committee of the Académie Française sat to consider the matter. On due consideration it pronounced "*Marie-Claire*" to be indubitably the work of one hand; after which the writer was triumphantly crowned, to the great delight of all, as the author of the best book of the year.

Only we continue to wonder; and Marguerite Audoux continues to find spelling a horrid nuisance.

But it is the property of genius to make us wonder, and this sudden maturity of power is not an unexampled phenomenon. When Alphonse Daudet wrote his "*Lettres de mon Moulin*" he was considerably younger than Marguerite Audoux is now; for he was only seventeen when he left his beautiful native Provence to try his fortune in Paris, and the "*Lettres*" appeared nine years later. Now it is curious to notice that what Charles Saroléa wrote of the "*Lettres de mon Moulin*" is precisely what the critics have been saying of "*Marie-Claire*."

What is really astonishing about the "*Lettres de mon Moulin*" is that, being the work of a young man, they have none of the faults of youth. Youth is the age of hesitations, gropings, and

awkward imitation; now the "Lettres" have a certainty, a firmness of drawing, an originality, a maturity and self-possession, which are astounding. Youth is the age of excess and exuberance, of disproportion and exaggeration; while the "Lettres" have an Attic sobriety, proportion, and simplicity.

And on the other hand, though they have none of the imperfections of youth, the "Lettres de mon Moulin" have all its best qualities: freshness, spontaneity, naturalness, spirit, ease, and the indefinable charm which breathes like the scent of thyme and rosemary from the whole work and the whole personality of the author. Here we have the song of the cicada to the dawn, the limpid spring bubbling from the mountain.

These lines might very well have been written to describe the first work of Marguerite Audoux instead of Alphonse Daudet. They would of course have left a good deal unsaid, but all criticisms are alike there.

We are told that "Marie-Claire" is an autobiography, and describes the first eighteen years of the writer's life. It bears, however, the description "Roman" on its cover, and this may as well be remembered.

A little girl of five has lost her mother, and been deserted by her father. She is therefore taken to a large convent school, and brought up by charity until she is thirteen years old. At that age she is sent to a farm and taught to be a shepherdess. The farm changes hands through the death of the tenant, but Marie-Claire remains on the place as servant to the new occupier until she is eighteen. There is a short period of happiness through a pathetic love-affair, which ends quickly; and Marie-Claire, bitterly reproached by the family she serves, turns her back on them and seeks refuge in the convent where she had been brought up. Here she is sheltered for a while in semi-disgrace. A beautiful young nun who had protected her dies

one autumn morning, and leaves her without a friend. The convent dismisses her, consigning her to the care of an elder sister, who declines to give her a home. Left alone on the station platform, where the train for Paris is waiting to start, Marie-Claire gets into the train, and the door that is closed on her closes the story.

Now it is very easy to tell that story, but it is not at all easy to tell how that story is told. In the first place, as it begins with a child of five, the story is nothing but a series of short and vivid pictures, just like the reminiscences of a child. Nothing is added from the after-knowledge of the narrator. For instance, the child does not say that her mother died; only that she saw her mother asleep, with her hands crossed on her breast, and how surprising it was that a tall candle should be burning in the room, and her father leaning down to look at her. The convent to this little child was only a great house where there were so many little girls; and all the people in it are characterized very simply, just as they would appear to a child.

There is one exception—the beautiful nun, Sœur Marie-Aimée is drawn with intimate understanding, almost as by an equal; but it will be seen at once that it is done by the intuition of a child's love, not by an intellectual process. Sœur Marie-Aimée with her lovely face and imperious temper, her tender kindness and hot angers and antipathies, becomes the idol of Marie-Claire; and she is the one heroic touch in that world of infinite littleness, the convent charity-school.

It is, to say the truth, a dreary world. The small brutalities of the children to each other, the small hearts and minds that rule them, the small tyrannies and jealousies, the panic fears and hysterical commotions of untaught women, make a thoroughly discomfiting atmosphere. One is

thankful when Marie-Claire is removed to a farm in the Sologne, and as soon as she is there, the book, so to say, bursts into bloom.

The first thing next morning the farmer's wife gave me a cloak of coarse cloth, and I followed old Bibiche to learn how to keep lambs.

Old Bibiche and her dog Castille were so very like each other that I always thought they must be of the same family. They seemed the same age, and their anxious eyes were of the same color. When the lambs strayed Bibiche would say, "Bark, Castille, bark." She repeated it very quickly, as if it were one word, and even when Castille did not bark at all the lambs came back, for the old woman's voice was so like her dog's.

When the harvest began, I seemed to myself to be present at something that was full of mystery. Men went up to the corn and laid it low on the ground with long, regular strokes, while others gathered it up in sheaves, which leaned one against another. . . . The calls of the harvesters seemed sometimes to sound from above, and I could not help lifting up my head to see if carts of corn were passing in the air.

The evening meal brought everyone together again. They all sat as they pleased down the side of the table, and the farmer's wife filled the plates to the brim. The young ones bit into their bread with their teeth, while the old ones cut up each mouthful with precision. They all ate in silence, and the brown bread looked whiter in their dark hands.

This is the farm of Villeveille, where no one is unhappy, because the farmer Sylvain and his wife Pauline are "braves gens."

Farmer Sylvain had large dark eyes which rested quietly upon everyone; he spoke without raising his voice, leaning his open hands on the table. The farmer's wife had a grave and care-filled face; she seemed to be always expecting some misfortune to happen, and she hardly smiled when other people were in fits of laughter.

The clean, wholesome life, the dependence on nature and the work of one's hands, the sympathy with animals, and the pure consolation of homely things and faces, all breathe from these pages with the breath of life, and in every one of them the short-spoken accuracy of description is lit up with the enchanter's touch of imagination, the *inner* sight of genius.

This is how winter began for the little shepherdess.

When December came the cows were all housed. I thought the sheep would be the same. But the farmer's brother explained to me that the Sologne was a very poor country, and that farmers could not harvest enough fodder for all their animals.

Now I went quite alone along the meadows and into the woods. All the birds were gone. A mist spread over the ploughed fields, and the woods were full of silence. There were days when I felt so forlorn that I believed the earth had fallen to ruin all around me; and if a crow flew by with a call under the gray sky, his loud hoarse voice seemed to be foretelling the sorrows of the world to me.

The sheep themselves no longer leapt about. The dealer had taken away all the males, and the little ewes had no heart to play any more by themselves. They walked along keeping close together, and even when they were not eating, held their heads down.

Some of them reminded me of little girls that I had known. I stroked them, and made them lift up their heads; but their eyes remained downcast, and their fixed eyeballs looked like glass that reflected nothing.

How perfectly the few words give the forlorn feeling of early winter, the misty dark earth, the melancholy woods,

Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang—

and the depressed little sheep huddling together under a gray sky! Later on comes the snow, and sheep and shep-

herdless have to keep under the roof of the farm. Marie-Claire can help Bibiche to mend the linen, while tall Martine sits spinning at her wheel, singing old laments.

The first day that the sheep were let out, the fir-trees were still all laden with snow. The hill was quite white too; it seemed to have come much nearer to the farm. All this whiteness dazzled me; I could not see things in their proper places, and every moment I was afraid I should lose sight of the blue smoke that rose above the roofs of the farm.

The sheep could find nothing to eat; they ran in every direction. I did not let them stray; they looked not unlike moving snow themselves, and I had to be very careful not to lose sight of them. I managed to get them together in a field that bordered on a great wood. The whole wood was busy getting rid of the snow that weighed it down; thick branches threw it off with one shake, while other weaker ones swayed to and fro to make it slide down to the ground.

There could be nothing shorter or plainer than this; but also there could be nothing more alive. Everything lives in these pages—the trees and the mists as much as the sheep and the old shepherdess' dog. The story has no complication or commonplace excitement. It moves on, more as a series of pictures than as a story, and we follow it with a curious tenseness of feeling. The beautiful measure of the rhythmical prose captivates the ear like poetry; and the strict economy of words answers to some quality of reserve in the writer, a reserve coupled with an unfailing perception of the essential thing to note. Hence there is never a superfluous word, and every word used is wanted as every line drawn is wanted in a fine etching. We have a distinct vision of M. Ti-rande, "a little dried-up man, who could never keep still, and when he stopped for a moment anywhere, still

seemed to be dancing on one foot." His tall daughter-in-law, who had dark, heavy eyes and a voice without tone, is engraved on our minds; a woman whose whole soul was in her linen-chests. Once Marie-Claire, greatly daring,—for the heavy-eyed woman was then her mistress,—tried to win her compassion to save a poor man from being turned out of his house.

As soon as the men had gone out I ventured to speak of Jean le Rouge.

I explained how useful he had been to Farmer Sylvain. I told of his grief at leaving that house where he had lived so long, and when I stopped, in an agony of suspense for the answer that should come, Mme. Alphonse pulled the crochet-needle out of her work and said—

"I think I have made one wrong stitch."

She counted up to nineteen, and added—

"It is a nuisance, I shall have to undo a whole row."

The life on the farm is very quiet, very monotonous, full of hard work and peace. All interests are centred in the place itself. No one ever gets a letter there; only one man reads books. But on the Feast of St. John, Marie-Claire in a new yellow dress is taken to a neighboring village, and to church. Characteristically she watches the people, and neglects the Service; afterwards, is much better pleased when the schoolmaster lends her a book of fairy tales for half-an-hour.

On the village green boys and girls were dancing in the sun and dust. I thought their movements exaggerated and their gaiety too noisy.

A kind of deep depression came over me! and when at nightfall we drove back to the farm, I felt a real solace at finding myself back in the silence and the perfume of the meadows.

The sensitive little soul, spite of her true sympathy with animals, her suc-

cessful dealings with the tormenting goat and with the uncertain bull, was not after all a model shepherdess, and so she is made a house-servant,—much to her own delight, as that enables her to pay constant visits to a certain garret where there is an old book without a cover, "*The Adventures of Telemachus*," which she reads in secret snatches, being afraid to carry it away. Reading is her passion, and she will always sacrifice sleep to indulge it.

I loved this book; to me it was like a young prisoner whom I went to visit by stealth. I fancied him dressed like a page, and waiting for me, seated on the black beam. One evening I took a beautiful journey with him.

After having closed the book, I leant on my elbows at the garret-window. The day was nearly over, and the fir-trees looked less green. The sun was sinking in white clouds which swelled out and made hollows like down.

Without knowing how it happened, I found myself suddenly flying over the wood with *Telemachus*. He held me by the hand, and our heads touched the blue of the sky. *Telemachus* said nothing, but I knew that we were going into the sun.

Old Bibiche called me from below. I recognized her voice quite well in spite of the distance. She must have been very angry to shout so loud. Little did I care for her shouting. I saw nothing but that shining down which surrounded the sun, and was just beginning to open to let us pass through.

A blow on my arm made me fall back into the garret. Old Bibiche pulled me away from the window, saying—

"Now what is the sense of making me call like that! I have called you more than twenty times to come and take your soup."

A short while afterwards the book disappeared from the beam where I used to find it. But it was a friend that I carried still in my heart, and I kept the remembrance of it a long while.

This is just the characteristic attraction of *Marie-Claire*, that anything she loved was "carried as a friend in her heart a long while." And she loved so many things—a book more than any of them, but also the tall old elm-tree that grew near the door of the farm, the voice of the wood-owl that hooted "good-night" on summer evenings, the soft grass underfoot in spring, the sound of bells carried in waves on the breeze, and a low house on the hill with the broom growing round it as high as the roof, the house of *Jean le Rouge*. When she mentions any of these things, she does it in a way that gives one a curious little thrill, and a sudden sense of intimacy with the writer. That, I think, is a sign that all her love is just a very pure quality of imagination. She is a creature of two worlds, and the inner world is where she lives at home. The scene in which she moves and acts is always present to her as a picture; and the extreme beauty of her language, recounting her own experience, gives now and then an almost uncanny feeling, as if we had heard two voices speaking where we thought there was only one person.

When *Marie-Claire* was seventeen, she went one day to the little empty house on the hill, which had once held her friends, and made her way through the desolate small rooms into the garden at the back.

And now that I was in this unfenced garden all surrounded with flowering broom, I began to wish I could live there for ever.

A great apple-tree leant sideways towards me, and dipped the tips of its branches in the spring.

The spring came out under the hollow trunk of a tree, and the overflow ran away in tiny rivulets across the borders.

This garden full of flowers and clear water seemed to me the most beautiful garden on earth, and when I turned

my head towards the house now wide open to the sun, I kept expecting that some wonderful beings would come forth from it.

That low and colorless house seemed full of mystery; little gliding sounds came from it, sudden and irregular noises, and all at once I believed I had heard the sound that Henri Deslois' foot made when he crossed the threshold of the farm at Villevielle.

I had listened, as intently as if I were hoping to see him approach. But the noise of the footsteps was not repeated, and soon I noticed that the bushes of broom and the trees were making all kinds of mysterious noises.

I imagined myself a young tree that the wind could move at its pleasure. The same fresh breeze that bent the broom was passing over my head, and blowing my hair about; and to imitate the apple-tree I stooped and wet my fingers in the pure water of the spring.

A new noise made me look towards the house, and I felt no surprise at seeing Henri Deslois standing in the frame of the doorway.

His head was bare, and his arms swinging.

He took two steps into the garden, and gazed far away over the plain.

His hair was parted on one side, and his forehead was very high above the temples.

For one long moment he stood without moving; then he turned directly towards me.

Only two trees separated us from each other; he made another step, with one hand he took hold of the young tree in front of him, and the blossoming branches made a kind of cluster above his head. So clear was the light that it seemed to me as if the bark of the trees was shining, and as if every flower was beaming, and in the eyes of Henri Deslois there was a sweetness so profound that I went straight towards him without the least confusion.

He made no movement, but when I stopped before him, his face grew whiter than his blouse, and his mouth trembled.

He took both my hands, which he pressed tightly against his temples, and said in a very low voice:

"I am like a miser who has found his treasure again."

At that moment the clock of the church of Sainte-Montague began to strike. The sounds came running up the hill, and after stopping for an instant above us, went on to lose themselves still higher.

The hours passed with the daylight, the flocks disappeared one by one from the plain; a white mist rose from the little river; then the sun passed behind the barrier of poplar trees, and the flowers of the broom began to grow darker.

Henri Deslois took me back on the road to the farm; he walked before in the narrow pathway, and when he left me a little before we came to the chestnut alley, I felt that I loved him more than Sœur Marie-Aimée.

In all this extraordinary passage there is, something beyond poetical beauty: there is actually natural magic, the rarest of qualities even among the poets. From henceforth the garden of poor Jean le Rouge, where the twisted apple-trees lean down to the water and bear blossoms of light, takes rank with the wonder-filled places of literature—with the forests of Spenser, and the sea-washed islands of Marvell, and the ice-palaces of Hans Andersen; for, like them the garden of poor Jean le Rouge is full of enchanted air.

It seems to me that this one passage is amply sufficient to prove the genius of Marguerite Audoux. It is fresh and strange, and stirs something in the brain that never stirred before. Now it is not everything to say, There is genius here. We can generally find some account to give even of this weird possession; but the genius of Marguerite Audoux is strangely unaccountable. Her gift of a rare simplicity in language, exquisitely chosen and pointed, at one time reminds us of the supreme and concealed art of Tennyson, and yet oftener it is like the perfect artlessness of a child.

She is like a poet when she speaks of the great field of wheat bowed by the

wind but rooted to the earth, with a host of white butterflies hovering over it, vainly offering their wings to help the wheat to fly; and when she tells of that vast church in the mist, with its great rough-columned aisle and far-off altar-lights, and open doors at which the sheep tried to enter because they knew it was their own familiar chestnut-alley leading to the farm, while their bewildered little shepherdess thought it was a church. But she is just like a child when she speaks of the lovely rainbow colors on the foam of the milk in her pail; of what fun it was to make little pigs wait a minute for their food, and see them wriggling their eager snouts; or how dreadful it was alone in the wood on that stormy moonlit night, when the rushing shadows chased her, and she had to spring over them for fear they should touch her feet. It is hard for a child not to cry when it is laughed at, and she nearly cried when Farmer Sylvian doubled himself up with laughing at her combat with the wicked white goat.

Then all her loves and friendships are so childlike—especially the friendship with Eugène, whom in her secret heart she considered as her big brother; the gentle, quiet man with amused eyes and a knack of doing small kindnesses and smoothing the way for other people's hasty feet. His own were slow, and he walked with a swing in his gait, as if he were always following his leisurely oxen. He read books and understood many things, and was loved of all; only he was useless on a market-day, as he could not sell so much as a cheese, and he was constitutionally incapable of killing anything. Any child would have loved Eugène, and Marie-Claire had a secret conviction that she alone understood when his eyes hid their amusement, and what he meant when he said nothing.

Eugène would certainly have understood if he had been there in the dreadful time when trouble came, so close upon the shortlived joy, and Henri Deslois was not man enough to stand up to it. But Eugène was far away then—he had passed out of her life. She had no friend then and had lost her lover. A wild desire came over the girl to see Sœur Marie-Aimée again. She set off in the falling snow, and made her way back to the convent which had sent her out to face the world at thirteen. There was no Sœur Marie-Aimée there any more. The same stony-hearted Mother Superior received her with the same cold dislike that she had always shown. The girl was sinking in despair, and a young nun, beautiful and kind-hearted, rescued her and won her back to life.

In any other book, especially a woman's book, we should expect here an excursion into the inner chambers of grief. But we find no such thing. Marie-Claire is not introspective. It is perfectly clear that her heart is broken—as the hearts of the young break,—but there are not many words about it. She has to work very hard, which is nothing new to her, and suspicious eyes are upon her.

She is back now within the convent-walls that sheltered her childhood, but she has lost the only perfect shelter her heart has ever known, which was within the arms of Sœur Marie-Aimée. That heroic spirit, so loving, so imperfect, so sorely tried, has won its freedom at last, and is all but crowned. Sœur Marie-Aimée for one short hour returns to the convent. It is towards evening, in the autumn; and Marie-Claire sees her again, *once*.

The meeting of these two women for the last time is like nothing that one has met with in literature.

She sat down, without leaning back against the lime-tree, and I knelt in the grass at her feet.

Her eyes had lost their gleams; one would have said that their colors had mingled, and her face that was so thin had all grown smaller as it were and farther back under her nun's hood. Her bodice did not curve across her breast as it used to do, and her hands showed their blue veins.

Her gaze rested hardly a moment on the window of her room; it passed over the lime-tree alleys, it went all round the great square courtyard, and while it stopped at the house of the Mother Superior, she let these words escape her lips, in a murmur—

"We must indeed forgive others, if we would be forgiven!"

Her gaze came back to rest on me, and she said—

"Your eyes are sad."

She passed the palms of her hands over my eyes, as if she wanted to efface from them something that did not please her; and keeping them still shut, she said in the same murmuring voice—

"So many griefs pass over us!"

She took away her hands to clasp them with mine, and without moving her eyes from my face, in an accent of entreaty, she spoke to me—

"My sweet daughter, listen to me: never become a poor nun!"

She seemed to breathe a long sigh of regret, and went on—

"Our dress of black and white is to tell others that we are creatures of strength and of light, and all tears are poured out before us, and all sorrows call on us to console them; but as for us, no one cares for our sorrows, and it is as if we had no faces."

Then she spoke of the future; she said—

"I am going away where missionaries go. I shall live down there in a house full of terror. I shall have for ever before my eyes all things that are hideous, all things that are corrupt!"

I listened to her deep voice; below it there was a kind of ardor: one would have said that she could have taken upon herself alone all the sufferings upon earth.

Her fingers ceased twining themselves with mine. She passed them over my cheeks, and her voice turned very sweet as she said to me—

"The pureness of your face will remain graven in my mind."

And as her gaze was lifted above me, she added—

"God has given us remembrance, and it is not in the power of anyone to take that from us."

She got up from the bench, I went with her as far as the way out, and when Bel-Cell had reclosed the heavy door behind her, I listened for a long moment to the hollow drawn-out sound it made.

That evening *Sœur Désirée-des-Anges* came later than usual to our room. She had been present at the special prayers offered before the departure of *Sœur Marie-Aimée*, who was going away to nurse the lepers.

One would not care to be the kind of writer who could offer a comment upon this. But it is simply impossible to give any idea of the book without this passage.

And indeed I am far from confident of having given any just impression of the book. In directness of feeling and depth of insight it is like poetry, and what one longs to say is only—

"Read it,—read it, and you will see!"

For it does not remind one of any other book: it is, in simple fact, a new thing in literature. For this reason it seems to me that every one should seek to know *Marie-Claire*. For the few people who cannot read French—such transparent French as this—there is an English translation by Mr. J. N. Raphael. Opinions are divided as to the merits of the translation: some of the objections brought against it seem rather trivial, but as far as I am aware, the most serious mistake it contains has passed unnoticed.

Marie-Claire tells (on page 181) that it was her habit on Sundays, when she returned from hearing Mass, to bring back her tiny portion of "*pain bénit*," and divide it amongst the children of Jean le Rouge in the little house on the hill. The "*pain bénit*" should of

course be translated "blessed bread." But Mr. Raphael translates it "the consecrated wafer," a perfectly impossible idea, and one that would give most painful offence to many readers—it might have been supposed, to all. The same expression occurring again (on page 210) is translated in the same way, so it is evidently no slip. Mr. Raphael apparently does not know that it is the custom in some parts of France to distribute the "*pain bénit*" amongst the congregation after certain religious services: it is a custom not observed in Italy or in Ireland or in other Roman Catholic countries, and I do not know its origin, though its meaning is easily guessed. Mr. Raphael will no doubt be glad to correct his mistake in future editions of his book.

We hear no more of Sœur Marie-Aimée. We do not know what happened at the farm at Villevielle, or what became of Eugène, and his beloved oxen. It seems as if Marie-Claire were born to lose all her friends, each in a different way, only to keep them for ever in her heart. The last friend of all, and the one who came to her in her worst need, was the young nun with the beautiful face and name, and beautiful gift of consolation, Sœur Désirée-des-Anges.

She was a merry girl once, whose high spirits and curly hair were well remembered by Marie-Claire, and yet she did not know her when she saw her again in her nun's dress. This young Sister had conquered many an impulse of youth, and now in her secret chamber at night she put her slender hands together "like the saints," and read Thomas-à-Kempis in her plaintive voice before she slept; but there was one thing she could not conquer, and that was her aversion to the black and heavy nun's dress that she wore. She was ill, yet she was always gay, and complained of nothing

except that her dress seemed to grow heavier.

Marie-Claire slept with her, and one morning very early was awakened by hearing her say something: then she saw the young nun sitting up in bed, uncovering her hair.

Then she shook her head, making her short curly hair fall down over her forehead, and instantly I recognized Désiré Joly.

A little frightened, I got up; she said again—

"Open the window, that he may come in!"

I threw the window wide open, and when I turned round, Sœur Désirée-des-Anges stretched out her clasped hands towards the rising sun, and in a voice that had grown suddenly weak she said—

"I have taken off my dress,—I could not bear it any longer."

She laid herself quietly down at full length, and nothing moved in her face any more.

For a long time I held my breath to listen to hers; then I began to breathe hard and slowly, as if I might make my breath enter her breast.

But when I drew closer to look at her, I understood that the last breath had gone out of her body. Her wide-open eyes seemed to be gazing at a sunbeam that shot out like a long arrow.

Swallows passed and repassed before the window, uttering cries like little girls, and sounds that I had never heard before filled my ears.

I lifted up my head towards the dormitory windows, hoping that some person might be able to hear what I had to say.

But my gaze met nothing except the face of the great clock, which seemed to be looking into the room from above the lime-trees; it pointed to five o'clock: then I drew up the bed-coverings over Sœur Désirée-des-Anges, and went out to ring the *réveil*.

I rang for a long time; the sounds went very, very far away! They went where Sœur Désirée-des-Anges had gone.

I rang, because I thought the bell

was telling all the world that Sœur Désirée-des-Anges was dead.

I rang also because I hoped that she would put her beautiful face to the window once more, to say to me—

"That's enough! enough!"

Mélanie suddenly caught the rope away from me. The bell, which was starting, fell back wrong, and made a sound like a kind of lament.

Mélanie said to me—

"Are you crazy? here you have been ringing more than a quarter of an hour!"

I answered—

"Sœur Désirée-des-Anges is dead."

Anyone who reads this will feel how absolutely individual it is. Not the most prosaic of minds could contemplate it without realizing that here at last he has encountered the

shaping spirit of imagination.

He must feel as certain of it as that his boots are on his feet. And if his sense of annoyance at the wretchedly inadequate remarks of the present reviewer should rise to a height, let him

Blackwood's Magazine.

try to calm it by writing *for himself* an adequate and satisfactory account of the sensations he has received from the perusal of "Marie-Claire."

With what will he compare them?

With sufficient courage I might confess that there come floating into my own mind comparisons with the delicate and dearly imaginative music of Grieg, and also comparisons with the color of the blue wind-flowers that open here in April, and show one color to the sun and another when the cold wind blows.

But how can one seriously offer such lucubrations to other minds as "criticism"?

No! I prefer to quote three lines from a letter received from the author of "Thoughts on Paradox":—

Is it not *the* most perfectly simple thing in the world? The last and greatest art, we know, is the art of leaving out, but this woman leaves out almost everything by nature. I can only say that she must have the heart of a child and the brain of a genius.

Molra O'Neill.

OUR CORONATION ODE.

Uplift thee, Muse—

(By the way I ought to have said at once that this Ode is going to be recited by Mrs. Banting-Bate in our village on Coronation Day. The Vicar asked me to write it, and though I am not much good at poetry I couldn't very well refuse.)

Uplift thee, Muse, and sing us how and when

Beneath the shadow of the Larger Ben

The King of England and the Queen were crowned—

With lumtl-umtl-umtl standing round—

(I have still to put the finishing touches to my Ode, but I want to make the scheme of it public before the other poets come out with theirs; so that no one can accuse me afterwards of plagiarism.)

Uplift thee, Muse, and sing us why and where

So many what-d'you-call-'ems sit and stare

Upon the King of England and the Queen
In tooral-ooral umti-something sheen—

(You see the idea.)

But most uplift thee, Muse, to tell of those
Who, for the lack of necessary clothes,
Or else because they do not like a crush,
Remain behind at Bewdlay-on-the-Mush—*(our village)*.
Their hearts beat just as loyally as if,
Clad in a something-umthing collar stiff,
Or in a lumti-tumti harem gown
They'd left the country for the stifling town.
Loyalty burst from every heart in spates,
But, most of all, from Mr. Banting-Bate's!—

*(Husband of Mrs. Banting-Bate. He has very kindly lent his hill
for the bonfire. There will be a pause here, while the Vicar
leads the cheering.)*

Lo, lightly dawns at last the day of Kings,
Of Poms and Power and Pageantry and things,
When to the Abbey goes beloved George—
Ter-rumti-umti-umti forge or gorge—

(This line doesn't look very promising at present.)

Archbishop, Bishop, Dean, Archdeacon, Priest,
Gathered from North and South and West and East,
Duke, Marquis, Earl, Baron and Baronet
And Viscount too, in solemn conclave met,
Salute him, England's monarch—"George the Fifth!"

*(Tremendous applause, led by Mr. Banting-Bate. I hope it will
go on long enough to hide the fact that we are going to lose a
line here. The fact is there is simply no rhyme to "fifth.")*

And lo! the cheers break forth, both long and loud,
From everybody in the Abbey's crowd—
From Duke and Deacon, from *The Daily Mail's*
Own correspondent and the Prince of Wales.
Still more they cheer (how much I cannot tell)
As soon as good Queen Mary's crowned as well—

*(Applause led by Mrs. Bletherstone, who inaugurated the Mary
Fund in our village.)*

The ceremony over, then they go
Around the city in procession slow;
In all the pageantry of pomp and power
They ride through London for about an hour—*(roughly)*.
Let us, dear people, let us leave them there—
So kingly, queenly, noble and so fair.

*(A pause, while Miss Gathers of the Post Office presents Mrs.
Banting-Bate with a glass of water.)*

So much for that. And now a solemn hush
Comes o'er us here in Bewdlay-on-the-Mush.

These scenes which I have tried to adumbrate—
The Coronation and the March in State—
These scenes are not for us—except, I hope,
Upon the Little Bewdlay bioscope.

But even here, remote from King and Queen.
How great our preparat-i-ons have been!
Some say the tale of it has darkly spread
From Upper Bewdlay down to Bewdlay Head—

(Two important towns in the neighborhood.)

Who knows but what a rumor of the thing
Has even reached our gracious Queen and King!
How that a certain resident of fame—*(Mr. Banting-Bate)*
Has nobly lent the place which bears his name—

(Banting Place. Mr. Bate took the additional name of Banting when he took the place. And, to be exact, he has only lent one hill on the Estate.)

That there a bonfire might be built and burnt
And lessons too of loyalty be learnt—

(I mean, of course, that the bonfire will in itself be a lesson. Not that any sort of continuation class will be held upon the ashes.)

Moreover, how the Vicar will assist
Supported by his kindly wife, I wist—

(Not good—and might easily be misinterpreted. Will alter)

When all the children each receive a mug
Designed by Mrs. Welkington *(née Sugg)*—

(An extraordinary bit of luck. I don't know what I should have done for a rhyme otherwise.)

Next, Muse, take out thy lyre and sing the song
Short-long, short-long, short-long, short-long, short-long

(A difficulty here being that the rest of the celebrations are not yet decided upon. However, I anticipate no trouble when once the facts are in my hands.)

Now let us turn our thoughts across the sea
To where the Union Jack is waving free!
I breathe upon my magic harp and sing
The what's-its-name of what-d'you-call-the-thing—

(I want a good phrase for Empire.)

For lo! ter-umti-tooral-ooral-ay—

(This part is all a little in the rough at present. When polished up it will take up about ten lines. After that it will finish up quite quickly like this)

And now, good people, one thing still remains
Ere we go out into the fields and lanes;
One thing before we leave this solemn scene—
Namely to cry "God Save the King and Queen!"

Punch.

A. A. M.

"PASSING REMARKS."

"You know nothing at all about it in your class of life." This was the parting shot of a working man sent after the present writer in conclusion of an argument. The hand-worker had freely acknowledged that he had lately been deterred by irresponsible criticism from a course of conduct he greatly desired to pursue. "Remarks," he said, had been "passed" which he felt unable to disregard and of which he dare not challenge a repetition. The "remarks," so far as the brain-worker was able to find out, emanated neither from his friends, his employers, nor his enemies, but from casual acquaintance whose opinions one would have thought could have no weight with him whatever. The case is typical. Everyone who knows anything of the poor has heard them express an absurd fear of "remarks." Only the other day the writer was told of a gardener who had offered to build a shed in his employer's garden. Some person unknown, strolling aimlessly up the road, looked over the fence and "passed a remark" to the effect that gardeners should confine themselves to their proper work and not take the bread out of the mouths of professional shed-builders. The gardener, who was unable to make a guess even at his critic's identity, begged to be allowed to leave the job unfinished, though he had undertaken it at his own suggestion and had to all appearance taken a keen interest in its progress. One more illustration occurs to the writer's recollection. A little while ago he inquired of a working man, in the course of conversation, whether he had lately been through the main street of a neighboring village. "No," he replied, "I don't walk that way now of a Sunday; there have been remarks passed." It was impossible not to

feel some curiosity as to the import of these "remarks" whose effect was potent to shut up to their object a whole mile of delectable road. Had the speaker been a bachelor, or even a less devoted husband and father, a romantic explanation might have suggested itself. But to one accustomed to meet the sober householder on his slow Sunday rambles, accompanied by his wife and children, no such interpretation could commend itself. Were the remarks personal—did they refer to his age, to his increasing weight, to his wife's appearance, or to the children's clothes; were they made directly or under cover of chaff, or were they repeated? It is impossible to decide. All we can be sure is that criticism, whether it come directly or roundabout, adds a terror to life as soon as you go below a certain level of cultivation.

A small amount of light is thrown upon this matter by the fact that the uneducated are slow at repartee and at parrying a question. The man whose conversational muscles have been trained knows far better how to defend himself than one who has not had his talking powers exercised every day from childhood up. The poor are very conscious of their weakness here. That, we think, is why it does not injure a poor man's honor to tell a lie when asked an awkward question by a man who regards himself as his superior. He will defend himself by falsehood, as many schoolboys will, because he knows that he has no other chance of escape. Among themselves we do not believe they do this. Not unfrequently, in repeating a conversation between themselves and a neighbor, they will explain how they gave an evasive answer "to pass it off." But sophisticated society knows a hun-

dred methods of "passing it off" to their one and is a thousand times harder to take in. To go back to the question of readiness, verbal defence requires so much more agility than attack. A man who wants to be offensive can always take his time, his victim must act on the spur of the moment or surrender. Another thing which one must always take into consideration in discussing the point of view of a society more primitive than one's own is that friendship is not very common among simple people. Almost all affection is expended within the family. If we heard a cultivated man or woman say "I have no friends," we should know that he or she spoke out of the bitterness of his or her heart. But poor people often make use of the expression, and they only mean to imply that they regard themselves as "superior." They do not, as we do, live "among friends," helpful and kind as they are to one another. They do not readily exchange ideas, and they cannot afford to exchange hospitality. The two chief incentives to friendship are lacking among them. The poor have, there is no doubt, an offensive and defensive alliance, but it is that, rather than what we know as sympathy, which keeps what is in many ways a close corporation together. Consequently they are suspicious of one another, though in the face of the stranger perfectly loyal. The art of give and take does not come by nature.

The most incomprehensible part of the whole matter is that as a rule a rough criticism from one of his own kind does not set up the poor man's back. He does not resent it, or not nearly so keenly as an educated man would. It is very seldom that he turns obstinate under criticism. No, he tries to avoid it. Is he less of an individualist than he becomes after a generation or two of intellectual exer-

cise? one wonders. To go back to the analogy of the schoolboy, the boldest boy will refuse to run counter to a fashion prevailing among his equals at his school. He regards his critics very much as a poor man regards his. It is difficult to analyze the nature of the coercion to which the boys bow. It is not necessarily accompanied by bullying. It is still more difficult to explain the submission of the working man. The brain-worker "knows nothing at all about it."

One more possible explanation, however, suggests itself to our minds: Do the rules against repeating run among the poor? We imagine not, and it is here perhaps lies the key to the matter. Half the confusion caused by the "passing of remarks" is no doubt caused by direct criticism, and has nothing to do with repetition, but direct criticism will always be inconsiderate where no criticism can be made in confidence. If what we say to Smith about Jones is sure to get to Jones sooner or later, we may as well say it straight. As to refraining altogether from criticism, you might as well tell a man to refrain from curiosity, or, indeed, from speech altogether. The cultivated, who have brought the art of life to a far higher point than the uncultivated, have protected their liberty by a social rule. They say what they like about every one, and it does not get to the ears of the man about whom they have said it.

Of course many cynics will deny this, and of course many things are repeated, but few men and women, we believe, if they search their memories, will be able to find many instances of serious harm done by repetition. It happens occasionally. Letters go wrong occasionally, but only in very exceptional cases. We have heard it said that in the small society which lives at leisure, and therefore gives itself largely to the pursuit of pleasure,

the repetition of unkind criticism is **more** common than among brain workers. We have also heard this contradicted. Perhaps the explanation of **the** two accounts may lie in the fact **that** in such society sensitiveness is **not** very common. They are not dishonorable, but they are hardy. Criticisms are perhaps made and repeated among them which the brain worker could not endure. Sham fighting is a game which does not appeal to the working man, whether he work with his head or his hands. He has no need of an artificial outlet for his energies. There is, we think, no doubt that the law against repetition is, even among the cultivated, more far-reaching than it was. There is a dim tradition, still preserved among elderly governesses, of a time when children were told to say nothing behind anyone's back which they could not say before his face.

The Spectator.

Such a rule must have been invented to soften life when the repetition of unfavorable criticism was not utterly condemned. As things are, the majority of educated people have arranged to spare themselves. They avoid "passing" unkind "remarks," and they avoid passing them on. The poor have not yet got so far. We cannot imagine the doctor looking over the barrister's wall and saying "How dare you prescribe a mustard plaster for your little boy! It's taking the bread out of the mouths of the medical profession." The proof of the matter seems to lie in the fact that the poor are frightened by the bare thought of criticism, whereas we are not, the reason being, perhaps, that they have a franker criticism to fear, since they are plainly not greater cowards than we are.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

There are strange regions where the monotony of ignoble streets is broken only by an occasional church, a Board School, or a public-house. From the city's cathedral to every point of the compass, except the west, they stretch almost without limit till they reach the bedraggled fields maturing for development. They form by far the larger part of an Empire's capital. Each of them is, in fact, a vast town, great enough as far as numbers go, to make the Metropolis of a powerful State. Out of half-a-dozen of them, such as Islington, Bethnal Green, or Bermondsey, the County Council could build half-a-score of Italian republics, like the Florence or Pisa of old days, if only it had the mind. Each possesses a character, a peculiar flavor, or, at the worst, a separate smell. Many of them are traversed every day by thousands of

rich and well-educated people, passing underground or overhead. Yet to nearly all of us they remain strange and almost untrodden. We do not think of them when we think of London. Them no pleasure-seeker counts among his opportunities, no foreigner visits as essential for his study of the English soul. Not even Government officials, who talk so much about architecture, discuss their architecture in the clubs. Not one in a thousand of us has ever known a human soul among their inhabitants. To the comfortable classes the Libyan desert is more familiar.

At elections, even politicians remember their existence. From time to time a philanthropist goes down there to share God's good gifts with his poorer brethren, or to elevate the masses with tinkling sounds or a

painted board. From time to time an adventurous novelist is led round the opium-shops, dancing-saloons and docks, returning with copy for tales of lust and murder that might just as well be laid in Siberia or Timbuctoo. When we scent an East End story on its way, do we not patiently await the battered head, the floating corpse, the dynamiter's den, or a woman crying over her ill-begotten babe? Do we not always get one or other of the lot? To read our story-tellers from Mr. Kipling downward, one might suppose the East End to be inhabited by bastards engaged in mutual murder, and the marvel is that anyone is left alive for the subject of a tale. You may not bring an indictment against a whole nation, but no sensational writer hesitates to libel three million of our fellow-citizens. Put it in Whitechapel, and you may tell what lie you please.

About once in a generation some "Bitter Cry" pierces through custom, and the lives of "the poor" become a subject for polite conversation and amateur solicitude. For three months, or even for six, that subject appears as the intellectual "rôt" at dinner-tables; then it is found a little heavy, and cultured interest returns to its natural courses of plays, pictures, politics, a dancing woman, and the memorials of Kings. It is almost time now that the poor came up again, for a quarter of a century has gone since they were last in fashion, and men's collars and women's skirts have run their full orbit since. Excellent books have appeared, written with intimate knowledge of working life—books such as Charles Booth's "London" or Mr. Richard Free's "Seven Years Hard," to mention only two; but either the public mind was pre-occupied with other amusements, or it had not recovered from the lassitude of its last philanthropic debauch. Nothing has roused that fury of charitable curiosity which

accompanies a true social revival, and leaves its victims gasping for the next excitement. The time is, perhaps, now ripe, but we cannot foretell any more startling influence for Mr. Alexander Paterson's book, "Across the Bridges" (Arnold). Excellent though it is, its excellence, in fact, will exclude it from fashion. For it is written with the restraint of knowledge, and contains no touch of melodrama from beginning to end. Not by knowledge or restraint are the insensate sensations of fashion reached.

As his title shows, Mr. Paterson's experience has lain on the south side of the river, and the district possesses peculiarities of its own. On the whole, we think, the riverside streets there are rather more unhealthy than those in the East End. Many houses stand below water-level, and in digging foundations we have sometimes found the black sludge of old marshes squirting up through the holes, and even bringing with it embedded reeds that perhaps were growing when Shakespeare acted there. The population is more distinctly English than on the north side. Where the poverty is extreme it is more helpless. Work as a whole is rather steadier, but not so good. The smell is different and very characteristic, partly owing to the hop-markets. Life seems rather sadder and more depressing there, with less of gaiety and independence; but that may be because the present writer is more intimate with the East End, and intimacy with working people nearly always improves their aspect. It is, indeed, fortunate for our sensational novelists that they remain so ignorant of their theme, for otherwise murders, monsters, and mysteries would disappear from their pages, and goodness knows how they would make a living then!

It is not crime and savagery that characterize the unknown lands where

the working classes of London chiefly live. Matthew Arnold said our lower classes were brutalized, and he was right, but not if by brutality he meant cruelty, violence, or active sin. What characterizes them and their streets is poverty. Poverty and her twins, unhappiness and waste. Under unhappiness, we may include the outward conditions of discomfort—the crowded rooms, the foul air, the pervading dirt, the perpetual stench of the poor. In winter the five or six children in a bed grow practised in turning over all at the same time while still asleep, so as not to disturb each other. In a hot summer the bugs drive the families out of the rooms to sleep on the doorstep. Cleanliness is an expensive luxury almost as far beyond poverty's reach as diamonds. The foul skin, the unwashed clothes, the layer of greasy smuts, the boots that once fitted someone, and are now held on by string, the scraps of food bought by the pennyworth, of tea, condensed milk, fried fish, bread and "strawberry flavor," the coal bought by the "half-hundred," the unceasing noise, the absence of peace or rest, the misery of sickness in a crowd—all such things may be counted among the outward conditions of unhappiness, and only people who have never known them would call them trivial. But by the unhappiness that springs from poverty we mean far worse.

The definition of happiness as "an energy of the soul along the lines of excellence, in a fully developed life" is ancient now, but we have never found a better. From happiness so defined, poverty excludes our working-classes in the lump, almost without exception. For them an energy of the soul along the lines of excellence is almost unknown, and a fully developed life impossible. In both these respects their condition has probably become worse within the last century.

If there is a word of truth in what historians tell us, a working-man must certainly have had a better chance of exercising an energy of his soul before the development of factories and machinery. What energy of the personal soul is exercised in a mill-hand, a tea-packer, a slop-tailor, or the watcher of a thread in a machine? How can a man or woman engaged in such labor for ten hours a day at subsistence wage enjoy a fully developed life? It seems likely that the old-fashioned workman who made things chiefly with his own hands and had some opportunity of personal interest in the work, stood a better chance of the happiness arising from an energy of the soul. His life was also more fully developed by the variety and interest of his working material and surroundings. This is the point to which our prophets who pour their lamentations over advancing civilization should direct their main attack, as, indeed, the best of them have done. For certainly it is an unendurable result if the enormous majority of civilized mankind are for ever to be debarred from the highest possible happiness.

The second offspring of poverty in these working regions of our city is waste. And we have called waste the twin brother of unhappiness because the two are very much alike. By waste we do not here mean the death-rate of infants, though that stands at one in four. No one, except an exploiter of labor, would desire a mere increase in the workpeople's number without considering the quality of the increase. But by waste we mean the multitudes of boys and girls who never get a chance of fulfilling their inborn capacities. The country's greatest shame and disaster arise from the custom whereby the line between the educated and the uneducated follows the line between the rich and the poor, almost without deviation. That a na-

ture capable of high development should be precluded by poverty from all development is the deepest of personal and natural disasters, though it happen, as it does happen, several thousand times a year. Physical waste is bad enough—the waste of strength and health that could easily be retained by fresh air, open spaces and decent food, and is so retained among well-to-do children. This physical waste has already created such a broad distinction that foreigners coming among us detect two species of the English people, and Indians on arriving are horrified to realize that the boasted Imperial race consists of a majority so degraded in appearance as our working-men and women. But the mental waste is worse. It is a subject that Mr. Paterson dwells upon, and he speaks with authority, as one who has taught in the Board Schools and knows the life of the people across the bridges from the banana-box to the grave.

"Boys who might become classical scholars," he writes, "stick labels on to parcels for ten years, others who have literary gifts clear out a brewer's vat. Real thinkers work as porters in metal warehouses, and after shouldering iron fittings for eleven hours a day, find it difficult to set their minds in order. . . . With even the average boy there is a marked waste of mental capital between the ages of ten and thirty, and the aggregate loss to the country is heavy indeed."

At fourteen, just when the "education" of well-to-do boys is beginning, the working boys' education stops. For ten or eleven years he has been happy at school. He has looked upon school as a place of enjoyment—of interest, kindliness, warmth, cleanliness, and even quiet of a kind. The school methods of education may not be the best. Mr. Paterson points out all that is implied in the distinction between the "teachers" of the Board

Schools and the "masters" of the public schools. Too much is put in, not enough drawn out from the child's own mind. The teacher cannot think much of individual natures, when faced with a class of sixty. Yet it would be difficult to overrate the service of the Board Schools as training grounds for manners, and anyone who has known the change in our army within twenty-five years will understand what we mean. Nevertheless, at fourteen the boy has often reached his highest mental and spiritual development. When he leaves school, shades of the prison-house begin to close upon him. He jumps at any odd job that will bring in a few shillings to the family fund. He becomes beer-boy, barber's boy, van-boy, paper-boy, and in a year or two he is cut out by the younger generation knocking at the door. He has learnt nothing; he falls out of work; he wanders from place to place. By the time he is twenty-two, just when the well-to-do are "finishing their education," his mind is dulled, his hope and interest gone, his only ambition is to get a bit of work and keep it. At the best he develops into the average working-man of the regions we have called unknown. Mr. Paterson thus describes the class:—

These are the steady bulk of the community, insuring the peace of the district by their habits and opinions far more effectively than any vigilance of police or government. Yet, if they are indeed satisfactory, how low are the civic standards of England, how fallen the ideals and beauties of Christianity! No man that has dreams can rest content because the English worker has reached his high level of regular work and rare intoxication.

We do not rest content; far from it. But to us the perpetual wonder is, not that "the lower classes are brutalized," but that this brutality is so tempered with generosity and sweetness. It is not their crime that surprises us, but

their virtue; not their turbulence or discontent, but their inexplicable acquiescence. "O sacred head, O desecrate, O labor-wounded feet and hands," cried the poet before a Crucifix of the Son of Man, and to-day is a fitting time to remember the words.

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And yet there are still people who sneer at "the mob," "the vulgar herd," "the great unwashed," as though principles, gentility, and soap were privileges in reward of merit, and not the accidental luck of money's chaotic distribution.

THE CORONATION SERVICE.

The "form and order" of the Coronation Service and of "the ceremonies that are to be observed" has been issued in various shapes and at various prices by the King's Printers (Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, East Harding Street, E.C.) and we may employ the occasion of re-reading this noble service to look into its religious and political meaning. Gladstone wrote of the Coronation Service with passionate admiration. What are the underlying ideas which appealed to him, and which shine through the whole service in its relation to the people? The Service is, as Gladstone said, a thing by which the religion of the nation is attested. It is like the compact made at the accession of a Jewish King—a covenant between the Lord and the King and the people. The King is reminded that he owes allegiance to God and justice to his people; the obligations of the people to render homage and obedience to the King are demanded on the condition that the King obeys the Divine law, and administers justice in the light of that law; and both King and people avow their conviction of the unalterable mercy and guidance of the Almighty on condition that their part of the covenant be observed. Although the Service is, one might almost say, lyrical in its spirit of devotion, there is no insistence whatever on purely distinguishing Anglican doctrines. It is a Service which any Christian might join in without dissent.

We hear so much of the Coronation, that the public might easily pass into thinking that the Coronation is a kind of pageant of which the symbols mean very little beyond keeping up a tradition. Owing to gossip, the influx of visitors, and the power of a popular Press, it might happen by one means or another that the significance of the Coronation would be lost in an orgy of secondary meanings. The only corrective of that distorted yet inevitable tendency is to read the Service. If ever there was a form of words which causes all the tokens and trappings of an ancient usage to fall into their proper places and serve the central and most simple purpose of the ceremony, it is this Service. The King holds the nation in trust, and never has greater emphasis been laid on the profound responsibilities of that trust. One might be casually led to think of the Coronation as an excessive act of homage to the King, on whom all attention is concentrated. Nothing could be wider of the truth. As one reads the Service one is rather impressed by the thought that a King, exceptionally sensible of the nature of his charge, could hardly bear up under the burden of responsibility loaded upon him and urged with all the emphasis of weighty words. The person of the King, we mean, enjoys the homage of the people only as the embodiment of the trust confided to his keeping. From the first word to the last there is not a breath or shadow

of sycophancy. The Service is worthy of a free people—worthy of a people who rationally but devotedly believe in the convenience and efficacy of a constitutional hereditary monarchy.

The Service is a selection from words and usages which go back to the earliest times. The accretion of ceremonies hundreds of years ago had already become so unmanageable that an abridgement of the Coronation became inevitable. In a history of the Coronations, "The Coronation Book," by the Rev. Jocelyn Perkins (Sir I. Pitman, second edition, 7s. 6d. net), we are reminded that Richard II., worn out with the protracted rites, was carried fainting from the Abbey. Parts of the ceremony gradually fell into disuse, but the whole was still inordinately long. After the Coronation of George IV., for example, the procession of the Regalia was abandoned. This fine and telling ceremony was revived at the Coronation of Edward VII., and the present form of Service (with the possible exception of the sermon, which, however, is expressly required to be short) seems to have brought us to a point where nothing can be sacrificed without spoiling the historical grandeur of the office.

As Mr. Perkins says, the Coronation is in danger of losing some of its meaning through being performed so long after accession. The "sacring" of a King with the holy oil undoubtedly expressed more to Englishmen, say before the time of Queen Anne, than it expresses to us to-day. The unction was supposed to invest the King with peculiar powers, and he emerged from the ceremony possessed of a dual character, half cleric, half lay—a *mixta persona*:—

Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed King.

The divine aid was, and is, invoked upon the Sovereign in the same manner

as upon Bishops; and the episcopal character of the vestments worn by the King is plain to the eye. "The Recognition," as it is called, of the King and Queen very early in the Service, takes one back to the ancient custom of electing a King:—

The King and Queen being so placed, the Archbishop shall turn to the East part of the Theatre, and after, together with the Lord Chancellor, Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord High Constable and Earl Marshal (Garter King of Arms preceding them), shall go to the other three sides of the Theatre in this order, South, West, and North, and at every of the four sides shall with a loud voice speak to the people; and the King in the mean while standing up by his chair, shall turn and show himself unto the People at every of the four sides of the Theatre as the Archbishop is at every of them, the Archbishop saying:

"Sirs, I here present unto you King GEORGE, the undoubted King of this Realm: Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, Are you willing to do the same?"

The People signify their willingness and joy, by loud and repeated acclamations, all with one voice crying out,

"God save King GEORGE."

Then the trumpets shall sound.

William the Conqueror, as we know, was anxious to secure his position by exacting the expression of popular consent—i.e., the consent of election—when he received the crown from Archbishop Eldred. The "Yea, yea!" of the people was, unhappily, taken by the Norman soldiers to be a hostile shout, and they fired the houses of the Saxons. Two or three times the suggestion of popular election is to be found still embedded in the Service. One may find a counterpart to the survival of these suggestions in the fact that anyone has a right to attend the gathering of Privy Councillors and other notable persons who assemble on the demise of the Crown to proclaim the new King, and

also to sign his name to the proclamation. That assembly is not a meeting of the Privy Council but in truth represents the Witan and so the tradition of popular election.

The promises exacted from the King are sobering indeed:—

Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the people of this United Kingdom of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, and the Dominions thereto belonging, according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective Laws and Customs of the same?

King. I solemnly promise so to do.

Archbishop. Will you to your power cause Law and Justice in Mercy to be executed in all your judgments?

King. I will.

Archbishop. Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the Laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the settlement of the Church of *Eng-*

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land, and the doctrine, worship, discipline and government thereof, as by law established in *England*? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of *England*, and to the Churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges, as by law do or shall appertain to them, or any of them?

King. All this I promise to do.

No sooner is the King crowned than the choir adjures him in delightfully direct and simple words:—"Be strong and play the man: keep the commandments of the Lord, thy God, and walk in His ways." Nor must we forget the excellent words—as moving as any in the whole ceremony—with which the Dean of Westminster gives a copy of the Bible to the King:—

Our gracious King; we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom; this is the royal Law; these are the lively Oracles of God.

THE INTERNATIONAL SPY: AN EXTRAORDINARY DEVELOPMENT.

A number of police and diplomatic revelations in recent months have called attention to the extraordinary and threatening development which the international spy has taken in the world behind the scenes at the present day. Many circumstances have combined to render his sinister calling at once more easy and more formidable. From the telephone to the aeroplane, from the abolition or facilitation of passports to the cosmopolitanism of newspapers, commercial agencies, and Stock Exchanges, there is everywhere the means of sudden communication and surreptitious profits to an extent incredible in times not very remote from our own. A Cairene broker's assistant, by first spying on the domestic secrets of an extravagant prince,

can set his foot on the ladder which conducts him to the directorate of one of Europe's greatest newspapers; and every foot of his tortuous progress is marked by secret transactions with dangerous accomplices and public catastrophes to trusting dupes. Great agglomerations of alien populations in almost every country afford ready sympathizers to the spy, facile aids to his inquisitions and investigations, dexterous informants in his search for knowledge, devoted accomplices, bound by the shibboleths of race and tradition, when the agents of law or government are pressing hard upon the traces of the betrayer of national security. It was easier for the ministers of justice to track an escaping criminal from den to den in the Alsatia at Whitefriars or

in the Liberties of Westminster two hundred years ago than it is to-day to watch or capture the subtle thief of public secrets who is protected by the fraternity of calling and kinship from Houndsditch to Odessa.

The scandal at the Quai d'Orsay, as the Paris Press is accustomed to entitle the disclosure of diplomatic secrets by a subordinate of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, may serve to illustrate the unscrupulous skill of the spy as well as the extent of his operations and the variety of his methods and occupations. The world-wide system, indeed, by which a grave and cultured Oriental, a Jew from the Turkish province of Mesopotamia, was able to offer the most intimate documents of the French Foreign Office for purchase by London newspapers, cosmopolitan concession-hunters at Constantinople, or Italian and German Governments reasonably suspected of a desire to pry into French policy, forms a phenomenon of modern development that has too many counterparts. The many-tongued Maimon from Bagdad—his very name reminiscent of the great Maimonides of the Middle Ages who is the pride of Jewish philosophy—seems to have qualified himself from his earliest years for the practice of the peculiar profession which he and his class love to exercise. Speaking most European as well as most Levantine tongues, he possessed the linguistic key to half the back-doors between the Tigris and the Thames. He became a gatherer of information. Information of all kinds and any kind. For the merchant of such wares there are the most various descriptions of buyers to be found. A common pretext and a common object of the collection of news is to supply the Press. There are so many papers, and there are so many sorts of information which are in demand. Besides, to supply the Press is a handy cloak for supplying

other clients as well. And if the offer of purloined intelligence to an attaché fails to result in a bargain, then there is the chance of disposing of the venture to an editor, even an American one. In addition to politics and the Press there is the Stock Exchange. Early knowledge of a State secret may be far more valuable on the Bourse than up the back-stairs of an embassy or a legation.

The cosmopolitan nationality of the international spy immensely assists his quest for the materials of his trade. In nine cases out of ten the persons who are in possession of news or documents which the spy wants to know or to copy, and who are at all likely to be tempted by his offers, are persons who are in financial distress, or who have habits which bring them to the usurer at least occasionally. Here one cosmopolitan comes to the assistance of another cosmopolitan; or, rather, the international spy can get on terms of intimacy and familiarity with all the international money-lenders of the place. Those fowl of a feather have one belief in common; that birds of prey should help one another, unless self-interest oppose. A share of the spoil easily removes the obstacle of self-interest; and the spy learns from the usurer precisely what officials in confidential positions have expensive tastes and deplore the difficulty of indulging them. Means are found to bring the spy and the confidential official together, in some congenial place, at a gaming-table, in a club of doubtful antecedents. The acquaintance is made. The temptation is sketched out. A mere glance at certain papers, or their copies will be repaid liberally, lavishly, and not a soul in the world need ever hear of the transaction. The spy is ready to pledge "his word of honor" that there is no treason in the transaction; that the intelligence is merely wanted for a newspaper; or for

a profitable little flutter on the Stock Exchange. The rank of the tempted official need not be high. It is enough if he has access to official papers. Very often an employé of the lowest rank has habitual access to most important information indeed: when he is an habitual copyist, for instance, and when he enjoys the confidence of bigger men. The third-class official of the French Foreign Office who supplied Maimon with scores of important secrets was a mere copyist. He was not well paid of course; but he had rather expensive tastes. So Maimon paid him a regular salary; and he showed the spy whatever came into his hands. "But there was no treason to France. The papers were used only for private purposes. Maimon had pledged his word of honor to that." The cosmopolitan from Mesopotamia had relations in every city of Europe. He had documents about the Bagdad Railway, about the Potsdam interview. He was ready to sell his secrets in the markets of diplomacy or in the markets of the evening Press. The spy was as affable as he was accommodating.

No more extraordinary and symptomatic example of the international spy could be constructed by the most fertile imagination than has been chronicled in plain matter-of-fact before a Warsaw tribunal of police in the case of the sinister and extraordinary personage, Mosevitch Weysmann, who has just been sentenced to imprisonment for a characteristic crime. Mosevitch Weysmann—observe the instructive blend of Slavic and Yiddish elements in the Moses, Vitch, and Weysmann of this name—came of a family of cosmopolitans settled in Odessa, and having the most extensive relations of perquisition and business around all the coasts of the Black Sea and in the Eastern basin of the Mediterranean. Allied to the formidable and disgusting confederacy of the white slavers, who are always

on the search for the victims of their hideous speculation wherever ignorance and poverty facilitate the commerce in female flesh, Mosevitch Weysmann was already known in 1880 throughout the South of Russia and in the Balkan States as one of the most skillful and ruthless partners in the white-slaving enterprise. Amassing a considerable fortune as a purveyor for the houses of the trade between Buenos Aires and Calcutta, Mosevitch aspired after new worlds to conquer. He travelled through the entire Ottoman Empire, Western Europe, and both Americas, North and South. Returning to the special regions of the partnership, he next settled in Cairo, where a "Turkish Café" included a complete organization for debauchery of every description which could be combined with his original industry. Visiting Odessa to renew acquaintance with kinsmen and allies, he was encouraged to open a branch of his Cairo establishment in the South Russian port; but a narrow escape from arrest and punishment at the plaint of foreign Powers whose subjects had suffered by his enterprise as white slaver, warned him to fly from Russia and the unwelcome attentions of the local chief of the secret police, Inspector Tchekanof. Assuming the familiar part of "refugee from persecution," Mosevitch escaped to England and devoted himself to all sorts of subterranean practices during several years.

Then occurred a transformation. An ingratiating and peculiarly well-informed stranger presented himself in the capital of Roumania to the Russian Lieutenant-Colonel Boudzilovitch, military attaché at Bucharest. Producing a mass of notes on all kinds of Balkan political movements, Mosevitch persuaded the military attaché that he could keep the Russian Government informed upon most of the intrigues which are always germinating in the

Balkan soil. Not only the Russian, but the Servian and Bulgarian Legations accepted the services of the spy. Pretending, or authorized to act as "Financial Agent of the Russian Ministry of the Interior," Mosevitch took advantage of the revolutionary disorders in Russia to push his audacity to extraordinary lengths. He had a sumptuous mansion in the Bulgarian capital alongside of the Turkish Ministry. Cabinet ministers, deputies, leading journalists, foreign ambassadors consulted his Excellency Mosevitch Weysmann. He was continually travelling between Vienna and Constantinople. At the same time his wife, a former mistress of one of his houses of ill-fame, contrived to obtain the confidence of Queen Draga of Serbia, who was then exposed to peculiar anxiety through the lack of an heir to King Alexander II. The famous "false pregnancy" of Queen Draga was arranged by Mosevitch and his worthy spouse, and "an heir-apparent" was procured for presentation to the Servian nation as the child of miracle of the House of Obrenovitch.

After the catastrophe in Serbia, Mosevitch entered into confidential relations with the Sultan Abdul Hamid,

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always in quest of spies. At Yildiz Kiosk Mosevitch met the cognate Maimon who is now under lock and key at Paris. Then he appeared at Petersburg, accompanied by financial brethren from Italy, in order to effect a financial reorganization and extension of important houses of debauch in the Russian capital. Protected by his functions as secret political spy he believed that he could extend the white slave trade in Russia under conditions of exceptional favor. But something occurred to direct the attention of the Russian police to the enterprising cosmopolitan. He tried to escape, as he had escaped from the Odessa police inspector, but, alas! Mosevitch was fated this time to be prosecuted. Though no proofs could be obtained for the thousandth part of his infamies, enough was known to send to a cell in a Russian gaol the international spy, the white slaver, the foster-parent of a fictitious Crown Prince, the host and guest of diplomatists and statesmen, the confidant of Abdul Hamid, the accomplice of Maimon of Paris, the prosperous, the persecuted, the all-blackguardly Mosevitch Weysmann, the cosmopolitan pearl from Odessa.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Professor William Cleaver Wilkinson's "Daniel Webster" (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is written as a vindication of Mr. Webster, both as to his public and private character. It is written with zeal, not always tempered with discretion; and it brings together many interesting facts regarding the career and character of the great statesman. But Professor Wilkinson would have done well to restrict himself to prose. His ode on Webster is feeble and tedious. Grouped in the same volume are four

or five other historical or biographical papers.

"Out of Russia" was Professor Shisken, the distinguished physicist, but the Brotherhood to which he had sworn allegiance in his youth laid its commands on his tranquil age, and sent him from his laboratory in New York to cover with a deep-sea dredging expedition its search in the Baltic for buried gold. Of his adventures and those of the fascinating young revolu-

tionist, sent to the United States to intercept a letter gone astray, of the rich American who falls in love with her, the scheming rascal who valets the lover, the burly frontiersman who is brother to the valet, the variety actress who coquettes with the frontiersman, and sundry minor characters, Crittenden Marriott has woven a light, ingenious tale which many readers will find diverting on a summer afternoon. J. B. Lippincott Co.

The title of R. E. Vernède's story "Quietness of Dick" will not, it is to be hoped, mislead the boy readers for whom it is intended, into the assumption that it is an over-quiet tale. On the contrary, there is plenty of excitement in it, and plenty of humor and both of a genuine and unforced quality. We do not recall that Mr. Vernède has before essayed to write for boys, but youngsters of from fourteen to eighteen whose happy lot it is to come upon this book will hope that he may go right on, writing more like it. The book shows the same cleverness which characterizes the author in his writing for older people; and, from the frontispiece which depicts the upset of Dick and Tod to the closing chapter which describes their capture of "Captain François," there are no dull pages. Henry Holt & Co.

Mothers and fathers, grandmamas and grandpapas, aunts and even uncles will enjoy Mary Heaton Vorse's studies of "The Very Little Person." Though the story is continuous, each of its chapters is complete in itself—"The Smile," "The Conquest of the Feet," "The Passing of the Shadow," and the rest of the eight—and each will make a delightful half-hour's reading for the family group. Most amusing of all, intensely realistic and up-to-date, with its picture of the scrupulous young mother and the contemptuous grandmothers looking on, is "The Baby

and the Theory." But none appeals to more varied emotions than the first, which describes the welcome of "Mr. Greatrax's Baby" and his own initiation into the fellowship of fathers. Illustrations in characteristic vein by Rose O'Neill add to the attractiveness of a dainty volume which one would fain buy to give away by the dozen. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The revived interest in Poe will ensure a welcome for the edition of "The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe" which Mr. J. H. Whitty has edited, and to which he has prefixed a memoir containing a good deal of fresh information. Mr. Whitty has had access to the files of the Richmond Examiner, the unpublished "Recollections of Poe," written by F. W. Thomas, his associate on the Examiner, and to Poe's own final revisions of the text of his poems. From these sources he has been able to gather several hitherto unpublished poems by Poe, and some others attributed to him, and some fresh biographical material. Mr. Whitty also furnishes full notes and a variorum text of the poems,—this last a task of great difficulty and labor, as Poe continually revised his verse, and few of his poems appear in the same form in any two different editions. Altogether, Mr. Whitty's laborious researches and comparisons, representing the toil of many years, make this the definitive edition of Poe's writings in verse. The illustrations include a portrait never previously reproduced, a view of the Southern Literary Messenger building at Richmond, Virginia, which is still standing, a picture of the desk at which Poe wrote, and a facsimile of a fragment of a poem. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Intensely realistic is Gustav Frensen's latest book, "Flaus Hinrich Baas, The Story of a Self-made Man." Of

sturdy peasant stock from the lower Elbe, young Klaus is left at fifteen, by his father's death, the man of the house, with debts to pay. With extraordinary vividness of detail are described the laborious months spent in working about the Hamburg wharves; the three years of broadening ambition and capacity as a clerk in a commission merchant's office; the period of military service during which Klaus finds time to read and to acquire some knowledge of languages; the four years in India, where he is sent to look up an abandoned tin-mine; the return to civilization, the delight in home-comforts and the ill-considered marriage with a narrow, prim young girl in a town too small to afford any scope for enterprise and too conservative to sympathize with it; the estrangement and separation; the old firm in Hamburg saved from failure, and its rapid, but not incredible, success under his management; the marriage to the daughter of one of the partners; and, finally, the daring venture in Shanghai to retrieve the blunder of a brother-in-law with more respect for tradition than for initiative. As the record of the experiences which make the successful business man, one can hardly praise the book too highly. But the parallel and equally detailed record of the emotions and adventures of adolescence, and of the episode intervening between the two marriages, will give offence to readers whose consciences acquit them of either narrowness or primness. Not only the hero's practice, but his theory, runs directly counter to the received standards of morality, and the frequent and quite uncalled-for intrusion of smutty little stories into the narrative forbids one to excuse its vagaries as those of an idealist. The Macmillan Co.

A story which one cannot praise as it deserves without being suspected of

exaggeration is "People of Popham," by Mary C. E. Wemyss, author of "The Professional Aunt." Simple and natural, full of a gay humor which often flashes into real wit, with an undertone of tenderness and pathos, it is one of the most charming chronicles of village life ever written. Among its characters are Lady Victoria herself, at Great Popham, whose doctor manages her so beautifully, knowing exactly the kind of disease a well-bred woman can have; Sir Popham, who, like lots of simple men, would like to be thought wicked; beautiful Mary Howard with her optimistic, improvident husband and her adoring children; Mrs. Dare, the vicar's wife, explaining to the newcomer, who asks if there is any work she can do, that we have hangings for all seasons of the church's year; Mr. Gray, the curate, of whom Lady Victoria is sure some one must once have proposed to him—it leaves a look and a cautiousness which is unnatural—she can always tell; Mrs. Durnford, the doctor's wife, who labors under the delusion that there is virtue in saying exactly what she thinks; her daughter, fresh from a school in France, with the sort of eyes that mean trouble for some one; the Miss Franklyns with their miniatures, black chairs inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and herbaceous border; old Betsy Marker, who was counted a good washer-up once; Mrs. Mangle, the excellent cook, Mangle, the first-class butler, and their pathetic little encumbrance; Ruth, the donkey, to whom one thistle in the mouth is no doubt worth all the purple distances in the world—all these are sketched with deft, loving touches by Christian Hope, herself, in the opinion of her faithful Jane, "not exactly a maiden lady, for maiden ladies are elderly, as a rule," but with a ripened discrimination and tolerance which do not come to girls in their first youth. Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LI.

No. 3493 June 17, 1911

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VOL. CCLXIX.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

ELD TO YOUTH.

Would I exchange
With you, my sweet,
For the clear eyes' range,
And the rapid feet,
And the heart's high beat;

The white brow smooth,
The cheek's warm rose,
The lips of youth,
And the lovely glows
That morning knows?

Exchange for these.
The furrowed brow,
And the feeble knees,
And the hair's thin snow,
And the voice brought low;

The eyes' eclipse,
And the hand that shakes;
The shaming slips
That memory makes;
And the sevenfold aches?

Not I, not I,
O young, O fair!
Who am standing nigh
To the river where
The soul strips bare.

But I may not speak
To tell you why,
O smooth of cheek,
O bright of eye,
Till the day I die.

(Have you not heard
Of the fair white stone,
With its written word
By one soul known,
And the Lord alone?)

PHIL THE FIDDLER.

(WESSEX SONG.)

Where be to, you lads and lasses,
Droo the furrow, droo the grasses?
Here be Phil the fiddler passes,
For to set 'ee all in trim.
Look, the children run a-gapen
When they hear the catgut scrapen,
When they see the maids a-shapen
Merry measures after him.
Be it Michaelmas or May-day,
Be it goolden day or gray day,
I will turn un to a gay day,
Sweet as honey in the comb:

Now you'm litzome, now you'm cheery,
Not a care shall come anear 'ee,
And your veet shall not be weary
On the long road home.

Like the gnats in air a-whisken,
Like the lambs in field a-frisken,
You shall find your toes a-brisken
To the tune that I du tell:

For though I be old and tewly,
Yet my bow is resined newly,
And 'tis light and youthful truly,
And can lead the dancen well.

Not a zoul zo melancholic
But shall foot it and shall frolic,
While the granfers watch un rollick,
And the jolly tankards voam;
While the fiddle zounds, you'm grudgen
That a single step be budgen,
But the time will come for trudgen
On the long road home.

Shepherd's purse or ploughman's
pocket,

O, my music shall unlock it,
Zingen high as any rocket

Droo the hurly-burly fair:
When 'ee harks the fiddle handy,
Bin 'ee halt or bin 'ee bandy,
'Ee shall dance like Jack a-dandy,
'Ee shall hop like cricket there!

And it's hey-de-diddle-diddle,
Turn your partner up the middle,
And it's welcome Phil and fiddle.

Ay, from Fordingbridge to Frome
But when fair and fun be ended,
And the shepherd's silver spended,
I must lag it unbefriended
On the long road home.

Fiddling daily, fiddling nightly,
With a music young and sprightly,
You mid think my heart beat lightly
When my elbow wags so gay;

Yet un often plims to bursten,
With a hungeren and thirsten
For the arms that I was nursed in
And the v'ice that's dumb to-day.

Yet away wi' idle mopen!
Let me zet my heart to hopen,
While the last red rays be slopen

Down the ways where I du roam:
For the dance of gnats is over,
And the dewes be on the clover,
And the dimsey shadows cover
All the long road home

May Byron.

The Spectator.

PICTORIAL ART OF ASIA.

When Commodore Perry anchored the American squadron at Uraga and broke the wilful aloofness of Japan from the outer world, the Europeans became acquainted with the Japanese, and subsequently with the Asian, art through the medium of wood-cuts and color-prints; these interested greedy dealer-collectors, democratic writers, and naturalistic artists, who caused commonplace notions concerning Asian art to be imposed on the world. The dealer-collectors praised those artists whose works were rare, in order to satisfy their mercenary propensities, the writers fell into raptures over the modern democratic development of Japanese art, overlooking that which was really grand in the artistic movement of the inhabitants of the charming Isles of Nippon, and extolling Japanese prints whose chief value for the most part was that of popular, social, and anecdotal documents. As to the artists, they—being nowadays principally the makers of pictures, and only occasionally and unconsciously creators—saw in the works of Asian artists almost exclusively the technical part, but were incapable of seizing that which constitutes the real value of pictures; accordingly they praised only that which corresponded with their own temperament and personal talent.

Thus Whistler emphasized in his pictures—and this was the best part of his artistic activity—the elegant subtlety of color-prints and the capricious way the Japanese painted their landscapes. Degas liked and imitated—although not very successfully—their fantastically easy way of forming groups, as well as their unsurpassable daring of composition. Manet fancied their coloring full of freshness and life. Manet has borrowed from them his harmonious fireworks of colors.

while the French poster-makers have learned the decorative use of lines and surfaces. As to the fundamental principles—that is to say, creative power, synthesis, suggestiveness, freedom for play of fancy, and opening large views on depths difficult to be expressed—all that was passed almost unnoticed by writers on art, the fact being that from amongst numerous books—some of them very important on account of size—there is only one in the English language, that of Mr. Laurence Binyon¹—that is of true and great consequence. There is nothing of equal excellence in any other literature. The patronizing, complacent Westerners condescended to acknowledge that the art of the Eastern barbarians was possessed of certain external qualities, but decided autocratically and superficially that the Asian artists were inferior to Europeans intellectually and in creative power.

As to Chinese art, the current notion is that the Japanese have improved on, and even surpassed it. Chinese art is associated in our minds with the productions of its decadence—especially in the ceramic art—which was imposed on Europe by the manufacturers and merchants of Canton, who discovered a fount of riches in these worthless, monotonous, exhausted conventions, weak and spiritless in shape, and obnoxious because of their too bright and inharmonious colors. The consequence of all this is that the real nature of Chinese art is known only by a very few students outside of Asia.

The Japanese paintings executed on rolls of silk—called *makimono*s if unfolded horizontally and *kakemono*s if they are unrolled vertically—were almost unknown until 1881, when

¹ "Painting in the Far East." (London Edward Arnold. 1903.)

the British Museum purchased William Anderson's collection, the exhibition of which was held in 1888. At the beginning of last year Mrs. Olga Wegener sold to the British Museum nearly one hundred and fifty most important pictures, which she acquired during her sojourn in China. Still more recently Dr. Aurel Stein, sent on the joint initiative of the India Office and the Trustees of the British Museum to make researches in Eastern Turkestan, discovered in a vault at Tun-huang, where they were walled up at the beginning of the eleventh century, a number of Chinese pictures of Buddhist religious subjects of extraordinary interest. Those pictures, together with the collections acquired from Mrs. Wegener and Anderson, being now on exhibition in the British Museum Print Room, form the most important collection of Asian art either in Europe or in America, where the Boston Fine Arts Museum has a number of valuable Japanese paintings.

This exhibition, made not for the vulgar display of unrivalled wealth in precious masterpieces of the Far East, but for serious purposes of culture, gives an opportunity to those who are in quest of beauty to correct erroneous notions concerning Asian art; for here they can study the pictorial art of the East through a period of some fifteen hundred years, from the fourth to the present century. So perchance this exhibition will open an era for the development of a new art—with lofty aims as was that of some periods in China—and of this there is an imperative need.

The first impression one receives from looking at the Chinese pictures gathered in the Print Room concerns color, and arouses sensations which until now were considered, not only by the people at large but by the Western aesthetes as well, to be characteristic

of the emotional, feminine, and sensuous East; while the intellectual, manly, and sober West was supposed to excel in ideas of form.² We all thought the West trivial, uncertain, and weak in color, while the East was eccentric, capricious, and unstable in form; and that this constituted an antithesis between Asia and Europe. Now we may convince ourselves that during the great periods of Asian art, and especially that of the Celestial Empire, color was subordinate if not entirely eliminated, and never a predominant element. Both the Chinese and Japanese developed the art of tone during the best periods of their history of painting, but almost, if not entirely, left out color.

It is true that the sensuous Easterners are full of appreciation of color, which is profusely and universally diffused in their countries; but their fondness for it is limited to inferior, if not trivial, objects, such as tiles, embroideries, carpets, silk fabrics, and articles of clothing, thus making color, in the way they employ it, not an æsthetic question, but a matter of life.

Then we can see that, although the Asian artists proceed in a different way from ours in their search for the beautiful, their art is as fully mature in its own way as is ours. The artistic pursuits of the Orientals vary from ours in this way, that theirs is an art of line rather than of color. The main tradition of art in China comes from calligraphy, combined with flat, slightly colored spaces that intensify and give charm to the harmony of line. Limited to line, the painters of Asia have concentrated centuries of study on the effort to make that line intimately expressive of form; and with mere contour they succeeded in producing the illusion of perfect modelling. The very ease with which relief can be represented by shadows, as with us, has taken away from our painters the ne-

² "Edinburgh Review" 1804.

cessity for this concentration, and weakened their sense of expressive line.³ The painters of the East have succeeded in giving life to their figures, and that is the essential thing we demand from them.

As one can see, the means of communicating beauty in the sensuous manner employed by the Easterners is different from that used by the Westerners. To write in Chinese beautifully requires a similar command of the brush to that of a painter; the greater the degree of that accomplishment, the greater painter is the man who possesses it and can express through the brush not only the forms of reality but the rhythmical beauty innate in the formed and varied stroke of an artist-scrivener. A fine specimen of the caligraphic art is as much valued as a beautiful picture; for in both the sweep should communicate the artist's mood and thought, and therefore be intense with life.

Then the painters of the East always remember that the principal aim of a picture is not to teach, to moralize, or to tell a story, but to fill and decorate a flat surface, which means that their efforts at the development and arrangement of color harmonies are undisturbed by any other tendencies or purposes. The idea of harmonious sensation has such a hold on the Eastern painters, that they remain still and unconfused by the problems of *chiaroscuro*, to which the Western artists became bound by the intellectual painters of Italy. Our artists are not satisfied with the idea of organic beauty, of harmony of lines and colors, of coherence and concentration, and they try to represent the visible world by striving to equal sculpture in producing shape, by vying with architecture in creating well-arranged spaces, and by asking help from optics to simulate distances. As soon as an artist

begins to think how to produce the likeness of an object, of a figure as it appears in Nature, his mind is distracted from the main purpose of the picture—this is to say, harmony and decorativeness of lines and colors; his sense of that harmony grows feeble, and becomes dubious.

The painters of the Far East are not disturbed by science, the development of which is commonly assumed with us to be an advance in art; in current European criticism of painting there is almost always talk about perspective, anatomy, and optical laws, the command of which does not increase in the slightest the artistic value of a work, but simply helps artists to realize efficiently their imaginative ideas. The encroachment of science is detrimental to art, for the laws of one cannot be applied to the other, which verity was clearly expressed by one of the greatest of art critics, Goethe, when he said: "Art is not entirely subject to natural necessities, but has laws of its own." Sad experience teaches us that pictures painted several hundred years ago with pigments the production of which was not due to modern scientific chemistry are still resplendent with beautifully vivid colors, while those which were executed with scientific preparation have become black after a few years. Then how ugly are the aniline tints! Consequently one may say that chemistry has had a bad effect on our sense of color, while machinery, through which nowadays many articles are made, has ruined, degraded and vitiated our sense of form.

The aim of Asian art is not the outward semblance but the informing and inner spirit of objects represented. Throughout the whole history of Asiatic art, with the exception of the popular movement in Japan, this is the prevailing and dominating preoccupation of the Eastern artists, who re-

³ Laurence Binyon. *Lib. cit.*

produce only that which is essential and permanent in the painted subject; hence the deliberate elimination of shadows from their pictures.

As far back as the fifth century a Chinese æsthete, named Shakaku, formulated the criticism of painting in six canons, in which are set forth the conceptions of art that already existed in the minds of the sons of the Celestial Empire, and are still respected by all except a small number of artists of the eighteenth century who were led astray from their safe artistic road and conducted into the wilderness of realism in art by Europeans. These six canons of Chinese æsthetics are: (1) Rhythmic vitality, or the life-movement of the spirit through the rhythm of things; (2) organic structure; (3) the law of conformity with nature; (4) appropriate coloring; (5) arrangement; (6) finish. One should remember that the Chinese æsthete assigns the principal place to rhythmical beauty; for, as Mr. Laurence Binyon rightly said: "A work of art is an incarnation of the genius of rhythm, manifesting the living spirit of things with a clearer beauty and intenser power than the gross impediments of complex matter allow to be transmitted to our senses in the visible world around us. A picture is conceived as a sort of apparition from a more real world of essential life."

As the main effort of the Asian artists was to seize the inherent life of the subjects they depicted, they purposely ignored not only the accidental qualities (as is done by the Western æsthetes and better painters), but almost their whole surroundings, so dear to the Europeans, who are fond of crowding their pictures with superfluous details which mar the pure beauty of a painting. By obliterating secondary motives in their pictures, by isolating the painted subjects, which they represent in large although finely propor-

tioned space, the Chinamen will give to a bird, to a tree, to a flower, to a figure, a meaning of monumental grandeur, loftiness of spirit, irresistible elegance, and charming suggestion, hinting in the meanwhile at the infinity of life.

However, the greatest praise one can bestow on Chinese art is this, that throughout the whole course of its history one does not find the grossly erroneous notion, so popular with us, that the imitation of nature is essential in art; on the contrary, they look contemptuously on such an idea as a despicable and passing heresy. This is comprehensible, at least, to a limited number of Western æsthetes, who, however, fail to understand why all the Asian artists paint in the same manner the same subjects, no matter how original the artist. This is regarded by us as a serious drawback to Eastern art, and is advanced as a weighty argument through which we try to prove that the Western artists are superior on account of the individual treatment of the subjects they paint, and that the Eastern painters are incapable of originality or progress. Such a way of looking on Eastern art is but superficial. If the water, let us say, is painted in the same way throughout Asian art, this is done consciously, for the Eastern painters, being true to their purpose of expressing always the essential character and genius of the element, leave out the accidental changes produced by different light and varying atmosphere, and represent the essence of the waves in their perpetual rhythm and the curves by which they are formed. The space given to this paper does not allow reference to several other traditional subjects painted in the same conventional, or rather symbolic, manner, each artist adding that of his individuality, which decides the value of his work. Suffice to say that this symbolic way of painting

might be characterized as the expression of spiritual serenity—Goethe's *Heiterkeit*—"floating above the turbulent life of the world."

Still another difference between Eastern and Western art is this, that in pictures representing many figures, the European artists set them in such a manner that they all tend to one central point; unity being one of the required elements of a work of art, this convergence is an imperative necessity. In Eastern paintings with crowded figures, this unity seems not to exist—at least, it is not as much accentuated as it is in the compositions of the Western masters. However, this is only apparent or rather less formal, for the unity in a work of Asian art is expressed by the mutual relation of figures and even of objects.

It is certain that to China, and not to India, the Asian people have to look, not only for the most fragrant flowers of painting, but for a starting-point, a foundation, and even for an ideal and pattern.

Through a legend we learn that the art of China goes as far back as 4,500 years, when the Chinamen were ruled by the Yellow Emperor, from whose reign date the arts and crafts of mankind; that there lived then two inspired sages: Is'any Chieh, the inventor of writing, and Shih Huang, who originated drawing; the earliest mention of color dates from the reign of the Emperor Shun, about 500 years later. According to *Shun Ching*—"Book of History"—His Majesty commanded that the twelve symbols of power, which had been handed down from the most remote ages, should be embroidered, or painted, in the five colors on his sacrificial robes.⁴ According to Chinese writers, the first artist was a

younger sister of the Emperor Shin, named Lei. This fact made a Chinese *littérateur* exclaim: "Alas! that this divine art should have been started by a woman!" Already in 220 B.C. Chinese art attained such a degree of perfection that it was said of an artist of the name of Lieh Yü, that he painted phoenixes and dragons without pupils in their eyes lest they should fly away; and when once, at the Emperor's command, he put the pupils into a dragon's eyes, the creature disappeared from the wall, leaving behind only a cloud of smoke.

The first Chinese dynasty, that of Han, existed from 2700 B.C. to 200 A.D., and during that period the names of fifteen artists are recorded in the history of China. Then follows an era called "The three kingdoms," during which there were six dynasties, from 200-600 A.D. (The Wei dynasty, 220-265 A.D., furnished only four painters, while that of the Chin, 265-420, produced twenty-two artists whose names have been handed down. Amongst those was Wang Hsi-chieh, 321-379 A.D., China's greatest calligraphist, whose writing was "light as floating clouds, vigorous as a startled dragon."

We see then—although we cannot judge the artistic value of the pictures of this period, for we do not know of any till we come to the fourth century—that there was an active and vigorous artistic movement in China; for we find names of artists, art criticism, and artistic allusions. The Chinese literature refers so often to art that we are able to form a clear idea as to what kind of art flourished then. The favorite subjects were the phoenix, dragon, and lion; pictures of animals were common, and portrait-painting was prevalent. This might be explained by the influence of Confucius, for according to him filial piety was the foremost virtue, and the portraits of those who were remarkable, either

⁴ "An Introduction to the History of Chinese Pictorial Art," by Herbert A. Giles, published by Messrs. Kelly & Walsh, Shanghai, 1910.

for their deeds or accomplishments, had an ennobling influence over those who look at them. Although he was a stern moralist, he said: "Let relaxation and enjoyment be found in the public arts."⁴

It is plain that the art that was capable of producing such a masterpiece as is the *makimono* painted by Ku K'ai-chih, entitled "Admonitions of the Instructress in the Palace," the greatest art treasure of the whole collection of the British Museum, and it would not be an exaggeration to say, of the world, was not in its infancy. This unsurpassable masterpiece was painted between 364 and 405 A.D., and it represents nine scenes, each illustrating a precept or example of conduct held up for admiration by the instructress of the ladies of the Chinese Court. It is the oldest document of Asian art in existence—at least, known to Western students; what is more, it is the only one known to exist between the fourth and eighth centuries. There is nothing clumsy or awkward—common characteristics of primitive art—about the workmanship of this precious roll of paintings. On the contrary, the art of Ku K'ai-chih is so consummate that it is impossible to notice even the slightest effort; and the Chinese writer T'ang Hon was justified when he said in his *Hau chien*, that "Ku K'ai-chih painted his pictures as a spring silk-worm spins silk. At first sight his pictures seem flat, but a close inspection shows that the six canons are all observed. His ideas are like clouds floating in space, or a stream hurrying along—perfectly natural." The Chinese critic was right in praising the spontaneity and assurance of the brush-work of the great Asian artist.

Yes, six canons, but especially the first concerning rhythm, were well observed in this peerless work of art,

for in regard to beauty of sweeping yet sensitive, rhythmical and precise line, few paintings—if any—in the world approach this. The painter mastered his materials to perfection, and his delight overflowed in the exquisite modulations of the brush line with which the streaming draperies are calligraphed. The composition of the groups is not inferior to the execution, especially in the sixth scene, called "Harmonious life," illustrating the following passage, written by the lady Pan-Chao, who lived and wrote in the first century A.D. thus:—"To utter a word seems an insignificant thing; but on it depends honor or shame. Think not to hide your thoughts; the heavenly mirror has no need of visible forms. Say not that you have made no noise; the Divine Ear has no need of sound. . . ." While in the "Toilet-scene," illustrating the line: "All can adorn their faces, none can adorn her heart," one notices a refined simplicity in the surroundings and accessories. The women depicted by Ku K'ai-chih are slender and exquisitely elegant in their flowing robes, ornamented with streaming ribbons.

The style of the paintings, dresses, and types of men and women, indicates that the roll was executed by a fourth century master. Then there is an intrinsic proof of its authenticity, for the landscape which is painted in one of the scenes is executed in the same manner as was described by Chang Yen-Yuan, a Chinese art critic of the eighth century. This writer saw some pictures painted by Ku K'ai-chih, and in his "Famous Painters of Different Dynasties," he said that his mountains were drawn stiffly, "like hairpins and combs," and that it was his wont to paint the figures larger than the mountains. It is exactly in that manner that the mountain is executed on the roll in the British Museum: there is no sense of proportion between a

⁴"Confucian Analects," Book VII., Chapter VI.

man shooting with a cross-bow and the landscape.

Ku K'ai-chih's name appeared in the history of China in 364 A.D. in the following manner. A Buddhist monastery was appealing to the public for funds to build a church, and the artist promised one million in *cash*. When the monks pressed him for the money, he asked to be allowed to closet himself in one of their rooms; they granted his request, and in a few days he executed on a wall of the chamber such a wonderful figure of the Buddhist saint Vimalakirti, that the people came in enormous crowds to see the masterpiece, and soon one million in cash was deposited by the pious pilgrims. His was a whimsical mind, and it was said of him that he was supreme in painting, poetry and foolishness. Like all great Chinese painters he excelled in all kinds of pictures, but he was most renowned for his portraits, because of their deep spirituality and expression, and "as expression"—says a Chinese critic—"is of an occult nature beyond anything which can be learned, of all painters I place Ku K'ai-chih first." Notwithstanding his pre-eminence in portraiture, he complains of the difficulties of this branch of pictorial art when he says: "In painting, the most troublesome subject is man. . . . Painting the face of a pretty young girl is like carving a portrait in silver. There may be great elaboration, but no likeness will be forthcoming. It is better to put the elaboration into the young lady's clothes, and trust to a touch here and a stroke there to bring out her beauty as it really is."

At the end of this priceless roll there is an inscription made by the great Emperor Ch'ien Lung, 1710-1799: "At an odd moment in summer I came across Ku K'ai-chih's picture, 'Admonitions of the Female Historian,' and under its influence I sketched in ink a spray of epidendrum, as an expression of sym-

pathy with its profound and mysterious purport. Only one who had himself reached Samadhi* could attain to such a standard as this. The picture has not lost its freshness—an achievement not to be surpassed by the after born. Of the painter's four works, this is the best."

This is a literary monument worthy of the great master!

Ku K'ai-chih's picture is of great consequence, not only on account of its inimitable beauty, but also as a document of importance through which two obscure questions are made clear. It proves that Chinese art was not influenced by Greece, for in that priceless *makimono*, there is not a vestige of Greek art. It demonstrates also that Chinese art was already great, when some Indian elements were added to it. The argument in favor of this assertion rests on these facts, that the oldest Indian pictorial document, the Ajantā frescoes, were executed two centuries after Ku K'ai-chih's death, and that notwithstanding those two centuries, they look but very primitive if compared with the consummate Chinese masterpiece. The refined and subdued coloring, the elegant and artistic rhythm, the fine and nervous power of Ku K'ai-chih's picture prove convincingly that the achievement of Chinese art was far superior to that of India.

There is not one picture painted between the fourth and eighth centuries in existence—except perhaps somewhere in China—although history has on its roll a great many artists.

But during this long period two symbolic conceptions were constantly reproduced; these were the Tiger and the Dragon—both emblems of power. The Dragon was the genius of water, producing mists and clouds; he represented also the power of the spirit of

* The highest pitch of abstract ecstatic meditation.

the infinite, of change. The Tiger was the genius of the mountains, whose roaring is heard in the wind; he represents the power of material forces. The Dragon is a product of the lurid Chinese imagination, capable of giving horrible shapes to those strange frights which are found at the bottom of the fancy of all mankind. The Tiger-Dragon pictures portrayed the ceaseless conflict of material forces with spiritual . . . the Infinite.

When the most famous Chinese pilgrim, Fa Hsien, returned from India at the beginning of the fifteenth century, Buddhism followed him, and had a great influence on Chinese art, bringing into it new motives and elements, stimulating ideals and religious imagery. The ideas of Confucius, representing the national orthodoxy and well-ordered society, interpreted by pedantry, which is a great drawback to the Chinese mind, made everything so stiff, that a reaction against convention was necessary. This was accomplished by the doctrine of Lao Tzu, the preacher of individual freedom in opposition to Confucian social obedience and slavery. Towards the fifth century Laoism, or Taoism, took a strong hold on those Chinese who embraced Buddhism, and brought a new element into life, literature, and art. Taoism has much in common with our Romanticism; one of its subjects was the Rishi or Wizards of the mountains, human beings eating only fruits and drinking only dew, and enjoying immortality; they personified hair-brained youth and everlasting joy, riding through the air on birds and animals. Rishi have a certain likeness with Buddhist Arhats, who also were supposed to live in the mountains, and personified intellectual might, combined with forms of grandeur; their sole occupation was deep meditation, whereby they remind one of Christian hermits. Both Arhats and Rishi were favorite

subjects with the Chinese painters, and inspired true masterpieces.

The introduction of Buddhism brought into Chinese art numberless deities, not only various personifications of Buddha and Budhisattva, but hundreds of other forms, borrowed from Indian mythology, from which was also derived grotesqueness; the refined Chinamen had many difficulties before they succeeded in changing those not very artistic conceptions and in subduing them to a harmonious and elegant rhythm.

Perhaps the best acquisitions that Chinese art gained from Buddhism, are the sublime personifications of Mercy, Tenderness, and Love; their figures slightly inclined forward, their broad foreheads, their regular and calm features, noble in their deep contemplation, make them worthy to be placed side by side with the ecstatic creations of the masters of the West.

Such were the state and tendency of Chinese art, when, in 618, the era of the T'ang dynasty opened; it lasted until 905, and was not only the period of China's greatest political power, but also of her most vigorous, although not most perfect art, and of important poetry. The efforts of the artists of this period were to develop and to perfect the art of line—which was the ordinary Asiatic style—to make it express not only the forms of reality but also the much-desired rhythmical beauty. This union of painting with calligraphy was best effected by Wu Tao-Tzu, who is one of the most celebrated names in the history of Chinese art. He was astonishing for his extraordinary facility and wonderful imagination, which enabled him to paint no fewer than three hundred frescoes, full of a fancy so brilliant that it was said that his picture representing the Buddhist Purgatory frightened the populace and arrested their sinful propensities. The most important, nay,

surprising specimen of his work was the "Nirvana of Buddha," a piece crowded with figures and showing a tremendous power of conception combined with a freedom and grandeur which can be found in no other works of Asian art. The original of this picture has perished, but a talented Japanese artist of the thirteenth century made a copy of it, with some variation, now in the British Museum, and this allows us to admire the masterly conception of this magnificent creation of Eastern art.

In 907 the T'ang dynasty succumbed to its destiny, and before the rise of the Sung house, which lasted from 960 to 1280, five unimportant dynasties emerged only soon to disappear. The Sung period of three hundred years is the one most splendid for art, which then reached its zenith, in spite of the dwindling power of the Empire.

The love of Nature introduced by Lao Tzu, and developed by the Zen sect,—the Conversationalists,—into a doctrine of contemplation of the world, became the dominating thought of the age. This love of Nature, being of the essence of romance, prompted Chinese artists and poets not only to discuss the Abstract and Pure, the subtle beauties of Nature, but also to seek after them by leaving the commonplace life of towns for the country, in solitary Buddhist monasteries, when they could assuage their ardent craving for quiet and delicate sensations.

The Zen doctrine inspired the art of the Sung period, not only by developing a kind of religious worship of Nature, and, by a natural consequence, its representation, but also by cultivating that refined sentiment of suggestion of mind to mind through which the Asian painters attained such heights, and produced such masterpieces that it is impossible to surpass them. Nothing

mattered to them but the artist's mood or emotion; his soul was revealed and illuminated in the life of things; the reality was in his own soul and he could only suggest and never fully impress it. According to their notion, a painter expresses far more by a suggestion, by depicting only a branch of a tree, a flower, a bird, than he could do by filling his picture with many subjects. Kuo Hsi, one of the greatest of Chinese landscape painters, in whose works one finds a passionate feeling for Nature, said, that "a painter must, above all things, seize essentials, and discard the trivial." One may rightly suppose that Toenmel's poems on the "purity of the dew-dropping chrysanthemum, the delicate grace of the swaying bamboo, the unconscious fragrance of plum-flowers floating on twilight water, the green serenity of the pine, whispering its silent woes to the wind, and the divine narcissus, hiding its noble soul in deep ravines, or seeking for spring in a glimpse of heaven," inspired many a painter of that period with those charmingly simple pictures, the fragrance of which may be felt but never described.

The characteristics of this period are a supreme refinement and most exquisite finish, the brush-line temperate and quiet, yet sensitive and alive; the space perfectly balanced; the coloring noble and harmonious, although subordinate to form and very often eliminated. The life of Nature and of all non-human things is regarded in itself; its character contemplated, and its beauty cherished for its own sake, not for its use and service in the life of man.

The over-refined Sungs could not withstand the pressing power of the barbarous Mongols, and they were succeeded by the Yüan dynasty, which ruled over China from 1280 to 1368. However, the civilizing power of the Chinese was so strong that the Mongols

soon became imbued with it, and Kub-lai Khan, having elevated Peking to the dignity of his capital, fostered literature and art, and so continued the glorious Sung period.

An interesting fact connected with the Yüan dynasty is that Buddhism was introduced into Tibet, where it took the name of Lamanism. Naturally the religion was followed by art, which found expression in religious pictures. The original faith of Tibet consisted of the adoration of a great number of devilish gods, which, in accordance with the Buddhist spirit of tolerance, were introduced into the religious system of the Enlightened One. The gloom of the Tibetan religion influenced its art, and mixed the monstrous with the sublime, the lurid side dominating. The serenity of the Buddhist ideals was unable to prevail over infernal goddesses, and fire-wreathed fiends drinking from skulls. Notwithstanding graceful individual figures, notwithstanding rich and glowing color and rhythmical drawing, the general characteristic of Tibetan art is a burning gloom, obscene and terrible.

The barbarous Mongols, led by the terrible Genghis Khan, conquered Persia, and this established communication between Eastern and Western Asia, which was still more quickened at the end of the fourteenth century, when Tamerlane effected the second conquest. When the slaughter was over, and the havoc superseded by peace, a prosperous art school was founded at Samarcand, which excelled in miniatures. The characteristics of old Persian art are the calligraphic rhythmical beauty, as with the Chinese manner of painting, and an almost total absence of color, which is restricted to a few touches of blue and red. Subsequently it adopted an exquisite coloring, while its design grew feeble, languid, and uncertain, due to restricted creative ideas and slavish

repetition; on the other hand, it is free from academical mannerism.

The Mongols were expelled from China in 1368; the Ming dynasty sat on the throne of the Dragon until 1644. In the first part of this period art continued the tradition of the house of Sung, was flourishing and important, notwithstanding that Chinese artists forsook the loftiness of the eleventh and twelfth centuries for an external magnificence, and abandoned the simple beauty of monochrome for sensuous coloring. The art of the Ming period is well represented in the British Museum by two pictures of "Wild Geese, Lotuses, and Rushes," painted by Lion Liang, which may be described as very clever for their strength of brush-work and assurance of design; but one cannot help noticing a decline of subtlety and of that fine modulation which distinguished the Sung artists.

The best example, perhaps, of the genius of this period, is the picture called "The Earthly Paradise," which, although it is signed with the name of Ch'ien Chun-chu, an artist who was famous during the reign of the Yüan house, could have hardly been painted earlier than in the middle of the Ming dynasty period. The subject seems to be the arrival of beatified beings in the Earthly Paradise of the West. The painting, with its floating figures, dropping blossoms through the air, its sense of ethereal gaiety, and its richness and rarity of color, is full of the romance of Taoist conception. It is a charming idyll but certainly it has nothing of the sublime.

Wên Cheng-ming was the greatest landscape painter of the Ming period, and his pictures remind one of the best eighteenth century masters, with this comment, however, that the intimate com-

¹ "Guide to an exhibition of Chinese and Japanese Paintings," in the Print and Drawing Gallery, British Museum.

munion with Nature of the Sun masters is exchanged for a romantic element.

The year 1644 witnessed the downfall of the house of Ming, which was followed by that of Ch'ing, the present dynasty. Pedantry, which began to show its destructive power on literature and art during the Ming period, caused a decadence under the Manchu Tartars. The Chinese of this epoch were satisfied with a proud contemplation of the glorious past, contributing nothing that could originate a new renaissance in the Celestial Empire. Neither was there a refreshing stream coming from without, as was Buddhism in former ages. The names of painters recorded by Chang Keng¹ are very numerous—202 artists, 15 Buddhist priests, and 22 women—but, unfortunately, they were only more or less able imitators and copyists of the old masters. Perhaps the most remarkable amongst the painters of the Ching period was Huang han, of whom a Chinese critic said that he painted flowers and birds, with "The extreme of life motion"; according to Sie Ho's "Six canons," this is the highest praise that could be bestowed on an artist. The Chinese expression "life's motion" is as untranslatable as is the German word "Stimmung"; it is next to impossible to define it either. It does not mean motion pure and simple, for the Chinese would say even of a rock that it is painted with "life's motion," if the picture or drawing fulfilled certain æsthetic conditions, the importance of which is comprehensible only to their mind.

(A Chinese art critic, named Chang Keng, describes what an unfortunate result was obtained by Chinese artists who wished to imitate the European manner of painting. "He depicted," says the Chinese *littérateur* of a Euro-

pean artist, "a woman holding a little child, declaring that this last was a representation of God. The projection and coloring of these were very fascinating; and the artist himself maintained that the Chinese could only paint flat surfaces, consequently there was no projection or depression—relief—on their pictures. 'We, in our country,' he said, 'paint both the light and the dark, so that the result shows projection and depression. A man's full face is light, and the side parts are dark. If the side parts are colored dark in a picture the face will appear in relief.' Chiao acquired this art, and modified his style accordingly, but the result was not refined or convincing. Lovers of antiquity would do well not to adopt this method."

This judicious advice, however, was not followed; and some Chinese artists took a fancy to European naturalism, with the result that modern Chinese art is in decay, especially with those artists who do not even follow their great old masters, if they are incapable of creative work.

A few enlightening precepts furnished by this exhibition of Chinese art may be formulated in the following manner:—Without presuming to decide whether Western art is superior to that of the East, or *vice versa*, one may rightly affirm that Asian art is complete in itself, "that it impresses us as a whole by its cohesion, solidarity, order, and harmony"; that it is worthy of our most serious consideration and intense study, for it shows almost throughout its whole course the complete victory of the spirit over the matter, and that Chinese artists enriched the lives of their countrymen by creating beautiful and even sublime masterpieces, which is the purpose of every art.

Then the Chinese pictures demonstrate that dirty hues produced by mix-

¹"Knoch'ao hua cheng lu," published in 1739.

ing of colors should be eschewed in favor of clean hues, which should be harmonized by the creative power of the artist. Further, they prove convincingly that the purpose of art is not the beautifying of Nature according to commonplace patterns, nor her exact photographic reproduction, but that everything should be decided by the free individuality of an artist for whom Nature is only material for creative purposes. Again, that too eager materialistic search for minute optical illusions, and too heavy, material modelling are not necessary, and are even detrimental, for lines and spots of color are sufficient. Again, neither too regular composition, nor a foolish lack of it causes a painting to be a masterpiece; too much symmetry being contrasted successfully with graceful and careless fancifulness, while the absence of regularity is opposed by the principle of decorative inventiveness. Again,

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it is not necessary to paint big canvases, for some of the Chinese masterpieces, full of depth and breadth, are painted on relatively small pieces or rolls of silk. They teach us also the secret of bringing out from numberless accidental details only the essence of things, and of rendering it by the most necessary means. Then they make it evident that an artist should not strive to express everything; that to the fancy of the spectator should be left the freedom of completing, through feeling, the suggested motive, ascertaining in this manner the only principle of beauty which can be applied everywhere.

It would be impossible to close this paper by a more appropriate utterance than is this of the great aesthete, Laurence Binyon, when he said: "Surely it is not least by her painting and her literature that China will live for the world!"

Soleisms.

OLD IRISH MEMORIES.

When I was young, though the passion for duelling for which the men of Galway had been famous in old times throughout Ireland had much abated, yet duels were still sometimes fought. My father was regarded as one of the chief authorities in the county upon all points of honor and of the very precise etiquette by which such encounters were governed. He had not fought many duels himself, it is true, but he had officiated as second upon several occasions, and he never failed to attend at any meetings of which he had cognizance. Till the law frowned upon duelling and made secrecy imperative, it was customary for the friends of both sides to muster as spectators.

My father had been dining at a friend's house one night, and after din-

ner one of the other guests drew him aside. "I want to consult you," he said; "I've been grossly insulted by So-and-So," naming a mutual acquaintance, "and I intend to call him out."

He detailed the circumstances of the affront, which were flagrant enough, but my father none the less uttered counsels of peace and moderation. "I don't want to remind you that you are a first-rate shot, and that So-and-So is a very poor one," he said at last, his remonstrances having been vain; "but there is another consideration I would like to put before you. Did you notice"—impressively—"that we were thirteen at dinner to-night?" For my father, like every true Irishman of his day, had the most implicit belief in omens and portents. The man to whom

he spoke, however, either did not share his beliefs or else had been too deeply offended to heed the warning. The challenge was duly sent and accepted, and the conditions arranged were that the duellists should draw lots which was to fire first. The lucky chance fell to the crack shot; he fired, and missed his aim by a hair's breadth. The other man, who ordinarily could not have hit "a turf-stack flying," as the saying is, by mere blundering chance aimed straight and true, and shot the challenger through the heart.

Another time a regiment which had been quartered in Galway had received marching orders, and two of the younger officers were anxious to have a last day's snipe-shooting before they quitted the West. They engaged one of the poaching loafers to be found hanging about most Irish country towns to carry their game bag and to act as guide, giving him stringent injunctions not to lead them over any private or preserved land, but only over the boggy wastes, of which there was a large extent in the neighborhood of Galway. In his desire, however, to show the gentlemen good sport, and thereby secure a larger *backsheesh* for himself, their guide brought them across some ill-drained swampy fields belonging to an individual named Reilly, a squireen or half-sir, as the class just below gentility were styled in the West. A few brace were secured here, and the officers returned, unwitting of their trespass and rejoicing in the excellence of their day's sport. A few days later, however, there appeared in one of the local papers a paragraph headed "A Dirty Trick by the Dirty —th," a very highly colored account of the subalterns' poaching exploit, with their names in full and sundry reflections upon the behavior of English officers in general and of that regiment in particular. There was no time to be wasted upon

the usual formalities of seconds and messages, since the regiment was to march the day but one following, and hot-foot the two young fellows went out to Mr. Reilly's dilapidated residence to demand instant satisfaction. They found the house closely shuttered and barricaded, and it was only after long and repeated knocking that a window on an upper floor was opened and the head of an unkempt maid-servant thrust out. "We want to see your master," shouted the officers from below. "Yez can't; he's in his bed," rejoined the damsel. "He's got to come down and speak to us," they roared. "He won't, thin," and the window slammed. All further battering and banging remained unheeded, and the officers were obliged to return to Galway without having achieved their mission. Sore and angry, they were grumbling to each other next day, when the door opened and my father walked in.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I've heard of the dilemma you're in, and I've come to reassure you as to your honor and that of your regiment. Leave them both in my hands; I will take good care of them." And my father was as good as his word, for he went about blazoning the story of Reilly's poltroonery abroad, and intimating that, if that individual were not contented, he had but to step forward, when my father would be pleased to give him redress—which being the last thing that Reilly desired, he durst not show his face off his own lands for many a long day thereafter.

An officer belonging to a regiment that had but lately come to Galway, upon the other hand, found himself in a still more awkward predicament. He was challenged by a Galway fire-eater because he had saluted and had even waved his hand to the latter's wife and sister without having been previously introduced to them. The officer pleaded vainly that, being some-

what shortsighted, he had mistaken them for two other ladies, the honor of whose acquaintance he already possessed. Nothing, however, but a meeting in correct form would appease the fierce Galwegian; but as no one was hit, not much harm was done.

In Galway, indeed, the love of duelling lingered long, and one duel was fought within my own memory upon grounds that even the seconds themselves deemed entirely frivolous and insufficient. The principals, however, persisted stubbornly not only in fighting, but in fighting at unusually close quarters. Having done their utmost in vain to effect a reconciliation, the seconds, by secret agreement, charged the pistols with *strabout*, so that when the signal was given there issued from the muzzles, instead of the winged death expected, a horrible sputtering mess that covered the combatants with dirt and ridicule.

There was no keener duellist or more unerring pistol-shot in the West than Sir John Blake, of Menlo. Like most of the Irish gentry, he was in the habit of spending the winter season in Dublin, and once, upon the eve of his return to the West, he had a quarrel with a gentleman, and challenged him to fight next morning upon that favorite duelling-ground, the Fifteen Acres of the Phoenix Park. Sir John's opponent was punctual to the hour appointed, so were the seconds and a few friends who had got wind of the affair; but there was no sign of Sir John himself. Half an hour went by, and still he did not put in an appearance. His second became more and more perturbed, but his adversary maintained an unruffled composure. "Something unlooked-for must have detained Sir John," he said. "He's the last man in the world to disappoint a gentleman upon an occasion like the present."

They had waited an hour and more when the rumbling of wheels was heard, and a heavy travelling-carriage

rolled into view, with luggage piled high upon the roof and servants in the rumble. It came to a stand behind the enclosure of the Chief Secretary's Lodge, where it was partly screened from sight, and from it emerged Sir John. He crossed the grass to where the group stood awaiting him, and, lifting his hat, apologized courteously for the inconvenience to which they had been put. "Most grieved, gentlemen, to have kept you waiting in this unconscionable fashion. It was all the fault of her ladyship's confounded French maid. She took so long over her packing and her trunks this morning, I began to fear I should not get here at all." The ground was measured out and the word given. A case of pistols was emptied on either side, and, honor having thus been satisfied, Sir John bowed again and returned to the carriage, where he resumed his seat beside Lady Blake, and the equipage once more set forward upon the road to Galway. Her ladyship, no doubt from long usage, regarded Sir John's engaging in an affair of honor with no more concern than a wife of the present day feels at her lord and master taking part in a contest at golf or tennis.

We, too, were in the habit of coming up to Dublin for the gaieties of the winter season, and once we brought up in our train one of our numerous hangers-on, a sharp lad whom we called Patcheen, and who had a very pretty conceit of himself. The price of an Irish newspaper was at that time fourpence; and one evening my grandfather, who was the head of our household, hearing the "Evening Post" being cried in the street without, sent Patcheen out with the requisite fourpence to buy a copy. Patcheen speedily returned, but one glance at the sheet which he had brought revealed that, whatever interest its contents might possess, they lacked the charm

of novelty. The newsvender, detecting the raw country lad at a glance, had palmed off a week-old paper upon him.

"Ah, Patcheen, you'll need to sharpen your wits here," said my grandfather, not sorry to take him down a peg, "or these Dublin jackeens will be too many for you." Patcheen vanished in a trice, paper and all. In an hour he returned triumphant with a newspaper, the moist smell and exact folds of which proclaimed it as fresh from the printer's hands. "Ho, ho! So you overtook the rapscaillon," said my grandfather. "No, plaze your honor, he'd got beyant me," returned Patcheen seriously, "so I cried that paper meself till I had it sould, an' thin I bought the right one."

After one of these winter sojourns I was returning to Galway in company with my grandfather and a boy cousin. As our hackney coach left the door the driver turned his horse too sharply, and the cumbrous vehicle toppled over and fell on its side into the gutter, tumbling us upon each other in an indiscriminate heap. My cousin clambered out through the window above our heads and dragged me up after him, whereupon the crowd, which, as usual on such occasions, had collected with inconceivable rapidity, believing us to have been the only occupants of the overturned conveyance, set to work to right it. They were arrested by a volley of curses and expletives proceeding out of the depths of the coach, where my grandfather, who had lain half-stunned for the moment, found himself being flung to and fro amidst a medley of parcels and broken glass. He had become a familiar figure during our winter's stay in town, and there were instant shrieks of delight from the crowd. "Glory be to God, it's the ould gintleman himself that's inside!" "Gorra, boys, lift aisy, or ye'll have him destroyed!" Whilst the jehu, a

frequent employé of ours, who had been tossed from his perch, on coming to himself declared ecstasically: "Nothing was iver sweeter to me ears than to hear the ould mather cursin' widin in the coach. Didn't I think he was kilt and dead intirely." As far as my memory serves me, we succeeded in spite of our misbap, though in a rather shaken and dishevelled condition, in reaching the General Post-Office in time to catch the mail coach to the West.

My grandfather, when at home, took it into his head on one occasion that those in his employment were not serving him as they ought, more especially in the early morning before anyone was stirring. He determined therefore on a series of matutinal surprise visits. We had been somewhat troubled by poachers at this particular time, and my father, the sportsman of the family, had enjoined upon the keepers to be specially vigilant. The first time, therefore, that my grandfather went abroad in the early morning he was challenged, and, according to his own account, narrowly escaped being shot by one of his own keepers. Undeterred by this experience, he went forth again next morning, and this time made a discovery which roused his wrath. In the field which bordered our avenue, known by the euphonious name of Skinnegan, and which had been empty the previous day, six unknown cattle were quietly grazing. My grandfather promptly drove the offending animals out of the field himself and down the avenue to the gate. There some bare-legged boys from an adjacent cabin lent him ready and joyful assistance; and at the head of this ragged contingent, armed with sticks and branches, my grandfather personally conducted the trespassers to the village pound and saw them securely shut in there before returning, heated and incensed, to breakfast.

"That's the way I'm served: that lazy

herd of mine not troubling himself to mend my fences, and half the cattle in the county allowed to trample in and out of my best grazing field as they please. Wait till I find Master Ned after breakfast, and I'll give him the best dressing-down he's ever had in his life." And my grandfather snorted, meditating to himself the epithets he would apply to the peccant herd.

There was, however, no need to go in search of the delinquent, for before breakfast was ended a message was brought in that the herd was without, desiring to see the master. Ned was upon the hall-door steps, much crest-fallen and alarmed. "I'm sorry to have to tell it to your honor," he began humbly, "but there's six of your honor's own cattle in the pound. I put them in Skinnegan late last night an' shut the gate on them meself, an' how they got out an' wint sthrayin' on me—" He got no farther, for my grandfather, who had with difficulty restrained himself till then, beat a hasty retreat to the dining-room, where he collapsed into a chair and laughed till his family had fears of an impending apoplectic seizure. But from thenceforth he gave up his early inspections and left the care of his property to his underlings.

It was about this time that the Irish Church Mission, which strove to reach the Irish-speaking peasantry in their own tongue, was set on foot. Dr. Nangle, one of the most fervent and impassioned of the mission preachers, came down into our neighborhood, and amongst those who went to hear him was Sally Sweeny, our gatekeeper.

"That was quare prachin'," she declared indignantly on her return. "What was't all about, would yez think, but an ould sheep that wint asthray! As if no one but himself iver had a sheep goin' asthray on them afore! An' maybe if he'd gone to look in the pound 'twas there all the time!"

The priest blew his counterblast to the mission-preaching the following Sunday, and a very loud blast it was. "Troth, ye could have heard him cursin' a mile beyant the chapel door," so one of his hearers reported to us. The clinching argument in the controversy was, however, supplied by our gardener. "Pratestants!" he said, with lofty scorn. "'Twas mighty little St. Paul thought of the Pratestants. Ye've all heard tell of th' epistle he wrote to the Romans; but I'd ax ye this, did any of yez iver hear of his writing a 'pistle to the Pratestants?"

Whilst I was still very young, I was invited, in company with two of my cousins, of whom one was of my own age and the other some years older, to pay a visit at a hospitable mansion, the owner of which was a very old lady, almost stone-deaf. She lived entirely in her own rooms, and but seldom appeared, leaving it to her son and his wife to do the honors. My younger cousin and myself were installed in the same room, which contained an enormous fourpost bed, whilst the elder girl was given a room to herself. Like every other family home in Galway with any pretension to antiquity, this house had the reputation of being haunted, and during our first evening beneath its roof the conversation turned upon ghostly apparitions and visitants. We were told of the banshee that belonged to this particular family—a little old woman, bent and hooded, who appeared sobbing and wringing her hands before the death of any of its members. So small was she that more than once those to whom she had appeared had taken her for a child in distress, till suddenly an old eldritch face had peered up at the affrighted beholder. The result of these narrations was that we went up to bed in a very eerie frame of mind. I and my bedfellow were trying to put disquieting thoughts out of our heads and to com-

pose ourselves to sleep, when the door of our room opened and my other cousin appeared, candle and book in hand. Her overwrought fancy had conjured up sounds that had terrified her; she had heard a dragging footstep approaching her door, and hands rattling at its handle. She declared that she could not, and would not, sleep in that house alone; and she insisted, despite our remonstrances, on making a third in the fourpost bed, lying sardine-fashion between us with her head at the foot of the bed. Even now sleep was impossible to her, and she said that she would read awhile, placing the brass candlestick for convenience upon her own chest.

Twelve o'clock had just sounded with long reverberating strokes from the clock upon the stairs when the door opened once again, very slowly and gradually, and an old bent figure came in. It had a dark drapery over its head, and carried something very carefully in both hands. With one wild shriek of terror my cousin hurled the candlestick with all her might at the apparition, and plunged down beneath the bedclothes. There was an answering scream of even greater terror, a crash and splash, and the thud of a heavy fall, whilst we were left in total darkness, since the candle had been extinguished. There were no matches in those days, and whilst one of us younger girls strove with fumbling fingers to get a light from the tinder-box, the other groped equally futilely in the embers of the turf fire, and all the while there were little gasps and moans coming from the floor, where the intruder, manifestly too solid to be a ghost, had fallen. The mystery was only solved by the arrival of some of the household who had been roused by the noise and had come to see what was the matter. The visitant was none other than our hostess herself, who, having heard from her maid that one

of us had caught a heavy cold, had prepared a hot drink with her own kindly hands and come to administer it. It was almost impossible to explain to the poor old deaf lady why she should have been accorded such a reception by her young guests.

In the summer-time we always went for a few weeks to lodge in the outskirts of Galway town for bathing and the benefit of the sea air. All classes did the same, and indeed it was pathetic to see the faith that the poorer folk had in the "salt wather" as a cure for all diseases and infirmities, and the struggles that were made and the discomforts endured in order that some ailing member of a family might have the benefit of the health-giving waters of Galway Bay.

"I'm not one of thim that crowds their houses," said one woman who catered for this class of lodgers, in lofty scorn of her neighbors; "I'd niver put them to sleep more nor three in a bed." There was indeed almost a dignified seclusion in such liberal accommodation, since the more general custom was to let each corner of a room to a separate family, who brought their own poor bedding and camped upon the floor as best they could.

Even for the better-to-do the arrangements were of a very primitive simplicity. There were but few bathing-boxes, and if any bathers lingered unduly in the waves, Sibble, the old bathing-woman, would bestow a resounding smack upon them as they emerged all dripping from the water, accompanying it by a torrent of abuse for having kept the box so long from others who waited for it. Shower-baths might be enjoyed in a little shanty that culminated in a funnel, down which at the proper moment the water was dashed by Sibble's son. An English lady on a visit to Galway on one occasion demanded a tepid shower-bath. "An' what might that be, ma'am?" de-

manded Sibbie, to whom such flowers of speech were unknown. "Tepid? Why, half hot and half cold, to be sure," was the impatient reply.

The lady undressed and, all unsuspecting, pulled the string. Down came a deluge of scalding water upon her. "Let me out! let me out!" she screamed in alarm. "It was a tepid bath that I asked for." "Sure ye said that 'twas half hot and half cold that 'twas to be, an' here's the could for ye," as another painful was emptied down.

Occasionally we undertook a longer expedition, and went to Lisdoonvarna, then in its earliest infancy as a watering-place. It only boasted of one hotel, or rather inn, of very modest dimensions, and the accommodation which this could afford was often severely overtaxed during the summer months. When all the beds had been disposed of, shakedown were made up upon the tables, and indeed a table was often made to serve as a double-decker, one guest sleeping upon it and another underneath. After one unusually large influx of visitors, an English tourist who desired to catch the morning coach from Ennis, and had therefore ordered an early breakfast for himself, was fuming and stamping impatiently in the hall. "What's keeping breakfast?" he broke out at last angrily; "I ordered it overnight." "Ye can't have breakfast yit," was the unperturbed response; "his rivrence is not off the table."

There were, however, lower depths to be sounded than even a bed upon the dining-room table. Amongst the latest arrivals the previous evening had been no less a personage than the master of the Galway Blazers. Even M.F.H.s, however, must bow to the exigencies of circumstances, and, as the dinner-table was already clerically occupied, the kitchen-table had needs to be requisitioned. A heterogeneous collection of bedclothes was arranged upon it, into

the exact nature of which it was perhaps well not to inquire too closely, as it seemed to be composed of contributions from the wardrobes of the landlady and her underlings, and the pillow was an oddly shaped substance, enveloped in many wrappings, but emitting a faint and strangely familiar smell. The master was too weary to concern himself over such trifles, and he slept as soundly upon his makeshift couch as if it had been a canopied bed of state. He was awakened in the morning by a gentle fumbling at the wrappings beside his head, and started up to see a gleaming knife suspended above him. "I'm sorry to be disturbin' ye, sir," said an apologetic voice, "but sure the house was out of pillows intirely, an' we put the side of bacon under yer honor's head. I was jist conthrivin' to get a few rashers off for the quality's breakfast without disturbin' ye, whin ye woke."

This particular master long ruled the Blazers, and was most deservedly popular amongst his followers. He suffered, however, from a double infirmity—he could never go to bed at any reasonable hour or get up betimes in the morning. Whenever, therefore, he put up at a friend's house upon the night before a meet, it was regarded as part of his host's duty to get him out of bed in proper time, even if it were necessary to adopt the forcible means of tumbling him on to the floor. Once, however, the meet was upon his own lawn. There had been a terrible night of wind and storm, but none the less a goodly muster of sportsmen gathered with the hounds and huntsmen at the appointed hour in front of the master's dwelling. Of the master himself there was, however, no sign. At last, after long and weary waiting, a window upon an upper story was thrown up, and a head, adorned with the red-flannel nightcap with dangling tassel which elderly gentlemen then

wore, was protruded, leisurely contemplating the animated scene below. There was an immediate chorus of angry and impatient shouts. "Come down out of that! Do you want us to be hunting by moonlight?" "Begad, boys, it's easy for you to be travelling so early," rejoined the master from his altitude. "If you'd all been lying as I have with the weight of a chimney on top of you half the night you'd not be so full of talk." It was quite true. A chimney had crashed down during the night into the master's bedroom. Happily the principal portion had been caught and upheld by the rafters, and the smaller fragments had fallen wide, scattering harmlessly over the floor; but the master had not troubled himself to change his couch, and had only turned on his side and slumbered peacefully on.

His favorite hunter had been bought out of a hack car in Dublin. He had just seated himself on the car at Carlisle Bridge when the horse took fright and incontinently ran away the whole of the long length of Sackville Street. "He was within a pip of taking Nelson's Pillar along with him," the master said afterwards; but when the steed's wild career was checked at the Rotunda, he turned to the jarvey and said, "My man, that animal had you nearly killed that time; most likely he'll kill you outright the next run he takes; you'd best sell him to me." And there and then the bargain was struck, and he bought him from between the shafts at a very small price. A splendid horse he turned out to be—very fast, but a desperate puller. Once or twice the master rode him upon what was called a gridiron bit in those days—an instrument warranted to bring the most headstrong horse to reason; but once or twice of the treatment sufficed, and ever after he rode him on the snaffle.

This master of the Blazers had a van-

and-four in which he drove the hounds to the meets in state, generally handling the reins himself. The van served a double purpose, for on Sundays he took the cover off, placed benches inside, and drove his whole household to church in it. On one occasion as he was driving the hounds home after a day's sport a wheel came off, the unwieldy machine toppled over and broke, and a yelping, clamorous torrent poured forth. An unhappy mule, which was grazing close by, frightened by the sudden uproar, squealed loudly, kicked up its heels, and dashed away in a panic. That panic was its undoing, for in a trice the whole hungry pack were after it full cry, and at the end of a mad run the poor brute was pulled down, torn to pieces, and devoured. The master and one or two friends, who had sent their hunters home and taken seats upon the van, were obliged to unharness the four horses and ride them home bare-backed, leaving the broken-down van by the roadside.

Once, as the field were jogging through the town of Tuam on their way from covert to covert, one titled member of the hunt dropped out of the line. "I've a trifle of business to transact," he said, and disappeared into the local bank. When he rejoined the hunt it was with an air of much satisfaction. "I did good business there, boys; I got five hundred out of them," and stooping down he extracted notes to the value of 250*l.* out of the top of one of his hunting-boots, and then a similar sum out of the other. Reynard took to the water during the run that followed and swam across a river. Forgetful of all else in the excitement of the moment, the noble lord who had been so lately enriched was one of the first to plunge in gallantly in his wake. Instantly there were frantic shouts from all the rest of the field: "For Heaven's sake, man, mind what you're about, or there'll be an end of you and

your five hundred!" However, on arriving on the farther bank the notes, though somewhat moist, were still safe.

There were no leaden weights in those days such as men of slender build carry now on their saddles when riding a race. The custom was to procure a large postbag, and to pour shot into it till it turned the scale at the requisite point. This the unhappy jockey had to carry slung upon his back while he rode. The old race-course at Ballyglunin was four Irish miles round, and this master of the Blazers, by no means young, but small and spare, rode at one race-meeting three races upon the same day, twelve miles in all, carrying three stone of shot upon his back.

One old family residence in our neighborhood had, owing to a Chancery suit, lain untenanted and derelict for many years. The law at last adjudged it to a widow lady, a stranger to the West, who arrived amongst us imbued with a vast sense of her own importance and position. The coverts within the demesne, like all else, had been grievously neglected; but according to the new owner foxes absolutely swarmed there, and her ambitions were set upon a lawn-meet of the Blazers. This, however, she could not compass; the master was not to be cajoled into bringing the hounds down to a remote part of the county with only a very dubious chance of sport when they got there. She was therefore constrained to approach the owner of a private pack of considerably less lustre than the Blazers, who hunted an outlying part of the country at this time, and who did not, if there were no foxes, disdain to have a run after a hare. This gentleman proved more amenable than the master of the Blazers, and he willingly consented to bring his hounds over for the contemplated lawn-meet.

The meet duly took place. Imme-

diately afterwards, however, it was perceived by those in the locality that the widow had ceased to hold intercourse (and was, indeed, "dead cuts," as the phrase went with us) with another family in the vicinity who lived some three or four miles away, nearer the confines of the wilder and more mountainous part of the country, whose head was a staunch sportsman and straight rider to hounds. No one save themselves knew what the cause of quarrel had been, but in a region where there were very few resident gentry it was highly inconvenient that two of the families could not be invited simultaneously on occasions of festivity. My grandmother was an old lady of stern resolution. She declared that she had no idea of that kind of nonsense going on in the neighborhood, and that she was determined to get to the bottom of the matter, when in all probability it would be found that a little friendly mediation and diplomacy was all that was needed to set matters right. Accordingly she made her way over to the widow and boldly inquired as to the cause of the feud. The widow's answer was prompt and uncompromising. Never, never would she speak to her foxhunting neighbor again; had he not out of sheer jealousy and of malice aforethought contrived to ruin her lawn-meet? She proceeded to relate how this false friend had brought a dog in a bag with him to her meet. The dog's feet had been anointed with anise-seed or some other strong-smelling stuff, and at a convenient moment the captive had been enlarged. He had naturally made for home at the utmost speed with which his legs could carry him thither, and in so doing had laid a trail which the hounds had straightway hit off and hunted, and had thus been lured away from her covert, where the find ought to have taken place, and where, as it would seem, the foxes sat idly on their

tails, yearning for the excitement of a run.

My grandmother indignantly refused to believe that one of our oldest friends could have behaved in such an unneighborly and reprehensible fashion, and she drove off to his house to tell him the story, and to afford him the opportunity of giving it an immediate and unqualified denial. Far from doing so, however, our friend admitted the impeachment with the utmost equanimity. He averred that it was the master of the visiting pack himself who, not feeling disposed to journey so far without a reasonable prospect of sport, had suggested the expedient of the dog. Our friend made no pretence of owning a fox-covert, but hares abounded upon the stony hillside of his demesne, and, despite the widow's loud asseverations,

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it was generally believed that she had not got a fox upon her lands. The master and he had therefore decided by secret agreement that a dog was to be brought over, properly prepared, and was to be let loose in case of need to provide the hunt with a straight run to his own house, in the environs of which puss was fairly certain to be found at home. Unhappily the dog had succeeded in prematurely wriggling out of captivity, even before the hounds had gone through the farce of drawing the widow's covert, but our friend assured my grandmother that this *contretemps* had only saved the hunt an hour's waste of time.

My grandmother had certainly heard both sides of the story, but to the best of my belief all her efforts to patch up a truce proved of no avail.

J. M. Callwell.

FANCY FARM.

By NAIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER V.

"I'm going to look for a wife," said Captain Cutlass, leaving Norah shrugging her shoulders; and, of all places to begin the quest of an ideal, he went first to his lawyer's office, carrying in his hand, with the true Cutlass nonchalance, which never boggled at doing tasks the world might think undignified, a salmon he had caught that afternoon.

"Here's my fee, forehanded, Mr. Birrell," said he, throwing down the fish; "you never got prompter, cleaner pay for a consultation," and the Writer, knowing his man, was not a bit astonished. Lifting the salmon by the cord that bound it head and tail, bending it to a silver arc, "A bonny bit fish, Sir Andrew," he exclaimed; "you have been lucky on the river. I am much obliged to you indeed; it will delight Miss 'Tilda."

"I want to talk to you on an unusually delicate and important matter," said Sir Andrew, sitting down in the dingy little room that looked out upon a graceless prospect of blank old walls surrounding the small back-yard of Birrell's office. Pigeons and sea-gulls perched on the ridge of a neighboring tenement which overlooked the walls, whereon the mother-of-thousands grew profusely, and gave the only evidence, except the sky, of a free, wild, joyous world beyond. The chamber, dark and dusty, lined with books and boxes, odorous with old crumbling wax and mildewed paper, would have been abhorrent to Sir Andrew if there had not been this vision of the birds, and the presence of the lawyer, in many respects unlike his trade—whimsical, humorous, only in the body prisoned there, in spirit as often as not in escapades.

"I'm always at your service, Sir Andrew," said the Writer, a very different man from the one we saw in a bacchanal hour in Mrs. Nish's parlor.

"What's your views on matrimony?" abruptly asked the Baronet, fiddling with the pens that lay before him on the table.

"A most reputable institution; there are those it well becomes, Sir Andrew," answered the lawyer. "I confess as much heartily, because, in my own position as a bachelor, I might naturally be thought to have a prejudice. But you might as well ask me what I thought of the landscape of Patagonia."

"Ay! you never married, yourself," said Sir Andrew. "I have sometimes wondered at you for that, since you are a sociable, sensible, healthy man, who must naturally have had the thing suggested sometimes to his mind."

The lawyer chuckled: the lips that could shut like a letter-box were capable of a puckered fun that, spreading upwards like a flowing tide, rippled in wrinkles round his twinkling eyes. "You're not the first that has wondered, Sir Andrew," said he. "Without much vanity I fancy I can swear my state has bothered more than one amiable dame in Schawfield. They have been quite vexed for me—some of them,—and have not hesitated to say so. My sister, herself, has for thirty years been preaching to me the duties of man and the bliss of conjugality, but that was Miss Tilda's strategy: she wrought on my contrary nature, and knew herself so good and cheap a housekeeper that there was little chance of me, with my eyes open, putting a wife in her place."

"Oh! the housewife part of it! That's secondary," said Sir Andrew airily. "Marriage is only bliss when it's irrational, and not of the nature of a mercenary bargain—darned hose for a kiss."

"So it is—at five-and-twenty," admitted Mr. Birrell; "but we cannot aye

be five-and-twenty, and a scrupulous attention to the darning of hose and such-like is a wonderful compensation for the departure of the transient raptures which I'm told attend on the irrational unions you mention. But then," proceeded the lawyer hurriedly, realizing he had touched a vein that had too personal an application to his client, "I'm no judge of darned hose or the raptures either, though I have safeguarded myself these many years by giving no contradiction to my sister's romantic story of a disappointment she ascribes to me in early manhood. Oh! a wonderful strategist, Tilda!" And again Jamie Birrell chuckled. "You were not thinking of a wife for me, Sir Andrew? I can resist them single-handed, but if there's any with the backing of the laird—" and he looked at his client with his head to the side, and a droll expression of surrender and despair.

Sir Andrew, with a sudden movement, reached the window, which he opened. Out upon the sill stood one of the pigeons, which came, without timidity, upon his hand, as it had often done before. He stroked its feathers, put his lips upon the sleek, small head, and for a moment of abstraction searched into the mystery of its bead-like eyes.

"Here's another client, Mr. Birrell," said he.

"Wanting separation likely," said the lawyer. "A law-chamber's no place for pigeons of any kind; it might as well be the glod's nest." And he watched, with the sympathetic interest of one country-bred, the Captain taking from his pocket a little of the seed he often kept there for his rambles, and putting it before the bird, which he placed again outside upon the sill.

"No," said Sir Andrew, "I had no design of marriage for my agent, but I'm at a stage where his counsel might be interesting. The Farm's a lonely place

without a wife; all my old phantoms come about it, making night and morning unco glum. Doubtless you have thought of the possibility of my marrying again?"

"I'll not deny it has occurred to me, Sir Andrew," said the lawyer quietly. "You are a young man yet—exactly the age your father was when he married Lady Margaret, your mother. I mind it as it were but yesterday."

"You think it would be wise?" asked Sir Andrew, with that confiding innocence that made folk like him, since they knew instinctively it came from a humble heart, afraid sometimes of its own promptings.

"I would think it very wise, incumbent almost, in the interest of Schawfield," said the lawyer.

"I was very happy in my last marriage," said the baronet quite honestly, with a tender thought of Lady Jean, whose failings he had long since quite forgotten, and the lawyer nodded a pathetic acquiescence. "She taught me many things, and not the least that affection is the main thing—better, more enduring, than your raptures."

"Still-and-on," said pawky Jamie Birrell cheerily, "one may have a turn of the raptures too, falling back on the affections when they're done. Half the folk I see marrying in Schawfield burn themselves away in the rapture stage, and have not an ember on the fire all the rest of their lives."

"You don't know anything about it, Mr. Cynic," said Sir Andrew, "for you stand outside."

"I daresay not," admitted Mr. Birrell agreeably; "that's the way I mentioned Patagonia; but it seems I know enough to be considered worthy of your consultation," and he chuckled. "Do I know the lady, Sir Andrew?"

The baronet looked embarrassed. "That's the point," said he; "I do not know her myself. I am only at the preliminary stages of the adventure,

and I have yet to find if there's any woman who will have me."

"Pooh! the country's full of them, Sir Andrew; any other person than yourself would have seen for the last twelve-month that all the roads to Fancy Farm have been unusually gay with ladies."

"Calling on my aunt," interpolated the baronet, but with a note of fresh surmise.

"On Miss Amelia perhaps," agreed the lawyer, "but with an eye not altogether blin' on your estate, and, if I may say so, on Miss Amelia's nephew. The fact that I stand outside, as you say, Sir Andrew, makes me the more observant of such things, and I have been amused, in my bachelor way, at the assiduity with which the country swells—as we say—have paid their calls upon your aunt since you became a widower."

"It would be hard for me to think myself so desirable or the sex so designing," said Sir Andrew, and again Jamie Birrell chuckled, rubbing his chin.

"Desirable!" said he, with a sweeping glance at his client from head to foot. "Lord bless me! I'm here, a done old atomy, with no accomplishment except to draft a deed, and I havena' been neglected in their kind attentions. An old and honorable name, a property the finest on this coast, a mansion—if you lived in it—fit for any princess, indeed, Sir Andrew!"

The laird laughed, and, breaking in upon his agent's inventory, reminded him that all those exceedingly desirable things might be thought too dear if burdened with a husband generally considered somewhat crazy. He had no illusions about the estimate in which his wealthy neighbors held him.

"And, as to the sex being designing," continued Mr. Birrell, "what in the world else is it? 'Tis the women make the matches: I've seen it these five-and-

thirty years, and I'm ashamed to watch lads going courting wi' a gallant air as if the adventure was all in their own hand, while all the time they are the bound unconscious choice of creatures who could wile the mavis off the tree; and what for no'? I am not blaming the ladies, Sir Andrew,—nothing else was meant by nature and the God who made them. They do not realize themselves their powers to cajole, though they see it in all other women, but it comes to them quite natural—like giggling. For that reason I call them designing, not in any spirit of complaint, since no pair ever came together yet without a plot, and it would be stupid to deny all overtures except on the part of the man."

Thus the garrulous James,—he was on to an old and favorite theory of his he had learned from his sister Tilda, who, to do her justice, never denied she had done her best herself to get a man, and still was ready to set out on the hunt again if she saw a likely quarry. The baronet for once in his life was listening with impatience.

"As there's no lady in the offing yet," said he, "there can be no cajolery in this case."

"I'm not so sure; I'm not so sure!" cried the lawyer sharply. "If I was in a jail and felt the slightest of the pangs of love come on me I would have a keek at the keyhole to see what besom had her eye on me. Lord bless me, Sir Andrew. We're on a funny topic. It's the first time I am sure it was ever broached in this writing-chamber, and it was not opened yesterday."

His client now was striding up and down the room and addressing himself less to his agent than to some visionary corps of objectors. "No cajolery! no cajolery!" said he. "I'm so sure that affection's all, and the raptures a mistake, that I'm determined to seek a wife on strictly rational lines. I'm a little too old for the romantic." Mr.

Birrell put up a deprecating hand. "I'm too old for the romantic, and it is something else than the raptures I want."

"H'm!" coughed Mr. Birrell, a little disappointed in this new phase of a gentleman whose every act was usually the expression of romantic impulse, and right well became him. "There are many considerations not improper to a judicious marriage,—especially where an old estate is involved. You are wise, no doubt, to keep them in your mind."

"What are they?" asked his client sharply, and Mr. Birrell, with gravity, began to point them off upon his fingers.

"First, there is social relevancy; second, some regard for the financial situation——"

Sir Andrew laughed. "My dear James Birrell," said he, "you're as bad as my cousin Norah: you lay stress upon the very things that least concern me. Did you think my consultation was preliminary to an affair of marriage settlements? By the Lord! I would marry a wench from a burgh tenement, with not a second sark to her back, if the fancy took me." And the speaker, sitting on the corner of the lawyer's table, waved a restless leg.

The lips of Mr. Birrell pressed, and he had difficulty in refraining from a laugh. "Sir Andrew," said he, "you'll pardon me, but a step like that would scarcely be accounted so deliberate and rational as you profess to be in this matter. There's a certain inconsistency—a certain inconsistency. Dod! that would be sheer romantic!"

"It might be common-sense," protested the baronet. "I'm grown dubious of your thoroughbreds, and a strain of the peasant might not be a bad thing for the Schaws."

"A strain of good bawbees would suit a hanged sight better!" said the lawyer frankly, and, by a sudden impulse, he became more homely and outspoken

with his client, as his age, experience, and relations with him in the past quite justified. "Man! I wonder to hear ye, Sir Andrew! I thought for a moment, there, ye were come at last to a sober understanding o' our situation. I tutored ye as a boy; I gaffed your first fish, and taught ye how to catch it; I was in the confidence of your father, and have watched ye like a son; and—I'll say it, Sir Andrew, though it may seem a liberty—there's whiles you have disappointed me by your throughthier views."

"My dear old friend!" cried Sir Andrew Schaw impulsively.

"If you would but settle down!" said Jamie Birrell, stamping about the office. "Lord! if ye would gie over eccentricity and take up some genteel vices—even if it was the dram—that might mak' ye mair like other men in your ain situation, I would be thankful. But, these—these vagaries of yours—cutting all your social equals in the shire and lowerin' yoursel' to an equality with common tenantry and all that Radical nonsense,—it's fair ridiculous. Besides, it's costing money,—money we can ill afford in the present state of rents through all the country. We're sailing pretty close on the wind, Sir Andrew,"—James Birrell, in such moods, always made himself a partner,—*"we're sailin' devilish close on the wind; these fancy speculations we have made of late have no way bettered the situation. Our income, net, now's hardly enough to keep us goin'."*

"I haven't missed a meal, nor had an empty tobacco pouch," retorted the ridiculous baronet, "and you really mustn't miscall my speculations. I assure you I find them perfectly satisfactory."

"Not so sound as the investments of Clashgour. I heard him say the other day that when he saved a pound, he clapped it to another nine and bought another cool!" And Jamie Birrell, with

wondrous mimicry, suggested the aspect and utterance of the cautious farmer. "The welcomest news ye could bring to me, Sir Andrew, would be that you had found a wife with a pickle money; that's the truth for ye!"

"Beswick's daughter, perhaps?" said the baronet, with a merry eye. And "Hoots, man! now you're haverin'," said the lawyer. "I would not stipulate she must be ugly, and Mr. Beswick's daughter is as——"

"Is as much entitled to our respectful allusion to her as if she were a beauty," said Sir Andrew hastily. "Handsome is as handsome does, James Birrell; and I'm ashamed to have mentioned the lady's name in a way to make you think for a moment I was disparaging."

"Oh! I'm no critic,—no critic," said Jamie Birrell, "but she's no' our style; she hasna the advantage o' bein' Scots to begin with, and that, in our family, has always been considered an essential. There are plenty more, wi' looks, and youth, and wit, and the bawbees too, that would jump at us like a cock at a grosset. The like o' us wouldna' be fitly matched except wi' a fine young beauty. I'm for the thoroughbreds, as ye ca' them, and, *enter o'w*, for the bawbees too; we wouldna' need to go far to look for the combination," and he shot, unobserved by his client, a sly little glance from the corners of his eyes.

"You harp too much on the money for my taste," said the baronet, and Mr. Birrell spluttered, losing patience.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, "there ye go, Sir Andrew! clean against common-sense! Of course we could talk of such matters in circumlocutory terms even between ourselves, and never let on the filthy lucre was to be considered for a minute; it's the way that's always done in our position, I know, and I have done it wi' a straight face mysel' wi' other clients, but I'm no going to risk it wi' you, who are aye

apt to forget the money's the main thing. Ye needna' deny it, Sir Andrew; for one in your position,—for an estate like ours,—we darena' lose the chance o' a good connection. It's needed in the interest o' the land and o' our people mair than in our own; only a nabob could afford to deal wi' tenantry in the way we do, and I warrant we'll never be recouped by the dividends on Athabascas and the like. Man! I ken the very wife for us!" he blurted out.

Sir Andrew lost his interest in the doves outside, and turned about with curiosity. "Indeed!" said he; "where is she?" and the lawyer regretted his precipitation. "I could tell you that," he said, "but I'll leave ye to your ain devices, and I'm certain sure if the lady wants us, by-and-by she'll have us; that, as I say, is the fate o' men. It was not for counsel from me you came to-day, Sir Andrew; I'm wondering why you did."

Sir Andrew laughed, as he rose to pursue his quest of the Ideal. "To tell the truth," said he, "I hardly know myself why I came to you, unless it was for the crack, and this adventure that I'm on is wholly out of your line. Put it that I came, as I sometimes do with my schemes, to put my poetical whims to the test against honest prose. I wondered how the world, which you represent so shrewdly, would regard a plan for training a wife before I married her."

"That's no poetry," said Mr. Birrell emphatically, "it's d—d nonsense, by your leave. Ye might as weel talk o' trying to train that fish, before it was dead, to swim tail foremost!"

CHAPTER VI.

Captain Cutlass had scarcely reached the head of the street when the Writer was laying the tale before his sister 'Tilda, who kept his house for him in the flat above his office. He should

have been more circumspect, no doubt, but country lawyers sometimes are like that—mum to the world about the secrets of their trade, yet with a fire-side confidante in petticoats, and Jamie Birrell had the utmost faith in 'Tilda. His faith, in general, was justified, but in any affair of love and courtship women must be talking, and Miss 'Tilda, as repository of the Captain's secret, was perhaps less reticent than usual. Whether it came from her or not—and, indeed, it may as readily have come from Fancy Farm, where were other women,—the parish, two days after he had been at Jamie Birrell's office, knew of the Captain's latest whim.

The knowledge of it added to our admiration, and gave his every movement greater interest. In his common moods, when the silence of the forest or the rumor of the sea sufficed him, his excursions took him to the west, and we seldom saw him then in Schawfield Street. Now for a while he was attracted to the busier country east of us, and every day we heard him "sounding through the town," as the old song says. Upon his client's reference to a village wench the lawyer had discreetly kept his thumb, even to his sister 'Tilda, and the village had no cause for vain imaginings on that score, yet never a girl came past the Captain on his horse but she felt self-conscious. Lost to them all for a time was the old, aloof, disinterested admiration; he was now a hunter, and their faces flared. Not without other reasons either, for his new deportment hinted at his secret even if James Birrell had never blabbed to 'Tilda. His eyes, of old abstracted, or seeking far ahead, more apt to fall with smiling recognition on a man or child, now readily swooped in the wake of a fluttering petticoat, or sought, with some unuttered question, every bonny face. There were plenty of bonny faces in the vil-

lage: if he had a special interest in any one of them he never showed a preference, but he seemed to find a pleasure in them all. "Go out, my dear, and take a walk to yourself," said mothers cunningly to their prettiest girls, whose one reward, except the physical good they got from the fresh air and the exercise, was a sweep from the great gray hat and a pleasant word from the cavalier. Never before had the dressmaker of Schawfield had so poor a season; gowns were no longer fit to wear unless they came from town, and the church on Sunday, when the doors were opened to let out the congregation, and the sun shone in on the dim interior, was revealed a gorgeous spectacle of artificial flowers on women's bonnets. Good Dr. Cleghorn, the minister, was overjoyed at the increasing popularity of his morning service; he was, perhaps, the only man in Schawfield who was unaware that not his sermons, but Sir Andrew's pew, was the attraction.

For Sir Andrew pursued his quest—or he was sore misjudged—even to the Tabernacle. With the sweetest of eyes, demure, beside him—Norah's, he never seemed to see them, and sent his own discreetly roving while the congregation gathered, yet no one came who could restore the thrill he had felt when Lucy Jardyne, with the olive cheek of an Indian clime, had first disquietened his bachelor worship.

Aunt Amelia, not yet in the secret, gladly saw his new engagement with society, and with an unbreathed blessing watched him sally forth on his horse each afternoon, but Norah said, "Saddle me an ass, so they saddled him an ass and he rode thereon," as from her window she watched her cousin pass on a quest from which, each evening, he came back less satisfied than the prophet of Bethel.

It was to her he came from his roving, comically sad at the poor results

of his efforts to get in sympathetic touch with that society of the shire on which he had looked for years indifferently. At one place he had met a charming creature—flushed with health and gaiety, but a chatterer—a chatterer! "She could speak in five languages, Norah, but she could not hold her tongue in one. If women only knew! It is in silence they most command us. By heavens! I would teach the power of silence in every village school, and——"

"You need not shout," said Norah quietly over her embroidery; her own long spells of silence now were obvious even to Sir Andrew.

In another house he had met a lady who was quiet to taciturnity, and shared his views on Music, Art,—in everything.

"I know," said Norah, smiling; "Ma'mselle Echo; in two hours of her company you would discover she had no ideas of her own."

"I discovered it in twenty minutes," said the baronet. "Her taciturnity was wise. A dear, good girl, but I couldn't do without the spice of opposition."

There was the daughter of Mrs. Ludovic Brooks, too; for a day at least he had let his fancy play about her splendid golden hair, and a certain unplumbed depth of sentiment, suggestion, pathos, and passion she could put into her singing of some old Scotch songs; but her speaking voice was shallow beyond description, and in any case her countryside cognomen of The Nugget, having reference to her prospects as the heiress of a fabulously wealthy mother, was enough to cool his ardor. It was not so he put it, of course, to his cousin Norah—all she got was a glimpse of the possibilities if Mabel Brooks had been less auriferous and more artless.

One thing only he gained from his revived association with his wealthy neighbors—confirmation of his thought

that he was by his very nature out of key with the shire's gentility, and that if there was anywhere in the land a wife for him, he must look for her somewhere else than up long avenues or gravelled carriage-drives. It took months to convince him, though; the autumn passed, weaning him a little from his purpose by her beauty, making human love for the time ridiculous. Then Schawfield was sufficient—the days when fleecy mists, half heat, half moisture, rose lazily from the hills and the wide plain which they swathed for hours after the dawn; and each day brought a richer color to the woods, the braes, the fields. There were noons of trance when Fancy Farm seemed fairyland, its gardens almost sick with the perfume of glutted flowers that could no longer hold upright their drunken heads; when the dark hollows of the plantings seemed all caves, and tenanted with elves; when a hush prevailed that gave the world the spirit of eternal Sabbath: 'Twas then the cromlechs and the Pictish mounds saw most of Captain Cutlass, worshipper of nature, pagan dreamer, poet inarticulate, and the lonely, solemn, scented pine-woods shed upon him then some radiance of wisdom, calmed him, rid him of the phantoms that arise in quiet and lonely hearts.

Norah sometimes spoiled those rapt emotions,—Norah provokingly coquetish, alive, and human, at a game of tennis in the court, or rambling between the shrubberies with her poet. Looking on them, he realized uneasily the mischievous, mad, actual world, wishing he were ten years younger—why, he could hardly say, unless that he might be another Maurice.

Winter came with plashing weather that appeared to soak to the very core of Scotland; he was out all day in oilskins; then came frost and moonlight nights, all glorious, that took him to the sea. The highway ran behind

the house of Schawfield, which lay out upon a promontory, but a lesser private road went winding round the bay, and many a night his horse was there, and he enraptured with the sound of the surf upon the sands, its crepitation on the rocks, the glimmer of wan, vexed water under a reeling moon. The promontory and its great old trees lay westward like a giant cliff against the moonlit sea, and the lights of his boyhood's home were on the face of it; sometimes he heard Miss Beswick's harp. Leaving his horse, he would walk for hours through the deserted policies, revisiting each spot endeared by old experience; then, when the woods were sad with the cry of owls, would gallop home.

To be out at night, to seek communion with the rainy dark, or stand by lochans where the lone star steeped; to thunder down the avenues, or burst, a spirit of disorder, from behind the peaceful woods—these were the cantrips of Captain Cutlass.

Sometimes, in the middle mirk of night, as we lay asleep in Schawfield village, we would be roused to hear the clatter of his horse's hoofs. It seemed to half-awakened youth the very *occur-garde* of the Apocalypse; but our elders, turning on their pillows, said, "Hark! the Captain! Keep us! such a hurry! I wonder if he has been luckier to-day." He, passing through a street deserted, guessed at each dwelling's secret, envied sleep so early and so sound.

It was the merriest winter ever was in Schawfield, for the hunt was up by reason of the laird's example, and the lasses who made no impression on the laird consoled themselves in other quarters. Every other week a bride's cake in the baker's window, and Watty Fraser rasped his way through fiddler's rosin at a rate incredible. Never before was there such massacre of hens, such scarcity of worn-out slippers, such

a run on white kid gloves. 'Wherever he went at dusk between the hedges round the village, Captain Cutlass came on lovers, and they kept, all winter in his forest, something of the giddy rapture of the pairing spring. Girls' voices on the hunting roads, heart-whole laughter by the side of wells, the clang of the iron gates, which had, all of them, kissing wickets,—the world seemed wholly a world of wooers. Yet he was lamentably out of it. The age of desperate love is forty: at forty women must have love or priests, say the philosophers; at forty, men unmarried, feeling the last kick of the tyrant who impels to sweet alliances, and knowing that youth is gone, are more vehement than youngsters, and the fever of activity that so often seizes on them then and seems a greed of material possession is really due to an illusion that success may be as good to kiss as any woman. But Captain Cutlass knew a great deal better; he had long ago discerned that success—as the world esteems it—is the poorest consolation for delights that are in the grasp of any lad and lass.

"The stupid fellow!" said Miss Birrell to herself, each time she saw him passing, from her upper window that gave her a command of all the doings of the world. She said it not unkindly—rather like a mother.

She was a little, russet, bird-like figure of a woman, with a bullfinch beak, eyes that nothing escaped, and her only saving grace as a gossip lay in the fact that scandal lost its acrimony in the emulsion of her great good-humor. "As sure as death! James Birrell," she would say, with an emphasis that seemed less vulgar in the ear than the slang of modern ladies, "if I had a shop I could make my fortune, for I understand human nature. Everybody likes a good listener, and I'm grand, James, at the listening, with such small conceit of myself that I

can't afford to be the judge of other people."

Lacking a shop, Miss Birrell did very well at gossip in her parlor, and was soon to find that Norah Grant was now called in to help her cousin find a wife. "Fancy that!" she exclaimed. "Upon my word, the laird's gane gyte completely! I wish I had him by the ear! Oh, men! men! But this is such a place for clash; there may be nothing in the story."

"It's not a carried tale at all," said Mrs. Semple, her informant; "it's only my observation, and putting two and two together. She was round this week with him at half a dozen places where Sir Andrew would never call alone, and she's keeping Fancy Farm so thronged with lady visitors that I'm told it's like a Dorcas meeting."

"It's not every girl that would take the trouble," said Miss Birrell with an oddly innocent expression.

"H'm," said Mrs. Semple, "I'm sorry for yon Mr. Maurice. It's a pity he hadn't a better trade than poetry; he'll never be very fat off what he makes at that."

"I'm sure I have no idea what he makes at his poetry, but he would never be very fat on what I buy of it," said Miss Birrell. "But I'm no judge, and the laddle must have some good parts or he wouldn't be so great a favorite with Miss Grant."

"Are you sure he's so very great a favorite," said Mrs. Semple dryly, and Miss Birrell saw that Mrs. Semple was not Mrs. Simple.

"I can only judge," said she, "by what I see; it must be plain to yourself he's hardly ever off her face, and she has him there in Fancy Farm a dozen times a-year. Poetry's not a very exacting profession, I would think, for it seems to leave a lot of time for gallivanting."

"I can't understand what she ever saw in the creature. She's a match

for any man, and it would be far more like the thing if she married Sir Andrew."

"Her cousin?" said Miss Birrell.

"Only second; neither of them could do any better. She's more the manager of his house than his aunt Amelia; he could not get a bonnier lass or a better if he searched broad Scotland, and she couldn't get a finer man. And then he's poor, and she's well-provided for——"

"It's the one consideration that would keep Sir Andrew Schaw from thinking of her as his wife."

"Quite so, but that need not prevent her from thinking of Sir Andrew for a husband," said the banker's wife; and alarmed to find gossip already so

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close on what she thought a secret of her own, Miss Birrell produced a cup of tea and changed the subject.

At supper that night the lawyer had an intuition of some restlessness in Tilda's mind. "What's the very latest news?" he asked, and she told him of Norah's new employment.

He heard of it with no great satisfaction. "But I suppose she'll find him somebody," said he. "If she played her proper cards she would not waste her time with Maurice."

"Pooh!" said Miss Tilda. "You men! You cannot see the very nose in front of you; it takes the like of me and Mrs. Semple——"

But not another word on the subject could he get out of her.

(To be continued.)

NATURE'S NIGHT LIGHTS.

It has oftentimes been remarked that custom blinds the perceptions. Hence a great many things that if seen in England would awaken criticism or excite admiration, in other climes pass almost without notice, owing to the familiarity that breeds not always contempt, but sometimes indifference. Doubtless the same argument holds good also in our own country, and we are blind—with a stubborn British blindness—to many of our faults and a few of our perfections. But it is not my intention here to treat of Metaphysics or to deal with the habits and institutions of the English or any other people. Many objects—quite independently of man and man's presence—which are commonly to be seen in the remoter world, and which there, from the staleness of custom, fail to arouse more than casual interest, are to the home-stayer the occasion of absorbing interest. For example, locusts and locust-life form a most attractive

topic to the resident of Great Britain who has not seen them; but to those who suffer annually from the depredations of the gauzy-winged insect, it is regarded, not with indifference, it is true, but as a pest to be ruthlessly exterminated. In like manner about the Will-o'-the-Wisp there is a halo of romance or superstition, which vanishes when the phenomenon has been often observed and its explanation is understood.

To the untravelled Englishman there are few things more fascinating than the fire-fly, and when he beholds one for the first time he is apt to betray greater enthusiasm than is usual to his phlegmatic temperament. And in truth there is something enchanting about the luminous beetle. Even the eye of custom must brighten as it looks upon the fitting night-light. In a warm climate, on a summer evening, they may be seen by the hundred, at times passing overhead like shooting

stars, at others playing among the trees, or again crawling through the long grass and dense vegetation. Generally the light they emit is of a yellowish hue; but, in crossing the pampas of South America, I have seen them of almost every color of the rainbow. And an impressive sight it is: above, the great black dome of heaven, studded with myriad stars; all around, the heaving pampa, its grass-robed surface undulating in the gentle breeze; pervading all, the silence of night, broken only by the tramp-tramp of the horses' hoofs and the clicking of innumerable insects. But the earth assumes the semblance of a jewelled mantle, for its bosom is begemmed with sparkling lights. Rubies vie with the lustre of emeralds; amethysts would put to shame the yellow brilliance of pure gold. Expressed in plainer language, thousands of fire-flies crawl slowly amid the pampa-grass, in search, no doubt, of the parasites that constitute their food.

Most people, to whom the opportunity is given, have the curiosity to catch a few of these strange insects, in order to examine their appearance more closely and with a view to discovering the source of the mysterious light. Viewed by day, the creature itself is a very ordinary-looking beetle; by night it is no less clumsy in form, its unsheathed wings being barely large enough to support its cumbersome body. Therefore, in flight, its motion is not rapid. Its whole charm is concentrated beneath its tail, which is the source of its luminosity. This is, as already intimated, sometimes very considerable. A watch held near to a fire-fly caught in a spider's web will easily show the time. Half-a-dozen placed under a glass shade in a dark room will emit sufficient light to enable one to read a book; though I would not recommend this method of illumination in a general way, as it is very trying

to the eyes. Each insect only gives out its light intermittently, which occasions a painful glimmer. If one be seen crawling in the grass and be irritated with a stalk it turns on full power, as if to discover the cause of the annoyance; but it soon reaches the end of its resources, and the light fails and for a time it cannot renew it. Argentine girls on summer evenings, when there is a *baile* (dance) in the *patio* at the country-house, often imprison one or two fire-flies beneath the lace of their mantillas, and thus supplement the brightness of their eyes by the added lustre of the lantern-bearing beetle.

It may as well be at once confessed that science is not very clear on the subject of the cause of luminosity in fire-flies and other creatures of that ilk. But a sort of explanation can be given which helps to an understanding, without really going to the root of the matter. The light is said to be due to a property possessed by certain substances, and known as phosphorescence, though phosphorus is often not one of the ingredients composing them. But people generally are acquainted with the light-giving power of phosphorus, and most boys have at times amused themselves in the dark by rubbing a "strike-anywhere" match on their damp palm to produce a faint radiance. So phosphorescence becomes a convenient term to represent this property of emitting light. Now from the essences in its body this little insect combines, by means of a system of involuntary organs, a substance of a phosphorescent nature, which, in the form of an excretion, provides it with the glow from which it derives its name. To a similar cause the glow-worm, occasionally seen in some parts of England, owes its dimmer power, which is due to properties identical with those possessed by luminous paint.

Why nature should have endowed the fire-fly with this light is another question, and one which leads into the realm of speculation. Three suggestions have been put forward, and perhaps the truth may lie in a combination of all three. It is said by some that the use of the light is to guide the insect in its search for food, which it mostly finds among the roots of plants or in the course of its flight through the air. In the former case it might conceivably be of assistance; but in the latter the light would be more likely to act as a danger signal, warning the prey of the approach of an enemy, in which case it could hardly be said to aid the fire-fly. On the other hand, there are many night-birds which are especially partial to insects of the beetle kind, but which—it has been observed—carefully avoid swallowing the fire-fly; which fact would seem to indicate that they found the latter unpalatable or were scared by the glowing beacon. In this instance the light would form a sort of protection to the insect, though acting as a warning to its prey. It has also been suggested that, as in the glow-worm, it is a sex attraction; but while in the latter the light is a monopoly of the male sex, with fire-flies it is found equally in both sexes, which reduces the value of the argument. But whichever of these explanations we accept—whether we regard the phosphorescent glow as a signal to others of their own kind, or as a warning to their prey and a protection for themselves against their foes, or as an aid in the search of food—one thing is perfectly clear, that it serves in the scheme of nature some definite useful purpose; for nature never wantonly fritters away her energy.

In some parts of the Argentine Republic there is frequently found a phenomenon which is not unknown in England, and which goes in the latter

country by the name of the "Will-o'-the-Wisp" or "Jack-o'-Lantern." In former times a great deal of superstition was attached to the "luring fire," or "Ignis Fatuus" as it was called by the more learned; and it is only of recent years that science has afforded it a satisfactory explanation. Most people are even now better acquainted with weird stories of a mysterious light, carried by an unseen hand, and hovering here and there over the surface of some treacherous morass, than with the facts of the phenomenon. One remembers hearing of travellers, lost on the moors and overtaken by the unexpected approach of night, rejoiced at seeing in the distance what they take to be the flash of a lantern. They dash in pursuit, eager to come up with the bearer and under his guidance to recover the proper path. But suddenly the light disappears from view, and they pause, wondering which way to turn. A moment later and it appears once more—not in front, as was expected, but away to the left or to the right. Half-bewildered, the wanderer resumes his quest, again to meet with disappointment. For the shifty beacon gleams anew in some different direction, and the futile pursuit is ever repeated with the same result. And so the uncanny game continues, either until dawn restores the world to reality and the mind to its proper balance; or till, with a despairing scream, the hunter of the "luring fire," engulfed in an oozy swamp, from whose embrace there is no escape.

In Ireland, where the Will-o'-the-Wisp is often seen, the story of him and his pranks have been still further elaborated. It is the pixie who, with mischievous intent, deliberately entice the benighted wanderer to destruction; and while he is sinking in the muddy slime they dance round him in wicked glee till it has wed over his head, when—puff—they

change into thin circles of smoke which rise in phosphorescent rings above the spot.

Referring to the superstitions with regard to Jack-o'-Lantern, an actual experience of my own comes to mind, although it has only an indirect connection with the subject under consideration. I was staying at a house in Ireland, close to a mountain of considerable dimensions, called *Ben ma Chree*. Irish readers will pardon me if the spelling of the name is not perfect, and if I am wrong in interpreting it as "Love of my Heart." From the top of this mountain a magnificent view is to be obtained of Carlingford Lough and the embayed coastline of County Down. Having revelled in the sight and drunk my fill of the exhilarating air, I began at dusk to descend the rocky slope. The descent is not easy, for besides innumerable masses of granite blocking the way, the peaty soil is mostly obscured with spongy heather, which gives but precarious foothold. About half-way down, in turning to avoid a boulder, I caught sight of a moving figure about thirty yards to the left. On approaching nearer it proved to be a little old man not more than four and a half feet high, dressed in peasant's clothes and carrying a bundle of sticks and a lantern. As he had not the appearance of being a keeper, I, thinking him probably a poacher, advanced to ask him his business. But another boulder stood in the way, and when this had been skirted the little man had disappeared and was nowhere to be found.

Dismissing the incident from my mind, I continued my homeward course, and would probably have thought no more of the matter, had not the conversation that evening at dinner recalled it to my memory. Beginning to relate the facts, I noticed that everybody at table became unex-

pectedly quiet and attentive. At a pause in the narration the hostess broke in breathlessly—

"Tell me! Was the little man carrying anything?"

"Yes," was the reply, "a lantern and a faggot of sticks."

"Ah!" exclaimed a chorus of voices, "you have seen little Johnny of the Mountain."

According to subsequent explanations it appeared that there was no such real man living anywhere in the neighborhood; but that it was a pixy, seen occasionally and only by those who were to be immune from his devilments. He inhabited the heart of Ben ma Chree, and issued at dusk with his lantern, which at nightfall he would light, and would amuse himself till dawn with elfin sport in the swampy land at the foot of his mountain. It may be added that the people of the place believed in him and his wiles as firmly as in the articles of their religion, and it was futile to make efforts to disturb their convictions.

I make no pretence of being able to put forward a satisfactory explanation of little Johnny of the Mountain; he is a subject better fitted for investigation by the Psychical Research Society than for the theories of practical science. But the circumstances of the lantern and the pranks played about the bogland naturally suggest the Will-o'-the-Wisp and point to some connection between the two. If I had ever previously heard of the old gentleman I should have put the manifestation down to a trick of the imagination; but the strangest fact is that what I saw coincided exactly with the stories current.

Setting aside the superstitions prevalent anent the Will-o'-the-Wisp, it is beyond dispute that there is some basis for the widespread accounts of his misdeeds. It has been remarked above that in the Argentine Republic the

"Ignis Fatuus" may often be observed. A few years ago, when travelling through some of the marshlands along the banks of Paraná River, I had exceptional opportunities of studying the subject. One day, in crossing a *pantano*, or oozy swamp, on horseback, I noticed bubbles of gas rising to the surface, and remarked to my companion that there was a Will-o'-the-Wisp in the course of making. To satisfy the latter, I dismounted and applied a lighted match to a bursting bubble; there was an immediate small explosion and a flash of flame, visible even in the sunshine. The experiment was repeatedly tried, invariably with the same result in a greater or less degree. An inflammable gas was evidently being produced by decomposition in the bog; but the perplexing question was, how did it become ignited without the aid of a match, so as to create the "luring fire"? I had my own theory, but my companion was sceptical; and it was not until a few days later that opportunity arose of putting the theory to the proof.

We were then starting on a night journey from Posadas, and as, at the commencement, an extensive swamp had to be crossed, the services of a *gaucho* had been requisitioned as guide. In places the crossing was dangerous, for there was but one passable track, recognizable only by an experienced camp-man; so we had to travel in Indian file, the *gaucho* leading. Even thus our horses sometimes sank nearly to their girths in the slimy mire. As we proceeded we frequently saw on either side a sudden gleam of light skimming over the surface of the bog, and later on the phenomenon was several times exhibited close at hand. The disturbance of the mud occasioned

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by our passage no doubt released the gases which were being distilled in the swamp; for, rising at times from the very flanks of our startled horses, there would be a flash of fire, accompanied by a sharp report and often followed instantaneously by a bright, lambent flame. Coincidentally a pungent odor, resembling that of stale fish, was strongly noticeable; and, though demonstrated in somewhat alarming fashion, the whole mystery of the Will-o'-the-Wisp became at once clear.

Marsh gas (known to chemists as methane) was being evolved from decaying vegetable and other matter in the bog. But though inflammable and burning with a bright yellow light, it requires some extraneous means of ignition. This was supplied by decomposing animal matter, of which no doubt there would be a plentiful supply buried in the mire, and the phosphuretted hydrogen yielded by the bones would occasion the fishy smell which is a proof of the presence of this gas. When the bubbles of the latter rise to the surface they burst and spontaneously ignite on coming into contact with the air, a thin, ribbon-like ring of smoke rising above the spot. The formation of this gas alone would be sufficient to create a Will-o'-the-Wisp; but the illusion of a flashing lantern is made more complete when marsh grass is also present, as is usually the case. The latter, being heavy, will on a still night lie long on the face of the water or swamp without dispersing, and when ignited by an explosion of phosphuretted hydrogen it causes a yellow, lambent flame of great luminosity, which, viewed at a distance, affords an imposing spectacle of the Will-o'-the-Wisp.

J. Barnard-James.

WORDSWORTHSHIRE.*

There is no end, and will not be, to books about Wordsworth, for the sufficient reason that there is no end to the interest and affection which Wordsworth inspires. A hundred years ago his beautiful country was little visited, and still less written about; now thousands go there every year, scarcely a year passes without a new book about it, and all the books as well as a goodly proportion of the visitors are full of Wordsworth, and owe their dealings with the Lake Country to him and his poetry. The reason is, no doubt, that Wordsworth, while in one sense the most universal of all poets, because the fullest of general ideas, is also in another sense the most partial and local. Not only is he inconceivable as anything but an Englishman, but also as belonging to any part of England but his own. Though perhaps the majority of his very finest poems were not composed in his own country, yet he was in a peculiar sense the creation of local conditions, and himself knew and repeatedly acknowledged that indebtedness, and never exhibited it more fully than when in actual bodily presence he was far away. "The Old Cumberland Beggar" was written at Alfoxden, and the great passage in "The Prelude" giving thanks that his childhood's passions had been from the first intertwined "with enduring things, with life and nature," was written in Germany. And not only did he owe everything to his native hills and streams, but they owe everything to him. He did not find them full to his hand of legend and story and romance, as Scott found both his Highlands and Lowlands; they had no associations till he came, and all that they now have they

owe to him. The divine mountains and the godlike men were there, of course; but *carebant vate sacro*; they neither knew themselves nor were known to others. Here and there a Gray penetrated into their depths and more than half discovered their secret. "The lowlands are worth seeing once, but the mountains are ecstatic and ought to be visited in pilgrimage once a year." But Gray's was a lonely spirit, and the enthusiasm of his solitary walking tour was known only to himself and his friends. It found few imitators and set no fashion. The delicate and scholarly little poet had not been born a dalesman, and could not walk fifteen miles a day over the hills for ever. He returned to Cambridge and London, and the Lake Country waited to find its interpreter in a narrower and greater man, and became what Mr. Robertson—after Lowell—calls it, Wordsworthshire.

It is rather a clumsy title for a book, but it expresses well enough what the Windermere vicar aims at describing. His work is partly that of M. Legouis in "La Jeunesse de Wordsworth," and partly that of Mr. Knight in his "English Lake District as interpreted in the Poems of Wordsworth." That is to say, he sets himself first to trace the influences, especially those of nature, that made the mind of Wordsworth what it was; and, secondly, to trace the stamp of poetry set by him on his country in general and in detail. The book is at once biographical and topographical. To enjoy it to perfection one must be in the little ring of holy land of which Grasmere is the centre; or at least in one of the four only less sacred circles shown in Mr. Robertson's diagram as standing round that innermost sanctity, of which the centres are Cockermouth and Penrith

* "Wordsworthshire: An Introduction to a Poet's Country." Written by Eric Robertson, and illustrated with forty-seven drawings by Arthur Tucker. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

and Kendal and Hawkshead. Indeed, though Grasmere is the centre, it is one of Mr. Robertson's special points that Wordsworth's mind and attitude to life and nature were fixed before he ever saw Grasmere. It is to Hawkshead, and not merely to Hawkshead but to the generally neglected Cockermouth, that he gives the first place in the formation of the poet. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." The truth is, no doubt, that Wordsworth was born Wordsworth, and Cockermouth has merely the honor of having been the favorable and fortunate soil in which the wonderful seed happened to be sown. Grasmere would have done still better perhaps, but was not needed. The seed came from where we know not; came on the divine wind that, blowing where it listeth, carries the seeds of genius and brings that which was to be Keats into a livery stable and that which was to be Wordsworth into the house of an obscure attorney at Cockermouth. It found Cockermouth good soil, and a little later on Hawkshead better still and richer. After Hawkshead the Wordsworth we know was complete on the side of nature; it was on the side of man that he still had to change and grow.

Mr. Robertson is rather a prolix writer, has swollen his book to unnecessary bulk, has no particular gifts of style of his own, and no very sure judgment of that of his poet, as may be seen in the fact that he thinks he has improved "Lucy Gray" by cutting out all the middle part of it. And he seems to wish that in his Matthew and Michael and the rest Wordsworth had given us photographs of particular persons rather than the ideal creations transcending individual limits which we have. All this shows he is no great critic; and some of us would even feel that the discovery of an actual schoolmaster for the original of Matthew

would be as great a disillusion as that other, if it could be made, of the actual young lord who remains happily buried deep in the sonnets of Shakespeare. The creative mind fortunately does not work like the camera; even in the case of Coleridge and himself Wordsworth's portraits are, to say the least, difficult to follow in detail. And, no doubt, even on the geographical side such attempts at identification of the localities of the poems are not all pure gain. They are legitimate and interesting, but only provided those who make them keep constantly in mind Wordsworth's recorded dislike of either poets or artists working on the spot where imagination is apt to disappear in description. Nature, as he said, does not like inventories of her charms; nor, it may be added, does poetry care about making them. Such books as Mr. Knight's and this by Mr. Robertson run a real risk of substituting fact for truth, prose for poetry, in their attempts at localizing the poems of such a man as Wordsworth. Still, if one takes care not to count the stones in the mountain valleys, and distribute this to this poem or line of a poem and that to another, they are undoubtedly interesting. There is food for the mind and the imagination, and not merely for the appetite of curiosity, in feeling as one turns on to the old way between Rydal and Grasmere that this is one of the places, though not the only one, that became under Wordsworth's hand the Leech Gatherer's lonely moor. And Mr. Robertson has added several interesting identifications of his own. He appears, for instance, to make a good case against Mr. Knight for identifying the "winding way," which, passing out of sight over a hill, was daily seen by the boy Wordsworth and was for him

like an invitation into space
Boundless, or guide into eternity

not with the road to Isel, but with that over Micklebrows. And, with the help of the poet's grandson, he has certainly proved that the place where the boy, as described in "The Prelude," came alone upon the ruined gibbet on the moor was not anywhere on Skiddaw, but at the Cowrake quarry on Penrith Beacon; and he and Mr. Gordon Wordsworth seem equally right in their view that "the loved one at his side," with whom he often roamed near this scene, was his future wife and not his sister.

These are details and not matters of enormous importance. But Mr. Robertson's book is not one of mere detail. It is the book of a man who knows both the poet and that beautiful country of his, and breathes their spirit every day. Wordsworth thought his own age already too much given over to hurry and bustle, the "sordid industry" of one famous sonnet, and the "getting and spending" of another. There was much in life, as we know, which he could not or would not see. He wished, in certain most essential and serious moods, to call us back to his own life, "lived in pleasant thought"; he wished that both we and he might have the leisure and the temper to catch sight of Proteus rising from the sea. If he thought that a

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hundred years ago, what would he think now? It is, perhaps, one cause of his always growing fame that every year the world goes further on a course which increases the need of him. In quieter days people who went to poetry went to it partly for the excitement it brought; for its stir and color and romance, even for its violence. Wordsworth was not without any of these things in his nature; but the predominant thing in him, as compared with most poets, is his power of stillness, just the thing of which our day stands in ever-increasing need. He is an unfailing fountain, for those who have learnt how to drink aright, of joy in quietness, of strength in sitting still, of a listening and accepting wisdom, of what he himself called wise passiveness. "They that be whole need not a physician." The people who lived in villages felt no want of what Wordsworth had to give them. It is a pleasant thought, and perhaps a true one, though he himself would have been unwilling to admit its truth, that the need has helped to create the love, the disease has brought the sick to the physician, and that a generation that lives in cities seeks and finds refuge in Wordsworth as none of the generations that lived in villages ever could.

SPACE.

"Est impossibile? Certum est."—Tertullian.

Leithen told me this story one evening in early September as we sat beside the pony track which gropes its way from Glenavellin up the Correi na Sidhe. I had arrived that afternoon from the south, while he had been taking an off-day from a week's stalking, so we had walked up the glen together after tea to get the news of the forest.

A rifle was out on the Correi na Sidhe beat, and a thin spire of smoke had risen from the top of Sgurr Dearg to show that a stag had been killed at the burn-head. The lumpish hill pony with its deer-saddle had gone up the Correi in a gillie's charge, while we followed at leisure, picking our way among the loose granite rocks and the patches of wet bogland. The track climbed high on one of the ridges of Sgurr Dearg,

till it hung over a caldron of green glen with the Alt-na-Sidhe churning in its liun a thousand feet below. It was a breathless evening, I remember, with a pale-blue sky just clearing from the haze of the day. West-wind weather may make the North, even in September, no bad imitation of the Tropics, and I sincerely pitied the man who all these stifling hours had been tolling on the screes of Sgurr Dearg. By-and-by we sat down on a bank of heather, and idly watched the trough swimming at our feet. The clatter of the pony's hoofs grew fainter, the drone of bees had gone, even the midges seemed to have forgotten their calling. No place on earth can be so deathly still as a deer forest early in the season before the stags have begun roaring, for there are no sheep with their homely noises, and only the rare croak of a raven breaks the silence. The hillside was far from sheer—one could have walked down with a little care—but something in the shape of the hollow and the remote gleam of white water gave it an air of extraordinary depth and space. There was a shimmer left from the day's heat, which invested bracken and rock and scree with a curious airy unreality. One could almost have believed that the eye had tricked the mind, that all was mirage, that five yards from the path the solid earth fell away into nothingness. I have a bad head, and instinctively I drew further back into the heather. Leithen's eyes were looking vacantly before him.

"Did you ever know Hollond?" he asked.

Then he laughed shortly. "I don't know why I asked that, but somehow this place reminded me of Hollond. That glimmering hollow looks as if it were the beginning of eternity. It must be eerie to live with the feeling always on one."

Leithen seemed disinclined for further exercise. He lit a pipe and

smoked quietly for a little. "Odd that you didn't know Hollond. You must have heard his name. I thought you amused yourself with metaphysics."

Then I remembered. There had been an erratic genius who had written some articles in *Mind* on that dreary subject, the mathematical conception of infinity. Men had praised them to me, but I confess I never quite understood their argument. "Wasn't he some sort of mathematical professor?" I asked.

"He was, and, in his own way, a tremendous swell. He wrote a book on Number which has translations in every European language. He is dead now, and the Royal Society founded a medal in his honor. But I wasn't thinking of that side of him."

It was the time and place for a story, for the pony would not be back for an hour. So I asked Leithen about the other side of Hollond which was recalled to him by Correi na Sidhe. He seemed a little unwilling to speak. . . .

"I wonder if you will understand it. You ought to, of course, better than me, for you know something of philosophy. But it took me a long time to get the hang of it, and I can't give you any kind of explanation. He was my fag at Eton, and when I began to get on at the Bar I was able to advise him on one or two private matters, so that he rather fancied my legal ability. He came to me with his story because he had to tell someone, and he wouldn't trust a colleague. He said he didn't want a scientist to know, for scientists were either pledged to their own theories and wouldn't understand, or, if they understood, would get ahead of him in his researches. He wanted a lawyer, he said, who was accustomed to weighing evidence. That was good sense, for evidence must always be judged by the same laws, and I suppose in the long-run the most abstruse

business comes down to a fairly simple deduction from certain data. Anyhow, that was the way he used to talk, and I listened to him, for I liked the man, and had an enormous respect for his brains. At Eton he sluiced down all the mathematics they could give him, and he was an astonishing swell at Cambridge. He was a simple fellow, too, and talked no more jargon than he could help. I used to climb with him in the Alps now and then, and you would never have guessed that he had any thoughts beyond getting up steep rocks.

"It was at Chamonix, I remember, that I first got a hint of the matter that was filling his mind. We had been taking an off-day, and were sitting in the hotel garden, watching the Aiguilles getting purple in the twilight. Chamonix always makes me choke a little—it is so crushed in by those great snow masses. I said something about it—said I liked open spaces like the Gornergrat or the Bel Alp better. He asked me why: if it was the difference of the air, or merely the wider horizon? I said it was the sense of not being crowded, of living in an empty world. He repeated the word 'empty' and laughed.

"By 'empty' you mean," he said, "where things don't knock up against you?"

"I told him No. I meant just empty, void, nothing but blank æther.

"You don't knock up against things here, and the air is as good as you want. It can't be the lack of ordinary emptiness you feel."

"I agreed that the word needed explaining. 'I suppose it is mental restlessness,' I said. 'I like to feel that for a tremendous distance there is nothing round me. Why, I don't know. Some men are built the other way and have a terror of space.

"He said that that was better. It is a personal fancy, and depends on your

knowing that there is nothing between you and the top of the Dent Blanche. And you know because your eyes tell you there is nothing. Even if you were blind, you might have a sort of sense about adjacent matter. Blind men often have it. But in any case, whether got from instinct or sight, the *knowledge* is what matters."

"Hollond was embarking on a Socratic dialogue in which I could see little point. I told him so, and he laughed.

"I am not sure that I am very clear myself. But yes—there *is* a point. Supposing you knew—not by sight or by instinct, but by sheer intellectual knowledge, as I know the truth of a mathematical proposition—that what we call empty space was full, crammed. Not with lumps of what we call matter like hills and houses, but with things as real—as real to the mind. Would you still feel crowded?"

"No," I said, "I don't think so. It is only what we call matter that signifies. It would be just as well not to feel crowded by the other thing, for there would be no escape from it. But what are you getting at? Do you mean molecules or electric currents or what?"

"He said he wasn't thinking about that sort of thing, and began to talk of another subject.

"Next night, when we were pigging it at the Géant *cabane*, he started again on the same tack. He asked me how I accounted for the fact that animals could find their way back over great tracts of unknown country. I said I supposed it was the homing instinct.

"'Rubbish, man,' he said. 'That's only another name for the puzzle, not an explanation. There must be some reason for it. They must *know* something that we cannot understand. Tie a cat in a bag and take it fifty miles by train and it will make its way home. That cat has some clue that we haven't.'

"I was tired and sleepy, and told

him that I did not care a rush about the psychology of cats. But he was not to be snubbed, and went on talking.

"How if Space is really full of things we cannot see and as yet do not know? How if all animals and some savages have a cell in their brain or a nerve which responds to the invisible world? How if all Space be full of these landmarks, not material in our sense, but quite real? A dog barks at nothing, a wild beast makes an aimless circuit. Why? Perhaps because Space is made up of corridors and alleys, ways to travel and things to shun. For all we know, to a greater intelligence than ours the top of Mont Blanc may be as crowded as Piccadilly Circus."

"But at that point I fell asleep and left Hollond to repeat his questions to a guide who knew no English and a snoring porter.

"Six months later, one foggy January afternoon, Hollond rang me up at the Temple and proposed to come to see me that night after dinner. I thought he wanted to talk Alpine shop, but he turned up in Duke Street about nine with a kit-bag full of papers. He was an odd fellow to look at—a yellowish face with the skin stretched tight on the cheek-bones, clean-shaven, a sharp chin which he kept poking forward, and deep-set, grayish eyes. He was a hard fellow, too, always in pretty good condition, which was remarkable considering how he slaved for nine months out of the twelve. He had a quiet, slow-spoken manner, but that night I saw that he was considerably excited.

"He said that he had come to me because we were old friends. He proposed to tell me a tremendous secret. 'I must get another mind to work on it or I'll go crazy. I don't want a scientist. I want a plain man.'

"Then he fixed me with a look like a tragic actor's. 'Do you remember that talk we had in August at Cha-

monix—about Space? I daresay you thought I was playing the fool. So I was in a sense, but I was feeling my way towards something which has been in my mind for ten years. Now I have got it, and you must hear about it. You may take my word that it's a pretty startling discovery.'

"I lit a pipe and told him to go ahead, warning him that I knew about as much science as the dustman.

"I am bound to say that it took me a long time to understand what he meant. He began by saying that everybody thought of Space as an 'empty homogeneous medium.' 'Never mind at present what the ultimate constituents of that medium are. We take it as a finished product, and we think of it as mere extension, something without any quality at all. That is the view of civilized man. You will find all the philosophers taking it for granted. Yes, but every living thing does not take that view. An animal, for instance. It feels a kind of quality in Space. It can find its way over new country, because it perceives certain landmarks, not necessarily material, but perceptible, or if you like intelligible. Take an Australian savage. He has the same power, and, I believe, for the same reason. He is conscious of intelligible landmarks.'

"'You mean what people call a sense of direction,' I put in.

"'Yes, but what in Heaven's name is a sense of direction? The phrase explains nothing. However incoherent the mind of the animal or the savage may be, it is there somewhere, working on some data. I've been all through the psychological and anthropological side of the business, and after you eliminate clues from sight and hearing and smell and half-conscious memory there remains a solid lump of inexplicable.'

"Hollond's eye had kindled, and he sat doubled up in his chair, dominating me with a finger.

"'Here, then, is a power which man is civilizing himself out of. Call it anything you like, but you must admit that it is a power. Don't you see that it is a perception of another kind of reality that we are leaving behind us? . . . Well, you know the way nature works. The wheel comes full circle, and what we think we have lost we regain in a higher form. So for a long time I have been wondering whether the civilized mind could not recreate for itself this lost gift, the gift of seeing the quality of Space. I mean that I wondered whether the scientific modern brain could not get to the stage of realizing that Space is not an empty homogeneous medium, but full of intricate differences, intelligible and real, though not with our common reality.'

"I found all this very puzzling, and he had to repeat it several times before I got a glimpse of what he was talking about.

"'I've wondered for a long time,' he went on, 'but now, quite suddenly, I have begun to know.' He stopped and asked me abruptly if I knew much about mathematics.

"'It's a pity,' he said, 'but the main point is not technical, though I wish you could appreciate the beauty of some of my proofs.' Then he began to tell me about his last six months' work. I should have mentioned that he was a brilliant physicist besides other things. All Hollond's tastes were on the borderlands of sciences, where mathematics fades into metaphysics and physics merges in the abstrusest kind of mathematics. Well, it seems he had been working for years at the ultimate problem of matter, and especially of that rarefied matter we call aether or space. I forget what his view was—atoms or molecules or electric waves. If he ever told me I have forgotten, but I'm not certain that I ever knew. However, the point was that these ultimate constituents were dynamic and

mobile, not a mere passive medium but a medium in constant movement and change. He claimed to have discovered—by ordinary inductive experiment—that the constituents of aether possessed certain functions, and moved in certain figures obedient to certain mathematical laws. Space, I gathered, was perpetually "forming fours" in some fancy way.

"Here he left his physics and became the mathematician. Among his mathematical discoveries had been certain curves or figures or something whose behavior involved a new dimension. I gathered that this wasn't the ordinary Fourth Dimension that people talk of, but that fourth-dimensional inwardness or involution was part of it. The explanation lay in the pile of manuscripts he left with me, but though I tried honestly I couldn't get the hang of it. My mathematics stopped with desperate finality just as he got into his subject.

"His point was that the constituents of Space moved according to these new mathematical figures of his. They were always changing, but the principles of their change were as fixed as the law of gravitation. Therefore, if you once grasped these principles you knew the contents of the void. What do you make of that?"

I said that it seemed to me a reasonable enough argument, but that it got one very little way forward. "A man," I said, "might know the contents of Space and the laws of their arrangement and yet be unable to see anything more than his fellows. It is a purely academic knowledge. His mind knows it as the result of many deductions, but his senses perceive nothing."

Leithen laughed. "Just what I said to Hollond. He asked the opinion of my legal mind. I said I could not pronounce on his argument, but that I could point out that he had established

no *trait d'union* between the intellect which understood and the senses which perceived. It was like a blind man with immense knowledge but no eyes, and therefore no peg to hang his knowledge on and make it useful. He had not explained his savage or his cat. 'Hang it, man,' I said, 'before you can appreciate the existence of your Spacial forms you have to go through elaborate experiments and deductions. You can't be doing that every minute. Therefore you don't get any nearer to the use of the sense you say that man once possessed, though you can explain it a bit.' "

"What did he say?" I asked.

"The funny thing was that he never seemed to see my difficulty. When I kept bringing him back to it he shied off with a new wild theory of perception. He argued that the mind can live in a world of realities without any sensuous stimulus to connect them with the world of our ordinary life. Of course that wasn't my point. I supposed that this world of Space was real enough to him, but I wanted to know how he got there. He never answered me. He was the typical Cambridge man, you know—dogmatic about uncertainties, but curiously diffident about the obvious. He labored to get me to understand the notion of his mathematical forms, which I was quite willing to take on trust from him. Some queer things he said, too. He took our feeling about Left and Right as an example of our instinct for the quality of Space. But when I objected that Left and Right varied with each object, and only existed in connection with some definite material thing, he said that that was exactly what he meant. It was an example of the mobility of the Spacial forms. Do you see any sense in that?"

I shook my head. It seemed to me pure craziness.

"And then he tried to show me what

he called the 'involution of Space,' by taking two points on a piece of paper. The points were a foot away when the paper was flat, but they coincided when it was doubled up. He said that there were no gaps between the figures, for the medium was continuous, and he took as an illustration the loops on a cord. You are to think of a cord always looping and unlooping itself according to certain mathematical laws. Oh, I tell you, I gave up trying to follow him. And he was so desperately in earnest all the time. By his account Space was a sort of mathematical pandemonium."

Leithen stopped to refill his pipe, and I mused upon the ironic fate which had compelled a mathematical genius to make his sole confidant of a phillistine lawyer, and induced that lawyer to repeat it confusedly to an ignoramus at twilight on a Scotch hill. As told by Leithen it was a very halting tale.

"But there was one thing I could see very clearly," Leithen went on, "and that was Hollond's own case. This crowded world of Space was perfectly real to him. How he had got to it I do not know. Perhaps his mind, dwelling constantly on the problem, had unsealed some atrophied cell and restored the old instinct. Anyhow, he was living his daily life with a foot in each world.

"He often came to see me, and after the first hectic discussions he didn't talk much. There was no noticeable change in him—a little more abstracted perhaps. He would walk in the street or come into a room with a quick look round him, and sometimes for no earthly reason he would swerve. Did you ever watch a cat crossing a room? It sidles along by the furniture and walks over an open space of carpet as if it were picking its way among obstacles. Well, Hollond behaved like that, but he had always been

counted a little odd, and nobody noticed it but me.

"I knew better than to chaff him, and we had stopped argument, so there wasn't much to be said. But sometimes he would give me news about his experiences. The whole thing was perfectly clear and scientific and above-board, and nothing creepy about it. You know how I hate the washy supernatural stuff they give us nowadays. Hollond was well and fit, with an appetite like a hunter. But as he talked, sometimes—well, you know I haven't much in the way of nerves or imagination—but I used to get a little eerie. Used to feel the solid earth dissolving round me. It was the opposite of vertigo, if you understand me—a sense of airy realities crowding in on you,—crowding the mind, that is, not the body.

"I gathered from Hollond that he was always conscious of corridors and halls and alleys in Space, shifting, but shifting according to inexorable laws. I never could get quite clear as to what this consciousness was like. When I asked he used to look puzzled and worried and helpless. I made out from him that one landmark involved a sequence, and once given a bearing from an object you could keep the direction without a mistake. He told me he could easily, if he wanted, go in a dirigible from the top of Mont Blanc to the top of Snowdon in the thickest fog and without a compass, if he were given the proper angle to start from. I confess I didn't follow that myself. Material objects had nothing to do with the Spacial forms, for a table or a bed in our world might be placed across a corridor of Space. The forms played their game independent of our kind and reality. But the worst of it was, that if you kept your mind too much in one world you were apt to forget about the other, and Hollond was always barking his shins on stones and chairs and things.

"He told me all this quite simply and frankly. Remember his mind and no other part of him lived in his new world. He said it gave him an odd sense of detachment to sit in a room among people, and to know that nothing there but himself had any relation at all to the infinite strange world of Space that flowed around them. He would listen, he said, to a great man talking, with one eye on the cat on the rug, thinking to himself how much more the cat knew than the man."

"How long was it before he went mad?" I asked.

It was a foolish question, and made Leithen cross. "He never went mad in your sense. My dear fellow, you're very much wrong if you think there was anything pathological about him—then. The man was brilliantly sane. His mind was as keen as a keen sword. I couldn't understand him, but I could judge of his sanity right enough."

I asked if it made him happy or miserable.

"At first I think it made him uncomfortable. He was restless because he knew too much and too little. The unknown pressed in on his mind, as bad air weighs on the lungs. Then it lightened, and he accepted the new world in the same sober practical way that he took other things. I think that the free exercise of his mind in a pure medium gave him a feeling of extraordinary power and ease. His eyes used to sparkle when he talked. And another odd thing he told me. He was a keen rock-climber, but, curiously enough, he had never a very good head. Dizzy heights always worried him, though he managed to keep hold on himself. But now all that had gone. The sense of the fulness of Space made him as happy—happier I believe—with his legs dangling into eternity, as sitting before his own study fire.

"I remember saying that it was all rather like the mediæval wizards who

made their spells by means of numbers and figures.

"He caught me up at once. 'Not numbers,' he said. 'Number has no place in Nature. It is an invention of the human mind to atone for a bad memory. But figures are a different matter. All the mysteries of the world are in them, and the old magicians knew that at least, if they knew no more.'

"He had only one grievance. He complained that it was terribly lonely. 'It is the Desolation,' he would quote, 'spoken of by Daniel the prophet.' He would spend hours travelling those eerie shifting corridors of Space with no hint of another human soul. How could there be? It was a world of pure reason, where human personality had no place. What puzzled me was why he should feel the absence of this. One wouldn't, you know, in an intricate problem of geometry or a game of chess. I asked him, but he didn't understand the question. I puzzled over it a good deal, for it seemed to me that if Hollond felt lonely, there must be more in this world of his than we imagined. I began to wonder if there was any truth in fads like psychical research. Also, I was not so sure that he was as normal as I had thought: it looked as if his nerves might be going bad.

"Oddly enough, Hollond was getting on the same track himself. He had discovered, so he said, that in sleep everybody now and then lived in this new world of his. You know how one dreams of triangular railway platforms with trains running simultaneously down all three sides and not colliding. Well, this sort of cantrip was 'common form,' as we say at the Bar, in Hollond's Space, and he was very curious about the why and wherefore of Sleep. He began to haunt psychological laboratories, where they experiment with the char-woman and the odd man, and

he used to go up to Cambridge for *séances*. It was a foreign atmosphere to him, and I don't think he was very happy in it. He found so many charlatans that he used to get angry, and declare he would be better employed at Mothers' Meetings!"

From far up the Glen came the sound of the pony's hoofs. The stag had been loaded up, and the gillies were returning. Leithen looked at his watch. "We'd better wait and see the beast," he said.

. . . "Well, nothing happened for the better part of a year. Then one evening in May he burst into my rooms in high excitement. You understand quite clearly that there was no suspicion of horror or fright or anything unpleasant about this world he had discovered. It was simply a series of interesting and difficult problems. All this time Hollond had been rather extra well and cheery. But when he came in I thought I noticed a different look in his eyes, something puzzled and diffident and apprehensive.

"There's a queer performance going on in the other world,' he said. 'It's unbelievable. I never dreamed of such a thing. I—I don't quite know how to put it, and I don't know how to explain it, but—but I am becoming aware that there are other beings—other minds—moving in Space besides mine."

"I suppose I ought to have realized then that things were beginning to go wrong. But it was very difficult, he was so rational and anxious to make it all clear. I asked him how he knew. There could, of course, on his own showing be no *change* in that world, for the forms of Space moved and existed under inexorable laws. He said he found his own mind falling him at points. There would come over him a sense of fear—intellectual fear—and weakness, a sense of something else, quite alien to Space, thwarting him.

Of course he could only describe his impressions very lamely, for they were purely of the mind, and he had no material peg to hang them on, so that I could realize them. But the gist of it was that he had been gradually becoming conscious of what he called 'Presences' in his world. They had no effect on Space—did not leave footprints in its corridors, for instance—but they affected his mind. There was some mysterious contact established between him and them. I asked him if the affection was unpleasant, and he said 'No, not exactly.' But I could see a hint of fear in his eyes.

"Think of it. Try to realize what intellectual fear is. I can't, but it is conceivable. To you and me fear implies pain to ourselves or some other, and such pain is always in the last resort pain of the flesh. Consider it carefully and you will see that it is so. But imagine fear so sublimated and transmuted as to be the tension of pure spirit. I can't realize it, but I think it possible. I don't pretend to understand how Hollond got to know about these Presences. But there was no doubt about the fact. He was positive, and he wasn't in the least mad—not in our sense. In that very month he published his book on Number, and gave a German professor who attacked it a most tremendous public trouncing.

"I know what you are going to say,—that the fancy was a weakening of the mind from within. I admit I should have thought of that, but he looked so confoundingly sane and able that it seemed ridiculous. He kept asking me my opinion, as a lawyer, on the facts he offered. It was the oddest case ever put before me, but I did my best for him. I dropped all my own views of sense and nonsense. I told him that, taking all that he had told me as fact, the Presences might be either ordinary minds traversing Space in sleep; or minds such as his which had inde-

pendently captured the sense of Space's quality; or, finally, the spirits of just men made perfect, behaving as psychical researchers think they do. It was a ridiculous task to set a prosaic man, and I wasn't quite serious. But Hollond was serious enough.

"He admitted that all three explanations were conceivable, but he was very doubtful about the first. The projection of the spirit into Space during sleep, he thought, was a faint and feeble thing, and these were powerful Presences. With the second and the third he was rather impressed. I suppose I should have seen what was happening and tried to stop it; at least, looking back that seems to have been my duty. But it was difficult to think that anything was wrong with Hollond; indeed the odd thing is that all this time the idea of madness never entered my head. I rather backed him up. Somehow the thing took my fancy, though I thought it moonshine at the bottom of my heart. I enlarged on the pioneering before him. 'Think,' I told him, 'what may be waiting for you. You may discover the meaning of Spirit. You may open up a new world, as rich as the old one, but imperishable. You may prove to mankind their immortality and deliver them for ever from the fear of death. Why, man, you are picking at the lock of all the world's mysteries.'

"But Hollond did not cheer up. He seemed strangely languid and dispirited. 'That is all true enough,' he said, 'if you are right, if your alternatives are exhaustive. But suppose they are something else, something . . .' What that 'something' might be he had apparently no idea, and very soon he went away.

"He said another thing before he left. He asked me if I ever read poetry, and I said, Not often. Nor did he: but he had picked up a little book somewhere and found a man who

knew about the Presences. I think his name was Traherne, one of the seventeenth-century fellows. He quoted a verse which stuck to my fly-paper memory. It ran something like this:—

“Within the region of the air,
Compassed about with Heavens fair,
Great tracts of land there may be found,

Where many numerous hosts,
In those far distant coasts,
For other great and glorious ends
Inhabit, my yet unknown friends.”

Hollond was positive he did not mean angels or anything of the sort. I told him that Traherne evidently took a cheerful view of them. He admitted that, but added: ‘He had religion, you see. He believed that everything was for the best. I am not a man of faith, and can only take comfort from what I understand. I’m in the dark, I tell you. . . .’

“Next week I was busy with the Chilian Arbitration case, and saw nobody for a couple of months. Then one evening I ran against Hollond on the Embankment, and thought him looking horribly ill. He walked back with me to my rooms, and hardly uttered one word all the way. I gave him a stiff whisky-and-soda, which he gulped down absent-mindedly. There was that strained, hunted look in his eyes that you see in a frightened animal’s. He was always lean, but now he had fallen away to skin and bone.

“‘I can’t stay long,’ he told me, ‘for I’m off to the Alps to-morrow and I have a lot to do.’ Before then he used to plunge readily into his story, but now he seemed shy about beginning. Indeed I had to ask him a question.

“‘Things are difficult,’ he said hesitatingly, ‘and rather distressing. Do you know, Leithen, I think you were wrong about—about what I spoke to you of. You said there must be one of three explanations. I am beginning to

think that there is a fourth. . . .’

“He stopped for a second or two, then suddenly leaned forward and gripped my knee so fiercely that I cried out. ‘That world is the Desolation,’ he said in a choking voice, ‘and perhaps I am getting near the Abomination of the Desolation that the old prophet spoke of. I tell you, man, I am on the edge of a terror, a terror,’ he almost screamed, ‘that no mortal can think of and live.’

“You can imagine that I was considerably startled. It was lightning out of a clear sky. How the devil could one associate horror with mathematics? I don’t see it yet. . . . At any rate, I—— You may be sure I cursed my folly for ever pretending to take him seriously. The only way would have been to have laughed him out of it at the start. And yet I couldn’t, you know—it was too real and reasonable. Anyhow, I tried a firm tone now, and told him the whole thing was arrant raving bosh. I bade him be a man and pull himself together. I made him dine with me, and took him home, and got him into a better state of mind before he went to bed. Next morning I saw him off at Charing Cross, very haggard still, but better. He promised to write to me pretty often. . . .”

The pony, with a great eleven-pointer lurching athwart its back, was abreast of us, and from the autumn mist came the sound of soft Highland voices. Leithen and I got up to go, when we heard that the rifle had made direct for the Lodge by a short cut past the Sanctuary. In the wake of the gillies we descended the Correi road into a glen all swimming with dim purple shadows. The pony minced and bogged; the stag’s antlers stood out sharp on the rise against a patch of sky, looking like a skeleton tree. Then we dropped into a covert of birches and

emerged on the white glen highway.

Leithen's story had bored and puzzled me at the start, but now it had somehow gripped my fancy. Space a domain of endless corridors and Presences moving in them! The world was not quite the same as an hour ago. It was the hour, as the French say, "between dog and wolf," when the mind is disposed to marvels. I thought of my stalking on the morrow, and was miserably conscious that I would miss my stag. Those airy forms would get in the way. Confound Leithen and his yarns!

"I want to hear the end of your story," I told him, as the lights of the Lodge showed half a mile distant.

"The end was a tragedy," he said slowly; "I don't much care to talk about it. But how was I to know? I couldn't see the nerve going. You see I couldn't believe it was all nonsense. If I could I might have seen. But I still think there was something in it—up to a point. Oh, I agree he went mad in the end. It is the only explanation. Something must have snapped in that fine brain, and he saw the little bit more which we call madness. Thank God, you and I are prosaic fellows. . . ."

"I was going out to Chamonix myself a week later. But before I started I got a post-card from Hollond, the only word from him. He had printed my name and address, and on the other side had scribbled six words—'*I know at last—God's mercy.—H. G. H.*' The handwriting was like a sick man of ninety. I knew that things must be pretty bad with my friend.

"I got to Chamonix in time for his funeral. An ordinary climbing accident—you probably read about it in the papers. The Press talked about the toll which the Alps took from intellectuals—the usual rot. There was an inquiry, but the facts were quite simple. The body was only recognized

by the clothes. He had fallen several thousand feet.

"It seems that he had climbed for a few days with one of the Kronigs and Dupont, and they had done some hair-raising things on the Aiguilles. Dupont told me that they had found a new route up the Montanvert side of the Charmoz. He said that Hollond climbed like a '*diable fou*,' and if you know Dupont's standard of madness you will see that the pace must have been pretty hot. 'But Monsieur was sick,' he added; 'his eyes were not good. And I and Franz, we were grieved for him and a little afraid. We were glad when he left us.'"

"He dismissed the guides two days before his death. The next day he spent in the hotel, getting his affairs straight. He left everything in perfect order, but not a line to a soul, not even to his sister. The following day he set out alone about three in the morning for the Grèpon. He took the road up the Nantillons glacier to the Col, and then he must have climbed the Mummery crack by himself. After that he left the ordinary route and tried a new traverse across the Mer de Glace face. Somewhere near the top he fell, and next day a party going to the Dent du Requin found him on the rocks thousands of feet below.

"He had slipped in attempting the most foolhardy course on earth, and there was a lot of talk about the dangers of guideless climbing. But I guessed the truth, and I am sure Dupont knew, though he held his tongue. . . ."

We were now on the gravel of the drive, and I was feeling better. The thought of dinner warmed my heart and drove out the eeriness of the twilight glen. The hour between dog and wolf was passing. After all, there was a gross and jolly earth at hand for wise men who had a mind to comfort.

Leithen, I saw, did not share my mood. He looked glum and puzzled, as if his tale had aroused grim memories. He finished it at the Lodge door.

" . . . For, of course, he had gone out that day to die. He had seen the something more, the little bit too much, which plucks a man from his moorings. He had gone so far into the land of

pure spirit that he must needs go further and shed the fleshly envelope that cumbered him. God send that he found rest! I believe that he chose the steepest cliff in the Alps for a purpose. He wanted to be unrecognizable. He was a brave man and a good citizen. I think he hoped that those who found him might not see the look in his eyes."

Blackwood's Magazine.

John Buchan.

THE UNDYING FLAME.

Too soon, when the Spring has released us
From Winter, his rage and his rods,
We banish the Fire-god, Hephaestus,
The best of the gods;
Forlorn in my desolate "sitter,"
Too soon I am bound to grow bitter
For lack of his warmth and his glitter,
And the poker's affectionate prods.

We are sons, I suppose, of the Viking
Who conquered the storm and the wave,
And although it is not to our liking
We *have* to be brave;
So we say, "There shall be no surrender,
The sun has arrived in his splendor;"
And we put an old fern in the fender,
A garland of flowers on a grave!

But the Sun-god so frequently loses
His way, or has punctured a tyre;
And chilled is the heart of the Muses,
And hushed is the lyre;
And scarcely a song-bird has carolled,
But still we go lightly apparelled,
And bear it, remembering *Harold*
And *Tostig*, and don't have a fire.

I call it unspeakably silly;
Yes, even in years that are hot,
I shudder, I shrink from that stilly
And ghost-haunted grot;
Ah would, that some builder would fashion
The home of my dreams, of my passion,

Where Yule-logs are rosy and ashen,
Let the weather be no matter what!

From May to the end of September,
By no superstition enticed,
The brand, the Olympian ember,
The booty unpriced
That was boned from on high by Prometheus
(All hail to his nerve and his knee-thews!)
I should still (in the caviller's teeth) use,—
And the rest of the house should be iced.

*Punch.**Evoc.*

THE NEW OPIUM CONVENTION.

The opium trade with China has been subject to so much misconception and misrepresentation that it is too much to hope that the extremists among its opponents will be satisfied even by the new agreement to hasten its extinction which has just been concluded at Peking. Writing more than fifty years ago, a distinguished missionary and pronounced opponent of the opium traffic (the Rev. W. H. Medhurst) said: "The arming of vessels engaged in the opium traffic is simply for their own protection; and all little enough to protect themselves against the rapacious pirates who have of late years infested the coast. As it is told in England, it leads to the conclusion that the opium vessels are armed for the purpose of resisting the revenue officers of China, than which no idea could be more erroneous." But the correction was ignored, and the lie "as told in England" survives to the present day. The inference was implied then, and is implied still, that this armament was employed to force opium on an unwilling people and an obnoxious traffic on the officials of the Empire; the truth being that it was quite unnecessary to employ any force to induce the people to buy the drug and

that the officials were eager, every one of them, to attract into channels under their own control a traffic which yielded a steady and lucrative income for which they had not to account. And so with the "Opium War" and "Opium Treaties." It would be interesting to know how many of those who attend and vote, or even of those who speak, at anti-opium meetings have read the instructions of the British Government to Sir Henry Pottinger, in 1841, or the text of the treaties they denounce—or how many have been content to derive their impression from misrepresentations similar to the denunciations of "Chinese Slavery" in South Africa, which were so widely credited in 1906. We are still told of the "opium treaty" and the "opium war" and of the "national crime" of waging one to enforce the other, in absolute disregard of the fact that there is not a word in the Treaty (of 1842) about the admission of opium, Lord Palmerston having expressly laid down that "the Government made no such demand, for they had no right to do so; the Chinese Government being fully entitled to prohibit the importation if it pleased; and British subjects who engage in a contraband trade must take the consequences

of doing so." Sir Henry was, in view of the obvious facts we have noted, authorized to impress upon the Chinese Plenipotentiaries that it would be in the interest of the Imperial Government to legalize by a regular duty a trade which it could not prevent; but the Chinese Plenipotentiary foresaw trouble enough for himself at Peking without raising unnecessary questions; and things went on as before till 1859, when the Chinese had come to perceive the force of the argument and inserted opium of their own free-will in the tariff attached to the Treaty of Tientsin, at a rate of their own choosing. But conditions were attached, also of their own choosing, which restricted the trade entirely to Chinese hands. "Opium (ran the new Rule) will henceforth pay thirty taels per pecul import duty. The importer will sell it only at the port. It will be carried into the interior by Chinese only, and only as Chinese property: the foreign trader will not be allowed to accompany it. The provisions of Art. IX. of the Treaty of Tientsin, by which British subjects are authorized to proceed into the interior with passports to trade, will not extend to it; nor will those of Art. XXVIII. of the same Treaty by which the transit duties are regulated. The transit dues on it will be arranged as the Chinese Government see fit." And so matters remained till 1876, when Sir Thomas Wade agreed to insert in the Convention of Chefoo a provision that these Inland Dues (*lekin*) should be added to the Customs Dues and the whole collected at the port of entry—a provision subsequently expanded by the Marquis Tseng in negotiation with Lord Salisbury, at London, into what is known as an "additional article to the above agreement," in 1885. By this article, at the express wish of the Peking Government, *lekin* was fixed at a uniform rate of Tls. 80 instead of being left to the discretion

of the several provincial governments; and a proviso was added that, when opium which had paid this (Tls. 30 plus Tls. 80) 110 taels a chest reached its destination in the interior it should not be subject to any further tax "other than or in excess of such tax or contribution as is or may hereafter be levied on native (Chinese) opium."

So matters stood until the publication, in September 1903, of a Decree which gave the signal for a crusade that has been pursued with a decision which has surprised even those who were aware of the considerable body of opinion at the back of the new movement. That decree ordered the suppression of opium-smoking and the extinction of poppy cultivation in China in ten years; and the British Government agreed, in 1908, to reduce the sales of Indian opium in Calcutta by one-tenth annually, *pari passu* with Chinese action, if proof were forthcoming that that action was being effectively sustained. It is scarcely surprising that doubt was felt at first whether it would be sustained. Similar edicts issued more than once during the last and previous century had failed altogether of purpose or effect. But forces were at work, this time, that had not been previously operative. The American Association of China probably struck the key-note in remarking, to the Secretary of State, that "previous movements had begun at the top, having been actively supported only by the Emperor and a few of the highest officials; whereas the present movement began from below, its most ardent advocates being Chinese who, during the last thirty years, have been educated in Western knowledge—some of them abroad, others in the mission schools." Allusion has been made also in recent telegrams to collateral pressure which has been brought to bear on the Peking Government from outside China; and it is likely that, as the

Association also remarked, "the leading officials of the nation feel, to an extent never before felt, that they are before the bar of public opinion; and that, having put their hand to the plough, they will be discredited by any weakening in their announced purpose. The pressure has at any rate been sustained, and China has been able to show results which—if not quite commensurate with the allegations of those who are urging and supporting her action—were held to justify it in asking the Indian Government to reduce its sales more rapidly to keep pace with her effort. Seven years of the 1908 agreement have yet to run. But "China having (runs a new agreement just signed) adopted a rigorous policy for prohibiting the production, transport, and smoking of native opium, the British Government agrees that the export of opium from India shall cease in less than seven years if proof is given that the production of native opium has completely ceased." The prediction has been hazarded that this means extinction within two years; but, while admitting that progress has been, so far, more rapid than even the leaders of the movement ventured, we suspect, to hope, we doubt whether the end is quite so near. We are heretical enough, for the sake of other interests than those of the opium-smokers, even to hope that it is not. For there is India to be considered, and we venture to think that the Indian cultivator and tax-payer is entitled to consideration as well as the benefit of the drug. Enthusiasts want the opium trade extinguished immediately, just as a similar school of teetotalers would extinguish the trade in alcoholic liquors in these islands, without regard to the economic interests involved. It is nothing to them that a number of Indian ryots should be impoverished and disaffection excited in Gwallior, for instance, and other native States. By dint of

much repetition they have persuaded themselves that England forced opium upon China by war, and continues to force her to purchase and presumably consume it, so long as a certain quantity continues to be offered yearly for sale. It does not occur to them to represent to the Courts of Holland or Portugal that it is their moral duty to stop the export to England of gin and port wine, in order to deprive British subjects of the opportunity of buying these liquors if they wish; any more than it occurred to them that if Chinese were being used as "slaves" in the Transvaal, it lay with the Chinese Government to prohibit their engagement, or with the slaves themselves to stay at home. It is always their own countrymen who are in fault, and who must be made to suffer vicariously in order that their views of propriety may be enforced. But Governments have to take a wider view; and to moderate people it will doubtless seem that to march *pari passu* with China is to go as fast as can reasonably be required. Nor must it be forgotten that this agreement condones evasions and breaches of treaty rights which have caused irritation and loss during the last two years. One of the causes which really led to the war of 1841-2 was the creation, by the Canton authorities, of a body of merchants to monopolize foreign trade—not in opium, which was unrecognized, but commerce of all kinds; and one of the clauses of the treaty of Nanking stipulated that that practice should be abolished in future at all ports where British merchants might reside. But the Viceroy of Canton has lately again granted to a syndicate of twelve Chinese firms an exclusive right of dealing in opium, and has imposed an additional tax of \$300 a chest on Indian opium in transit, in breach of the agreement fixing the comprehensive tax at Tls. 110. By Article VI of the new agreement his Majesty's

Government have consented to an increase to Tls. 350 on condition, only, that Chinese opium is taxed equivalently and that the equality of opportunity stipulated for in 1885 is preserved. Telegrams from India express acquiescence in the new arrangement; as a reasonable definition of existing facts. It is recognized, apparently, that the situation has changed since China set herself to put down the cultivation of the poppy within her own

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borders, and that conventions designed to regulate a trade openly carried on with the assent of both parties ceased to be applicable when the purchasing nation gave evidence of a desire to limit its purchases and gradually extinguish the trade. But it is expected that the process of extinction will be carried on in order and with due regard to the protection reserved for the great interests concerned.

VICE VERSA.

"The male is, as it were, a mere after-thought of Nature—a variation of the original female sex."—*Fortnightly Review.*

Miss Trotter, in moving the second reading of the Men's Enfranchisement Bill, said that she based her case, in the first place, on the broad grounds of reason and justice. Once the cry of votes for men was raised, it could neither be ignored nor overcome by the mere reassertion of the natural right of women to sway the fortunes of the State, to the exclusion of the other sex. In the next place, she invited them, in the interests of mankind, to extend to men the refining and sobering influences of political thought and action. Men would be found not incapable of playing a part—it might be a modest part—in the field of government. Already, as voters for the parish council, they had displayed an undoubted sense of what was becoming in the sphere of local government. In the course of the last generation their standard of civilization had appreciably risen. They drank less and fought less, and statistics showed that the brutal and ignoble pastimes which formerly occupied the leisure of all classes of men were steadily declining. She asked them to show their sense of

the efforts which the other sex were making to lead decent human lives by extending to them this small and carefully safeguarded instalment of British citizenship.

Lady Lortimer said that she would be the first to oppose any step that would lead towards a reversion to barbarism, but men had long been admitted to opportunities of enjoying all, or nearly all, the best influences of civilization, and it was acknowledged that they had thus acquired a higher ethical and social standard. She was convinced that the time was ripe for a moderate and cautious measure of enfranchisement.

The Hon. Mrs. Brown, in moving that the Bill be read that day three months, said the hon. member had overlooked one vital point. Did men as a class want the vote? Did even a majority of them desire a vote? She absolutely denied it. The number of men who had signed petitions against the Bill largely exceeded those who had petitioned in its support. The best and wisest men deeply deplored and bitterly resented the agitation carried on in their name. They valued too much their positions as husbands, fathers, and breadwinners to desire a change, and, above all, a change which threatened

to subvert the ancient sanctities of our domestic and social life. Nature after all had given women the leadership which they exercised. That House had never failed to redress the grievances of men when brought to their notice, and she challenged hon. members to cite a single case of economic or political hardship on which men had appealed to them in vain. It was useless to invoke logic in such a case, and, as to justice, she was unable to see how justice was promoted by forcing the vote upon a profoundly unwilling class. Democracy, as she understood it, was best served by confining political power with those who were at once willing and competent to exercise it, or, in other words, by resisting any and every encroachment on our existing franchise system.

Lady Lascelles said she objected to the Bill because it sought to obliterate nature's line of demarcation. Man was not necessarily inferior because of his marked political incapacity. He had his own aptitudes, and his muscular superiority and power of specialization within certain well-defined limits were admitted. But was there a woman amongst them, with any experience of the other sex, who was prepared to argue that because men were useful as breadwinners, capable in commerce, and sturdy in physique, they were therefore fitted to play a responsible part in public life? To women it had been given to rule over the home and over that dear motherland which was the home of the nation. They held their position in virtue of their intimate knowledge of human needs and their instinct for management and statecraft, and they had held it unchallenged up to the present because they had exercised their power with a single eye to the good of the race. How could they hope for peace amongst the families of mankind if once they imported the discordant

standards, the material motives, and the clumsy and tactless methods of men into the region of high politics? They were without any knowledge of the character and conduct of men that could enable them to forecast the result. No one could have the faintest notion what this Bill would lead to. She besought the House to stay its hand and to keep intact the majestic fabric which generations of devoted Englishwomen had built up.

Mrs. Coswold, while agreeing in the main with the moving speech to which they had just listened, felt constrained to put in a plea for bachelors and widowers of position, whose situation as employers of domestic servants with votes was not without its painful aspects. The case of husbands was different, and she was content to leave that class to be represented by the votes of their wives, who were perfectly competent to express, so far as they called for expression, the opinions, convictions, and aspirations of husbands.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking as an economist, and as the national housekeeper, declared herself immovably opposed to any step in the direction of the Bill. As wage-earners men were incapable of constructing or administering the simplest household budget. They knew nothing of the woman's great art of making both ends meet, or of wise, fruitful, and thrifty expenditure. How, then, could they be trusted with a vote involving the raising and expenditure of millions? The economy of the home and of the nation should be in the same hands, and she was convinced that the enfranchisement of men would lead to the adoption of tariffs and other expedients for illicit gains and bogus economies.

Mrs. Barton said that the great obstacle to the admission of men to the franchise had been the widespread fear

that politics would thereby be debased and brutalized, that physical force would be glorified, and that a vulgar self-assertion and pugnacity would begin to color our diplomatic relations. She asked the House to consider, however, that the Bill would enfranchise only a million men. She had been privileged to know men in diverse ranks of society who might fairly claim to share the burden of government with women, and she thought that in the Committee stage they might secure some kind of franchise which would, if she might so express it, enable them to skim the *élite* from the mass. If she thought that men would by such a step be encouraged to aspire to occupy seats in that House and positions of Ministerial power, she would vote against the second reading, but she credited them with the possession of a certain amount of common sense.

The Prime Minister, in asking the House to come to a decision, said that some of the more potent categories of conviction lay outside the sphere of argument, and she held that this was one of them. She asked them not to

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be swayed by sentiment, logic, or reason, but to review the problem submitted to them in the dry light of experience. The truth was that the qualities and functions, which fitted men for the discharge of the duties Providence had marked out for them, disqualified them absolutely and for all time from participating in the government of the State. With some irrelevant exceptions, men had never been entrusted with political power, and their incapacity for it was thus a matter of daily and universal experience. Whether they had regard to man's infirmity of purpose, to his ceaseless pursuit of sport and pleasure, his material standards, his ineradicable bias towards physical violence, his indifference to the spiritual and moral aspects of life, or his dependence on woman, they found that nature had marked him out not to govern, but to be governed. The most truly manly men recognized the limitations of sex, and looked to women to protect them against a movement which outraged nature and threatened to destroy the equilibrium of the State.

ON BEING "DONE."

A great many people who would hardly stoop to pick up a sixpence would walk miles rather than be cheated out of a threepenny bit; being cheated, they would willingly spend half-a-crown in order once more to come by their own. A small deception involving a small loss, wrongs so insignificant to the onlooker that they are best described in slang terms which convey a sense of the ridiculous, touch in them a source of anger which in others is only tapped by insult. To half their friends their righteous indignation is incomprehensible. If

these puzzled people find that they themselves have been "done," the thought leaves them rather sad, or quite indifferent, according to the loss involved. Occasionally even they feel a little amused at their own expense, and nothing would induce them to risk a further loss for the sake of equity in the abstract—(we are of course speaking of insignificant sums, of being "had"—not of the cruel injustices which involve of necessity suffering and resentment).

But though we are only dealing with trifles, they are trifles which show a

radical difference of disposition—as great a difference as can exist between persons of equal moral worth. If we put aside all those who are actuated by the repellent fault of meanness or by the inconvenient quality of pugnacity, the people who cannot bear to be cheated represent those in whom the sense of justice is strong and living; in whom, indeed, it is the motive power of the moral nature. The men and women, on the other hand, who see themselves "done" without any emotion, however good or trustworthy they may be, are not moved by that dynamic force. An insult offered to the blind goddess and her scales does not strike them as a profanity. They are no worshippers of hers.

It used to be taken for granted that a sense of justice was the root of all virtue; now it seems to be regarded as the flower, to be, in fact, the most exclusively human of all the virtues. Huxley affirmed that the love of one's neighbor was an earlier moral sentiment than the abstract sense of justice to which it gave rise. Certainly our inferior relations upon four legs, while they show both affection and self-sacrifice, have no sense of abstract justice. Perhaps, then, we may regard those in whom the sense of justice is weak as primitive. We do not mean that they resemble savages, or that they are, in any particular, ill-conducted. They are not necessarily undeveloped morally—often they are very highly developed—but they have developed upon primitive lines. So far as conduct goes, there are plenty of substitutes for a sense of justice. Sympathy will, in nine cases out of ten, keep a man from taking advantage, and that useful quality, pride, which does instead of so many virtues, will easily cover the tenth case. A good man without much sense of justice is most often unjust to himself. His sense of moral beauty, while it is keen,

is incomplete. He has a love of color but little appreciation of line. At every moral juncture he wishes to do well, to play a handsome part, but he is incurably ignorant of—is even perhaps incapable of grasping—the moral anatomy of the situation. He does what is generous because he is not quite sure what is just, and fears to do what is wrong. An immense number of women are in this case, and we believe it is commoner among men than is usually believed. The false idea that the sense of justice is strong in all but bad people makes the careless moral critic impute it to every well-doing individual.

There is, however, a certain strength in the man with a strong sense of justice and a weakness somewhere in the man who is without it. Experience of life may teach the first to say *de minimis*, and he may learn never to make himself ridiculous, but he will always feel, however secretly, a shock when the rules of the game are violated ever so little. The wrong note jars on him. He would like to stop the performance, and have the passage played over again. He is conscious, too, of the solidarity of the race; he takes, even if unconsciously, an interest in whether other people do right, builds his bit of the tower of civilization and makes them build theirs. There are no born rulers without this sense. The good man with a strong sense of justice does really care to improve the world, even though he would deny the charge. He wants to strengthen the moral backbone of society, to keep bright the armor of sincerity which alone can save it from destruction. Good men without a sense of justice care chiefly to ease its sufferings, mental and bodily, and show weakness most where their own interests are not concerned. They are strongly moved by pity and incline always to the cause of the under dog. As critics, however,

they are often useful to the cause of justice. They have no temptation to fix their minds upon the accuracy of the scales, and so forget in delicate comparisons the facts of positive weight. "So-and-so was over-harsh," they will say: "his action was positively cruel. What has the provocation to do with it? What he did ought not to be done." A lack of the sense of justice is not a defect of which many people are aware. They do not look up to the man who has it, but very often condemn him for a want of quick sympathy, and always feel that there is something despicable in taking much account of little matters, having an instinct to avoid friction.

To return to our theory—that the man who is amused, and not annoyed, when he finds that he has been "done" is a man of primitive moral type. The love of mystification is inherent in human nature, and some of us cannot resent it. All children love to take someone in. So does the primitive savage. The silliest riddle will delight the most intelligent child. Some sentence with a "catch" in it appeals with irritating certainty to the childish mind. They have an astonishing wish to dress up, for instance. At the back of every man's memory lies some childish joke at which he still smiles, and of which a trick was a part. Slight deceptions are apparently natural vents for high spirits. Something of this unreasonable delight lingers in us all. All good talk which is not debate has its origin in "pretending." The instinct is very deep-rooted, and lies close

The Spectator.

to the origins of humor and romance. When the instinct for romance—that is, what we usually call the artistic instinct—is very strong, the sense of justice is, we think, seldom keen and dominating. People created to enjoy the pageant of life to the full have not, as a rule, got it. It limits the interest. It may, of course, be truly said that all moral sentiments do this in some degree, and in the abstract such an argument may be maintained. Practically, however, sympathy increases the powers of perception to a marked extent, and while vivifying the drama saves the soul of the spectator. Sympathy, plus self-respect, will replace the seven living virtues, however we may like to define them. Children have, of course, a strong feeling for revenge, and if revenge is "a sort of wild justice," then justice is the earliest of all sentiments. But it is not distinctively human. A jelly fish, we should imagine, is capable of it. Revenge is not the origin of that ever-present sense of fair play, which is the outcome rather than the origin of civilization, and which goes on increasing in strength while revenge weakens with the years, but which is a less instinctive thing than either pity or romance.

Have we made out that people who do not mind being "done" are inclined to be sly? We do not think so. Slyness and pettiness are inseparable companions, and no disinterested person is ever sly. But they have not, as a rule, the qualities which make for progress, either in the best—or the second-best—sense of the word.

LORD LANSDOWNE'S SCHEME.

Nobody has ever written a history of public opinion, but if such a book could be written by another Bryce, combining encyclopædic knowledge with the gift of scientific imagination, a chapter

might well be given to what has happened to Conservative policy in England since Mr. Balfour was beaten at the polls in January, 1906. On October 22nd of that very year Mr. Balfour

used the traditional language of his party in dealing with the House of Lords; it was the language of unfeigned esteem and admiration. "The House of Lords," he said, "stands impregnable, not merely upon its historic past, but upon its present utility." There was no hint here of any flaw whatever in the constitution of our Second Chamber; nor did the leaders of the Unionist party place any check upon its functions in face of the unprecedented Liberal majority in the House of Commons. On the contrary, the Peers were encouraged to throw out the Education Bill—the very first important measure that was presented to them. In the same way the Licensing Bill was committed to the waste paper basket, and at last, with the concurrence and authority of Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne, this impregnable Second Chamber, relying on its historic past and present utility, outstepped the limits of constitutional usage by rejecting Mr. Lloyd George's first Budget. That happened in November, 1900, just a year and a-half ago. When this action was first mooted and proposed by the *Daily Telegraph* and other Conservative papers we refused to take it seriously, for it seemed to us perfectly clear that in so doing the House of Lords would most likely be committing suicide. It was impossible, in our view, that a hereditary Second Chamber should be able in this democratic age to deprive the House of Commons of its administrative and financial authority. Nevertheless, the attempt was made, and for the first time in modern history the House of Lords broke up a Parliament, and compelled the Government of the day to dissolve. What has happened since then is well within the recollection of our readers. The Government returned with a majority of over a hundred. The majority, it is true, was a composite one, but, unfortunately for the House of Lords, it

was absolutely united in favor of restricting and limiting the powers of the House of Lords. Thus by its own action the Second Chamber had given a fresh lease of life to its opponents, and had ensured their unity by providing a battle-cry. If the House of Lords had been allowed to act moderately and cautiously in the spirit in which it was led by the Duke of Wellington and admonished by Mr. Bagehot, we have little doubt that at this moment the Unionists would have been in office. But things went differently. Ultimately, of course, the Budget was passed; but after the King's death doubts were raised as to whether the country had been clearly consulted in regard to the Veto policy, for unless the mandate was clear the King, it was held, could not be advised to use his prerogative freely in order to carry a Parliament Bill through the House of Lords. This view prevailed; a fresh mandate was sought, and last December, for the second time within twelve months, the country gave Mr. Asquith a majority of over a hundred. The policy of the second Election, which was itself due to the persistent refusal of the leaders of the Unionist party to acquiesce in the limitation of the functions of the House of Lords, dealt a fatal blow at the historic institution. For the Tory Democrats, led by such popular men as Mr. F. E. Smith, refused to face the country with a mere Conservative policy of opposition to the Government proposals. Mr. Balfour was forced to devise some popular and attractive alternative. He invented two: the reform of the House of Lords and the Referendum. The first of these two policies culminated when Lord Lansdowne introduced a Bill which, in his own words, "will beyond doubt be a death blow to the House of Lords as many of us have known it for so long."

Lord Lansdowne's Bill is of a most

sweeping character. In fact, it goes as far almost as it would be possible to go without imperilling the certainty of a sufficient party majority for his own side in the House of Lords. Under his scheme there will be in a small House of 350 a Conservative majority which can hardly be less than 20 or more than 80. But if this scheme stood as a definite and alternative proposal, the position from a Liberal standpoint would be worse than before, since the prerogative of the King on the advice of Ministers to create peers would be abrogated. A moderate but irremovable majority would be substituted for a large but removable one. From the standpoint of the peers themselves, however, the Bill is, indeed, a death blow. The principle that when a legislator dies his eldest son immediately becomes a legislator is abrogated, and the very idea of heredity receives a rude constitutional shock. The main body of Lord Lansdowne's Second Chamber as provided in the Bill and lucidly explained by its author, consists of several entirely distinct sections, differently qualified and differently chosen.

(1) A hundred members would be elected by the hereditary peers, with minority representation, so that one-tenth of this body might be Liberals. Their tenure would be for twelve years, 25 retiring triennially.

(2) Then 120 members, called Lords of Parliament, would be elected by members of the House of Commons grouped according to large electoral districts again by proportional representation. These Lords of Parliament would also have a tenure of 12 years, and 30 would be elected every three years.

(3) A hundred members will be nominated by the Crown in each Par-

The Economist.

liament according to the distribution of the parties in the House of Commons.

(4) Lastly, the two Archbishops, the 16 Law Lords, and three Princes of the Blood will be *ex officio* members, and the Bishops will elect five of their number to the Second Chamber. No representation is provided for Nonconformists or Roman Catholics.

The Bill will also limit the creation of new peerages to five a year. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Lord Lansdowne's measure is the docility with which it has been taken in the leading articles of the so-called Conservative Press. The pure spirit of partisanship has never been more conspicuous than in the last two years. The very same writers who in the autumn of 1909 egged on the hereditary peers to their ruin, applauded their action, and exalted their exorbitant claims are now, with hardly an exception, commending Lord Lansdowne's Bill for its wisdom and far-sighted statesmanship. The *Pall Mall Gazette* has actually published a cartoon after Turner showing the House of Lords being tugged to its last berth, and by a vulgar little paddle-steamer, manned, we suppose, by the up-to-date Conservatives, who conserve nothing which appears to be at all unpopular. We do not think Lord Lansdowne's Bill could possibly become law in its present form. Perhaps it is a pity that after going so far he did not go a little further, and provide for a Second Chamber which would offer the probability of a fair balance of parties and opinions, with at least a sprinkling of independent men. Nevertheless, he has certainly taken a portentous step, which may possibly, as Lord Morley intimated, smooth the path of constitutional progress.

ODE FOR THE UNVEILING OF THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL.

I.

Once more she meets her people. Silent now,
August in immortality she stands.
A child—she felt the Crown oppress her brow,
A lonely child, throned over seas and lands,
She wept; then took the Sceptre in her hands
And mightily reigned, throned on her people's love!
Her long-sought realm of peace at last expands
Around her and beneath her and above.
Victoria—still she wields the Sceptre with the Dove.

II.

First in the sunrise of the reign to be,
Once more she meets her people. As of old,
Their welcome surges round her like a sea!
The mists and drifting veils of Time unfold,
And the deep-thundering anthem is up-rolled
Unto that God, "our help in ages past,"
Whose arms alone are mighty to uphold
This realm of Freedom, and to crown at last
With the pure light of Law a heritage so vast.

III.

The skies have changed for England. Let them change!
Change is the rhythm that draws the stars along,
The march of law, whence all that idly range
Whelm good and ill in a most equal wrong!
For law is life and order, growth and song,
The chariot of the Soul wherein she towers
Triumphant over changeless Death and strong
To cleave the indifferent surge of his dark powers,
And rein the thundering ages in a leash of hours.

IV.

The skies have changed for England, not her pride
In love and truth, the simple prayers she prayed
In cottage and in palace. These abide,
Though mocked by souls whose rootless lives are swayed
In every gust, light souls that shrink, afraid,
E'en from the good that shows not wholly new,
E'en from the living truth, unless arrayed
In glittering falsehood,—souls that yield no due
Of honor to a fame so simply pure and true.

V.

Yet onward, England! Though all else be changed,
 The faith endures that filled her age with light!
 Onward! Though narrow hearts be soon estranged,
 The great heart of thy people beats aright!
 Mists of an hour may veil her face from sight,
 And blot the unsullied countenance of her fame;
 But here her nations in one voice unite!
 The mists roll back! All ages shall proclaim
 The glory of England one with her triumphant name.

VI.

She stands before her people. Silent now,
 August in immortality she stands!
 Time cannot dim the Crown upon that brow,
 Nor change corrupt the Sceptre in those hands:
 She gazes out across her seas and lands,
 As ere the sundering years had worked their will.
 Mighty in life, in death she still commands
 All English hearts to burn, all eyes to fill.
 Once more she meets her people. She is mighty, still.
The Westminster Gazette. *Alfred Noyes.*

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The eviction of the Scottish crofters—always a pathetic theme—suggests the opening chapters of A. D. Stewart's story, "Heather and Peat." A father emigrating to Canada, a mother dying just as the time has come to join him, a boy left to be brought up in the hospital manse, a foundling girl who becomes his playmate and love, an old woman gifted with second sight, a carrier with his accumulated lore, the village minister and the laird are the principal characters in a narrative which gives some touching pictures of rural life. Fleming H. Revell Co.

Under the title "Under the Roof of the Jungle," Charles Livingston Bull groups fourteen vivid and picturesque sketches,—half-story and half nature-study, the fruit of personal adventure and experience in the wilds of British Guiana. He writes with an enthu-

siastic delight in wild life which the reader will find contagious, but it is not the delight of the hunter in quest of big game, but of the lover and close observer of the wild creatures of the forests and jungles. Illustrated with sixty full-page plates and a multitude of smaller decorations from drawings by the author, this is altogether one of the most attractive and stirring books of its class. L. C. Page & Co.

Herbert K. Job's "The Blue Goose Chase" (The Baker & Taylor Company) is a rattling good story of adventure for boy readers; but it is something more than that. It is a record of real experience in an exciting and successful quest of the habitat of the blue geese. The author is a naturalist; and he also knows and loves boys. The boys whom he takes with him in his quest have the time of their lives; and

the boys who read about them will not find their adventures less exciting because their hunting is done, not with guns, but with the camera. If, incidentally, from the story and from the illustrations which decorate it, they learn something of the uses of the camera and become qualified for like quests, so much the better.

Anna Chapin Ray's "Buddle" is the story of a boy upon whom shortsighted parents had bestowed the name "Ernest Angell" but who had so strong an aversion to the name that he was impelled to challenge to deadly combat any boy who called him by it, and whose mischievous conduct at school and among his playmates suggested that the appellation was at least premature. But he was a hearty, wholesome boy, none the less, and this record of his experiences, occupations and friendships is likely to appeal to boys of a similar type. Boys who read it will be glad that it is the first of a series by a writer who promises to do for boys what she already has done for girls in the "Sidney" and "Teddy" books. Little Brown & Co.

Less grim and tragic than Jack London's wont is "Adventure," and quite unrelated to any ethical or economic problems—a mere trifle, thrown off in some holiday mood, no doubt. But it is a picturesque and stirring story of life in the Solomon Islands, its hero a young Englishman at his wits' end to finance his plantation till his cocoanuts begin to yield, to whom appears, as he is holding in leash a gang of fever-stricken, mutinous cannibals, an American girl at the helm of a whale-boat rowed by Tahitian sailors. Joan Lackland proves to be the heiress of a rich Hawaii cattleman with a passion for exploration, and she insists that she is only following family tradition by joining fortunes, in a "strictly business partnership," with her reluctant host.

The end of the story is easily imagined, but the intervening incidents are full of the unexpected, and the interest does not flag for a moment. The Macmillan Company.

By a coincidence, "George Thorne," the hero of Norval Richardson's new novel, overhears in the Colorado mining-office where he is employed as clerk a conversation which reveals a scheme of his employers for cheating the Eastern owner and at the same time informs him of a striking resemblance between the owner's wife and himself. By another coincidence, one of the partners drops from his pocket an old newspaper clipping referring to the kidnapping of the capitalist's child, some twenty years earlier. George is immediately struck with the possibility of passing himself off as the missing son, and buying the silence of his employers by threatening to expose his knowledge of their own plans. The plot is ingeniously developed, with lavish details of the luxurious life of the metropolis; an element of psychological interest is introduced in a way to increase its plausibility; and readers who enjoy a story of its type will count this an uncommonly good one. L. C. Page & Co.

Novel-writing and pamphleteering are getting considerably confused. The novel that attacks the conventionalities is an everyday affair, and the novel that attacks the existing economic order is not new, nor the novel that attacks the church. The novel that attacks the army is more of a surprise. But the novel that attacks all four at once—can that be a novel at all? Isn't it just plain propaganda? Indeed it can be a novel, and of the most readable sort, if its name is "The Visioning" and its writer Susan Glasspell, and one is almost tempted to believe that she wrote it for art's sake as they did in the brave days of old, and

that the propaganda are only designed as stage-setting for dear Katie Jones, the "army girl," her protégée, Ann, the chorus-girl, her brother, Captain Wayneworth Jones, at work on his new invention for the Ordnance Department, and her lover, "the man who mends the boats," as they play their separate parts on the beautiful Government island in the Mississippi. Quarrel as the conservative reader will with its teaching—if it really means to teach—the book is certainly one of the brightest of the season. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The titles of the five novels completed by Will Lillibridge before his lamented death at but thirty-one years of age—"Ben Blair," "Where the Trail Divides," "The Dissolving Circle," "The Quest Eternal," and "The Dominant Dollar"—suggest the essential characteristics of his work, his familiarity with the vigorous, picturesque life of the West, his protest against convention and materialism, and his imaginative power with its tinge of melancholy. The short stories—many of them published before in magazine form—which are now gathered into a volume called "A Breath of Prairie," show the same qualities, and deepen the regret that his career should have been so short and the conviction that added years would have added to his reputation. Few writers write so spontaneously, with such exuberance of enthusiasm, out of such genuine sympathy with their subjects. The longest story in this volume—a study of unhappy marriage—is the least characteristic and the least successful. But the opening sketch, of an ambitious boy longing to leave the prairie but held by the needs of his father and mother, is wonderfully real and touching. Equally real, but in lighter vein, is "A Dark Horse," the description of a Marathon race in an Iowa college.

A brief introduction increases the personal interest of the volume, and one feels sure that it is supplemented by a bit of genuine autobiography in the sketch called "The Madness of Whistling Wings." A. C. McClurg & Co.

"The nomadic, bachelor West is over, the housed, married West is established," writes Owen Wister in the delightful preface to the volume of stories of Wyoming which he names "Members of the Family." Among the nomads are Scipio Le Moyne, the shrewd, genial and upon occasion garrulous cow-boy, hunter and guide, who figures in nearly all the stories; Uncle Pasco, the bad old gentleman with black coat and white beard who holds up the paymaster in his cabin; McDonough, the rustler; Lem Speed, the cattleman; Timberline, the stock-tender, with *Waiting for nothing* stamped plain upon him from head to foot, as it is stamped upon certain figures all the world over; Aaron Tace, the shell-game man, and old Kultus Jake and Frisco Baldy who have crossed the line together into childhood. Less picturesque, perhaps, but not less interesting, are the housed-and-married, such as Jimsy Cullogen with his pretty, scolding wife; Mr. Edmund, the store-keeper at Beekman, with the heap of misplaced seriousness in his system to conquer, whose happiness fills and crowds the cabin when he brings the little school-teacher home to share it with him; and Sir Francis Drake, whose stately figure points a moral for the final tale. Thoroughly at home in the region which he loves to describe and thorough master of the art of description, Mr. Wister has few rivals in his field. It is a pity that he sometimes resorts to the exaggerated and artificial, and so falls of the effect of absolute reality achieved now and then by writers far less brilliant. The Macmillan Co.

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {
VOLUME LI.

No. 3494 June 24, 1911

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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DREAMS.

My son is in America,
 Away beyond the sea,
 But in his dreams he comes back home,
 And looks out towards Knockree.
 He sees the ribbon of white road
 Go winding towards Glenchree,
 And he knocks with his stick on the
 open door
 To call herself and me.

All day he's working in the town,
 And moldered with the street,
 But in his dreams he feels the grass—
 The grass beneath his feet;
 He wanders up the green hill-side,
 The elder bloom smells sweet,
 Then he praises God for the Irish air
 And reek of burning peat.

The wonders of the West he sees,
 For men of wealth live there
 In houses reaching to the stars,
 With everything that's fair.
 "But och!" says he, "the hills for me,
 The sight of grouse or hare,
 The cry of the curlews over the bog,
 The breath of Irish air."

W. M. Letts.

The Nation.

A 70th BIRTHDAY.

Threescore ten are the years I've told:
 Time, say you, to prepare to die,
 Soon to be missed and under the
 mould:

Haply, my friend, yet why?

If all these decades—may God for-
 give!—

My days have been water poured in a
 sieve,

And I never, by knowing Him, learned
 to live.

Time to begin, say I.

Think of the hazardous paths I trod,
 Heading for ruin, but forced to stay,
 By the magnificent might of God
 Ever from day to day
 Rescued, renovate, born anew;
 Blindly doing what man may do
 To balk His purpose, and yet brought
 through!

Now for a saner way!

Look at the great unchanging laws,
 Chemic, mechanic, and what beside,

Modes of the One Almighty Cause
 In the bodies where we abide!
 Operant e'en the while we sleep!
 Kindred of those the soul must keep
 Or ever to Life Eterne she leap,
 To reign as the Spirit's Bride!

Teeming with thoughts that breed dis-
 ease,

Drugged with delusions that make
 for death,

Too earth-bound, e'en upon bended
 knees

To hear what the Spirit saith,
 Casting in with the world her lot,
 Fed upon that which sustaineth not,
 How should the soul up-build, I wot,
 A palace of Vital Breath?

Strong enough are the Primal Powers
 For suns and moons to endure
 thereby,

But not, say you, for these frames of
 ours,

That sicken and droop. Yet why?
 Here's God's whole Kingdom at hand
 within,

For thought to fathom, for faith to
 win:

Time to be rid of this nightmare sin,
 And waken to Life, say I.

James Rhodes.

The Westminster Gazette.

SONG FORSAKEN.

When I went forth singing,
 Then all things made me glad,
 Flower, star, and songbird,
 Such joy I had.

Ah, the dreams I cherished,
 The songs I fashioned then,
 You shall find them treasured up
 In quiet homes of men.

The wise man came and counselled me
 Gold to win, to keep.
 I heard his evil counsel,
 I put my soul to sleep.

I have a silver tankard,
 A golden finger-ring,
 But my soul withers in me,
 I have no songs to sing.

Edith Talbot.

The Academy.

THE SCEPTRE WITH THE DOVE.

A CORONATION ODE.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

"Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas;
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo. . . .
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem."

—*Vergil.*

I.

In their grandeur as they rise to the mist-wreathed skies,
The Minster-towers of England that crown her long renown,
Have they heard the mighty rumor, rolling inland from the sea,
Of the centuries to be?

Hath the sea-wind told them? Is the hallowed dust they keep
Stirred by a word across the deep?

Hath a whisper touched the sleep of our ancient island kings?
Hath a trumpet-call not reached them on the wings of the wind
In the shrine where they were crowned, long ago,
In the shrine that crowned the Saxon ere the conquering Nor-
man came,

In the shrine whose rival glories make a single beacon-flame,
In the shrine that saw the Red Rose wedded to the White,
And the warring shires of England 'neath a single crown unite,
And the Rose of England triumph in the fore-front of the fight,
As they swept in their might to meet the foe.

II.

Shrine of mighty memories,
Binder of the centuries,
Oh, hear'st thou yet the pæan and the vast exultant throng
Of the golden world approaching? Thou hast listened for it
long!

Can the dust of conflict blind thee?
Canst thou dream the light withdrawn

To a mythic age behind thee?
Hast thou dreamed it all a dream.

Hast thou caught not yet the gleam
That shall thrill thy gray old watch-towers with the clear Mem-
nonian song

Of the dawn? Thou hast listened for it long!
Through the thunder of the City, through the silence of the
ages,

Ere the hamlet that was London heard thy lonely curfew tolled,
Thou hast pleaded, thou hast called, across the pasture and the
fold,

Drawing scattered tribes to worship from the river and the
wood,

In a close-knit brotherhood.
From century to century,

In ever-widening unity,
 Thou hast crowned us here a people, in the splendor of the sun,
 Till, around thee waiting, listening still, the great new oceans
 rolled,
 And thy seamen plunging Westward bade the Golden Gates
 unfold,
 And the vision that sustained them deepened onward to this
 hour,
 When the crown is yet to set upon the purpose of thy power,
 And the mightiest page is yet to turn of all thy golden pages!
 O, lift thy towers to heaven, for thy work is not yet done!
 Nations, not shires, this day,
 Bring thee their worlds and say,
 Keep thou thine ancient way,
 Weld us in one!

With tumult of multitudes, with trample of cavalry,
 With clangor of trumpets and with brilliance of steel,
 Surging like an ocean thro' the channels of the City,
 Flows the single splendor of a world-wide Commonweal,
 Rolls the single thunder of the royal flag of England
 Shaken to a thousand winds beneath the Eternal sun.
 God of all power and might,
 Bless Thou our crown to-night,
 Make it our beacon-light,
 Weld us in one.

III.

Like a great cliff thro' smoke of ocean-spray
 Soaring to meet the skies' rare amethyst,
 Silently through the drifting London mist
 Swims the gray Minster, crowned with golden day.
 Bulldied by men, its deep foundations yet
 Are on the heavens' eternal substance set:
 The seas of life its mighty bastions fret,
 Day-long, age-long, but wear them not away.
 And here the long line of our sceptred kings,
 And once, and twice, a mightier maiden's brows
 Received the crown of England, the proud sign
 Of that high Law from whose pure service springs
 Our only and perfect Freedom. For this House
 Is still the House of God, the hallowed shrine
 Of that great Word which is a lanthorn still
 Unto the feet of our world-wandering hosts,
 Unto our storm-tossed fleets a signal-fire,
 Kindled three hundred years ago,
 Born of that fire which leapt from hill to hill
 In terrible triumph round our wreck-strewn coasts
 Mocking the Invincible Fleets of earthly pride,

A torch, a beacon and a funeral pyre;
Ay, and a sword to such as not fulfil
Thy Law, a sword and a great shattering wind
To all dark anarchs that forget
Whereon the bases of thy power are set.
Thine is the Word that little children know,
The Word that side by side
Our fathers and the pilgrim fathers knelt
And slowly to a purer meaning spelt,
And, by its deepening glory, lived and died,
From century to century,
In ever-widening unity.
They sundered! But how mightily they meet,
Now the great months have run their course again!
Hark, o'er three thousand miles of sea they greet
The first gleam of the nobler years to be!
They stand together in the morning-light,
Here, in the vanguard of humanity,
Shaking the heart of Chaos and old Night,
With one harmonious Word—Peace and good-will!
Peace upon earth, good-will, good-will tow'rds men.
Builded by men, but not of stone it seems,
This hallowed Temple of our unity,
Rather the sky-born Spirit of our dreams
Whose trembling earth-wrought robes of stone are less
Than air and color to its loveliness,
Or Time to the great faith that keeps us free.
The passing throng but sets it more apart
A steadfast and a visionary shrine
Amidst the loud streams of the turbid mart,
A sentinel of high faiths and things divine,
Which—though the hands grasp at a meaner prize,
And the feet hurry to a baser goal,
Still keeps one quiet fragment of the skies,
One lovelier hope in the grim City's heart,
One holier memory in its wrestling soul.

IV.

Hark! For the cannon proclaim
The approach of a world-wide march,
Through thick-set ranks of vast acclaim
And arch on proud triumphal arch,
Where every flag is a leaping flame
Born of our faith in England's fame;
And on to the mighty shrine they sweep
Thro' a multitude shouting a royal name,
Till out of the pomp of the world at last

They stream thro' the shadowy aisles of the soul
 Where ancient warriors grandly sleep
 And statesmen, grasping a marble scroll,
 Lay their life-long wars aside
 And equally rest in England's pride;
 And the sculptured kings in the purple gloom,
 And the faded banners of battle await
 The rending Judgment Trumpet-blast,
 And the dawn of a grander doom.

V.

Lay in his hand the Sceptre with the Dove,
 Set on his brows that more than golden Crown,
 That radiant circlet of a world-wide love
 Which—till our last sun sink in our last sea,
 Endures, the symbol of our unity,
 A signal-star that never shall go down.
 Lay in his hand the Sceptre with the Dove!
 The Swords ye bear before him, let them be
 One Splendor, one in three,—
 The Sword of Temporal Justice, and the Sword
 Of Spiritual Justice, and above
 Their single glory, yet in pure accord
 With their immortal sovereignty,
 Bear ye the Sword,
 Bear ye the Sword Curtana, the great Sword
 Of Mercy, inseparable in supremacy,
 One Splendor, one in three,
 Three rays of one fair star
 Blazoning to the world the world's new birth
 And triumph over the dark night of war,
 The star of Peace, and everlasting Love,
 Shining in this dim fane, bright as of old,
 Bright thro' our faded banners now as then,
 When the three kings beheld it from afar,
 And brought their myrrh and frankincense and gold,
 And heaven re-echoed to the height again,—
 "Peace upon earth,
 Peace upon earth,
 Peace upon earth, good-will tow'rds men!"

VI.

Shrine of mighty memories,
 Binder of the centuries,
 Remember, O remember, while the glory of this hour
 Crowds thy gorgeous heart with the pomp of many nations.
 Gaze, O gaze again across thy vanished generations,

Gaze, recall the story of the founding of thy power!
Minster of our memories,
Look back across the centuries,
Seek that little spark of light,
In that wild mid-winter night,
When England in a forest-darkness lay,
And where thy solemn music storms the height
Of heaven with choral praise and golden exultations,
Only the blood-red internecine fight
Raged, or the lonely hunter stole upon his prey,
And the wolf howled where London stands to-day.
O, keep amongst thy memories,
This legend of the centuries:—

VII.

The king of dark old England
Sate in his council-hall,
With the thegns of Woden and Thunder,
Ealdorman, priest and thrall.

Pale in the midst a pilgrim,
Ringed by their naked swords,
That flashed blood-red in the fire-light
Held them thrall to his words.

"News! Good news I bring you
And a song from the stars above!
Ye have heard the roll of the thunder!
I bring you a word of love!

"I bring you the secret whisper
Of earth and sea and sky,
How the Maker for love of His making
Came down on earth to die."

The king of dark old England
Bowed down his eagle-face,
And silence covered the council
As he mused for a little space.

—And ever the roaring night-wind
Beat on the gloomy hall,
And stirred the purple banners
On the high smoke-blackened wall.—

"Battle and storm and thunder,
They have reigned for a thousand years:
They will reign for a thousand ages,"
And his eyes grew dim with tears.

The Sceptre with the Dove.

The king of dark old England
Stood up before them all,—
"Choose ye this day, my people
Ealdorman, priest and thrall.

"We have bowed our necks to the Thunder!
Shall we lift them anew and say
That the Christ-child reigns in England?
Choose ye—choose ye—this day!"

Silence covered the council!
They mused for a little space,
For the light on the face of the pilgrim
Was the light of an angel's face.

And ever the roaring night-wind
Beat on the gloomy hall,
And stirred the purple banners
That leaned on the fire-lit wall.

Suddenly, out of the darkness,
Quick as an angel's word,
There fluttered before their faces
A little storm-beat bird.

Swift thro' the crimson fire-light,
From door to rough-hewn door,
Out of the night for a moment
Then—into the night once more.

"King, O King of England,
Since the old gray world began,
As the bird that came from the darkness
Even so is the life of man.

"O King, if this God can bring us
Some word of a far-off light,
Choose we this God for England,
Choose we, choose we this night!"

They looked on the face of the pilgrim!
He held his arms out wide,
As the Maker, for love of His making,
Held out His arms and died.

And a shout went up on the night-wind
That shook the stars above—
"We have broken the yoke of the Thunder,
We have taken the yoke of Love."

VIII.

Lay in his hand the Sceptre with the Dove!
The mighty months have run their course again!
Shall not that iron brood at last be slain,
And Justice, like Astræa, shine above,
And Peace imparadise his golden reign?
Lay in his hand the Sceptre with the Dove!
O, silent Minster of our dead,
Hear'st thou the wings of Peace upon the wind,
Hear'st thou what glorious hosts draw nigh
Thy solemn shrine? What shout of victory
Adown the listening ages now is sped?
O, silent Minster of our hallowed dead,
Here, where his fathers laid their glory down
See'st thou what great new splendor waits to crown his crown?
Hast thou not heard, hast thou not heard,
That more than mightiest thunder-word,
That more than Marathonian cry
Shaking earth and sea and sky,
Drowning all the thunder of war
In a whisper from afar,
In a little word of love?

The mighty months have run their course again!
The golden word is passed o'er land and main!
Lay in his hand the Sceptre with the Dove!

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE QUEEN'S ARMS.

Many readers must have seen recently in the public press a design described as the Queen's standard, and many must have marvelled at the rich complication of that medley of armory. Many of those who saw it passed it by, it is safe to say, with little more than a glance at what seemed to them a mysterious jumble of strange beasts which nevertheless had in it some touch of the familiar.

And yet the Queen's standard, or, as it would have been called in the old days, the banner of the Queen's arms, is no meaningless thing. It is, as every piece of heraldry must be, a symbol weighty with memories and,

for those who have the wit to read it, eloquent of history, setting forth in every shred of it the tale of the union of great kingdoms, the matches of august houses, and the sway that is wielded by the rulers of England. It is the aim of these notes to explain something of what is implied in the heraldry of the Queen's banner, to show that it is history in shorthand, and to make intelligible the processes by which it came inevitably to assume its form.

To state the matter, then, in its simplest terms, Queen Mary's banner is a marshalling by impalement of the arms of the king with those of his Consort.

in accordance with the practice which has prevailed in English armory since the days of King Edward III; or, to put it less technically, the banner divided perpendicularly into two equal halves has its dexter side (that is, the half nearest to the staff) filled with the arms of the king, while the sinister side (the fly of the flag) is occupied by those of the queen.

The arms of his Majesty are familiar enough. Every child can recognize that stately mass of red and gold and blue and silver, the ordered grouping of the English leopards with the red lion of the kingdom of Scotland and the golden harp of Ireland, that was assumed by Queen Victoria as her arms of dominion. The Queen's half of the banner is a more complex matter. Her Majesty bears the arms of the dukedom of Cambridge quartering those of the dukedom of Teck, placing her mother's arms of Cambridge in the first and fourth quarters and her father's arms of Teck in the second and third, therein following a very ancient custom of English heraldry that where the lady is of higher rank than her husband her arms shall have precedence of his. We English may be glad to realize too that this arrangement happily emphasizes the fact that our queen is an English princess.

The quarters of Cambridge in this achievement are occupied by the arms borne by her Majesty's maternal grandfather, Adolphus Frederick, seventh son of King George III, who was created Duke of Cambridge in 1801, and had assigned to him the arms of the king his father, with due difference. His arms were: Quarterly, 1 and 4, Gules three leopards gold, for England; 2, Gold a lion gules in a double tressure counterflowered gules, for Scotland; 3, Azure a harp gold with its strings silver, for Ireland; with a scutcheon of pretence parted palewise and chevronwise: 1, Gules, two leop-

ards gold, for Brunswick; 2, Gold powdered with hearts gules and a lion azure, for Lüneburg; 3, Gules a galloping horse silver, for Westphalia, which is the shield of the king of Hanover differenced by the omission of the little scutcheon, Gules the crown of Charlemagne gold, for the electorate of Hanover, and the royal crown of Hanover. Over all was placed the silver label of the duke, having as its middle pendant the red cross of St. George, and on each of its outer pendants two red hearts.

Until 1801, King George III had borne Quarterly: 1, England impaling Scotland; 2, France; 3, Ireland; 4, Hanover; but in that year the arms of France ceased to be displayed by the sovereigns of England, the English leopards were given their present position in the first and fourth quarters, Scotland occupied the second quarter, and the crowned arms of Hanover were placed on a scutcheon over all. This shield was borne by him and his descendants until at the accession of Queen Victoria, whom the Salic law precluded from the throne of Hanover, the bearing of the arms of that kingdom was discontinued, and the shield of English sovereigns took its present form.

In her second and third quarters Queen Mary bears the ensigns of her father, the Duke of Teck, which are the arms of the kingdom of Württemberg differenced with a scutcheon of the ancient counts and princes of Teck.

The search for the origin of the Queen's quarters of Teck takes us back a very long way in European history. Some historians have named as founder of the illustrious house of the princes of Württemberg one Emeric, who is said to have been a kinsman of Clovis, King of France. Whether that is true or not, we are on firmer ground with Albert, lord of Württemberg, Beutelsbach and Löwenstein. He is named

as the father of Conrad, whom the Emperor Henry V is said to have created Count of Württemberg in 1110. From Conrad sprang that proud and capable ruling house which throughout its long history has never ceased to better its fortunes and never failed to reach its aims. He was ancestor of Eberhard who died in 1253, having added the county of Aurach to his dominions. His grandson, Eberhard II, surnamed the Quarrelsome, passed nearly the whole of his life in war. He saw his castle of Württemberg destroyed by the Emperor Henry VII, against whom he had taken up arms; but before he died in 1323 he had made his peace with the next emperor, Louis of Bavaria, and had gained the county of Kalbe. His son Ulric acquired the county of Groningen, and the county and castle of Tübingen, and was made Standard-bearer of the Empire. His son, Eberhard III, surnamed the Graybeard, purchased the duchy of Teck, and was made landvogt of the four-and-twenty free towns of Swabia by Charles IV of Luxembourg as a reward for the services that he had rendered in the war which the emperor waged against Gunther of Schwarzburg. This Eberhard was a tyrannical prince whose subjects rose in revolt against him, but before the end of his life he had come to his own again, and was more powerful than he had ever been. He died childless, for at the battle of Willen in 1375, when at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, he had lost his only son. To him succeeded his nephew Eberhard IV, surnamed the Peacemaker, a great ruler whose court, men said, was as great as those of kings. He married Antonietta, daughter of Bernabo Visconti, lord of Milan, and widow of Frederick of Aragon, King of Sicily. Their son, Eberhard V, made a great match with Henrica, daughter of Henry Count of Montbelliard, whereby the lands of that French lord were

added to his already vast estates, and in 1494 Count Eberhard was made duke of Württemberg and Teck by the Emperor Maximilian I. Eberhard, the second duke of Württemberg, was his grandson, and he dying childless in 1493, was followed in the ducal chair by his nephew Ulric, whose line became extinct at the death of his grandson Louis the Pious in 1593. After him came Duke Frederick, who was son of George, the younger brother of Ulric, the third duke, and from him descend the kings of Württemberg and the dukes of Teck.

John Frederick, his son and heir, who succeeded as seventh duke in 1608, took the Protestant side in the Thirty Years' War, and dying in 1628, was followed by his elder son Eberhard III. His grandson Eberhard Louis, tenth duke, served under our King William III in Ireland, and supported the English armies on the Continent. Later still, the ducal house became more closely allied with England, when Frederick II, fifteenth duke, married as his second wife Charlotte, Princess Royal, daughter of King George III. Frederick I, fourteenth duke, who died in 1797, had two sons, Frederick II, his heir, and Duke Louis of Württemberg.

Duke Frederick II became king of Württemberg in 1806, and dying in 1816, left by his first wife, Augusta of Brunswick, two sons, William I, who succeeded him on the throne and reigned until 1864, and Prince Paul of Württemberg. King William's son Charles was the third king. He, who was born in 1823, reigned for twenty seven years. He died without issue in 1891, when his second cousin, William, grandson of Prince Paul, became the fourth and present king of Württemberg.

Louis of Württemberg, brother of the first king, married Henrietta of Nassau. Their son, Duke Alexander, who was born September 9, 1804, and died

July 4, 1885, married May 2, 1835, Countess Claudine Rhédey, daughter of Ladislas, Count Rhédey of Kis Rhédey. She, who had been created Countess of Hohenstein, died October 1, 1841, leaving an only son, Francis Paul Louis Alexander, who was born at Vienna August 27, 1837. He was created Prince of Teck, December 1, 1868, and Duke of Teck, September 16, 1871, and married at Kew, June 12, 1866, the Princess Mary of Cambridge, whose eldest child and only daughter is our gracious Queen.

The ancient armorial bearings of the counts of Würtemberg were: Gold three stags' horns sable lying fessewise, and were so borne by Eberhard the Graybeard. The dukes of Würtemberg carried the arm that the counts had borne, quartered with 2, Lozengy bendwise gold and sable, for the duchy of Teck, which Count Eberhard III acquired in 1385; 3, Azure the golden banner of the Empire charged with an eagle sable having two heads, for the dignity of Standard-bearer, which the Emperor Louis V gave in 1336 to Count Ulrich; 4, Gules two trout gold placed upright and back to back, for the county of Montbelliard, which Count Eberhard V had in marriage with his wife Countess Henrica of Montbelliard.

A more elaborate shield displayed by the dukes of Würtemberg was Quar-
The Oxford and Cambridge Review.

terly of eight: 1, Teck; 2, Gold a church banner gules, for Tübingen; 3, Silver a mitre or with its lining gules, for Ellwangen; 4, Montbelliard; 5, the official arms of the Standard-bearer; 6, Azure a ragged bend silver, for Justingen; 7, Silver a chief indented gules, for Franconia; quartered with Azure five clubs silver, for Limpurg, impaling Gold a paynim's head, for Heidenheim; 8, Gules a crescent silver, for Böningheim, impaling quarterly: 1, Gules a cross gold with its ends cut off; 2, Silver an eagle sable holding a sword and a mound; 3, Gold a hand gules; 4, Party fessewise azure and silver: over all a scutcheon of Würtemberg impaling Swabia.

The significant part of this complicated design is the scutcheon placed over all; for ten years after the duchy had become the kingdom of Würtemberg William I abandoned the use of all the quarters enumerated above and assumed as his royal arms the ancient golden shield of the duchy with the three black stags' horns impaling Gold three passant lions of sable for the dukedom of Swabia. This parted shield differenced with a scutcheon of the black and gold lozenges of Teck was granted September 16, 1871, to Francis Duke of Teck, and becomes, therefore, by inheritance a part of the Queen's arms.

E. E. Doring.

FANCY FARM.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER VII.

Curling weather had come, and lasted long enough to make the unslacking outer world of Commerce wonder what was wrong with Scotland, whose business correspondence was gone all ajee, whose English cheques for days incredibly remained uncashed, whose in-

dustry seemed mysteriously suspended. "What's the matter? Is it drink?" impatient city houses asked by telegram, and got their first prompt answer at a cost of sixpence—"No, it's curling; nothing doing till a thaw."

A noble frost! The weathercocks were faithful to the North for weeks;

by night the dome was strewn with shimmering hosts of brittle stars that seemed to crackle in the cold; the sun went down each afternoon empurpled by the weather; the bone-dry countryside was hard as tempered metal; and the highways tinkled underfoot like glass. Poor sheep, trembling in the fanks! birds chittering on unsheltered boughs! But strong landward men were happy in that weather. Schawfield was become a place where work was only for women, and their husbands played as in the glorious ancient days of mastery. Only the village baker, hoary himself as if with frost, smashing the ice on his sponging-tubs, or cleaning his oven-sole with a frozen scuffle, was compelled to his daily tasks by the appetites of men, which ever grow more exigent in sport and cold. The blacksmith threw aside his leathern apron, damped his fire, put a rubber ferrule on his timber leg, and spent his days upon the ice. Heaven favored Divvert with an epidemic of the mumps that closed his school. Merchant bodies balanced their books at nights; farmers, with their cattle steaming snug in byres, gave no glance at their fields from that first morning they had hurried past them behind a cart of curling-stones. Even Dr. Cleghorn, on a Friday, dragged himself back to the study from the Whiggate Loch with anguish.

Sir Andrew curled, as the blacksmith said, like a man who had done it for a living all his days, and the Hunt was off so long as the wind was North. Norah and Maurice skated on the long, wide river-pool below the bridge. Sometimes, coming home at night, with a weariness that was like a balm to every bone, the baronet would stop, unseen, upon the bank and hear their merry voices echoing under the limey arch. They seemed to occupy another world: he might have been a ghost, so distant did they seem from him, en-

grossed in young delights. The very night, o'erwhelming and contemplative, appeared to stand outside with him and murmur "Passing! — passing! — passing!" He would go into Fancy Farm to a Spartan meal and a remonstrant Aunt Amelia.

"Come back earlier to-night," she counselled him one morning; "Norah and I are expecting visitors." He was so keen upon his practice for a bouspiel that their interchange of comprehending glances quite escaped him, and it was like him that he should never ask who the visitors might be.

"Oh, I'll be home early," he assured her. "In any case you need not delay dinner."

"You can't stay curling after dark, at least," said Miss Amelia.

"Dear Aunt," said he, "there are such things as candles, and the weather looks like changing. I'm entirely in the hands of providence—and Pater-son."

"Pater-son?" she repeated on a note of question.

"The eminent poacher," said Sir Andrew laughing, as he donned his curler's bonnet; "he is skip of our rink to-day."

He walked to the loch; the weather looked like anything but change; John Frost had taken the universe in his hands and squeezed from it the final drop of moisture. In a windless air the woods seemed turned to phantom trees on which no green should ever come again, but beautiful, most intricate! Old snow, drifted in the ditches, showed the tracks of birds and the devices of those eerie beasts that lope across the fields at midnight; a fine wild Arctic sentiment, a hint of chaos, and the chilled and puckered landscape of the moon was everywhere—in creases of the plain, no longer flat, but showing dip and mound with purple shadows, in frozen little waterfalls and icy columns in below the banks. A

scent, unnameable, of earth congealed, and rotten leaves, corrupt no longer, but all cleansed by the arresting and aseptic agent, gave to the day a tonic quality that made him feel omnipotent, and set him whistling like a boy.

The loch was in a fold of the foothills, hid behind a wood of sombre pines. As he walked between their naked columns with his footsteps deafened by the fallen needles, and while yet a good way off, he heard the booming of the ice, responsive to the channel-stones; the tiny glen appeared to hum as if its ribs were tightened cords plucked to some inner resonance by the jocund gods. A moment came to him there and then which seemed to concentrate the gladness of a year—an ecstasy that was like an inward ache, that rare and curious mood when we seem on the verge of knowing immortality while yet in our fleshy cells.

He shouted at this wizard portal of the spirit, like a boy again, half fearful of its loneliness and mystery, and the echoes of his voice went clanging like to shaken brass against the precipices. A few steps more and he stood above the loch, and heard the players on its surface crying in the vigor of their game.

"Come awa', laird!" cried his poacher skip; "we're tired waiting on ye, and the factor's got your stanes!"

"They couldna be in better hands," replied Sir Andrew; "let him finish the end"—and he watched the majestic Cattanach, ponderous on earth, on ice mercurial, deliver a well-laid stone. "A little more elbow-in and he would hae been a better man!" he added hastily as he saw the stone go narrow.

"The same might be said at any time o' friend Clashgour," said Cattanach, prone to Celtic jibings at the farmer who was never ashamed of his prowess with a bottle. "It would make a splendid motto for his held-stane."

Sir Andrew took that place in the

rink which his factor had kept open for him, and all forenoon 'twas he who kept the poacher's side on the road to victory; rapt in the game as if to curl were human destiny; caressing the Ailsa stones as if he loved them; sending them to their object with an impetus that seemed unfit to carry them half the way, yet had behind it the unseen propulsion of that iron wrist. Withal he played in silence—a thing unusual in the roaring game, and his stance upon the crampit had a curious kind of grace unlike the humped contortions of his comrades.

"Man! laird, ye play like a perfect lady!" cried the rapturous poacher; "ye put doon the stane and it goes to the mark itsel'. Soop up, Macrae! Soop up! I like ye weel, Sir Andra! Tut! tut! ye idiot, ye've given him the shot! I beg your pardon."

Sir Andrew laughed: in the roaring game even a Scottish earl may be an idiot to a poacher who can play. James Birrell, defying rules, and trotting behind his stone with his head side-tilted and his legs in writhing sympathy with the inward curve of his Crawfordjohns, played wretchedly, but always claimed for his poorest shots that at least they lodged a caveat, making a "bonny guard." Clashgour used his broom with an intense ferocity, as if he were mucking byres, and would have sworn like a trooper if the minister and laird had not been there; the poacher skipped with a seaman's shouts that rang among the hills; Tam Dunn, the post-boy of the Schawfield Arms, drew to an inch, or clapped on guards with all the surety of some uncanny mechanism.

"Tam Dunn! Tam Dunn! ye're my very brither!" cried the ecstatic baronet on whose side he played. "Ye're a curlier!"

"I might be waur, laird!" said the post-boy.

Divvert, glad of a sport wherein,

for once, he could be equal with the folk to whom as yet in other things he was an incomer from whom little was to be expected, was master of a twist that promised to establish his reputation; the minister with his black coat ludicrously wallowing, and a cap with flaps tied over his ears that he might not hear, as he said, the oburgations of Clashgour, bent low upon his knees at each delivery as if he sent his stone upon its mission with a silent intercession; the blacksmith, skipping from end to end of the rink with his wooden leg more serviceable than an ordinary member, called it "Jessie" in a jovial spirit, half irony, half affection.

"Two up again, Jess! You and me for bonny curlers!" he would say, with a comical stamp of the rubber ferrule on the ice.

A meal had come to the loch at midday: hot scouse from the kitchen of Mrs. Nish, still scalding, they had placed the pots below some coverings on the ice to await their appetites, which as yet were lagging behind the passion of the game. When they went at last for the pots they were invisible—the holes they had melted for themselves the only evidence of their fate! Ribaldry for the stupid man who had drowned a dinner; a hasty messenger to Mrs. Nish again, and that marvellous lady rose to the situation! The men of the rinks stood on the banks devouring mightily; a world of drift and rime was round them; pinched black trees against the white expanse of brae and moor; a region tenantless; without a single smoking chimney, and, save for their gobbling and gabbling, silent as the very death. Sir Andrew, standing apart a moment smoking, put his hands upon his ears and looked upon the scene as he would on a picture by Wilkie, Van Ostade, or Teniers. He had again his old familiar illusion—of men, and hills, and weather, Time itself, at pause, eternally

arrested, as it might be, in a gesture; he saw with clarity all life and the seeming habitable globe a bubble bearing on its iridescent upper sides brief images of things exterior. "I do not know—I cannot guess—" he told himself; "but here we are, knowing each other's voices, dare we be anything but loyal to each other?" A passion for his kind for the time possessed him, and he loved (as he told me later, I always give but his own daft fancies)—he loved the very crutch of Alick Brodie!

And now there came, with the resumption of the game, the first step of another cantrip of the Captain's (if follies have beginning in some special hour), an escapade on which depends this story. Had Tam Dunn played a poorer game that afternoon, or been a man with extravagant views of what was requisite in a post-boy's headgear; or had the teacher Divvert not unhappily (or happily, as the case may be) recalled a play of Shakespeare, Sir Andrew Schaw might never have found his ideal lady. 'Tis sure, at least, he had not found her under circumstances quite so ludicrous.

Destiny (always presuming some starting-point in that mesh wherein men struggle like the herring of the trawl-net, thinking they are free) decreed that after the meal upon the bank the afternoon should open with a change of rinks and players, and the baronet was skip against the skipping of the post-boy. They had chosen sides, and Sir Andrew pledged himself to pay for a hat for his opponent if he won the game.

"And what if I should lose?" asked the cautious post-boy.

Sir Andrew had for a moment the gentle thought to make the wager applicable either way, but he could not hide from himself the probability that the cost of a hat was like to make a serious hole in a post-boy's wages.

"In that case, we cry quits," said he, "The hat's a prize."

"Na, na," said Tam, "a wadger's aye a wadger, and I hae a hat already. I'm thinkin' I would be better aff, sir, if I had your heid instead o' your hat."

Sir Andrew smiled; he knew the compliment implied was one which in many quarters would be regarded as more polite than it was judicial. "You're better wi' the hat," said he; "it's likely to be more in fashion. Wi' my head ye wouldna have so good a reputation as a steady driver."

"Oh, I've seen ye drive, Sir Andra!" said Tam Dunn.

Clashgour, who, chosen in another rink, stood with his besom ready to join in, and bold with ale, ventured in bucolic humor his opinion that the prize would be more worth playing for if Schawfield House and property went with the hat; and Divvert, caught up in this intoxicating air of a democracy where all men spoke their minds and baronets were in the vein for banter, made allusion to the nightcap, which in "The Taming of the Shrew" was a symbol of the tinker's changed condition.

"*Paucas pallabris!* let the world, slide, sessa!" cried Sir Andrew, slapping his leg; "I see a better wager; thank you, Mr. Divvert! I'll not endow Tam Dunn with Schawfield—that would be a scurvy trick upon an honest curler; but the lord shall be Christopher Sly. I'll be the post-boy for the rest of the night if Dunn defeats me."

The joke, to all but Jamie Birrell, had no meaning, and it sent them laughing out upon the ice: the lawyer had an uneasy recollection that so many of Sir Andrew's follies started just as airily as this. Himself in Sir Andrew's rink, the thought of the possibilities made his playing worse than usual. Somehow he felt that he played for his client's dignity, and in his very

carefulness he often failed to reach the hog.

"Play up, man!" cried his skip; "like Dr. Cleghorn, ye're ower often out o' the parish. See, Mr. Birrell, my besom's on the tee."

But Mr. Birrell, with only a vague surmise at the story of Christopher Sly, and a knowledge that Sir Andrew never gave his word in vain, so ruminated on the outcome of the match that he played as if he were blindfolded. And the post-boy playing like a warlock!

"Oh, Lord! Jessie," said the blacksmith to his wooden leg, in a colloquy apart, "the law's very fine, but we were better wi' the poacher!"

And the hours went past, and the dusk came on; wild geese withdrew across the pines; owls challenged from the woods. 'Twas not as if the Night came on, but rather as if Day withdrew and fled behind the hills; suddenly the players felt the dark.

One end more and the play was done: Tam Dunn came off the ice a victor. "Five up, Sir Andrew; no' bad curlin'," he remarked; "it took us a' oor time," and the lawyer in the dusk cocked a wondering eye at his client.

"That's a hat for ye, Tam," said the baronet.

"I have a quite guid hat already," answered the post-boy. "I got it a couple o' year ago, and a second would be rideeculous superfluity. It's no' that often there's a funeral."

Sir Andrew threw his stones upon the bank and then shook hands with the conqueror. "I congratulate you," said he; "the best side won, and the hat is yours. What hae ye got to do the night?"

"O Lord!" said Mr. Birrell to himself with hands uplifted.

"I've to feed twa horse and tak' anither pair in a carriage to Duntryne to meet a lady comin' wi' the boat," replied the post-boy readily, well aware

that Sir Andrew had an interest in everything.

"Phew!" the Baronet whistled, "I hadna' bargained on a hire, my Christopher; at the most I thought to be bedding horses. Still, there's the wager, so I'll trouble ye to let me hae your whip. If I'm to be at Duntryne to meet the boat it's nearly time that I was yokin'."

Cattanach, at that, retired behind the company and gave his views in Gaelic to the stars; James Birrell choked in a spasm of dumb vexation; the others standing by, incredulous that even Captain Cutlass would play a prank so foolish, laughed at Tam Dunn, who scratched his head and wondered that a gentleman so temperate should have such droll ideas. "Dod! ye werena in earnest, sir," said he; "I wouldna hae ta'en ye on if I thoct ye were in earnest."

"I was never mair earnest in a' my life; didn't I gie my word?" said Captain Cutlass, leading the way through the planting.

Twenty minutes later, in the light of a tin lantern spraying radiance from its pin-holes, he and Tam Dunn between them yoked the horses in the stable behind the Schawfield Arms; the baronet took the reins, and with a flourish of his whip quitted the yard, dashed past the inn, and down through the nigh deserted village street. The lighted little windows of the open shops glowing out upon the trodden snow did not betray him to the passers-by, and his Kilmarnock bonnet was drawn down upon his brow. Rumbling through the street he chuckled to himself with real enjoyment, wondering what his aunt would say if she could see him in his latest escapade. But when the tenements were left behind, and he was in the darkness of the open highway, with his lamps revealing hurrying hedges that seemed made of coral, he found the icy nature of the

road demanded all his skill in driving, and a kind of stubborn vanity kept his mind engaged: Lord, but he loved a horse! No whip for him! He thrust it into its socket, and with his hands that seemed to feel each slip of the hoof before the horse itself was cognizant, he kept them up and going, talking with them cheerily in the darkness.

And yet he was somewhat late of coming to Duntryne; the steamer was in and gone again on her other calls along the coast, and the quay was quite deserted, save for the muffled figure of a woman standing under its single lamp beside a little pile of baggage.

He saw her face as he descended, touching his cap as the man would have done for whom he was the deputy.

"Are you from Schawfield?" she asked him, a little sharply.

"Yes, madam," he answered meekly, still Tam Dunn. "I'm sorry if I have kept you waiting."

"I've been waiting here for nearly half an hour; you've made a pretty mess of it!" said the lady, throwing a rug into the carriage, whose door he had opened for her. The lamplight struck him full in the face as he lifted part of her baggage; something of race in the shaven countenance woke her interest, and she hastily took out her rug again. "I love the night," said she, breathing it with a gusto that he liked to see. "It's not so very cold, and I prefer to ride outside." Before he could say a word she was vaulting to the box.

This, indeed, was a little more than he had bargained for, but he thrust the baggage where he would have put the lady, climbed to the seat beside her, carefully wrapped the rug around her and drove on.

"To the devil with Mr. Birrell as a curler!" to himself said Captain Cutlass.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I hope you're a steady driver!" said she, quite pertly, snuggling beside him in her furs.

"Middling, middling!" replied Sir Andrew, clicking to his horses. "But I'll be better able to say when the journey's ended." He expected some natural feminine apprehension at a speech so sinister, but his companion seemed in no way put about.

"You're not a very punctual one at any rate," she pointed out with a mischievous little laugh. "I was almost starving, waiting on that quay."

"I'm sorry," he said, "the road for part of the way's a sheet of ice, and it took me longer than I calculated. The horses have been out to-day already; Mrs. Nish makes the most of them!"

"Mrs. Nish?" said the lady, wondering.

"Of the inn, you know; they're hers. She's mistress," explained Sir Andrew.

"Oh!" said the lady, after a little pause. "Then—then you'll be Mr. Nish?"

He laughed. "Not I," he answered. "Husbands in these parts are not so ready to play second fiddle. Mr. Nish, poor soul! has lost his interest in horses; he's dead these twenty years."

"Then you—then you——" she began and hesitated.

"I'm her post-boy; just Tam Dunn," replied Sir Andrew quickly, determined to play his part in the farce to the evening's end, and a movement of his companion's shoulder, which was close against his elbow, showed him she received the news with some surprise.

"Do you know?" she remarked with a ripple of amusement, "I—I took you, just for a little, for a gentleman."

"It's possible—in the dark!" he said. "There's often very little difference between a post-boy and a gentleman in the dark."

"I feel much safer with a post-

boy—driving," said the lady, and sank deeper in her furs; and for a mile they drove through the night in silence. He wondered who she was and why she came to the Schawfield Arms—a stranger—in such weather. There was something pleasant he found in her propinquity, and he was glad she had not taken her place inside. Only an engaging touch of devilry he concluded would have sent her up beside him. Now and then as the carriage swept round a corner her shoulder came softly up against his side and rested there a moment. Her furs, her hair, or her clothes exhaled at times a faint, sweet, alien perfume, more like a memory of the East he had seen than an actual scent; he hated common perfumes! Against the radiance of the carriage-lamps he saw his breath and hers commingle in a vapor. Heavens! what a world of silly social barriers, that breathing the same air and alone in the vast night-vault they should comport themselves like poor dumb creatures apprehensive of each other. For himself, he could have chattered like a brook, but he realized that upon him depended a post-boy's reputation.

The rumor of the tide on the shores of the long sea-arm they had left behind had died away before she spoke again. "I'm thinking of Miss Skene," said she reflectively, "and if she isn't sorry now she made up her mind to stay on the steamer."

"I beg your pardon," said Sir Andrew, baffled by this irrelevance.

"Miss Skene; you know I was with her?" explained his companion. "I was going with her to Schawfield, but it is so dark a night, and she didn't know how the roads might be, and as there's no inn at Duntryne, she determined to remain upon the steamer and drive to Schawfield from the next place in the morning."

"I'm sorry," began Sir Andrew, and his companion quietly laughed.

"Not I," she said. "She's perfectly comfortable; she'll see to that! If she'd been here I wouldn't have got to sit outside. And I love—I love—I love to be out in the night!" she exclaimed with a feeling of almost childish rapture.

Her mood infected him a little, though every nerve had to be at the service of his horses. He, too, loved the night, and no longer rued his bargain with Tam Dunn. Her frankness manifestly came from a wholesome simple heart, and for the first time he began to build up to his inner vision something of a portrait made of the hurried glimpse he had got of her at the quay. She was as tall as Norah, with an open and expectant countenance, that doubtless would be pretty in a friendlier air; quick, fearless, sparkling eyes, with a hint of banter in them; a definite chin; and a confident stretch of a yard from the ground to the nave of the wheel by which she had climbed to the seat she occupied. All else wraps and furs, that are more than clothing,—that are masks behind which women conceal the caste and soul. No, stay,—there was her mouth, sharing a little of the mockery of her eyes; and a voice most pleasantly modulated. If he had actually been Tam Dunn he would have put to the test—for in that he had some experience—a slight suspicion of the gay coquette, due to her free-and-easy manner.

Away from the coast the frosty night-haze lessened; in the east a patch of stars extended: Orion seemed to poise upon the hills; the fervor of the Bull glowed in its eye, Aldebaran. Slightly lifting her head, the lady tried to scan the profile dimly now revealed against the celestial squadrons. Her next remark was to startle him.

"I suppose," she said agreeably, "you know Sir Andrew?"

"Good Lord!" he thought, "can she have discovered?" and not for the first

time felt that a practical joke was apt to have an embarrassing termination. A second's reflection on her tone convinced him she had asked the question in innocence, and he answered that everyone in Schawfield naturally knew Sir Andrew very well.

"A little—little eccentric, they say," she ventured, as if she had substituted on second thoughts the adjective for another not so delicate, and there she opened for Captain Outlass the very source of fun.

"Daft!" said he, with his chuckle. "Positively daft! I see you have heard of him. But I warn you we'll listen to nothing worse than that to his discredit here in Schawfield"—this last to warn her from any confidence she might regret, rather than from any fear of his hearing things unflattering.

"I know nothing to his discredit," she retorted somewhat sharply, as if she resented the suspicion that she might discuss a baronet's failings with a post-boy. "But one hears so many stories of his eccentricities. They say he courted his first wife by telegraph," and her hearer felt the pang of a sensitive heart that finds its sanctuaries invaded by the mob.

"His first wife!" he repeated. "There has not, you know, been a second."

"Oh, I know!" said the lady. "Not yet; but it's as good as settled that there's to be another Lady Schaw; isn't he busy looking for her?" and Sir Andrew realized that he had been singularly ingenuous in his estimate of the public interest in his affairs. "It's what an eccentric man like Sir Andrew Schaw requires before he's very much older, or he'll get into stupid ruts from which he'll never escape, and every year be more unlike his neighbors."

"You're all for uniformity, I can see!" remarked Sir Andrew, with no thought of irony, and she quickly turned her

head again to look at him in the inadequate light of the star Aldebaran: the remark was somewhat bookish, coming from a post-boy.

"Always!" she confessed, like one who has thought a good deal of the point before. "It would save a lot of trouble if you knew that men were all the same, like the hats they wear. I don't much care for oddities, and I'm sure they don't get as much enjoyment as if they were like other people. If Sir Andrew wasn't odd he wouldn't have very much trouble to find a wife: Lord knows there's plenty of women to pick and choose from!"

"I daresay he's too particular," said the driver.

"No doubt that's his own idea. That's men all over! They flatter themselves that they're very cautious, and have a choice even in picking wives and——" She broke off the sentence with a titter of amusement. "Excuse me," she added, "but may I ask if you are married?"

"I'm not so fortunate," said Sir Andrew with sincerity.

"Very well, Tom Dunn," she proceeded with mock solemnity, "I'm glad to hear it, and let me tell you this—I've travelled, and I've learned it: men never reason about anything that's of the least importance to themselves; whatever they do, they do because they must. We're taught in the Shorter Catechism that men are left to the freedom of their own will, but you'll never make me believe it! Not when it comes to choosing wives! Men's reasoning means no more than what we call an instinct in your horses; they have learned to make doors to get out and into a house by, and so have ants, but a world of human beings must be as droll for God to look at as a skep of bees."

"I used to think that too," said Captain Cutlass, wondering who the mischief he had got.

"And don't you think so now?" she asked him sharply.

"No," he answered, with profound conviction. "Meantime, at least, I'm back to the Shorter Catechism. I'm left to the freedom of my will; if I didn't know it, if I wasn't sure of it, I would kill myself to-morrow."

"For goodness sake!" cried the lady anxiously, "don't begin to preach; I simply *can't stand* preaching."

"Neither can I," said Captain Cutlass. "I preach so much to myself all week that I grudge the minister's turn on Sunday."

"And am I left to the freedom of my own will?" asked the lady.

"No," said Captain Cutlass; "nobody but me. Do you think you are?"

"Of course I don't," she admitted. "I'm the creature of instinct just as much as your horses."

"It's a pity, madam, you should think so," said Sir Andrew gravely. "We should all of us be sure of our own freedom and responsibility, though convinced that every one else is the slave of circumstance; it's the only conclusion that will make us happy and courageous, and at the same time leave us pity for others and no heart to judge and blame."

His words astonished her; she had been under the impression that she was talking perhaps a little above a post-boy's head, and here he was talking just a little above hers.

"You must be—you must be fond of reading," she ventured shyly. "It's not every—man who thinks of these things," and the baronet with some chagrin remembered the reputation of Tam Dunn was to be considered.

"Oh! I never got that from reading," he assured her. "I never got from books but what I brought to them, but I'm like yourself: I have travelled, too; I have been a sailor."

"I was sure of it!" she cried trium-

phantly. "I knew at once from something in your manner at the quay that you had seen the world; it's the only kind of education."

"And yet," said Sir Andrew, "almost all that I ever learned worth learning was got in Schawfield. I have no doubt you are fond of reading?"

"I never read—except a lot of silly stories."

"That's bad," said Sir Andrew; "one should never read any but the very best."

"You mean," said she quickly, "that it should always be Shakespeare or nothing. That's ridiculous, Tom Dunn. Everybody has her own best; and mine is fairy tales and romantic novels. It's just an appetite—the taste for reading stories, a natural hunger of the mind. Some of us are satisfied and healthy fed with common steak and potatoes, and others must have fancy dishes and a lot of sauce. They're very silly if they're proud of it. There's Miss Skene—she thinks because the cheapest kind of little story can make me laugh and cry that I'm to be pitied for my taste. The only difference between us that I can see is that it takes a whole box of books from the library to make her laugh or cry, and I can be as merry as I like or sad enough to shed buckets of tears for a penny."

"She ought to envy you your unjaded appetite," agreed Sir Andrew, and chuckled to himself, this time, at the havoc he played with Tam Dunn's reputation.

His eyes were often on the east, not for Aldebaran and the hunter, but for the moon, that should be now uprising over the farther hills, and in a little he saw her gild the ridge a while, and soar at last to light the lands of Schawfield gladly as if she had been sad away from them. How often had he watched her rise, far down the world in foreign harbors, and he home-sick? But not for her own sake did he want

the moon to-night; he sought another glimpse of his companion.

"Tell me," she said abruptly, seeing herself observed; "what is he like, Sir Andrew?"

"In looks, or character?" asked the driver, back to his jocular mood again.

"In looks, of course; it's the first consideration for a woman."

"Not so odd as his reputation."

"And I was sure he would be!" she said in a tone of disappointment none the less. "I told Miss Skene he was likely to be a hunchback."

"Not so very!" he assured her. "There's always a touch of vanity about the Schaws that has made them train like horses."

"He's quite accomplished too, I hear."

"That's news to me! He was beat this very afternoon at curling, and—and you should hear him try to sing!"

"Oh, but there are other accomplishments, Tom Dunn. I'm assured he's quite poetical."

"I've seen some of his poetry—trash, ma'am! just fair trash, as you might expect from a baronet."

"H'm," she coughed; "perhaps you are not a very good judge. It's plain that you don't very much admire him."

"I've no ill-will to the fellow, I assure you, but we're rather critical of poetry in Schawfield, and I prefer Mr. Reginald Maurice's."

"Who's he?"

"A friend of Sir Andrew's cousin, Norah Grant."

The lady lapsed for a while in silence which she was the first herself to break with a remark that was more embarrassing than any that had gone before. "You haven't told me yet," she said, "anything of Sir Andrew's character."

"The best that can be said for him is that he's quite inoffensive," said her driver, and the words were no sooner uttered than the shying of one of his

horses threw the carriage across the road, and the lady was flung upon his lap. With a jerk of the reins he barely cleared the lip of the ditch; his fare recovered herself, and he had jumped to the bridles of his plunging charges and led them past the shadow that had startled them.

"You weren't afraid?" he said as he took his seat again, surprised that she had shown no sign of trepidation.

"Afraid!" she repeated; "I was never afraid of anything, Tom Dunn—except myself."

They were entering the village. Its glow shone through a bend of the road-side trees. "I presume you stop at the inn?" he remarked; it was a point on which Tam Dunn had forgotten to inform him.

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"The inn!" she repeated; "oh, dear, no; I'm going to Fancy Farm."

He could hardly trust his ears!

"To—to Sir Andrew Schaw's?" he asked, and she laughed maliciously. "You needn't worry," she assured him; "I'll not repeat a word of what you said about his character or his poetry."

In silence he drove her through the village and over the river, along the avenue and up to the door of his dwelling, with some amusing speculation as to what his Aunt Amelia would say if she saw who brought her guest.

A minute later the stranger stood with hastily ejected baggage under the veranda, and watched him with amazement urge his horses with unreasonable haste back to the Schawfield Arms.

(To be continued.)

THE FUNCTIONS OF FASHION.

A study of fashion articles in the light of expositions of human character instead of human clothes reveals many a curious side-light on human nature. Vanities and weaknesses are naturally expected, and found; but there is, as well, a very curious and most modern note in the continual insistence upon the idea that the really well-dressed woman is independent of fashion. The modes of the moment are for the crowd, we are told—and told so frequently as to become very weary of the remark—while the few and distinguished choose their clothes for themselves independently of what anyone else is wearing. That this is not at all true can easily be observed even without a knowledge of all grades and cliques of averagely well-dressed society, which probably no one person could possess. Indeed quite independently of such knowledge one may

gather a very fair idea of the fallacy of the dictum by examining the pictures which accompany every fashion-plate nowadays. Here we can observe that the more the taste displayed in the dresses at any ceremony, entertainment, or wedding is labelled "unconventional," "daring," "original," and so forth, the more it smacks of the freaks that are in vogue at the moment. Neither on paper nor in real life does it appear that women who count as well-dressed at all ever discard the outline, the air, the impression that is in fashion. The women who do so are driving in omnibuses from Hampstead and Kensington art schools, and look it. You can see them any day, in long garments of sad colors and no cut, large beads, freakish and unfashionable hats, and even stockings with big toes and sandals. They discard the current fashions, and with

them all pretensions to fashionable life, unless they develop sufficient genius to get in on their brains in spite of their clothes.

Notwithstanding these very obvious truths, the superior note in modern fashion-talk declares the modes a slavery and fit only for slaves, and insists that the wise and powerful are independent of them. This view of fashion is false to human nature, a mere affectation and a pose—a fashion in itself; and, moreover, a mistaken view of human nature; for the instinct of following the fashions is a great and wise one in our natures, and an indication of civilization. Of course, you must decide for yourself whether you think civilization a good or an evil; and besides that, there is the further necessity of deciding how much civilization you are willing to discard or where you draw the line—at stays or afternoon tea, motor-cars or drains. However, I let that pass, and assuming, at any rate, that civilization is a vital and living force, I may observe that where fashion in clothes—or in food or in anything—is stagnant, civilization, of how ever advanced a nature, is also in a state of stagnation. Fashion, as we know it, began with the Renaissance, at which period complaints were first made by the older generations that the younger people wanted clothes of ever-increasing variety of cut and color, and did not relish heirloom garments as in former days. We can see the process going on in our day in the East, where as soon as a stagnant civilization begins to stir, and the national soul awakes, as in Japan, the eye, it seems, awakens also and begins to crave continual change, which may or may not be progress, but at any rate is change. The most completely stagnant people I have ever seen are the natives of the Philippine Islands, whose general knowledge of our civilization is precisely at the point achieved by the contempo-

raries of Magellan; and their costume, a native *sarong* (a pattern some thousands of years old when the pyramids were built), accompanied by a blouse cut in imitation of the big sleeves and huge ruffs worn in Europe in the days of our Elizabeth. If we look at the evidence of monuments we see that when the old, far-off civilizations attained those stages of stagnation which enveloped them for centuries and tens of centuries at a time, costume became, inevitably, equally immovable in aspect. When events began to stir and new ideas were imported, as when the Greeks came into Egypt, the prevailing unrest reflected itself at once in the fashions of the time. Peoples who have never advanced in learning, have even retrograded, such as the Arabs, who now wear the same cut of garments as they did in the days of Abraham. It is charmingly romantic and interesting to visit "Bible Lands" and be able to observe the inhabitants "just the same as they were in Bible times"; but, in real truth, it is a melancholy view of human nature and as cheering as it would be to come to Britain and find the people living in swamps and forests and painted blue.

To follow the fashions is the first duty laid upon any individual whose fortune increases above that of the vast mass of low wage-earners; and this is an instinct cultivated and followed, not by the silliest and most ignorant in the lands of progress, but by all that is best and most intelligent. This being almost a truism, it follows that the best class of women are not and never attempt to be independent of fashion. Ideas of their own they may and do have, but never unfashionable ones. For instance, it simply could not occur to a great or fashionable lady to wear, at this moment, a tiny hat of a pill-box or District Messenger pattern, however it might suit her face or features; nor could she dream of putting on sandals

to go in an omnibus, though she believed that such a custom would be the most desirable and beautiful in the world. The particular hat, the particular stuffs, the particular outline—above all, the outline—of the moment, she welcomes and, perhaps, adapts; no more. I have in mind an instance of the supposed boldness of a great lady who lately chose for her bridesmaids' costumes something resembling the robes of Botticelli's *Primavera*. This feat was trumpeted by the fashion-writers as a daringly original adventure, when, as a matter of hard fact, it would have been almost impossible to chose a dress more in line and harmony with the prevailing fashions or more completely fashionable at the moment. To be really original and reckless would be to copy a Holbein, a Velasquez, or—a Frith. This is only one instance of many occurring every day, all pointing to the profound truth, fixed on the bed-rock of human nature, that no one ever attempts to neglect the fashions and be fashionable. And he was a deep thinker who said that one may as well be dead as out of the fashion. One is dead. It is true that wishes and desires may be controlled, or even quenched by the state of the purse; but even then, old-fashioned—recent-fashioned—clothes, would unwillingly be worn; unfashionable things—never. The more the spread of wealth makes fashions accessible, the more we observe the universal craving there is to follow them in the hopes of attaining fresh impetus and interest in life. That such universal desire can be entirely useless or foolish is outside the bounds of possibility. The fact that it is one of the first instincts of the most cultivated and educated classes should surely absolve it from all ideas of being absurd or ridiculous. People who laugh at the incoming of any new fashion, laugh at what they do not understand, like villagers I have

seen in uncontrollable fits of mirth over the sight of a Chinaman. On the contrary, far from being in the least funny or absurd, the subject of fashion, whatever its freaks, is one to be considered with attention, for obviously it has its function in human life and human nature, and its manifestations are consistently allied with progress and enlightenment.

As a stimulant to trade, fashion's functions are very obvious. We all live by trade, whether directly or indirectly; there is no other means of subsistence. But in countries where trade is varied, roused, stimulated by changes of fashion and new demands and supplies, there is a flow of wealth, a healthy ebb and tide of individual prosperity, which is unknown in stagnant nations. Where fashion becomes crystallized—could such an undesirable event occur—we should all suffer sooner or later, and probably sooner. All stagnation is a form of death, and everything that is healthy—microbe or planet—moves perpetually. When a nation is healthy it can no more remain stationary in the matter of dress than it can in the matter of locomotion or means of communication.

Men, as we know, are not in our day so much affected by changes of modes as women are; but the change is there, and a well-dressed man of to-day is not a bit like a well-dressed man of ten years ago. Man, alone, among animals, has resigned to the females of his species the business of attracting by the eye, and is satisfied with beholding her constant changes of shape and coloring. They give him the pleasurable sense of novelty that is a food of the mind; and, generally without knowing why, he insists very clearly upon a regard for the variety afforded by the fashions of the moment. It is woman who is thus made the object of attention when human beings meet together, and it is easily seen how, with

all the instinct for change, men's fashions change so little: the necessary refreshment for the male eye and the male taste is gratified by the feminine changes to such an extent that the comparative sameness of male attire does not pall as it would do if women kept to the same ideas for years at a time. This reversal of the adornment of the sexes is not very old as history goes, but its gradual development may be traced co-early with the greater liberty accorded to women. In days when women were almost as much shut up in the house as the inhabitants of harems, men went very gorgeously clothed, and even so late as two hundred years ago, when fashionable and beautiful women were rarely to be seen in the public streets, men were very splendid. Now, however, as we have observed, the craving for change and novelty is being gratified, and the eye refreshed on every side, and, without knowing why or wherefore, men are perfectly content in clothes of cut and colors that would have made their great-great-grandfathers miserable.

Fashions must be set by some authority that is universally recognized and obeyed. This is of the essence of harmony and progress. It was all very well in the small world of a French Court of the eighteenth century for the lay figure set up by the Queen to dictate the modes of the day. Communication was slow, riches were rare, and to these circumstances that custom was perfectly adapted; and if the fashions of our day are not set by the great ladies, but ordained by the great dressmakers, it is useless and foolish to repine or to wish the old way back again. Moreover, what is there to complain of in the taste of the dressmakers? We have some model set now and then which is ill-adapted to the short, the stout, the middle-aged; but if that should annoy us, turn for comfort to some old prints and observe the disas-

trous effects of the skittish in dress, say, in the drawings of Hogarth. This ephemeral "hobble" skirt may be everything that its detractors declare, but at least it does not sweep up the filth of the streets as did the products of many epochs of fashion set by great ladies, nor can it be compared for one instant with the hideous and insanitary headdresses of the days when Marie Antoinette set the fashions—those headdresses which were not undone for weeks at a time—a pleasing custom which involved their adornment with long jewelled pins ready for *scratching* and *biting*. At every period when the fashions were set by great ladies there were monstrous anomalies of ugliness, discomfort, or downright insanitariness, which could not possibly emanate from the "ateliers" of our day. We may be ruled by the shopman in this as in many other matters, but, in dress at least, his rule is infinitely to be preferred to the taste of any period set by an individual great personage, from Elizabeth and her hoops and ruff and stomach-pillows, to Victoria and her elastic-sided boots—from Henry VIII. and his absurd toes, to George IV. and his tights. The government of the shopman ensures to a very great extent that fashion must make its appeal by novelty and beauty; and if not actual and intrinsic beauty, then the curious and subtle cut and color which produces or emphasizes beauty in the wearer. The day of its appeal to snobbishness is past; and with its widened scope and myriad influences fashion works as one of the living forces, and as a guarantee of the living forces, of the greatest civilization this world has ever seen. The intelligent woman, the product of perfected culture, vitality, applied science, increased wealth, is imbued, above all other things with the spirit of her day. She is that spirit, in fact she produces it, and that spirit is progress,

whose very breath is change; and the deep note of progress and vital force is struck in this shifting, whirling kaleidoscope of fashion which no one, who wishes to weigh in the balance, can really afford to ignore.

The Contemporary Review.

End Campbell Dauncy.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER V.—ON THE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY ANDREW LANG.

1. Where did Scott reveal beyond doubt the secret of his authorship?
2. (a) What were the Christian name and personal peculiarities of the Bhargelst?
(b) Whence did Scott obtain the story in which the Bhargelst appears?
3. "That means she does not forgive him at all." Whose pious sentiment provoked this criticism, from whom?
4. "Like soor yill in simmer." With whose chance of moral and social amendment was this comparison made, by whom?
5. What sinister Latin phrase is used by two characters in one book?
6. "He got up wi' a bang and gar'd them a' look about them." Who was he? In what novels does he occur?
7. (a) Mention three characters drawn by Scott from his own at different ages.
(b) In what character does he draw from his wife?
8. "Generous, noble, but deeply mistaken man." What lady thus addressed her admirer?
9. Who expressed, in prose, a sentiment borrowed by Tennyson, in what poem?
10. What lady had never heard of Romeo and Juliet until the play was read aloud to her, by whom?
11. What awkward phrase did who make use of in apology for having shinned a young lady?
12. (a) "They perfumed their oriental domes." Who did this?
(b) Can you suggest an emendation of the text?

The Cornhill Magazine.

AN OLD THORN.

The little village of Ingden lies in a hollow of the South Wiltshire Downs, the most isolated of the villages in that lonely district. Its one short street is crossed at right angles in the middle part of the Salisbury road, and standing just at that point, the church on one hand, the old inn on the other, you can follow it with the eye for a distance of nearly three miles. First it goes winding up the low down under which the village stands, then vanishes over the brow to reappear again a mile and a half further away as a white band on the vast green slope of the

succeeding down, which rises to a height of over 600 feet. On the summit it vanishes once more, but those who use it know it for a laborious road crossing several high ridges before dropping down into the valley road leading to Salisbury.

When, standing in the village street, your eye travels up that white band, you can distinctly make out even at that distance a small solitary tree standing near the summit—an old thorn with an ivy growing on it. My walks were often that way, and invariably on coming to that point I would

turn twenty yards aside from the road to spend half an hour seated on the turf near or under the old tree. These half-hours were always grateful; and conscious that the tree drew me to it I questioned myself as to the reason. It was, I told myself, nothing but mental curiosity—my interest was a purely scientific one. For how comes it, I asked, that a thorn can grow to a tree and live to a great age in such a situation, on a vast naked down, where for many centuries, perhaps for thousands of years, the herbage has been so closely fed by sheep as to have the appearance of a carpet or newly mown lawn? The seed is carried and scattered everywhere by the birds, but no sooner does it germinate and send up a shoot than it is eaten down to the roots; for there is no scent that attracts a sheep more, no flavor it has greater taste for, than that of any forest seedling springing up amidst the minute herbaceous plants which carpet the downs. The thorn, like other organisms, has its own unconscious intelligence and cunning by means of which it endeavors to save itself and fulfil its life. It opens its first tender leaves under the herbage and at the same time thrusts up a vertical spine to wound the nibbling mouth; and no sooner has it got a leaf or two and a spine than it spreads its roots all round and from each of them springs a fresh shoot, leaves and protecting spine, to increase the chances of preservation. In vain! the cunning animal finds a way to defeat all this strategy, and after the leaves have been bitten off again and again, the infant plant gives up the struggle and dies in the ground. Yet we see that from time to time one survives—one perhaps in a million; but how—whether by a quicker growth or a harder or more poisonous thorn, an unpalatable leaf, or some other secret agency—we cannot guess. First as a diminutive scrubby shrub, with nu-

merous iron-hard stems, with few and small leaves but many thorns, it keeps its poor flowerless frustrate life for perhaps half a century or longer, without growing more than a couple of feet high; and then, as by a miracle, it will spring up until its top shoots are out of reach of the browsing sheep, and in the end it becomes a tree with spreading branches and fully developed leaves, and flowers and fruit in its season.

One day I was visited by an artist from a distance who, when shown the thorn, pronounced it a fine subject for his pencil, and while he made his picture we talked about the hawthorn generally as compared with other trees, and agreed that, except in its blossoming time when it is merely pretty, it is the most engaging and perhaps the most beautiful of our native trees. We said that it was the most *individual* of trees, that its variety was infinite, for you never find two alike whether growing in a forest, in groups or masses, or alone. We were almost lyrical in its praises. But the solitary thorn was always best, he said, and this one was perhaps the best of all he had seen; strange and at the same time decorative in its form, beautiful too in its appearance of great age with unimpaired vigor and something more in its expression—that elusive something which we find in some trees and don't know how to explain.

Ah, yes, thought I, it was this appeal to the æsthetic faculty which attracted me from the first, and not, as I had imagined, the mere curiosity of the naturalist interested mainly and always in the *habits* of living things, plant or animal.

Certainly the thorn had strangeness. Its appearance as to height was deceptive; one would have guessed it eighteen feet; measuring it I was surprised to find it only ten. It has four separate boles, springing from one root,

leaning a little away from each other, the thickest just a foot in circumference. The branches are few, beginning at about five feet from the ground, the foliage thin, the leaves throughout the summer stained with gray, rust-red, and purple color. Though so small and exposed to the full fury of every wind that blows over that vast naked down, it has yet an ivy growing on it—the strangest of the many strange ivy-plants I have seen. It comes out of the ground as two ivy trunks on opposite sides of the stoutest bole, but at a height of four feet from the surface the two join and ascend the tree as one round iron-colored and iron-hard stem, which goes curving and winding snake-wise among the branches as if with the object of roping them to save them from being torn off by the winds. Finally, rising to the top, the long serpent-stem opens out in a flat disc-shaped mass of close-packed branchlets and twigs densely set with small round leaves, dark dull green and tough as parchment. One could only suppose that thorn and ivy had been partners from the beginning of life, and that the union was equally advantageous to both.

The small ivy disc or platform on top of the tree was a favorite stand and look-out for the downland birds. I seldom visited the spot without disturbing some of them, now a little company of missel-thrushes, now a crowd of starlings, then perhaps a dozen rooks, crowded together, looking very big and conspicuous on their little platform.

Being curious to find out something about the age of the tree I determined to put the question to my old friend Malachi, aged eighty-nine, who was born and had always lived in the parish and had known the downs and probably every tree growing on them for miles around from his earliest years. It was my custom to drop in of an even-

ing and sit with him, listening to his endless reminiscences of his young days. That evening I spoke of the thorn, describing its position and appearance, thinking that perhaps he had forgotten it. How long, I asked him, had the thorn been there?

He was one of those men, usually of the laboring class, to be met with in such lonely, out-of-the-world places as the Wiltshire Downs, whose eyes never look old however many their years may be, and are more like the eyes of a bird or animal than a human being, for they gaze at you and through you when you speak without appearing to know what you say. So it was on this occasion; he looked straight at me with no sign of understanding, no change in his clear gray eyes, and answered nothing. But I would not be put off, and when, raising my voice, I repeated the question, he replied after another interval of silence that the thorn "was never any different." 'Twas just the same, ivy and all, when he were a small boy. It looked just so old: why, he remembered his old father saying the same thing—'twas the same when he were a boy, and 'twas the same in his father's time. Then anxious to escape from the subject he began talking of something else.

It struck me that after all the most interesting thing about the thorn was its appearance of great age, and this aspect I had now been told had continued for at least a century, probably for a much longer time. It produced a reverent feeling in me such as we experience at the sight of some ancient stone monument. But the tree was alive, and because of its life the feeling was perhaps stronger than in the case of a granite cross or cromlech or other memorial of antiquity.

Sitting by the thorn one day it occurred to me that, growing at this spot close to the road and near the summit of that vast down, numberless persons

travelling to and from Salisbury must have turned aside to rest on the turf in the shade after that laborious ascent or before beginning the long descent to the valley below. Travellers of all conditions, on foot or horseback, in carts and carriages, merchants, bagmen, farmers, drovers, gipsies, tramps, and vagrants of all descriptions, and from time to time troops of soldiers. Yet never one of them had injured the tree in any way! I could not remember ever finding a tree growing alone by the roadside in a lonely place which had not the marks of many old and new wounds inflicted on its trunk with knives, hatchets, and other implements. Here not a mark, not a scratch had been made on any one of its four trunks or on the ivy stem by any thoughtless or mischievous person, nor had any branch been cut or broken off. Why had they one and all respected this tree?

It was another subject to talk to Malachi about, and to him I went after tea and found him with three of his neighbors sitting by the fire and talking; for though it was summer the old man always had a fire in the evening.

They welcomed and made room for me, but I had no sooner broached the subject in my mind than they all fell into silence, then after a brief interval the three callers began to discuss some little village matter. I was not going to be put off in that way, and, leaving them out, went on talking to Malachi about the tree. Presently one by one the three visitors got up and, remarking that it was time to be going, they took their departure.

The old man could not escape nor avoid listening, and in the end had to say something. He said he didn't know nothing about all them tramps and gipsies and other sorts of men who had sat by the tree; all he knewed was that the old thorn had been a

good thorn to him—first and last. He remembered once when he was a young man, not yet twenty, he went to do some work at a village five miles away, and being winter time he left early, about four o'clock, to walk home over the downs. He had just got married and had promised his wife to be home for tea at six o'clock. But a thick fog came up over the downs and soon as it got dark he lost himself. 'Twas the darkest, thickest night he had ever been out in; and whenever he came against a bank or other obstruction he would get down on his hands and knees and feel it up and down to get its shape and find out what it was, for he knew all the marks on his native downs; 'twas all in vain—nothing could he recognize. In this way he wandered about for hours and was in despair of getting home that night when all at once there came a sense of relief, a feeling that it was all right, that something was guiding him.

I remarked that I knew what that meant: he had lost his sense of direction and had now all at once recovered it; such a thing had often happened; I once had such an experience myself.

No, it was not that, he returned. He had not gone a dozen steps from the moment that sense of confidence came to him, before he ran into a tree, and feeling the trunk with his hands he recognized it as the old thorn and knew where he was. In a couple of minutes he was on the road, and in less than an hour, just about midnight, he was safe at home.

No more could I get out of him, at all events on that occasion; nor did I ever succeed in extracting any further personal experience in spite of his having let out that the thorn had been a good thorn to him, first and last. I had however heard enough to satisfy me that I had at length discovered the real secret of the tree's fascination. I recalled other trees which had simi-

larly affected me, and how, long years ago, when a good deal of my time was spent on horseback, whenever I found myself in a certain district I would go miles out of my way just to look at a solitary old tree growing in a lonely place, and to sit for an hour to refresh myself, body and soul, in its shade. I had indeed all along suspected the thorn of being one of this order of mysterious trees; and from other experiences I had met with, one some years ago in a village in this same county of Wilts, I had formed the opinion that in many persons the sense of a strange intelligence and possibly of power in such trees is not a mere transitory mental state but an enduring influence which profoundly affects their whole lives.

Determined to find out something more, I went to other villagers, mostly women, who are more easily disarmed and made to believe that you too know and are of the same mind with them, being under the same mysterious power and spell. In this way, laying many a subtle snare, I succeeded in eliciting a good deal of information. It was however mostly of a kind which could not profitably be used in any inquiry into the subject; it simply went to show that the feeling existed and was strong in many of the villagers. During this inquiry I picked up several anecdotes about a person who lived in Ingden close upon three generations ago, and was able to piece them together so as to make a consistent narrative of his life. This was Johnnie Budd, a farm laborer, who came to his end in 1821, a year or so before my old friend Malachi was born. It is going very far back, but there were circumstances in his life which made a deep impression on the mind of that little community and the story had lived on through all these years.

Johnnie had fallen on hard times when in an exceptionally severe win-

ter season he with others had been thrown out of employment at the farm where he worked; then with a wife and three small children to keep he had in his desperation procured food for them one dark night in an adjacent field. But alas! one of the little ones playing in the road with some of her companions, who were all very hungry, let it out that she wasn't hungry, that for three days she had had as much nice meat as she wanted to eat! Play over, the hungry little ones flew home to tell their parents the wonderful news—why didn't they have nice meat like Tilly Budd, instead of a piece of rye bread without even dripping on it, when they were so hungry? Much talk followed, and spread from cottage to cottage until it reached the constable's ears, and he, already informed of the loss of a wether taken from its fold close by, went straight to Johnnie and charged him with the offence. Johnnie lost his head, and dropping on his knees confessed his guilt and begged his old friend Lampard to have mercy on him and to overlook it for the sake of his wife and children.

It was his first offence, but when he was taken from the lock-up at the top of the village street to be conveyed to Salisbury, his friends and neighbors who had gathered at the spot to witness his removal shook their heads and doubted that Ingden would ever see him again. The confession had made the case so simple a one that he had at once been committed to take his trial at the Salisbury Assizes, and as the time was near the constable had been ordered to convey the prisoner to the town himself. Accordingly he engaged old Joe Blaskett, called Daddy in the village, to take them in his pony cart. Daddy did not want the job, but was talked or bullied into it, and there he now sat in his cart, waiting in glum silence for his passengers; a bent old man of eighty, with a lean, gray, bitter

face, in his rusty cloak, his old rabbit-skin cap drawn down over his ears, his white disorderly beard scattered over his chest. The constable Lampard was a big, powerful man, with a great, round, good-natured face, but just now he had a strong sense of his responsibility, and to make sure of not losing his prisoner he handcuffed him before bringing him out and helping him to take his seat on the bottom of the cart. Then he got up himself to his seat by the driver's side; the last good-bye was spoken, the weeping wife being gently led away by her friends, and the cart rattled away down the street. Turning into the Salisbury road it was soon out of sight over the near down, but half an hour later it emerged once more into sight beyond the great dip, and the villagers who had remained standing about at the same spot watched it crawling like a beetle up the long white road on the slope of the vast down beyond.

Johnnie was now lying coiled up on his rug, his face hidden between his arms, abandoned to grief, sobbing aloud. Lampard, sitting athwart the seat so as to keep an eye on him, burst out at last: "Be a man, Johnnie, and stop your crying! 'Tis making things no better by taking on like that. What do you say, Daddy?"

"I say nought," snapped the old man, and for a while they proceeded in silence except for those heartrending sobs. As they approached the old thorn tree, near the top of the long slope, Johnnie grew more and more agitated, his whole frame shaking with his sobbing. Again the constable rebuked him, telling him that 'twas a shame for a man to go on like that. Then with an effort he restrained his sobs, and lifting a red, swollen, tear-stained face he stammered out: "Master Lampard, did I ever ask 'ee a favor in my life?"

"What be after now?" said the other

suspiciously. "Well, no, Johnnie, not as I remember."

"An' do 'ee think I'll ever come back home again, Master Lampard?"

"Maybe no, maybe yes; 'tis not for me to say."

"But 'ee knows 'tis a hanging matter?"

"'Tis that for sure. But you be a young man with a wife and childer, and have never done no wrong before—not that I ever heard say. Maybe the judge'll recommend you to mercy. What do you say, Daddy?"

The old man only made some inarticulate sounds in his beard, without turning his head.

"But, Master Lampard, suppose I don't swing, the'll send I over the water and I'll never see the wife and children no more."

"Maybe so; I'm thinking that's how 'twill be."

"Then will 'ee do me a kindness? 'Tis the only one I ever asked 'ee, and there'll be no chance to ask 'ee another."

"I can't say, Johnnie, not till I know what 'tis you want."

"'Tis only this, Master Lampard. When we git to th' old thorn let me out o' the cart and let me stand under it one minnit and no more."

"Be you wanting to hang yourself before the trial then?" said the constable, trying to make a joke of it.

"I couldn't do that," said Johnnie, simply, "seeing my hands be fast and you'd be standing by."

"No, no, Johnnie, 'tis nought but just foolishness. What do you say, Daddy?"

The old man turned round with a look of sudden rage in his gray face which startled Lampard: but he said nothing, he only opened and shut his mouth two or three times without a sound.

Meanwhile the pony had been going slower and slower for the last thirty

or forty yards, and now, when they were abreast of the tree stood still.

"What be stopping for?" cried Lampard. "Get on—get on, or we'll never get to Salisbury this day."

Then at length old Blaskett found a voice.

"Does thee know what thee's saying, Master Lampard, or be thee a stranger in this parish?"

"What d'ye mean, Daddy? I be no stranger; I've a-known this parish and known 'ee these nine years."

"Thee stopped why I stopped when 'twas the pony stopped, knowing where we'd got to. But thee's not born here or thee'd a-known what a hoss knows. An' since 'ee asks what I says, I say this, 'twill not hurt 'ee to let Johnnie Budd stand one minute by the tree."

Feeling insulted and puzzled the constable was about to assert his authority when he was arrested by Johnnie's cry, "Oh, Master Lampard, 'tis my last hope!" and by the sight of the agony of suspense on his swollen face. After a short hesitation he swung himself out over the side of the cart, and letting down the tailboard laid rough hands on Johnnie and half helped, half dragged him out.

They were quickly by the tree, where Johnnie stood silent with downcast eyes a few moments; then dropping upon his knees leant his face against the bark, his eyes closed, his lips murmuring.

"Time's up!" cried Lampard presently, and taking him by the collar pulled him to his feet; in a couple of minutes more they were in the cart and on their way.

It was gray weather, very cold, with an east wind blowing, but for the rest of that dreary seventeen-miles journey Johnnie was very quiet and submissive and shed no more tears.

What had been his motive in wishing to stand by the tree? What did

he expect when he said that it was his last hope? During the way up the long laborious slope, an incident of his early years in connection with the tree had been in his mind, and had wrought on him until it culminated in that passionate outburst and his strange request. It was when he was a boy not quite ten years old, that one afternoon in the summer-time he went with other children to look for wild raspberries on the summit of the great down. Johnnie being the eldest was the leader of the little band. On the way back from the brambly place where the fruit grew, on approaching the thorn they spied a number of rooks sitting on it, and it came into Johnnie's mind that it would be great fun to play at crows by sitting on the branches as near the top as they could get. Running on, with cries that sent the rooks cawing away, they began swarming up the trunks, but in the midst of their frolic, when they were all struggling for the best places on the branches, they were startled by a shout, and looking up to the top of the down saw a man on horseback coming towards them at a gallop, shaking a whip in anger as he rode. Instantly they began scrambling down, falling over each other in their haste, then, picking themselves up, set off down the slope as fast as they could run. Johnnie was foremost, while close behind him came Marty, who was nearly the same age and though a girl almost as swift-footed, but before going fifty yards she struck her foot against an ant-hill and was thrown violently, face down, on the turf. Johnnie turned at her cry and flew back to help her up, but the shock of the fall and her extreme terror had deprived her for the moment of all strength, and while he struggled to raise her the smaller children one by one overtook and passed them, and in another moment the man was off his horse, standing over them. "Do you want a good

thrashing?" he said, grasping Johnnie by the collar.

"Oh, sir, please don't hit me!" answered Johnnie; then looking up he was astonished to see that his captor was not the stern old farmer, the tenant of the down, he had taken him for, but a stranger and a strange-looking man, in a dark gray cloak with a red collar; he had a pointed beard and long black hair and dark eyes that were not evil yet frightened Johnnie when he caught them gazing down on him.

"No, I'll not thrash you," said he, "because you stayed to help the little maiden, but I'll tell you something for your good about the tree you and your little mates have been climbing, bruising the bark with your heels and breaking off leaves and twigs. Do you know, boy, that if you hurt it, it will hurt you? It stands fast here with its roots in the ground and you—you can go away from it, you think. 'Tis not so; something will come out of it and follow you wherever you go and hurt and break you at last. But if you make it a friend and care for it it will care for you and give you happiness and deliver you from evil."

Then touching Johnnie's cheeks with his gloved hand he got on his horse and rode away, and no sooner was he gone than Marty started up, and hand in hand the two children set off at a run down the long slope.

Johnnie's playtime was nearly over then, for by-and-by he was taken as farmer's boy at one of the village farms. When he was nineteen years old, one Sunday evening when standing in the road with other young people of the village, youths and girls, it was powerfully borne on his mind that his old playmate Marty was not only the prettiest and best girl in the place but that she had something which set her apart and far far above all other women. For now, after having known her intimately from his first years he

had suddenly fallen in love with her, a feeling which caused him to shiver in a kind of ecstasy, yet made him miserable since it had purged his sight and made him see, too, how far apart they were and how hopeless his case. It was true that they had been comrades from childhood, fond of each other, but she had grown and developed until she had become that most bright and lovely being, while he had remained the same slow-witted, awkward, almost inarticulate Johnnie he had always been. This feeling preyed on his poor mind, and when he joined the evening gathering in the village street he noted bitterly how contemptuously he was left out of the conversation by the others, how incapable he was of keeping pace with them in their laughing talk and banter. And, worst of all, how Marty was the leading spirit, bandying words and bestowing smiles and pleasantries all round but never a word or a smile for him. He could not endure it, and so instead of smartening himself up after work and going for company to the village street, he would walk down the secluded lane near the farm to spend the hour before supper and bedtime sitting on a gate, brooding on his misery; and if by chance he met Marty in the village he would try to avoid her and was silent and uncomfortable in her presence.

After work, one hot summer evening, Johnnie was walking along the road near the farm in his working clothes, clay-colored boots, and old dusty hat, when who should he see but Marty coming towards him, looking very sweet and fresh in her light-colored print gown. He looked to this side and that for some friendly gap or opening in the hedge so as to take himself out of the road, but there was no way of escape at that spot and he had to pass her, and so casting down his eyes he walked on, wishing he could sink into the earth out of her sight. But she

would not allow him to pass; she put herself directly in his way and spoke.

"What's the matter with 'ee, Johnnie, that 'ee don't want to meet me and hardly say a word when I speak to 'ee?"

He could not find a word in reply: he stood still, his face crimson, his eyes on the ground.

"Johnnie, dear, what is it?" she asked, coming closer and putting her hand on his arm.

Then he looked up, and seeing the sweet compassion in her eyes he could no longer keep the secret of his pain from her.

"'Tis 'ee, Marty," he said. "Thee'll never want I—there's others 'ee'll like better. 'Tisn't for I to say a word about that, I'm thinking, for I be—just nothing. An'—an'—I be going away from the village. Marty, and I'll never come back no more."

"Oh, Johnnie, don't 'ee say it! Would 'ee go and break my heart? Don't 'ee know I've always loved 'ee since we were little mites together?"

And thus it came about that Johnnie, most miserable of men, was all at once made happy beyond his wildest dreams. And he proved himself worthy of her: from that time there was not a more diligent and sober young laborer in the village, nor one of a more cheerful disposition, nor more careful of his personal appearance when, the day's work done, the young people had their hour of social intercourse and courting. Yet he was able to put by a portion of his weekly wages of six shillings to buy sticks so that when spring came round again he was able to marry and take Marty to live with him in his own cottage.

One Sunday afternoon, shortly after this happy event, they went out for a walk on the high down.

"Oh, Johnnie, 'tis a long time since we were here together, not since we

used to come and play and look for cowslips when we were little."

Johnnie laughed with pure joy and said they would just be children and play again, now they were alone and out of sight of the village; and when she smiled up at him he rejoiced to think that his union with this perfect girl was producing a happy effect on his poor brains, making him as bright and ready with a good reply as any one! And in their happiness they played at being children just as in the old days they had played at being grown-ups. Casting themselves down on the green, elastic, flower-sprinkled turf, they rolled one after the other down the smooth slopes of the terrace, the old "shepherd's steps," and by-and-by Johnnie, coming upon a patch of creeping thyme, rubbed his hands in the pale purple flowers, then rubbed her face to make it fragrant.

"Oh, 'tis sweet!" she cried. "Did 'ee ever see so many little flowers on the down?—'tis as if they came out just for us." Then, indicating the tiny milkwort faintly sprinkling the turf all about them, "Oh, the little blue darlings! Did 'ee ever see such a dear blue!"

"Oh, aye, a prettier blue nor that," said Johnnie. "'Tis just here, Marty," and pressing her down he kissed her on the eyelids a dozen times.

"You silly Johnnie!"

"Be I silly, Marty? but I love the red too," and with that he kissed her on the mouth. "And, Marty, I do love the red on the breasties too—won't 'ee let me have just one kiss there?"

And she, to please him, opened her dress a little way, but blushing, though she was his wife and nobody was there to see, but it seemed strange to her out of doors with the sun overhead. Oh, 'twas all delicious! Never was earth so heavenly sweet as on that wide green down, sprinkled with in-

numerable little flowers, under the wide blue sky and the all-illuminating sun that shone into their hearts!

At length, rising to her knees and looking up the green slope, she cried out: "Oh, Johnnie, there's the old thorn tree! Do 'ee remember when we played at crows on it and had such a fright? 'Twas the last time we came here together. Come, let's go to the old tree and see how it looks now."

Johnnie all at once became grave, and said No, he wouldn't go to it for anything. She was curious and made him tell her the reason. He had never forgotten that day and the fear that came into his mind on account of the words the strange man had spoken. She didn't know what the words were: she had been too frightened to listen, and so he had to tell her.

"Then, 'tis a wishing-tree for sure," Marty exclaimed. When he asked her what a wishing-tree was, she could only say that her old grandmother, now dead, had told her. 'Tis a tree that knows us and can do us good and harm, but will do good only to some; but they must go to it and ask for its protection, and they must offer it something as well as pray to it. It must be something bright—a little jewel or colored bead is best, and if you haven't got such a thing, a bright-colored ribbon, or strip of scarlet cloth or silk thread which you must tie to one of the twigs.

"But we hurted the tree, Marty, and 'twill do no good to we."

They were both grave now; then a hopeful thought came to her aid. They had not hurt the tree intentionally: the tree knew that—it knew more than any human being. They might go and stand side by side under its branches and ask it to forgive them, and grant them all their desires. But they must not go empty-handed, they must have some bright thing with them when making their prayer. Then she

had a fresh inspiration. She would take a lock of her own bright hair and braid it with some of his, and tie it with a piece of scarlet thread.

Johnnie was pleased with this idea, and they agreed to take another Sunday afternoon walk and carry out their plan.

The projected walk was never taken, for by-and-by Marty's mother fell ill and Marty had to be with her, nursing her night and day, and months went by, and at length when her mother died she was not in a fit condition to go long walks and climb those long steep slopes. After the child was born it was harder than ever to leave the house, and Johnnie too had so much work at the farm that he had little inclination to go out on Sundays. They ceased to speak of the tree, and their long-projected pilgrimage was impracticable until they could see better days. But the wished time never came, for after the first child Marty was never strong; then a second child came, then a third, and so five years went by of toil and suffering and love, and the tree, with all their hopes and fears and intentions regarding it, was less and less in their minds and was all but forgotten. Only Johnnie, when at long intervals his master sent him to Salisbury with the cart, remembered it all only too well when, coming to the top of the down, he saw the old thorn directly before him. Passing it he would turn his face away not to see it too closely, or perhaps to avoid being recognized by it. Then came the time of their extreme poverty, when there was no work at the farm and no one of their own people to help them tide over a season of scarcity, for the old people were dead or in the workhouse or so poor as to want help themselves. It was then that in his misery at the sight of his ailing anxious wife—the dear Marty of the beautiful vanished days—and his three little hungry

children, he went out into the field one dark night to get them food.

The whole sad history was in his mind as they slowly crawled up the hill, until it came to him that perhaps all their sufferings and this great disaster had been caused by the tree—by that something from the tree which had followed him, never resting in its mysterious enmity, until it broke him. Was it too late to repair that terrible mistake? A gleam of hope shone on his darkened mind, and he made his passionate appeal to the constable. He had no offering—his hands were powerless now; but at least he could stand by it and touch it with his body and face and pray for its forgiveness and for deliverance from the doom which threatened him. The constable had compassionately or from some secret motive granted his request, but alas! if in very truth the power he had come to believe in resided in the tree he was too late in seeking it.

The trial was soon over; by pleading guilty Johnnie had made it a very simple matter for the court. The main thing was to sentence him. By an unhappy chance the judge was in one of his occasional bad moods: he had been entertained too well by one of the local magnates on the previous evening and had sat late, drinking too much wine, with the result that he had a bad liver, with a mind to match it. He was only too ready to seize the first opportunity that offered—and poor Johnnie's case was the first that morning—of exercising the awful power a barbarous law had put into his hands. When the prisoner's defender declared that this was a case which called loudly for mercy the judge interrupted him to say that he was taking too much on himself, that he was in fact instructing the judge in his duties, which was a piece of presumption on his part. The other was quick to make the humble apology and to bring his perfunctory address to

a conclusion. The judge, in addressing the prisoner, said he had been unable to discover any extenuating circumstances in the case. The fact that he had a wife and family dependent on him only added to his turpitude, since it proved that no consideration could serve to deter him from a criminal act. Furthermore, in dealing with this case, he must take into account the prevalence of this particular form of crime; he would venture to say that it had been encouraged by an extreme leniency in many cases on the part of those whose sacred duty it was to administer the law of the land. A sterner and healthier spirit was called for at the present juncture. The time had come to make an example, and a more suitable case than the one now before him could not have been found for such a purpose. He would accordingly hold out no hope of a reprieve, but would counsel prisoner to make the best use of the short time remaining to him.

Johnnie standing in the dock appeared to the spectators to be in a half-dazed condition—as dull and spiritless a clodhopper as they had ever beheld. The judge and barristers, in their wigs and robes and gowns, were unlike any human beings he had ever looked on. He might have been transported to some other world, so strange did the whole scene appear to him. He only knew, or surmised, that all these important people were occupied in doing him to death, but the process, the meaning of their fine phrases, he could not follow. He looked at them, his glazed eyes travelling from face to face to be fixed finally on the judge in a vacant stare; but he scarcely saw them, he was all the time gazing on, and his mind occupied with, other forms and scenes invisible to the court. His village, his Marty, his dear little playmate of long ago, the sweet girl he had won, the wife and mother of

his children with her white terrified face, clinging to him and crying in anguish: "Oh, Johnnie, what will they do to 'ee!" And all the time, with it all, he saw the vast green slope of the down with the Salisbury road lying like a narrow white band across it, and close to it, near the summit, the solitary old tree.

During the delivery of the sentence, and when he was led from the dock and conveyed back to the prison, that image or vision was still present. He sat staring at the wall of his cell as he had stared at the judge, the fatal tree still before him. Never before had he seen it in that vivid way in which it appeared to him now, standing alone on the vast green down, under the wide sky, its four separate boles leaning a little away from each other, like the

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middle ribs of an open fan, holding up the wide, spread branches, the thin open foliage, the green leaves stained rusty brown and purple: and the ivy rising like a slender black serpent of immense length springing from the roots, winding upwards and in and out among the gray branches, binding them together, and resting its round dark cluster of massed leaves on the topmost boughs. That green disc was the ivy-serpent's flat head and was the head of the whole tree, and there it had its eyes which gazed for ever over the wide downs, watching all living things, cattle and sheep and bird and men in their comings and goings; and although fast-rooted in the earth, following them too in all their ways, even as it had followed him to break him at last.

W. H. Hudson.

LIFE IN LONDON: THE RESTAURANT.

You have a certain complacency in entering it because it is one of the twenty monster restaurants of London. The name glitters in the public mind. "Where shall we dine?" The name suggests itself by the immense force of its notoriety, it comes unsought into the conversation like a thing alive. "All right! Meet you in the Lounge at 7.45." You feel—whatever your superficial airs—that you are in the whirl of correctness as you hurry (of course late) out of a taxi into the Lounge. There is something about the word "Lounge" . . . ! Space and freedom in the Lounge and a foretaste of luxury; and it is inhabited by the haughty of the earth! You are not yet a prisoner, in the Lounge. Then an official, with the metallic insignia of authority, takes you apart. He is very deferential—but with the intimidating deference of

a limited company that pays forty per cent. You can go upstairs—though he doubts if there is immediately a table—or you can go downstairs. (Strange, how in the West-End, when once you quit the street, you must always go up or down; the planet's surface is forbidden to you; you lose touch with it; the ground-landlord has taken it and hidden it.) You go downstairs; you are hypnotized into going downstairs; and you go down, and down, one of a procession, until a man entrenched in a recess furnished to look like a ready-made tailor's, accepts half your clothing and adds it to his stock. He does not ask for it; he need not; you are hypnotized. Stripped, you go further down and down. You are now part of the tremendous organism; you have left behind not merely your clothing, but your volition; your number is in your hand.

Suddenly, as you pass through a doorway great irregular vistas of a subterranean chamber discover themselves to you limitless. You perceive that this wondrous restaurant ramifies under all London and that a table on one verge is beneath St. Paul's Cathedral and a table on the other verge beneath the Albert Memorial. All the tables—all the thousands of tables—are occupied. An official comes to you, and, putting his mouth to your ear (for the din is terrific), tells you that he will have a table for you in three minutes. You wait, forlorn. It reminds you of waiting at the barber's for a shave, except that the barber gives you an easy chair and a newspaper. Here you must stand; and you must gather your skirts about you and stand firm to resist the shock of blind waiters. Others are in your case; others have been waiting longer than you, and at every moment, more arrive. You wait. The diners see you waiting, and you wonder whether they are eating slowly on purpose. . . . At length you are led away—far, far from the pit's mouth into a remote working of the mine. You watch a man whisk away foul plates and glasses, and cover offence with a pure white cloth. You sit. You are saved! And human nature is such that you feel positively grateful to the limited company.

You begin to wait again, having been deserted by your saviors. And then your wandering attention notices behind you, under all the other sounds a steady sound of sizzling. And there fat, greasy men, clothed and capped in white, are throwing small fragments of animal carcasses on to a huge, red fire, and pulling them off in the nick of time, and flinging them on to plates which are continually being snatched away by flying hands. The grill, as advertised! And you wait, helpless, through a period so long that if a live

cow and a live sheep had been led into the restaurant to satisfy the British passion for realism in eating, there would have been time for both animals to be murdered, dismembered, and fried before the gaze of a delighted audience. But fear not. The deity of the organism, though unseen, is watching over you. You have not been omitted from the divine plan. Presently a man approaches with a gigantic menu, upon which are printed the names of hundreds of marvellous dishes, and you can have any of them—and at most reasonable prices. Only you must choose at once. You must say instantly to the respectful but inexorable official exactly what you will have. You are lost in the menu as in a labyrinth, as in a jungle at nightfall. . . . Quick! For, as you have waited, so are others waiting! Out with it! You drop the menu. "Roast beef and Yorkshire pudding—Guinness." The magic phrase releases you. In the tenth of a second the official has vanished. A railway truck laden with the gifts of Cuba and Sumatra and the monks of the Chartreuse, sweeps majestically by, blotting out the horizon; and lo! no sooner has it glided past than you see men hastening towards you with plates and bottles. With an astounding celerity the beef and the stout have arrived—out of the unknown and the unknowable, out of some secret place in the centre of the earth, where rows and rows of slices of beef and bottles of stout wait enchanted for your word.

All the thousands of tables scintillate with linen and glass and silver, and steel and ivory, and are bright with flowers; ten thousand blossoms have been wrenched from their beds and marshalled here in captive regiments to brighten the beef and stout on which your existence depends. The carpet is a hot crimson bed of flowers. The whole of the ceiling is carved and

painted, and gilded; not a square inch of repose in the entire busy expanse of it; and from it thousands of blinding electric bulbs hang down like stalactites. The walls are covered with enormous mirrors, perversely studded with gold nails, and framed in gold sculpture. And these mirrors fling everything remorselessly back at you. So that the immensity and the glow of the restaurant are multiplied to infinity. The band is fighting for its life. An agonized violinist, swaying and contorting in front of the band, squeezes the last drop of juice out of his fiddle. The "selection" is "Carmen." But "Carmen" raised to the second power with every *piano*, *forte*, *allegro*, and *adagio* exaggerated to the last limit; "Carmen" composed by Souza and executed by super-Sicilians; a "Carmen" deafening and excruciating! And amid all this light and sound, amid the music and the sizzling, and the clatter of plates and glass, and the reverberation of the mirrors, and the whirring of the ventilators, and the sheen of gold, and the harsh glitter of white, and the dull hum of hundreds of strenuous conversations, and the hoarse cries of the pale demons at the fire, and the haste, and the crowdedness, and the people waiting for your table—you eat. You practise the fine art of dining.

In a paroxysm the music expires. The effect is as disconcerting as though the mills of God had stopped. Applause, hearty and prolonged, resounds in the bowels of the earth. . . . You learn that the organism exists because people really like it.

This is a fearful and a romantic place. Those artists who do not tingle to the romance of it are dead and have forgotten to be buried. The romance of it rises grandiosely storey beyond storey. For you must know that while you are dining in the depths, the courtesans and their possessors are

dining in the skies. And the most romantic and impressive thing about it all is the invisible secret thoughts, beneath the specious bravery, of the uncountable multitude gathered together under the spell of the brains that invented the organism. Can you not look through the transparent faces of the young men with fine waistcoats and neglected boots, and of the young women with concocted hats and insecure gay blouses, and of the waiters whose memories are full of Swiss mountains and Italian lakes and German beer gardens, and of the violinist who was proclaimed a Kubelik at the Conservatoire and who now is carelessly pronounced "jolly good" by eaters of beefsteaks? Can you not look through and see the wonderful secret preoccupations? If so, you can also pierce walls and floors, and see clearly into the souls of the cooks and the sub-cooks, and of the cellar-men, and the commissionaires in the rain, and the washers-up. They are all there, including the human beings with loves and ambitions who never do anything for ever and ever but wash up. These are wistful, but they are not more wistful than the seraphim and cherubim of the upper floors. The place is grandiose and imposing; it has the dazzle of extreme success; but when you have stared it down it is wistful enough to make you cry.

Accidentally your eye rests on the gorgeous frieze in front of you, and after a few moments, among the complex scrollwork and interlaced Cupids, you discern a monogram, not large, not glaring, not leaping out at you, but concealed in fact rather modestly! You decipher the monogram. It contains the initials of the limited company paying forty per cent., and also of the very men whose brains invented the organism. They are men. They may be great men; they probably are; but they are men.

USES OF THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE.

Thomas, I own it is a moving sight;
 I understand your dazing sense of stupor
 When you observe me in a newish light
 Posturing as a Crystal Palace super.

To one who knows my unassuming ways
 Nothing beneath the sun could well be droller
 Than my appearance in a festal maze,
 An ancient British warrior in a bowler.

Never before to-day have I been seen
 Immersed in purely histrionic wassalls,
 Where 'neath Londinium's towers the tortured green
 Thrills to the megaphone of Mr. *Lascelles*.

Yet 'tis the Empire calls, and I must do
 Whate'er she asks me for the Great Idea;
 Must paint myself with woad till all is blue,
 And prance to battle under *Boadicea*.

And there is Mabel. I am greatly cheered
 To see her from a local shrine emerge in
 A picture headpiece, having volunteered
 To come and figure as a Roman virgin.

She serves Diana's altar, I remark;
 And, suiting that vocation so ascetic, you'll
 Notice her costume, fragrant of the Park,
 And, pendant at her knee, a monstrous reticule.

Thomas, if these rehearsals lend a flame
 To mould the links that Love so swiftly forges
 In those conditions, frank and free of shame,
 Which are the atmosphere of Thespian orgies,

Then, when the Pageant, at its final fling,
 Has left us warriors lying dead by sections,
 "Butchered to make" *et cetera*, I'll do a thing
 Uncontemplated by the stage directions:

I shall break in upon her virgin rites,
 Where smoke ascends before the plaster idol,
 And, having velled my prehistoric tights,
 Carry her off to make a British bridal!

Punch.

Owen Seaman.

ON PUBLIC MONUMENTS.

The Americans constantly gibe at the English for having no sense of humor. That this charge should be persistently brought against the countrymen of Sterne, Fielding, and Dickens, to say nothing of Shakespeare, seems on first thought to be manifestly unjust. Yet a little reflection will, perhaps, enable us to grasp why the American (who himself only sees three jokes) has formed this opinion of us. There can be no sense of humor without a quick and vivid sense of incongruity. For over four hundred years the "eccentric Englishman" has been a by-word on the Continent. Ben Jonson caricatured the "mad Englishman," and "der verrückter Engländer" is an expression which you will still commonly hear in Germany. The elderly men who go about in London (as I have seen them) in frock coats, white waistcoats, white spats, patent leather boots, and no hats, are simply maintaining a century-old tradition. They lack the sense of incongruity and with it, of course, the sense of humor.

Now good taste is also in a large measure governed by a sense of the incongruous. This is the reason why so few of the public monuments in London are worthy to have been set up in the world's greatest capital. A more acute sense of the incongruous, a keener sense of humor, better taste, would have prevented the erection of such pitiful scarecrows. There is Dr. Johnson, for instance, the physical as well as intellectual giant, but behold him now, on a pedestal, in his favorite Fleet Street, a round-shouldered, bandy-legged pigmy. Sir Henry Irving was a popular actor, but behind the National Gallery, and thanks to the genial talent of Sir Thomas Brock, he stands forth in cap and gown with the

pedantry of a professor, and the majesty of a world-shaking statesman. The sculptor (without meaning it: indeed could he have meant anything?) has thus enabled Irving to play in bronze three rôles at once upon the stage of immortality, all equally badly, and so to beat the record of the Great Lafayette. Even the Americans who pass by do not smile. The situation does not come within the narrow scope of their humor. To take a more important example: the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, the first of the sky-scraping monuments, of incongruous hugeness, and cumbersome by its position. It was so much abused at the time of its erection, chiefly on account of its gaudiness, that to criticize its artistic qualities now would be a work of supererogation. Gaudy it undoubtedly is, though not more gaudy than good Gothic has a right to be. One must not forget that the western façade of Chartres Cathedral was completely painted and gilded. No doubt Sir Gilbert Scott was aware of that, for he was a learned man. Like his illustrious congener, the late Viollet le Duc, he knew enough about Gothic architecture ruthlessly to restore and ruin quite two-thirds of the cathedrals of his native country. But what is the Albert Memorial doing in a public park? Its situation alone is incongruous. It converts what should be one of the lungs of London, one of the recreation grounds of the metropolis, into a sort of God's-acre, a solemn garden surrounding the melancholy monument of Royal and Imperial grief for a deceased consort. It is the Taj-Mahal of Knightsbridge. Then, again, look at its incongruous proportions. I yield to no one in my admiration for the distinguished prince whose useful career it commemorates, but were we to roll

Shakespeare, Wellington, Browning, and the Seven Champions of Christendom all into one, with, say, Moses thrown in, just to give the right modern leaven to the second batch, the collective effigy thus obtained, in which surely the purest glories of England would be represented, would hardly merit that orgy of gold-leaf, that almost idolatrous wealth of Gothic ecclesiastical symbol. As far as possible a monument should not be permitted brazenly to falsify history. Yet there sits Albert the Good—literally as good as gold, for he is *en doublé fixe*, as the Parisians say (who invented the process)—and his eternal pose is a sort of Galtonesque résumé of all the attitudes of Buddha. His statue is several times larger than life, reminding one in its excessive disproportion with the importance of the subject, of that preposterous *Palais de Justice* in Brussels which (as everybody knows) is several times bigger than Belgium. The Gothic canopy which covers the august and golden head rises through dizzy heights to a cross-topped spire, one of those “spires whose silent fingers point to heaven.”

Far be it from me to take a curmudgeonly view of public monuments; but it is essential that good taste should be respected. When it is violated, and when the public interest, from the æsthetic standpoint, is interfered with, a protest should be raised however unpopular it may prove to be. I have dwelt at some length on the Albert Memorial, for it represents, so to speak, the thin end of the wedge (the simile is a little strained) of the modern tendency, which I cannot look upon otherwise than as highly deplorable, to fill up our public parks with huge masses of stone and building material, and incidentally to divert them from their natural purpose. So far the English have not been by any means the worst offenders in this respect. In

Paris the Luxembourg Garden has become a necropolis, and the same fate is hanging over the Tuileries Garden. There is a certain Avenue of Kings in the Thiergarten at Berlin which for desperate ugliness would take a deal of beating. But the Albert Memorial was the first link in what is now a chain, for the second link has just been riveted, and this chain bids fair unless the danger is promptly pointed out, and recognized, to engirdle and strangle out of existence all the public parks of London. That second link is the Queen Victoria Memorial (I am sorry; but so it is). Let it be thoroughly understood that the objections which I am about to raise to that monument are purely of the æsthetic order. That Queen Victoria was the greatest monarch that has reigned over England since Elizabeth, that her loss was irreparable, and is especially keenly felt at the present moment, are self-evident propositions. One may look in vain for Elizabeth's monument in any prominent place, but that is no reason why those who were her loving and grateful subjects should not raise to the memory of Queen Victoria a fitting stone to be the altar of their affectionate worship. It is to the huge, the monstrously huge pile of marble which faces Buckingham Palace that exception is here taken, on account of its site in the first place, and secondly on æsthetic grounds. It alters, and to a great degree ruins, the aspect of St. James' Park. That must be obvious to every impartial mind. Birdcage Walk has been converted into a sort of meaningless Champs Elysées, and its many tender mysteries have been swept away. The most capriciously disposed of all the London thoroughfares, it has entirely lost its original and exquisite cachet. (The very birdcages have gone!) The architectural efforts which have been made at the Charing Cross end to convert this now

dust-swept drive (a Walk no longer!) into an imitation of the beautiful prospect with its incomparable vistas that in Paris extends from the Porte d'honneur of the whilom Tuilleries across the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe are destined to fail, inasmuch as Birdcage Walk can never (thank goodness!) be got into line with Trafalgar Square, without tearing down some of the most valuable house property in London. As it stands, the Memorial has no commanding aspect if viewed from a distance. Seen from the further end of the Walk, it is merely a white splash on the face of Buckingham Palace, and destroys the uninteresting but by no means inharmonious lines of that Royal building. There is a certain charm about the much decried Buckingham Palace, a haunting suggestiveness of color, a mid-Victorian patine, that indescribable gift of Time, the priceless rien which makes the ugliest object precious; thus naturally the idea has been seriously and publicly mooted by admirers of the Memorial to white-wash the Palace, so that Palace and Memorial may be of the same color. As far as I know, and up till yesterday, this abominable act of Vandalism has not yet been perpetrated, but there is no guarantee that it may not be put into effect sooner or later. Quite as great a piece of Vandalism is the construction of the broad road across the Green Park to Piccadilly, intended to give a perspective to the Memorial, but in reality it has merely deprived the park of its rural and secluded note which was its chief charm, has driven the day-dreamers and the browsing sheep from their favorite haunts, and has made two favorite bas côtés, or side lawns, of what was once a rolling meadow.

All this, or at least some of it, might be forgiven unto the Memorial had it any real pretensions to artistic merit.

But that surely no one can seriously claim. Sir Thomas Brock may be a skilful stone-cutter, but a sculptor who presents himself to the public as an artist, a composer of frozen music, a creator in marble, should at least have a sense of balance. With the laudable intention of giving commanding proportions to his figure of the Queen, he has wrought it to the scale of a figure eighteen and a half feet tall. But the figures on a smaller scale which surround it, those of Justice, Truth, etc., are to all intents and purposes on the same plane. The result is that they are made to look disproportionately small by comparison with the Royal statue, and themselves tend to make the Queen's figure disproportionately big, a different thing of course from commanding. The incongruous effect is further added to by the figure of Victory on the summit of the monument being on another scale though in the same focus as the other figures. Thus we get three different scales all clashing with and destroying one another. The figure of Victory is, by the way, as ugly as her sister on the Siegesäule in Berlin, which is saying a good deal. At the risk of appearing ungracious, I must further add that she is standing upon the Globe as if she were performing a circus trick, and that her back view is unbalanced and scraggy. In honor of the Navy only nautical devices and emblems have been furnished by the sculptor to explain his Victory, but surely it will not be thought invidious to remind Sir Thomas Brock that, splendid as our Navy is, it was the Army that won most of the great victories which lent glory to Queen Victoria's reign. Anomalies and incongruities—one could multiply examples, for they make up the dominant note of the Memorial and its surroundings. Had good taste and a sense of humor, those fairy godmothers, been invited to the

baptism of the scheme no spell of ugliness and incongruity would have

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been cast over it: this sad tale need not have been told.

Rowland Strong.

THE CONDEMNATION OF THE STANDARD OIL TRUST.

It is difficult to form any precise opinion as to the meaning and probable results of the condemnation of the Standard Oil Trust by the Supreme Court of the United States. This decision has been hailed in America as a victory of the Government against the Trusts. The people have conquered the monopolists—so it is said. On the other hand, it is noticeable that the quotations of the Standard Oil Trust have risen, and so also have the quotations of many other important Trusts. Evidently, therefore, the financiers do not take quite the same view of the effect of the judgment as is taken by the newspapers and the politicians. This is partly due to the terms of the judgment itself. The text of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law of 1890 provided that all combinations in restraint of trade were illegal, but in many Courts this provision has been construed as implying that the methods of the combination or Trust must be unreasonable in character, and the Supreme Court has now upheld this general contention, while at the same time specifically condemning the Standard Oil Trust. From this it seems to follow that the Standard Oil Trust, though now condemned as unreasonably acting in restraint of trade, can cease to come under the ban of the law by modifications of its procedure or organization, which conceivably may neither affect its profits nor the prices it charges to its customers.

If this is all the judgment means, something much more drastic will be needed to destroy the Trusts, but it is fairly certain that public opinion in

the United States, having been so greatly irritated by the predatory methods of the principal Trusts, will not allow the matter to rest at the doubtful point now reached. If it is found that in substance the Trusts still continue much as they were before, new legislation will be demanded, and fresh efforts will be made to escape from the real tyranny which these organizations impose upon the masses of the American people. In saying this we do not for a moment wish to condemn the Trusts merely because they have created large amalgamations of capital. There is much to be said for big businesses as contrasted with little businesses. The latter are, from some points of view, more valuable on the human side, because they mean a number of independent units, whereas the big business means a number of dependent wage-earners. It certainly would be a bad thing for the future of a country if all except a minute fraction of its population consisted of wage-earners, and if there were no room for small independent capitalists.

The mere creation of big concerns does not, however, by itself necessarily involve this result. In London we can see under our own eyes the growth of various huge retail trading stores, and side by side with this growth the continued multiplication of small shops. To some extent the same phenomenon is visible in the United States. The well-known American economist, the late Mr. Edward Atkinson, used to be fond of asserting that the number of small businesses in

the United States was increasing rapidly in spite of the Trusts. At any rate, mere bigness is not an evil provided the big concern does not attempt to employ unjust methods of carrying on its business. The real evil of the American Trust system is that the Trusts, or many of them, adopt business methods which the vast majority of people regard as essentially unfair.

The history of the Standard Oil Trust is a case in point. It had its origin more than forty years ago in an arrangement between a few company promoters and various railway companies. The company promoters acquired a controlling interest in certain oil wells and refineries, and, by methods which have never been disclosed, persuaded the railway companies to charge higher rates to their competitors than to themselves. Not only so, but the companies actually agreed that the excess rates which were charged upon the firms outside this combination were to be handed over to the combination. In other words, the incipient Standard Oil Trust grew rich by levying a railway toll upon its competitors. In 1881 an official of the Pennsylvania Railroad testified before the New York Legislative Committee that in eighteen months the Standard Oil Combination had received rebates from the railroads to the amount of \$10,000,000. This proceeding alone is so palpably unfair that it is sufficient to condemn American Trust methods. Necessarily, however, the evil did not end with the toll thus levied. The competing concerns quickly found that it was quite impossible for them to carry on business in face of such a railway preference. They also found that no one was willing to buy their undertakings except the Standard Oil Trust, and consequently had to sell to the Trust on such terms as the Trust chose to impose. By this method the Trust obtained control of the principal

sources of supply. It also, since it was making enormous profits, easily obtained command of unlimited capital. It was thus able to develop the business—in particular by laying down pipe lines, and generally by improving methods of manufacture. The defenders of the Trust are fond of pointing to these improvements as a proof of the beneficial work that the Trust has accomplished. There is not the slightest evidence, however, that the same advance would not have been secured by ordinary methods of carrying on business. Invention is not slow in the United States, and most of the improvements introduced into the oil industry are the results of American inventiveness and not of Trust methods.

The whole purpose of the Standard Oil Trust, as of other Trusts in the United States, has been to acquire a monopoly, and it is this purpose which distinguishes a Trust from an ordinary big manufacturing concern. Why the Trust system as thus defined should have taken so much stronger root in the United States than in the United Kingdom is one of the most interesting of modern problems. The tariff undoubtedly accounts for part of the difference. It is clearly much more difficult to establish a Trust in a country subject to foreign competition than in a country from which foreign competition is excluded by means of a tariff. This consideration, however, does not apply to the Standard Oil Trust. That Trust depends upon the monopolisation of the natural sources of supply, and is in no way shielded from external competition, for at the present time petroleum, both crude and refined, enters the United States free of duty. When, however, we note the part played by the railways in building up the monopoly of the Standard Oil Trust, it becomes clear that another factor in England's favor is the relative smallness of her area and the

length of her coast line. Railways in the United Kingdom cannot dominate the commercial life of the country as they can in the United States, for the simple reason that at most important industrial centers sea carriage has a controlling influence over the rates that can be charged for rail carriage. These two factors—the absence of tariffs and the presence of sea carriage—make it difficult for any body of capitalists, however enterprising and however unscrupulous, to establish Trusts in the United Kingdom on the American model. There is a further factor on which we insist with a little more hesitation, but to which we attach very great importance. This is the personal or moral factor. Broadly speaking, the Englishman in his business relations never forgets the good old English maxim of "Live and let live," and rarely drives a bargain to the extreme point which an American regards as justifiable. If one talks to an ordinary English business man, whether

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er engaged in commerce or in manufacturing or in agriculture, one finds that he is instinctively actuated by the feeling that a bargain, to be a good bargain, must be profitable to both sides. The Americans, unless their view of life is altogether misconstrued by those who have dealings with them, act on the strict interpretation of the hard legal doctrine, *caveat emptor*. In making this contrast we do not wish to impute any general sin to the American people, or any excess of virtue to our own countrymen. We merely wish to point out that there is a broad difference of outlook upon commercial transactions, and this difference is of a character to make public feeling in England instinctively revolt against anything in the nature of Trusts. In the long run this is probably our best safeguard against the American Trust system, and we may add it is also our best safeguard against the American tariff system.

RUSSIA AND ANGLO-SAXONDOM.

"Russia and Anglo-Saxondom"—the two together embrace about half the habitable surface of the globe! Measured in space it is the larger half: measured in importance one is tempted to say it represents more than three-quarters of the interests of this planet. What an overwhelming power for good such a combination represents when bound together—as it bids fair to be in the not distant future—by ties of mutual understanding and friendship, ties more durable than the signed and sealed instruments of diplomacy.

It is to diplomacy however that we owe the beginning of these ties, for unhappily there is hardly a country on the globe of which the outer world has remained so ignorant as of Russia. For

a century the parent stock of the Anglo-Saxon race regarded Russia as the bugbear of the North, the foe to all for which that race stands in history. Little by little it came to be felt, as the world filled up and distance was annihilated, that among States as among individuals the great must stand together to maintain their greatness against the floodtide of smaller ambitions. The principle was formulated, in diplomatic language, as "making friends with the neighbors of your neighbors"—that is, instead of being on any warmer than merely correct and inoffensive bowing terms with "next door," whose contiguity provides many opportunities of petty annoyances, you make friends of "next door but one," who

will pretty certainly join you in putting pressure on "next door" to restrain those little exhibitions, known as "pin-pricks" in diplomacy, which correspond to the crowing cocks, howling dogs and excessive and untimely playing of musical instruments on the other side of the domestic party wall. Russia, in the days of the autocracy, initiated this now universal policy by entering into an alliance with Republican France. To-day the world is girdled by a chain of understandings between those who live, geographically or historically, "next door but one," and so the peace of the world is preserved.

In all these combinations Russia is to-day the pivot as she was a century ago when the field of action was almost entirely confined to Europe, as now it is world-wide. Only those who are behind the scenes know how much of the coming history of our century is day by day passing through St. Petersburg in the preliminary forms which develop later into inexorable fact. We foresee the day fast approaching when the capital of Russia will be familiarly named, side by side with London and New York, as one of those few centres of gravity on which the minor worlds of finance, industry, commerce, art and culture, arms and diplomacy, etc., rest in making up the life of our planet. For the centre of gravity of the world of men is undoubtedly undergoing visible change before the eyes of the present generation, and Russia, that

Link to weld

The West half-told and immemorial East,

now quickening into new life in every part of her enormous bulk, must be taken first and foremost into account in all the possible struggles of the future.

History has recorded the part that Russia played in the settlement of Europe a century ago. It needs no demonstration that she will play a no

less important part again if the peace of Europe be again disturbed by the overweening ambitions of a new Napoleon or the irrepressible needs of national expansion, and the growing importance of small States. Right across the world it is Russia again that will be called upon to hold the balance, if she take no active part, in the coming struggle for the mastery of the Pacific. Should the much-talked of "awakening of China," with its teeming millions, again in history threaten the white man's world, Russia again must bear the brunt of that problematical invasion and save Christendom in the twentieth as she saved it in the fourteenth century from the onset of Islam. Should India again, under whatever impulses from within or from without, attempt to overthrow the British Raj, as the enemies of Greater Britain so confidently predict, the attitude of Russia will become of supreme importance. Of Russia's part in the Middle and the Near East problems no man alive is ignorant to-day. There are other problems on the West and on the North-West that might be noted also. In a word, the world-policy of the twentieth century is pivoted on Russia, and for her part in the great game Russia is preparing with the slow persistence and steady forward pressure of the giant, conscious of possessing untouched resources of as yet incalculable strength and cautious as a giant in the use of them.

Russia made her choice at that critical time when England was deeply involved in the South African War. She was invited to draw the sword and take what the sword could offer. Russia refused, and not only kept up her own weapon, but forced less scrupulous swords to lie helpless in sheath. The policy was one that had been practised by the Emperor Alexander III, the "Peace-Keeper of the World," and was put forth boldly in the face of the

world by his august successor on the Russian Throne, Nicholas II, the apostle of arbitration at the Hague, and the reformer to-day of All the Russias. For the success of those reforms Russia must have peace for at least a decade to come—a guarantee for Russia's sincere devotion to the interests of peace to such as doubt the efficacy of the Hague Conference, initiated by his present Majesty of Russia, to settle those matters which were formerly put to the last arbitrament of the sword.

It is thus perfectly natural that Russia should find herself to-day strongly drawn towards the Anglo-Saxon world. On the one hand, Russia's interests nowhere clash inevitably with those of any English-speaking country. On the other hand, no race that has ever done any of the fighting of the world is better known than the Anglo-Saxon race for its unwillingness to resort to the sword if peace can be kept with honor. On both grounds Russia is openly at one with the Anglo-Saxon world. And on this foundation no small part of the history of the twentieth century will be, and is being, built. But if Russia is firmly minded to keep the sword snugly in sheath, she is no less determined that it shall be a weapon sharp and deadly for immediate use. Of all the reforms that are in progress none has received so much attention as that of the principal weapon of the Russian Empire, the Army: no reform has so readily met the approval of the legislative Chambers who represent the Russian people as the reorganisation of the land-forces. A member of the Duma it was who gave utterance to the following pregnant declaration: "If Russia has to draw the sword again, it will be with the body-weight of the whole nation behind each blow!" It is thus that the Anglo-Saxon world conducts its wars: but the world has still to learn what account Russia will give of herself in fight with the nation urg-

ing on the army. But that reorganized army is frankly intended for defence. As a Russian Minister recently put the point in the Duma, "no wise man begins to till his ground until he has secured his fence all round it." Russia has raised up her fence almost to its full height. She has simultaneously been carrying on the tilling of her territory.

Of all the reforms in progress it will suffice to deal with one, the reform which is turning 116,000,000 persons dependent upon the land into freehold individual proprietors. Alexander II in 1861 staggered the world by emancipating sixty million serfs. This was a freeing of the slaves from personal bondage, but for another half-century they continued bondsmen to the State, crushed under the burden of taxation to pay the costs of that stupendous reform. Nicholas II declared the debt to the State paid in full and commissioned his Ministers to devise a means to make out of the bondsmen to the State free citizens of that State. For half a century the emancipated peasantry lived under a communal system, convenient to the State (since every man was liable for all his neighbors in the commune), but destructive of all human development. In our day Nicholas II has decreed, and his legislative Chambers have approved, the completion of that reform of half a century ago. The Russian mujik then became a man: he is now becoming a citizen of Russia, with a chance to rise from the furrow to the forum, where already a goodly number of his fellows sit in council on the affairs of the nation. What the Great French Revolution effected for France and all Europe outside Russia—namely, the recognition of the principle that each man had the right to occupy in the State such position as his personal abilities entitled him to aspire to, and his perseverance enabled him to attain, that principle

has been established for his people by the decree of the great reforming Emperor Nicholas II. M. Stolypin, upon whom is laid the task of carrying through this agrarian settlement, estimates that it will be completed in another decade. It is proceeding at a pace which has been accelerating for several years past, and will continue to accelerate with the growing recognition of all that it means for Russia to have her vast cornfields tilled by the loving labor of the personal proprietor in place of the half-hearted scratching of the soil by hopeless men who could never, labor as they might, rid themselves of the deadening load of responsibility for the labors or the sloth of all their neighbors. Side by side with, and a necessary part of this reform, is the vast scheme for colonizing the trackless expanses of virgin soil in Siberia right away to the borders of China. Thither millions of the overcrowded agricultural population of the central provinces of European Russia are being transferred by State aid, and a new Empire is in process of being created for the Russian Crown. The

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work is that of the pioneer, and once more is Russia brought closer to the leading pioneer race of the world, the Anglo-Saxon, by a necessary contemplation of his methods which have won success in every part of the globe.

Russia, which owns one-sixth of the land surface of the globe, has entered on the intensive policy of improving what she holds. Here again she must naturally side with Anglo-Saxondom, which has also secured no small portion of the world for its tillage. The available territory of this planet has been all staked out. The struggles of the future must be to prevent or punish attempts to "jump the claims" of those who have. It is this knowledge that brings together the great ones of the world to keep by mutual support what their fathers have handed down to them. The highest interests of Russia are identical with those of Anglo-Saxondom: in other respects the two greatest Powers upon earth are complements of one another; nowhere do vital interests of Anglo-Saxondom clash with vital interests of Russia.

THACKERAY AS ARTIST.

If we except Du Maurier (who was, after all, an artist writing round his pictures), Thackeray is our notable example of the writer illustrating his own works; and he shows us very clearly both the occasional value and the serious defects of illustrations to imaginative writing. His drawings, indeed, would stand even higher than they do could they be considered apart from their texts. It is to Thackeray rather than to the professional caricaturists of his time that one turns to find the humor of the types and fashions of the Early Victorians.

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The first and most evident quality in his drawings is the independence of their humor, the second is a tender, indeed poetic, quality to be found even in the broadest of his caricatures. For Thackeray never falls into that savage grossness of caricature which to the modern eye spoils so much of the work of his contemporaries. All his types have kindness, jollity, and that humor which is called infectious, and the secret of it is that they are all, as it were, conspirators in his jest. They rob laughter of all malice because they seem to be laughing with

you. They are all posing; they all seem to watch the reader, some openly, some covertly, to catch his smile. This is true of the solemn as well as of the extravagant types; of Mr. Hicks, the poet, as of The Mulligan; and Mr. Ranville Ranville, turning his card at whist with magnificent gravity, is as conscious of the amused eye of the reader upon him as is Betty, the maid-servant in "Vanity Fair," who strikes the most roguish of attitudes to make the reader smile, while she pretends to discover Becky's note on the pincushion. So, too, with Thackeray's children, who have the prettiest air of precocity. In one and all there is the same suggestion of posing, the same jolly consciousness of being laughable, and the same invitation to the reader to laugh. This it is which gives to Thackeray's drawing the quality of infectious and independent humor. His figures have the proper characteristic of all humorous drawing—that they are funny in themselves. Their humor does not depend upon what they say or do, but belongs to them; they are laughable by what they are, by their droll looks and poses and the fashion of their clothes. And to read the text to which they belong is to add nothing to their humor. One might taste fully the fancy and the satire of Thackeray as an artist without having read a word of his writing.

When Thackeray is submitted to the narrower and severer tests which apply to the illustrator his drawings suffer. Yet if we make the inevitable comparison with Dickens, we see how rarely fortunate he was in his own powers as an artist. Dickens' illustrators served him very ill. They seemed to miss entirely the finer Dickens, and were content to exaggerate into grossness his most farcical moods. Dickens, indeed, by his volatility, his quick changes of feeling, his continual swing between the extremes of riotous

comedy and high and serious sentiment, would defy the efforts of the most sympathetic of artists. The comparison, by its contrast, serves to throw into relief the fine qualities of Thackeray's illustrations. But it is valuable for another reason. For where Thackeray failed it was by precisely the same fault, though it is less apparent and less gross, as the illustrators of Dickens.

It is not only possible, but necessary, to separate the essays and burlesques from the novels. The illustrations to the novels fall, as do the illustrations to all long imaginative works, into a special compartment of æsthetics; and there they are subject to peculiar tests, of which the most severe is the criticism that such works should not be illustrated at all. But of the essays and burlesques it may be said that their illustrations fit them to perfection. Thackeray's pen and pencil worked together in complete accord. Each had the same delicate fancy, the same merry humor, the same mock gravity. It is easier to feel than to describe their companionship, for at the root of it is this, that in Thackeray's drawing, just as in his writing, the satire is without malice. That is the quality which informs all his work, and he deserves the praise which Coleridge gave to Hogarth—"The satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet." Beside this perfection of companionship in the essay the shortcomings of the drawings to the one or two novels which he illustrated with his own hand are very apparent, and this for two reasons.

In all imaginative writing which invites the reader to a certain intimacy with its characters and scenes, the longer and the more engrossing the work the less content is the reader to remain a mere recipient of the author's impressions. As his sympathy is

caught and his interest fired, he will tend to contribute to the characters and scenes out of his own experience, and to color them by his own imagination. He will resent the artist's attempt to fix the author's descriptions, and the resentment will vary with his own sensitiveness, imagination, and power to visualize what he reads. Thus the mere length of an imaginative work sets up many personal and arbitrary standards which it is hopeless for the artist to attempt to satisfy. Beyond this general principle there is a particular reason for rating Thackeray's illustrations to his novels (considered strictly as illustrations) below those of the essays. Thackeray as artist was incapable of the same serious flights as Thackeray the author. His pencil had a much narrower range than his pen. The broader his humor, the merrier his burlesque, the happier do his illustrations appear. He is at his best as artist in "Mr. Per-

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kins' Ball," in "Our Street," and in that gay extravagance "Rebecca and Rowena." But beyond that his pencil could not go. It could not follow him into his scenes of warm sentiment and high tragedy. Thackeray began "Vanity Fair" as Dickens began "Pickwick," in a spirit of burlesque; but as he warmed to his subject, and his sympathy with his own characters grew, the note of his humor was sensibly modulated. This subtle change he was incapable of making in his drawing. And so we find a steadily increasing incongruity between text and illustrations until (notably, in the drawings of Dobbin) all companionship is gone.

Yet when every criticism has been made, there remains in all Thackeray's drawing a vivacity of fancy, an independent quality of humor, and a vitality to which few if any of the other comic drawings of his time can lay claim.

ON PAINS AND PENALTIES.

There was nothing drastic, nothing forcible about the forms of punishment which chiefly appealed to Those in Authority, when I was still an inmate of the nursery, and which I am to suppose contributed their quota to the formation of the character that I now boast. Far be it from me to allow to these pains and penalties any measure of success in that endeavor, if one is to judge them only by results. But I have always held them in high esteem, both for their perfect simplicity and for the undoubted mastery with which they obtained their immediate object. The punishment may not, strictly speaking, have fitted the crime—at least it fitted the criminal. Castigation, fine or imprisonment

would have been, I know, more easily endured, and therefore less effective than this admirable and artless system of punishment by boredom. It was nothing more than a forced pause in the headlong course of one's life, the imposition of a period of inactivity, uneventfulness, and therefore intolerable dullness. In later life it may well be that one would find it no great hardship to have to sit for an hour on a chair and do nothing—indeed, I think there are days with most of us when we would gladly welcome such a programme were there anyone of a sufficient authority to enforce it. But it was not so then. And to be sent to bed an hour before one's usual time would to many of us now be a luxury

and a satisfaction. Then one regretted bitterly that one lost hour which could never be recovered.

The punishment of sitting on chairs was derived, it may be, from the ancient institution of the stocks; certainly it is related to it, in that one was thereby subjected to the jibes and sarcasm of the passer-by. If one had a brother engaged at the time on any engrossing or exciting pursuit it was natural that he should bring it into the room where one was thus detained and spread it forth and gloat over it; while through the open window came joyous shouts of freedom, hardly called for by the nature of the occasion. And there one sat with set teeth and clouded brow, going through with it to the best of one's poor ability, trying to concentrate one's ever-wandering thoughts upon some subject that would help the time to pass, trying above all not to look at the clock; but ever and anon one's eyes would be drawn back to it by a dreadful fascination. The jaunty and casual air with which one had taken up one's position had barely outlasted the first five minutes; it had been followed by a state of wriggling impatience that grew ever in intensity. Of course a whole hour was a tremendous sentence—I fancy it was equivalent to about three months' hard labor in later life—and no bird escaping from the fowler's snare can have felt a greater relief and exultation than I when at last the minute hand would creep round again to its starting-place and I could kick the chair away and scamper forth.

To be sent to bed an hour before one's time carried with it a certain sting that added greatly to its mortification. It was not so much a question of it being before the usual time, as of it being before one's younger sister. That was an indignity, an encroachment upon one's just rights, an infringement of the hereditary system which rules

with an iron rod in every nursery. But quite apart from that it was terrible to have the day cut short. I like to think of that and to remember that there was a time when every separate day was a special gift and a vast opportunity, when it was a poignant loss to have it even thus curtailed. But on those occasions when I was the victim of this sad experience there came at last to me a certain fortunate philosophy which was infinitely comforting. For I reflected that the sooner I was safe in bed and sound asleep (and the two were almost simultaneous) the nearer I had come to To-morrow. In a way one might count the episode, if one reflected calmly, as a gain. For one was actually nearer by a whole hour than those others, still downstairs, to To-morrow. And splendid as To-day had been it was never comparable with To-morrow.

The dreadful experience of sitting on chairs reached its climax on a memorable Saturday when we had forgotten that one in Authority would return from the office early in the afternoon instead of after tea. I know not how it came about that the moated castle we had built was allowed to degenerate into a pool of liquid mud, or which of us it was that had conceived the idea of playing a new form of hunt-the-slipper in its horrid depths, but when the sport was at its height the gate at the bottom of the lawn opened and we remembered—that it was Saturday! We were caught, one might say with literal truth, red-handed. The sentences were very heavy, as was inevitable, and on the following afternoon, when they were carried out, every sitting-room in the house was requisitioned, and for a silent hour each held its wriggling victim on a chair. So fully was the available space occupied that one of us indeed was relegated to the summer-house; and I, who was only "doing

half an hour," on the theory that I had been led astray, had at least the satisfaction of adjourning there, when my own time was up, and making faces at him through the window. /

A sort of combination of these two forms of punishment was tried once, I remember, on a Sunday when we escaped from going to church by hiding in the rhubarb. It was not that we objected to church in any special degree; it was rather that we could not resist the rhubarb, which at that time had grown long and rank and splendidly dense. It was such a perfect hiding-place that we had only to find an adequate reason for hiding, and to escape from church did as well as any other. It was splendid to hear people calling one's name within a few yards of where one lay, when one could actually peer out and see their legs. And when all was still we crept forth and began to wonder and discuss "how long we would get." It was decreed that we go to bed in the afternoon! But that as a punitive experiment failed of its object. It was an innovation, and therefore interesting. It was almost an adventure. To be in bed in broad sunshine, when one was quite well! It was altogether too amusing a situation to depress.

But by far the most effective form of punishment to which we were subjected was the dread Apology. It is hard in later life—it is, I think, especially

hard to newspaper editors and members of Parliament—to apologize. It is almost impossible, in my experience, to a small boy. Well do I remember a hideous day of dark rebellion when this awful task was put upon me. We had been throwing snow-balls at a girls' school—naturally!—and one at least of them had found its billet. I was adjudged the culprit, not because I was the eldest, nor yet because I had first thought of it, but because I alone had succeeded, where all had tried, in hitting the mark. And that rankled deeply. It was decreed that I call on the lady principal and apologize. For the rest of that day, and for much of the night that followed, I was torn and tortured by a strange and mordant shame. I shunned the rest of the company and brooded in seclusion. And then with a sort of wild unthinking dash I seized my cap and ran, never stopping for a moment till I had pulled the bell. In broken half-defiant tones I got it over. The lady, to my great surprise, made little of it, and talked of the pleasure of snow-balling, and asked me to stay to tea. I think she understood what I had been through. And I returned an hour later with a calm and equal mind. But the incident had scored itself deep upon my fickle memory. I never now throw snow-balls at girls' schools.

Bertram Smith.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Lovers and advocates of peace will take peculiar pleasure in the compact and pungent little book on "War and Its Alleged Benefits" by J. Novico, Vice-president of the International Institute of Sociology, which Henry Holt & Co. publish in a translation by Thomas Seltzer. The author examines and

punctures all the arguments usually put forward in apology for war; and describes tersely and forcefully its various effects,—physiological, economic, political, intellectual and moral. All of which has been done often enough before, but rarely with such vigor or in so brief compass.

"The High Hand," by Jacques Futrelle, traces the career of a young mechanic who decides to enter the politics of his city and state, and, by means of his "Big Idea," foil completely the machine politicians, and become governor of his state and the purifier of the politics of his party. Although he ultimately achieves all this, the outcome is made sufficiently doubtful throughout the experiences of a long political campaign. The story is not all politics: a thread of romance runs through it, and the young woman whom the hero helps out of an automobile complication in an early chapter becomes his in the closing pages. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

People who do not object to the element of broad farce in their fiction can hardly fail to take delight in Francis Perry Elliott's "The Haunted Pajamas." It is a story of a pair of Chinese pajamas, reputed to have been enchanted centuries ago by a necromancer, with the result that every wearer changed his semblance without changing his identity or becoming himself aware of the metamorphosis. Sent by a resident of China as a gift to a friend in New York, aptly called Lightnut, who is a vapid nonentity, they bring about, naturally, a great many absurd situations. The story is cleverly told, and may well divert an idle hour or two when the mercury is too high to encourage more serious reading. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Travellers who are "doing" Italy this year cannot do better than to slip into their pockets Henry James Forman's "The Ideal Italian Tour" (Houghton Mifflin Company). The lightness, convenient size and flexible binding suggest this use of the book, and its comprehensiveness, admirable arrangement, and general up-to-dateness abundantly justify it. The book es-

capas the extremes of ponderousness on the one hand and scrappiness on the other; it tells the traveller what he needs to know and in a manner at once to stimulate and to satisfy his curiosity; and through the medium of twenty or thirty illustrations it puts before him views of some of the most striking works of art, sculptures, palaces, churches and ruins which he will wish to visit.

Readers who enjoy tales of more or less brutal and reckless daring will like "Stanton Wins," by Eleanor Ingram. The story opens with an exciting automobile track race, in which the driver of the favorite car, suddenly losing his mechanician, takes on a new man, whose boyish face and figure belie his courage, and whose bravery and ready resourcefulness help to carry the car to a triumphant finish. He is retained as mechanician by the brusque driver, who is the hero of the tale, and together they go through many races and exciting experiences. The romantic side of the story is full of interest, although the denouement is easily guessed, and is reasonably convincing, in spite of obvious improbabilities. Bobbs-Merrill Co.

In the Autobiography of Shakespeare (Baker and Taylor Company), the author, Louis C. Alexander, has combined some of the few outstanding facts of Shakespeare's life, with his own ingenious theories concerning the poet's ancestry, tastes, moods, and mental development. He also gives an extensive list of the books that Shakespeare probably read and loved, and much detailed description of the methods of bringing out plays, staging, costuming, and the like, in vogue at that time. The representation of the state of mind and imaginative activity incident to the writing of some of the great plays arouses interest and speculation

on the part of the reader; however, the experiment of trying to reproduce the inner life and workings of a mind like Shakespeare's seems a rather daring one. The author attempts no justification of himself in representing the poet as producing such plays as *The Tempest* and *Hamlet* at the very beginning of his career, though he hints at a forthcoming treatment of dates. The book purports to be but a fragment of the real *Autobiography*, and breaks off abruptly in the midst of a description of *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

"*The Historic Christ in the Faith of To-day*," by William Alexander Grist (Fleming H. Revell Company), is a profoundly interesting and remarkably well-proportioned work, of immediate importance and enduring value. It is not a life of Christ, in the ordinary sense of the term; but it is a reverent study and vivid presentation of the commanding figure in human history, in the light of all that modern scholarship has disclosed. The author says of the writers of the New Testament: "They wrote with their eyes fastened upon Jesus. They occupied different points of view, they brought varied qualifications to their task; and yet, from their twenty-seven books there emerges one vital, consistent representation of Jesus as the Incarnate Son of God." This also it is which emerges from the author's own study of the historic Christ. He is familiar with the results of modern study and criticism and of modern science; he is broad and tolerant, and his temper is not that of the controversialist; yet the conclusion which he reaches is that Jesus has become the Objective Conscience of our race. "His Gospel is the inexhaustible fount of spiritual inspiration: His Divine Kingdom is the norm of a universal community; love of Him is constituting a bond of human brotherhood and is the directive force of all that is

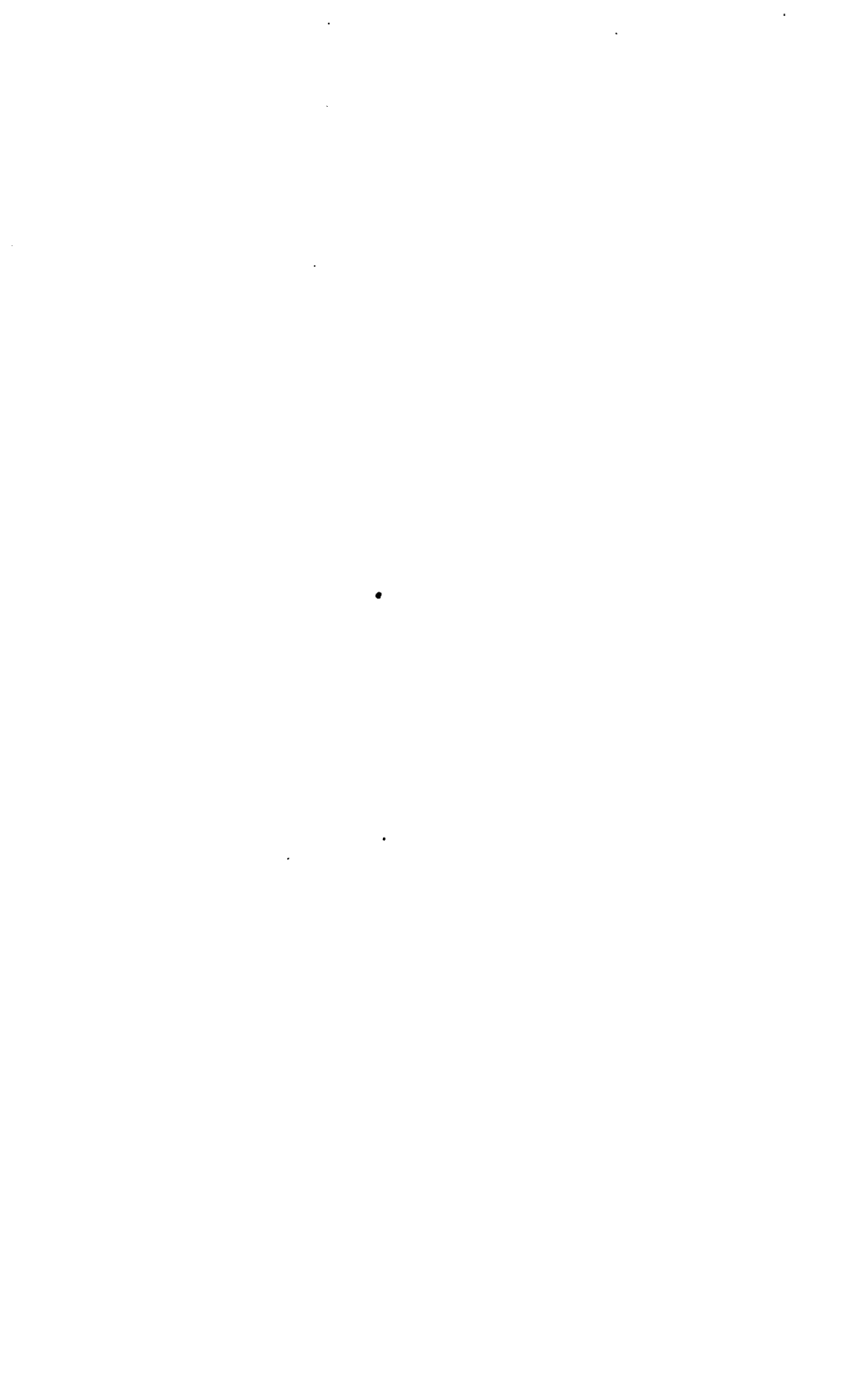
noblest and best in the world; while faith in His Divine-Human Person is the secret of a virile and exalted theism." It would be difficult to exaggerate the value and significance of this new study of the historic Christ; or the singular lucidity, beauty and simplicity of its style. That it should be the work of a writer hitherto comparatively unknown makes it the more surprising.

Owen Johnson adds the fourth to his Lawrenceville series with "*The Tennessee Shad*," which bids fair to vie with its predecessor, "*The Varmint*," in popularity. Many of the characters of the earlier books reappear—Doc Macnooder, Dink Stover and Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan—and to them is added a red-headed young snob who writhes under the nickname of "*The Uncooked Beefsteak*." To the cooking, or education, of the Beefsteak, the Tennessee Shad gives the best of his varied talent, and the process is amusing in the extreme. It includes the purchase of a lot of bogus trophies at prodigious prices; the trundling of the Shad ten times round the school Circle under the impression that fame, not derision, will be the reward; and finally, the hospitality of his father's hotel in New York extended to the Shad and four of his fellow-conspirators. The chapter describing the visit to the Regal, with Skinner, pater's cash-offer to his son if it can be abbreviated, is one of the drollest in the book, and readers who would fain find a lesson in the fun will be quite satisfied with its conclusion. While a serious estimate of the Lawrenceville stories cannot overlook the fact that they show nothing of the nobler side of school-boy nature, they undeniably reflect its rollicking merriment and mischief in immensely entertaining fashion. The father who reaches out for one of them to see what his son is chuckling over will be provokingly slow

about handing it back. The Baker and Taylor Co.

The first instalment of ten volumes of the "Home University Library of Modern Knowledge" (Henry Holt & Co., Publishers) abundantly justifies the expectations aroused by the announcements of the new series. The volumes are of convenient size,—each containing about 250 clearly-printed and attractive pages; and each is freshly-written by a competent authority upon the special subject. While the volumes, taken together, will constitute a sort of encyclopædia of up-to-date knowledge, the volumes are of independent interest and value, and whoever begins the acquisition of them will read them separately with satisfaction while he watches contentedly the lengthening row upon his shelves. In the volume on "Parliament" Sir Courtenay P. Ilbert, clerk of the House of Commons, describes the constitution of Parliament and reviews its history and practice for more than six hundred years, closing with a comparison of its methods with those of Congress and the European parliaments. John Masefield, writing of "William Shakespeare" touches briefly upon his life, and upon the methods of the Elizabethan theaters, and passes to a compact but illuminating discussion of the plays and poems. Hilaire Belloc's volume upon "The French Revolution" is, as the author explains in his preface, less a chronicle than a thesis: it is an attempt to explain the underlying causes and motives of the great upheaval as well as their manifestation. The author's personal attitude, which he frankly avows, as a Catholic and as a sympathizer with republican institutions, gives his judgment upon the issues involved a peculiar interest. G. H. Perris's "A Short History of War and Peace," is something more than

a survey of the causes which in the past have led to war and the influences which at present tend toward peace: it is an attempt to indicate the material interests in which the causes of war and peace are to be found, and it places special stress upon two simple, present-day facts, the first that the earth is now nearly filled with human societies, and the second, that in the most advanced of these, the increase of population is rapidly slackening. "The Stock Exchange" is a short account of investment and speculation, not only on the London stock exchange but in Wall Street and elsewhere, by F. W. Hirst, editor of "The Economist." "The Irish Nationality," is a vivid and sympathetic sketch of the past and present of Ireland, by Mrs. J. R. Green, than whom there could be no better authority. "Modern Geography," by Marion I. Newbigin, editor of the "Scottish Geographical Magazine," describes the discoveries and developments of the last fifty years, which have transformed what some may have been tempted to regard as a somewhat stationary science. William S. Bruce's "Polar Exploration," is a succinct presentation of the essential facts and problems of polar exploration, not a history of polar expeditions. It is rich with the fruits of personal experience, gained during the author's own nine polar voyages and especially his leadership of the "Scotia" expedition in 1902-4. "The Evolution of Plants," is a popular account of the development of flowering plants from the earliest times, written by Dr. D. H. Scott, president of the Linnean Society of London, and fully illustrated. "The Socialist Movement" is at once a history, an explanation and a defence of Socialism, by J. Ramsay MacDonald, chairman of the British Labor Party. Another group of ten books in this series may be expected in July. ✓





APR 25 1939



